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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

WITH all his fondness for a good time, life was a very earnest thing to Rush Hurlstone. He had a winning post to reach, and the whole bent of his energies was in that direction. Whatever he did in the line of his profession he did with enthusiasm, not only because it was the profession of his choice, but because success meant Helen, and Helen meant all in life that was worth having. He knew that his chances of winning her as a successful man were better than his chances as an unsuccessful man; and then he had no patience with men who did not get along in the world. Some of his friends thought this indicated a slight touch of hardness in his nature, but it did nothing of the sort. He believed that a man with health and strength and a fair amount of intelligence ought to be able to make his way as well as the next.

With such an ingrained belief as this he was pretty certain to get along; for, as I heard a wise old fellow once express it, "your cock-sure man is bound to succeed." If it had not been for this trait in his disposition Rush would have retired from the contest for Helen Knowlton's hand before he had entered upon it. He was not such a fool as to think that he only had to tell his love to Helen to have her confess a reciprocal passion. He knew that if he was to succeed in his pursuit of her it would be after a long siege.

He knew his youth to be a serious obstacle in his path. He was at least five years younger than Helen, though to the casual observer he seemed quite as old as she did, for she had been kept very young, and he had always seemed older than he was.

On this point of disparity of years he had been gathering statistics of late, and he was surprised to find how many marriages were made where the husband was younger than the wife, and he was delighted to find that the great majority of such marriages were happy. His grandfather Hurlstone was ten years younger than his grandmother, and to the end of their days they were a loving couple. At 75 she appeared quite as [illegible] anything so long for an answer as I did."

"West Hasting didn't enjoy this part of the performance at all, and remarked to Bessie Archer, with an emphasis that made her smile in spite of herself, that he despised a singing man and thought German a beastly language. If he could not sing to Helen he was determined that she should sing to him, and when she sat down at the piano again he put the music, a pretty French love song, on the rack, and stood immediately in front of her as she sang it. Now, as all singers like to have some one at whom they can look when singing, Hastings turned the pages and caught the glances he coveted and was content.

When the evening broke up, as the pleasantest evenings will, Aunt Rebecca called Rush aside and said she wanted to say a few words to him after the other guests had gone. His heart beat high in expectation, for the thought crossed his mind, "Perhaps she has discovered that I adore her niece, and is going to tell me that she will be my friend." Helen stayed in the drawing room after her guests had gone only long enough to thank Rush again for his songs and say that she should expect to see him at the steamer. "So now addio," she said, giving him her hand. He took it and raised it reverentially to his lips. She thought nothing of this, for they were very good friends, and then she had lived a good deal among foreigners.

died first, he did not survive her many months. Rush intended to use this illustration with fine effect when the time came, but just now he was busy preparing himself for his new department. He entered upon his duties as foreign editor with zeal, and, as the foreign department of the paper was the one in which its proprietor felt the greatest interest, his work was brought conspicuously to that great man's attention. Rush knew enough French to read the French papers, and he could make out fairly well with the Italian exchanges.

"Why don't you study German?" said Helen, when Rush told her of his new position and his plans. "You will find it a great help in your profession."

Rush, delighted to think that she took enough interest in his affairs to make a practical suggestion, secured a German teacher the very next day and went to work with a will. Some of the older men on The Dawn smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Why, my dear fellow, you may be put at police reporting to-morrow—you can't tell from one day to the next what your position will be on this paper—and then what good will your languages do you?"

"Quite as much good as at the foreign desk," replied Rush, with a smile; "for you know the mixed nationalities of our criminal classes. But, seriously, I do not consider that the study of languages is ever thrown away; and, again, as long as I hold a position on The Dawn I want to learn all that appertains to it."

So he went on with his German and Italian, which, if not absolutely necessary to his position, were of very great assistance. Helen highly approved of his thoroughness, and was genuinely pleased at his promotion. Aunt Rebecca, for her part, said that she was "prouder of him than of any of her boys." Rush would have been in a very happy frame of mind if it had not been for Helen's impending departure. The evening before she sailed he spent at her house, and, while it was always an ecstatic delight to him to be in the same room with her, he would have enjoyed it more if there had not been so large a party—Bessie Archer, Archie Tillinghast, Uncle Lightfoot Myers, Mary Dick Griswold, West Hastings, and half a dozen more whom Rush did not know as well.

