

WHY THE BISHOP BOILED.

BY MALCOLM HINKS.



THE OFFICIAL STEPPED UP TO THE BOO.



AH! CONSTABLE I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME.

TOOK TO HIS HEELS — AND BOLTED.

"ALL change!"

The solitary official at Lonestone station bawled out the words with great dignity. It was the first time in his life that he had been enabled to use these words, and he meant to make the most of it.

As the train drew up beside the little wooden platform the window of a first-class carriage was let down with a bang and a pompous clerical head was popped out.

"What is the matter, my good man?"

The question coming from a first-class passenger, the official stepped up to the door and explained with due solemnity that a good engine having taken it into its head to jump the line while shunting, the single line to Morechester was blocked and likely to remain so for some hours.

"But this is most annoying and inconvenient. I thought you kept breakdown trains that came up and put a little thing like that right very quickly."

"So we do, sir, but you see the breakdown gang is at the junction. I've had instructions through to shunt this 'ere train onto the siding, so as to let 'em come through with the crane an' things."

The Right Rev. Dr. John, Bishop of Barborough, descended from the carriage with dignity, and the guard took his bag from the van.

The train was then shunted onto the siding, and the bishop stood on the platform with the other passengers—an old woman, a young girl and three excited yokels.

Lonestone was situated on a single line running from the junction with the main line, 10 miles away, to Morechester, the next station, distant some four miles.

It was a short distance from this station on the single line that the acrobatic engine had left its natural road and caused the stopping of the local train.

When the official had got the train safely shunted back and wired the information to the junction, the bishop approached him.

"Do you know 'The Gables'?" he asked.

The official scratched his head and thought lengthily before committing himself to a reply.

"Oh, ah!" he said at last. "I know it; it's on the main road about half a mile this side of Morechester."

"And how far is it from here?"

"Better part o' four mile, sir."

"Can I obtain a conveyance?"

"There ain't no conveyance but the rail," replied the man.

"Then I must walk," said the bishop, indignantly. "I must get there to-night."

The early spring evening was well advanced when he found himself walking more rapidly than he had done for years through the darkness in the direction of Morechester.

The bishop was going to "The Gables" on the advice of one of his clergy, as a quiet little place, where he would have the necessary peace and quietness for the writing of a great book upon which he was engaged. This cleric had stayed there, and had obligingly offered to make all the arrangements for his lordship's visit.

A week ago, the bishop had written to him giving the date he intended go-

ing to Morechester, and hearing nothing to the contrary, he had started on the journey, which meant so much discomfort in the final stage.

It is painful to have to recall the fact that several times as he stumbled along the rough and muddy road the Right Rev. Dr. John used language which would have caused much sorrow in the distant diocese of Barborough.

At last he saw a dull, gray-looking house standing back some little way from the road, which from the descriptions he had of the place he felt sure must be "The Gables."

He increased his pace, cheered to think his journey was at last completed.

Yes, the haven at length!

A watery moon showed up a faded gilt-lettered inscription, "The Gables," on the gatepost.

To the bishop's surprise, no lights shone forth from the front windows of the house, but he walked up the short gravel drive and gave a vigorous pull at the front door bell.

He waited patiently for some little time; then as no answer was forthcoming, he rang again. In all he rang three times, with long intervals between each ring, but the house might have been inhabited by seven sleepers for all the result it produced.

Then his lordship set out to make a tour of investigation.

"Of course," he muttered, "they must have given up for the night, and expect me in the morning. I suppose they are all somewhere at the back of the house."

Acting on this argument he made his way to the side of the building. Here he found a lattice-work gate surmounted with a double row of angry-looking nails. The gate was locked.

Now, the Right Rev. Dr. John was not thwarted with impunity in anything he undertook to do, and placing his bag on the ground, he shook off so much of the church dignitary as his age would allow, and summoning together the all-prowess of his Oxford days, he no longer hesitated to attempt to reach the back door, which he muttered cheerfully.

He poised himself for one moment on the top of the wall, then allowed himself to drop.

Then there was a sound as of breaking glass, and a cry of pain and dismay rang out.

P. S. Meekin, one of the leading lights of Morechester's scanty police force, was strolling along the main road when the cry smote his ears. The gallant constable grasped his heavy stick firmly and dashed toward "The Gables," from which direction the cry proceeded.

He entered the drive and gazed up at the house. All seemed quiet, and the light of his lantern failed to detect any one hiding in the bushes.

Could his ears have deceived him? Was it not a tragedy, after all?

He half turned away, when a sound of cracking glass came from the side of the house.

"Ha! What villainy was taking place on the other side of the wall?"

The policeman gingerly sooted it, holding his stick in his capacious mouth, and as soon as he had gazed the top he flashed his lantern down on the other side.