He saw very little of Helen; she was monopolized first by one and then by the other, so that he had no chance of seeing her alone. West Hastings was very devoted; and Uncle Lightfoot told him it was "deuced selfish" of him when he was going to cross over in the steamer with Helen, while the rest of them were going no farther than the gang plank; so Hastings retired from the field with a smile which said as plainly as words could say it, "You see I could have her all the evening if I would, but I won't be too hard on the rest of you." From Helen he turned with the easy grace of a society man to Bessie Archer, who, though she did not care much for that style of man, found this particular specimen rather amusing.

This last evening at Helen's New York home was a very pleasant one, for Helen was a charming hostess. As it drew to a close they had some music, and Helen insisted upon Rush singing a song. He refused so flatly at first as to appear almost rude, but Helen knew this to be embarrassment. She wanted her guests to hear what a fine barytone voice he had; so she sat down at the piano and began playing the accompaniment of one of Rubinstein's songs.

"You will not refuse me the last request I shall make of you for months—possibly the last I shall ever make, for the ocean is very wide, end even the largest ships are frail." She said this with a smile, but more seriously than she intended, and Rush turned a shade paler at the thought.

"I never sang to a roomful of people, and I will not do so now; I will sing to you."

"Thank you very much," said Helen, pretending not to notice the meaning of his words. "I thought you could not refuse me." And she began playing the accompaniment again. She played it beautifully. Her accompaniments were an inspiration to a singer. Rush stood by the side of the piano where he could look at her and not face the room, though he did not turn his back to the guests. He had learned enough German to be able to sing the words in that language, and he felt freer in singing a sentimental song in a foreign tongue. On the first two or three notes his voice trembled slightly, but the words and Helen's presence warmed him, and he sang as he had never sung before, giving every word its full meaning, and looking straight into her eyes as the rich tones poured from his lips. He sang as he felt, and he threw such an intensity into some of the words that Uncle Lightfoot Myers, who knew a little German, looked at Aunt Rebecca and winked, as though to say, "Another victim."

When Rush finished singing every one in the room except West Hastings came up and complimented him on his voice.

"You never sang for me, Mr. Hurlstone," said Bessie, rather reproachfully.

"Why, Rush, old man, how you have improved!" exclaimed Archie. "I remember you used to sing college songs, but I never heard you sing them like that."

"Where did you get this beautiful voice you have been hiding under a bushel, and who is your teacher?" asked Mary Dick, taking his hand and shaking it enthusiastically.

"The voice, such as it is," said Rush, slightly embarrassed, "I suppose I came by naturally, but my knowledge of music I owe to the best of teachers, for Miss Knowlton has been kind enough to give me most valuable instructions."

"Nonsense!" said Helen. "I heard him sing a little song one night, and I saw that he had a musical ear and a very sweet quality of voice; so I made him bring his music around here, and gave him a few hints, which fell upon good soil, for they have borne fruit a hundred fold."

Rush's singing had certainly made a sensation, and they would not let him off until he had sung another song, into which he threw even more passion than he did into the first, for it was "Bid Me to Live."

"If Dick Griswold had ever sung to me like that," remarked the vivacious Mary Dick to Uncle Lightfoot, "I wouldn't

"Thank you very much. I shall not take advantage of your kindness, but I am glad to have a friend at court—one who will see that the truth gets into print. I'm sorry to have kept you so long, but business is business, and I might not get so good a chance to-morrow, when everything will be hurry and bustle. By the way, why can't you go down with us? There'll be plenty of room in the carriage. Good idea! I'm sure Helen will be pleased. You need not hesitate; you can make yourself useful as well as ornamental; so we shall expect you to be here at half past 11 sharp. The steamer sails at 1. Good night; I'll see you in the morning."

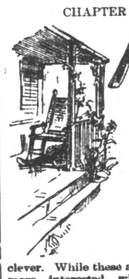
Rush shook hands good night, and promised to be punctual; and he was. The drive to the dock was not particularly gay. Helen felt homesick at leaving all her friends and her beloved New York for a strange city and a strange people. When they arrived at the steamer, however, there were a number of friends to see them off—the guests of the night before, and some others who were strangers to Rush—and there was a great deal of laughing, and the usual amount of small talk and frolic that are part of such an occasion. Helen's stateroom was filled with flowers, and there was a brilliant horticultural display on one of the tables of the dining room. Telegrams poured in upon her from every direction, and there was also quite a collection of letters from friends who could not get to the steamer, but who wished to say bon voyage. The most gorgeous flowers she received bore West Hastings' card.

Rush knew that he could not compete with her wealthy admirers, and that it would be foolish for him to make the attempt, so he had bought a curious Chinese vase covered with dolphins and little fishes and filled it with growing forget-me-nots. Helen was more pleased with this than with anything else she received; "for," said she, "it will give me something to take care of during the voyage, and every time I water it or break off the dead leaves I will think of you, and I will wonder how you are getting along in your new position. You must write and tell me all about it. I will not promise to answer your letters, but Aunt Rebecca will, and you will get a much more entertaining letter from her than I could write."

Rush fully realized that Helen was going away. The active preparations for departure gave him the most melancholy feelings, which it required all his manhood to keep him from betraying. When the bell rang and the order "All ashore!"

was shouted he had serious thoughts of staying aboard and taking his chances, but the impulse was only momentary. He was the last of Helen's friends to say good-by to her, and when he took her hand her eyes were filled with tears. Tears did not disfigure Helen's eyes; on the contrary, they heightened their charm. How he longed to take her in his arms and kiss them away! What he did do was to give her hand a formal shake, and smile mechanically as he bade her good-by. Then he ran along the dock and out to the bow of a ship moored there, so that he had the last sight of her, and was in turn the last friend she saw in America. She threw him a rose as she passed and it fell in the water. In a moment he had pulled off his coat and sprung into the river, where he picked up the flower and waved it to Helen as the steamer passed out of sight. He saw the frightened expression on her face when he dived and he was repaid. A man in a rowboat picked him up, the crowd on the dock cheered, and he carried the rose home in triumph.

CHAPTER XVIII.



AUNT REBECCA was as good as her word, and wrote Rush an amusing letter from London. She had a keen eye for the ridiculous, and the portraits of distinguished people she gave him with a stroke of the pen were as characteristic as they were clever. While these amused him he was more interested when she spoke of [illegible] every night she sings; but her heart is true to Poll, and the applause of all the crowned heads of Europe could not thrill her as do the plaudits of her own countrymen in the dear old Academy." Sometimes Helen would send a message or add a line to Aunt Rebecca's letter, which was a great consolation to Rush, for it showed that she still thought of him. He was delighted to know that the vase of forget-me-nots was still blooming, and that Helen, who was devoted to flowers, kept it in her room and tended it every day with her own dear hands.

During the long summer days Rush worked hard at his desk in the office of The Dawn, and time did not drag with him. Helen was coming back in the fall; there was that to look forward to. In one of her letters Aunt Rebecca mentioned in a casual manner that West Hastings had gone over to Paris with a party of Americans, and that she thought he was quite enamored of a western heiress, one of their number. When Rush read this sentence he wanted to turn a hand spring in the editorial sanctum, for it was proof positive that Hastings was not engaged to Helen, that he should leave her to go to Paris in the train of a western beauty. That was the best news he had heard in many a long day.

When Rush's two weeks' vacation came he accepted the very cordial invitation of Mr. Archer to spend half of it at his country place on the Sound; the other week he devoted to his mother and sisters at Farmsted. Mr. Archer's place was about two hours from New York by the boat and stood upon a high bluff overlooking the Sound. It was a large, rambling, old fashioned house, with numerous additions that had been made from time to time for convenience and comfort. Archie Tillinghast was there at the time of Rush's visit, much to his annoyance, for he could not get it out of his mind that Rush was in love with Bessie. The thought troubled him, and he could not help showing it. Bessie saw that he was jealous of Rush, but she knew well enough that he had no cause. One night when Rush and Archie were sitting out on the moonlit veranda enjoying their cigars after the rest of the household had gone to bed, Archie put the question plainly to his friend.

"Rush, old man," said he, "I think it better 'to speak out in meeting' than to let anything rankle. The question I'm going to ask you is not a usual question, but I don't ask it out of curiosity, but because I must know the truth. Are you in love with my cousin Bessie?"

"Why, bless your heart, Archie, I never dreamed of such a thing!" And Rush, who was thinking of his love for Helen Knowlton when he spoke, laughed at the absurdity of the question.

Archie resented his tone.

"You couldn't love a better girl if you tried," he said; "and I think your manner extremely offensive."

He threw his cigar on the grass and arose to go inside.

"Why, Archie, old friend," said Rush, taking his hand, "there is no woman in the world for whom I have a more profound regard than I have for Miss Archer; but I thought you, who used to twit me with it, knew of my love for another woman, and it seemed to me so absurd to think that I could love any one else, that I could not help laughing as I answered your question."