Then he nearly fell off his perch, as the light disclosed a pale, blood-streaked face peering up at him from the ruins of a glass forcing frame, and a relieved voice exclaimed: "Ah! constable, I'm glad you've come. Kindly assist—extricate me from this unpleasant position."

It was some time before P. C. Meekin recovered from his amazement, and the bishop was just beginning a further appeal when the constable demanded what he was doing there.

"I—er—advertently fell into this horrible thing," replied the distressed ecclesiastic. "But, for goodness' sake, assist me to rise; I am reclining with great discomfort on a piece of glass."

The constable again took stock of the bishop's spare form and then, apparently satisfied that no great danger was to be anticipated, dropped down on the other side.

A few moments after the bishop was standing beside him, carefully removing articles of glass from his person.

"I am much obliged to you, Constable," he remarked. "Now, if you will assist me to find my hat and then gain admittance to the house, I shall indeed be indebted to you."

"I should think you bloomin' well would," burst out the indignant Meekin. "Of all the codd'ands you're the most unuse'd cool 'un I ever run across."

The bishop drew himself up.

"How dare you use such language to me, sir? I shall make it my business to report your infamous behavior to your superintendent tomorrow. Are you aware whom you are addressing?"

"No, I ain't; but from your-ingo I should say some ash covs what's come down to ordinary burgling, no doubt. We'll soon find out something, you bet."

"My good man, you are laboring under a grave delusion. If you think I was nerving this place with burglarious intent," said the Right Rev. Dr. John, with his most benevolent smile. "I am a bishop and am expected by the people of this house."

"You're a liar!" replied the constable, bluntly. "They ain't 'ere."

"Not 'ere?" ejaculated his lordship, aching the first part of the sentence in his consternation at hearing the second. "Not 'ere!"

"No, they ain't. The Probles is away for a week's holiday, an' me 'ad orders to keep an eye on the place. That's why I'm up this way."

Then the bishop realized the awkwardness of his position, and he told the constable the full story of his troubles.

"You don't look much like a bishop," said the half-doubting guardian of the case, and his reverend captive, viewing as much of himself as was possible by the light of the constable's bull's-eye, had to admit the truth of his statement.

After further discussion and a sovereign changing hands it was agreed that the bishop should accompany the policeman to a local magistrate, only half a mile away. The gentleman agreeing, he should be liberated.

The two proceeded along the quiet road for some minutes in a silence which was suddenly broken by the bishop asking: "What is the name of the gentleman to whom you are taking me?"

"Grinter—Sir James Grinter," replied the constable. "Er's the M. P. for this

district, for know, and a fair terror 'e be when 'e's roused."

Grinter! The bishop's heart fell as he heard the name. Jim Grinter, the boy who had bullied him at Harrow, had ragged him unmercifully at Oxford, and in late years waged a warm correspondence with him in the press on the many topics of which they held diametrically opposed views. He could expect no mercy in that quarter. The thought of being exposed to his sneer in such a condition and plight was too much for the right reverend gentleman to bear.

Well he knew that Grinter, using his authority as a magistrate, would make things uncomfortable for him as possible, and that the story of his misfortune would, with many additions, find its way all over the country.

What could he do?

The constable was pointing to the lights of a house standing on a rise some few hundred yards away, and informing him that it was the residence of the local potentate.

The bishop thought of the ridicule that would be thrown at him and the unpleasantness of a man in his position being made a laughing stock in society and he did a daring thing.

He turned suddenly, raised his bag on high, brought it down heavily upon the head of the unsuspecting constable, took to his heels and bolted. Some yards back along the road he had noticed a stile and a pathway leading across some fields; where this path went he neither knew or cared, but, throwing himself hastily over the stile, he tore along into the darkness. Behind him he heard the lumbering steps of the country policeman, who, owing either to the weight of his head, his helmet, or both, was but slightly stunned by the blow he had received.

Across two meadows lying peaceful in the pale moonlight these two strange figures raced, the church dignitary in his gaiters, apron and shovel hat, still clinging firmly to his bag, some hundred yards in advance of the panting and excited police-constable.

After another meadow the bishop greatly increased his lead, terror lent wings his flight while Meekin, already exhausted with his day's labors and a heavy regulation overcoat, was greatly hampered in the race.

Five minutes later the bishop was alone, and he began to breathe, and, on looking fearfully round, he observed with great joy that his pursuer was no longer to be seen or heard. Resuming his journey at a slightly reduced pace, he soon found himself upon a small country lane, which was now acting on for 9 o'clock, and not a soul was about. He paused and gazed up and down, puzzling which direction he should take, and then, seeing lights some distance away on his right, he set off at a good, swinging pace in that direction.

An hour later he was waiting at a small countryside station on the main line with a first-class ticket, waiting for the night express which called there by signal to pick up first-class passengers for London only.