"I'll forgive you, old boy," said Archie, reseating himself and lighting a fresh cigar; "and since you are so confiding I'll confide in you in turn. I love my cousin Bessie. She really isn't my cousin, you know; no more relation to me than you are; and as she gives me no encouragement I supposed it was because there was another man in the field. You and she seemed to be so intimate that I have looked upon you as a successful rival for some time past, and have only been waiting to call you out; but now I gladly acknowledge my error. If you are not my rival I know I have hope, and I'll go in to win now, or know the reason why. I did once think of challenging that blackguard O'Hara, or whatever his name was, but the law took him in hand and saved me the job. Imprisonment for life he got, wasn't it? I thought so—the rascal! Hanging would have been too good for him. But tell me, old man, are you still really and seriously in love with the Knowlton?"

"Really and seriously, Archie. But I wish you would not call her 'the Knowlton;' that sounds as though she was nothing but a public character, when really that is the least part of her. It is as a woman that I admire her, though I consider her the greatest singer of our time."

Rush's experience of prime donne was limited, but he had heard this statement advanced by excellent authority and felt safe in echoing it. "My confession to you to-night," he continued, "is in the most sacred confidence. No one suspects what I have told you, Miss Knowlton least of any one; but I am going to win her or die in the attempt."

"I admire your pluck, old man, for it it is plucky of you, deuced plucky, when you have to fight against so many suitors. I give you my blessing; go in and win. You possibly think, with becoming modesty, that if you win Helen Knowlton you are the one upon whom congratulations are to be heaped: certainly you deserve some; but Miss Knowlton is the one whom I shall congratulate. And now to bed, and to dream of our sweethearts—God bless them! You have made me a happy man, Rush, or perhaps I should say a comparatively happy man."

And the friends pressed each other's hands and said good night.

The next and last week of Rush's vacation was spent with the dear ones at Farmsted. It was the middle of August, and all the village was in a flutter of excitement over the arrival of so distinguished a townsman. Old Bennie Miles, the seedsman, said that he "knowed Rush Hurlstone was going to make a place for himself in York. There was the right kind o' seed in him. Just give it a chance, and see how it 'ed grow." And old Aunty Stout, the village charwoman, said she "could hev told any one that that there young feller was born for a marbill palish; and if what she hearn tell was true, his office in New York was nothin less than marbill from its front stoop to its lean-to."

The approaching wedding of John Hurlstone to Amy Bayliss was no less an occasion of local excitement. John hadn't been in Farmsted since he went away "to take keer o' that gold mine," as the villagers expressed it, but Amy had heard from him regularly, and he had at last fixed the wedding day. It was to be September the 3d, and great were the preparations then going on. Amy's brother Tom was to be the best man, John's two sisters the bridesmaids, and both Dr. Bayliss and the bishop of the diocese were to perform the wedding ceremony. Farmsted was in a flutter of excitement over the event, and the church was receiving some needed painting and upholstering in anticipation. John wrote that he would not be on until the very morning of the wedding, because he was busy getting his affairs in order, so that he could take a wedding trip, so even now his letters, addressed to places far and near, gathered little or nothing of John in New York during the summer, and he was delighted to know that he had settled down and was determined to marry the devoted girl to whom he was engaged.

In the meantime, the affairs of the Mutual Dividend Mining company were becoming more and more involved, and the nature of the work that John was called upon to perform by Col. Mortimer would not bear the light of day. John was getting more and more reckless. He drank deeper and played higher, and didn't seem to care much what became of him. He only went to see Leoni occasionally, and she—poor girl!—was worried to death about him. He told her that luck was against him, and that it always was against him when he tried to do what was right; and that is what he tried to make himself believe. When Rush came back to New York from his visit to Farmsted, John invited him to dine with him at the "Club," and questioned him closely as to the wedding preparations. Rush was seriously alarmed by John's appearance and manner. There was a restless, wild look in his eyes, and he started at every strange sound. When Rush asked him if he was not well, he said that he was never better in his life. He ate very little, drank a good deal and talked incessantly about Amy and the approaching wedding. "So I am to be married September third, am I?" he said. "Well, I suppose I shall have to give up my bachelor ways and settle down as a family man. They're all waiting for the wedding day, you say. Well, it's coming; you can't keep it back. I don't say that any one would keep it back. I only say that no one could keep it back. Do have a brandy and soda, Rush; it will do you good. You fellows who stick to one wine through a dinner are too prudent by half. Good brandy never hurt any one. You are going to be there, Rush. Every one's going to be there. We'll have a jolly time at the funeral—I mean the wedding; but where's the difference? They both start you into an unknown country. Queer world, eh, brother? Now tell me something about mother and the girls. I know they are well, but are they happy, Rush?—that's the point; are they happy? You may be bursting with health, but what's health without happiness? They are happy, are they? I hope they may always be so, Rush; I hope they will never be made unhappy on my account; but it takes so little to make mothers and sisters unhappy. They are naturally nervous—a great deal more nervous than fathers and brothers. Well, Rush, old boy, you can't refuse me this toast" (rising unsteadily to his feet): "Here's to the dear ones at home, and may they always love us, Rush, always love us as we—what do I mean?"

"As we deserve," suggested Rush.

John knit his brows for a second. "More than that, Rush. That might do for you, but it would never do for me. 'May they always love us, no matter what comes'—that's it, Rush. 'No matter what comes, may our mother and sisters always love us.'"

Then he sat down and pulled his hair over his forehead and said nothing for some moments. Then he broke out again:

"Queer things families are, Rush. Look at you and me. No one would ever take us for brothers; we are as unlike in feature as we are in character. You know your duty, old fellow, and you do it like a man; I know mine sometimes, God help me, but I can't do it. When I die, Rush, I want you to have me examined. You'll find my heart in the right place; but when you examine my head you won't find my moral qualities what they ought to be. Then you'll forgive me for lots of things, won't you? You'll say, 'Poor fellow! His heart was all right if his will wasn't as strong as ours; we mustn't be too hard on him.' You'll say all this, won't you, Rush?"

And John leaned across the table and seized his brother's hand with a tight grip, and gazed with an expression of intense longing into his face.

Rush knew, of course, that he was flushed with wine, and he supposed that all this talk was merely the result of his potations. To humor him, and because he really loved him, he replied:

"Have no fear on that score, John; we know too well what a warm heart you carry about with you to be hard on you for a mistep."

He supposed his brother alluded to his increasing habit of drinking.

"Thank you, old man; thank you more than words can tell. I'm nervous to-night. You muster mind me; another pony of brandy will set me all right." And, suiting the action to the word, he drank one down without winking.

"Suppose we walk around Madison square," he resumed. "My head is on fire; these August nights are beautifully cool; perhaps the air will help it."

On their way out they met Mortimer in the hall. He looked dogged and sullen. Seeing John, he beckoned him aside and exchanged a few whispered words with him. At something he said John started back as though he were going to fall, but he clutched the railing of the staircase and recovered himself. He looked so frightfully ill when he rejoined Rush that the latter proposed that they should go home at once; but John said there was nothing the matter with him—he only needed the fresh air out under the trees of the square.

"Mortimer seemed to have something unpleasant to tell you," said Rush, as they seated themselves on a park bench. "I wish, John, that if you have any business troubles you would confide in me; I might help you."

"Thank you, Rush, for your kind offer; but it's nothing—a mere nothing; just a fluctuation in mining stocks that may hurt us, that's all. To-morrow, for all we can tell, they may look better than ever. It's a worrying business. Take my advice, Rush, and keep out of stocks—particularly mining stocks."

John lighted a cigar, puffed it once or twice, and threw it away. Then he sat for several minutes with his hat off, engaged in his old trick of pulling his hair over his forehead. Jumping to his feet suddenly, he took his brother by the arm.

"Come along, Rush; I've kept you up late enough; it must be after 1 o'clock. I'll walk down to your lodgings with you."

They walked the whole distance in silence, which was broken by John when they reached the door of the house. He took Rush's hand, and holding it tightly, said: "Good night, Rush; pleasant dreams." Then, suddenly, "We've always been good friends, haven't we, Rush? We've never quarreled, have we? Philip and I have had little fights once in a while; but you and I, Rush, were always good friends. When I die I'll depend upon you to defend me against my enemies; you'll do that, won't you, Rush? You'll see that I have a shred of character left—just enough to bury me in."

"I wish you'd stop talking about dying, John; you'll live to put a monument over all our graves—a big, hearty fellow like you." And Rush tried to laugh; but his nervous system was worn down from his words, impressed him unpleasantly, and he couldn't shake off the impression. It hung over him all that night, and all the next day, and long afterwards.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

They Needed Stretching.