In the early hours of the morning the bishop alighted from the train at the London terminus. He was in a private carriage to himself and had therefore been able to make a great many improvements in his appearance, and save for a pair of very muddy boots and one or two rents in his garments, he was looking very much the same as when he set out upon the journey which had brought him into such a grievous plight.

He went into the railway company's hotel, in company with several other passengers and ate an early breakfast, then he patronized, for the first time in his life a shoeblack in the Euston road, who considered when his task was completed he had well earned the sixpence that was awarded him.

His lordship was a bachelor and his movements being somewhat erratic, the servants at his West of England palace were only slightly surprised when he arrived at home about noon. He offered no explanation to his household, merely saying he had altered his plans, and then went straight to his study.

Several letters were lying on his desk. As he opened the third one that he had picked up a little word left his lips which bishops are popularly supposed never to use. The letter ran as follows:

"My Dear Bishop—I am sure you will forgive me for not having answered your letter ere this. My terrible absentmindedness caused me to overlook it, and it was only on going through some old papers this morning that I found your epistle relating to your proposed visit to The Gables, Morechester."

"By a peculiar coincidence I see you are proposing to start on the very day that I am writing this, but I presume, not having heard from me, you have abandoned the idea for the present."

"I shall be delighted to make arrangements for your visit, if you will let me know the date that will suit you. I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Probles, who live there, will make you comfortable."

"Trusting my forgetfulness has not caused you any inconvenience, believe me, my dear bishop, your most obedient servant, THOMAS TIFFIN."

The bishop read it a second time, again used an unparliamentary expression, then deliberately tore the letter in many places and threw it in the fire.

The Rev. Thomas Tiffin did not get a reply to his letter, which considerably

surprised him, nor did he obtain the nice, comfortable living that the bishop had once strongly hinted should be his; this surprised and pained him more.

Strange to relate Police Constable Meekin did not inform the authorities of his encounter with the bishop. Perhaps he thought he would not have been believed, or it may be the bishop's sovereign had sealed his lips; at all events, the occupants of "The Gables" never received an explanation of the smashing forcing frame, nor did the Right Rev. John, Bishop of Barborough, visit "The Gables," Morechester, again.

CORVALLIS TO HAVE BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Corvallis, June 23.—B. W. Johnson, J. Fred Yates, County Judge Walters and Attorney E. E. Wilson have been appointed a committee of ways and means to arrange for the organization and equipment of a commercial and social club for Corvallis business and professional men. The committee is to meet with the Citizens' league, and they will plan together for the organization of a club of this nature. The project is favorably regarded by business men generally here.

MOUNTAIN AQUA VS. RIVER WATER, DEBATE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Corvallis, June 22.—The new gravity water system for Corvallis was completed last night and the work of cleaning up is now about finished. The big reservoir out near Baldy mountain was filled yesterday for the first time. Some difficulty is being experienced as the pressure is so great in the pipes that leaks are numerous, the water forcing its way through every worm

hole or crack in the wood-pipes. While the cost of construction has been kept well within the amount, \$75,000, which was provided for the purpose, there is now considerable objection made by residents to the \$5 tapping fee that is being demanded for connecting with residences, some declaring that the rate is unreasonably high, and that the cost of plumbing to be added will run the amount beyond what many are able to pay, thus placing mountain water on the list of luxuries. On the other hand the old water company has made a public announcement that it will furnish river water at 25 per cent less than the new system is to charge.

SECTION EMPLOYE IS CRUSHED BY CARS

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Baker City, June 23.—Will Cantril, one of the employes on the section at Pleasant Valley, was picked up beside the O. R. & N. track near Durkee Wednesday morning in a very serious condition and brought to the hospital in this city, where he is receiving medical attendance.

Cantril, it seems, had attempted to board a moving freight train. He caught the ladder on the side of a box car, but the momentum swung him

backward with such force that his back struck the corner of the following car, shattering the bones of his spinal column and otherwise seriously injuring him.

He fell to the track between the cars, but by a miracle was not crushed under the wheels. He remained in an unconscious condition beside the track until a farmer happened along and picked him up.

FOUR THOUSAND VOICES IN HANDEL FESTIVAL

(Journal Special Service.)

London, June 23.—Nearly 4,000 musicians are taking part in the great triennial Handel festival, which opened in the Crystal palace today, to continue for one week. The choir numbers 5,200 voices and the instrumentalists total 600, with the London Symphony orchestra as a nucleus. The soloists include Madame Albani, Watkin Mills, Ben Davies and the veteran Santley. The principal feature of the festival will be the performance next Saturday of "Judas Macabaeus" in its entirety for the first time in many years.

The Real Estate Columns of The Journal are interesting to buyers and seller alike.



The First Photo Published of the Design for the Carnegie Palace of Peace Which Won the First Prize at the Recent Competition. No Less Than 3,088 Designs Were Received and a French Architect, M. Cordouan, Won. His Design Is in French Chateau Style.