A well known business man is very particular about his dress, and is seldom seen out, even on a week day, unless dressed genteelly. He is, however, extremely absent minded, and a funny thing happened to him the other day. His church was giving a sociable, and he promised his wife, who had gone early to assist in the preparations, that he would come in the evening. He remembered, however, that he had also promised her that he would put down a chamber carpet for her at the first opportunity, and it occurred to him that no better time could offer, as he was alone at home and had the time.

So he changed his $12 wide cut pants and put on an ancient pair that had hung unused for a long time, for he wished to save the wear and tear the new pair would get by wearing them while putting down the carpet. When on they reached to a point half way down between his ankles and knees; he then recognized them as ones he used in washing his carriage, which accounted for the shrinkage. The carpet job taking longer than he had expected, he found that he must hurry a little to be in time, and he forgot all about the short pants, while he put on some fine style in the shape of high collar, fancy tie, low cut vest, etc., and hurried off to the festive scene.

Arriving in the ante-room, and taking a glance at the mirror to be sure that everything was all right, he entered the hall and looked around for his wife. He noticed that people looked at him rather hard, but he thought it must be on account of his more than ordinary toney appearance. Finally he saw his wife coming toward him. She stopped, white and still as Lot's wife, for one brief moment, then grasping him by the arm, she dragged him out of the room.

"What in thunder are you trying to do with this coat? Do you want to stretch it into the shape of a night shirt?" said he.

"Stretch your coat! No, sir! I should say that your pants needed it more!"

Then for the first time this absent minded man glanced down at his legs and realized the situation. Now when he plans to go into society his wife insists upon inspecting the dressing before starting and not waiting till he arrives on the scene.—Springfield Homestead.

A Moorish Cup of Tea.

When a party of guests enter the house or the tent of a rich Moor one of the near relatives of the host is charged with the duty of making tea. He squats in one corner, having on either side of him a large server or platter. Upon one of these servers is a number of cups, and upon the other a sugar bowl, a box of tea, a pile of fragrant mentha leaves, a copper apparatus for heating water and a tea urn. The teamaker sets the water to boiling with a little fuel, and then pours the boiling water into his tea urn, quickly adding to it some tea and some sugar, and allows the compound to steep a few moments. Then he pours out a cup of the tea and tastes it, smacks his lips, sniffs the odor of the liquid, and draws a deep breath—all with an air which says, "I am going to get this tea just right."

The chances are that he does not find the compound to his taste at the first attempt, for he pours the tea in his cup back into the tea urn, adds a little sugar or a little tea, and pours out another cup for a second test. This process goes on, the teamaker tasting his tea and pouring it back again, until he gets it just to his mind. Then the guests are called, and if any one of them does not finish his cup, he is expected to pour it back into the urn, for it is the custom in Morocco to take three cups in succession, and the tea making has to be begun over again. The first of the three cups offered is plain tea with sugar, and the two succeeding cups are perfumed with menthe or vervine. In preparing these successive kinds of tea, the cups go back to the teamaker, and change hands at the next serving without any washing.—Montreal Star.

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CHRIST CHURCH.—Rector, Rev. C. E. Buck. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 9 A. M., except 1st Sunday in the month, when the celebration is at the 11 A. M. service. Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 A. M.; Evening Prayer and Sermon, 7.30 P. M. Wednesday, Litany service, 9.30 A. M. Friday, Evening Prayer, 8.00 P. M. Celebration of the Holy Communion on all Feast and Saints' Days, 11 A. M. Sunday School, 4 P. M.

TRINITY CATHEDRAL.—Rector, THE BISHOP OF EASTON; Assistant, Rev. John O. Barton, D. D. Holy Communion, at morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Fridays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 9.30 A. M.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, EASTON POINT.—Under charge of the Cathedral clergy. Services, 1st Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

EBENEZER CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. W. W. W. Wilson. Sunday services: Class Meeting at 10 A. M., Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M., Sunday School at 2 P. M., Young People's Prayer and Experience Meeting at 7.00 P. M. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the first Sunday morning of every month. Weekly services: Class meetings, Monday and Friday afternoons, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights; Prayer meeting, Friday night, at which a brief lecture on the International Sunday School lesson will be delivered.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

CALVARY CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. W. Trout. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

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ROMAN CATHOLIC.

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THE FRIENDS SOCIETY

Meetings are held at their Meeting House, near Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays at 11 A. M.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN MISSION

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