

A YOUNG MINISTER'S PLIGHT.

DUE TO FEMINE OVERTURES.

Desperate Expedient of the Rector of All Angels, After Vainly Praising for Deliverance Out of the Hands of Parsonage More Terrible than Any Army With Banner-Hoisting the Crosses, His Moral Weakness was Averted.

Written for The Observer.

"We will now hear the report of the corresponding secretary."

The wife of the senior warden of All Angels had been in her seat at the first announcement and, in fact, she, Miss Grayson rose in her seat.

It had been announced by the lay reader, the Sunday previous, that the Woman's Auxiliary of All Angels would hold an unusual important meeting, on Tuesday afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, to take active steps toward the reception of the new minister.

It is not known whether it was a habit, or from blindness toward the ways of womanhood, that the good lady added this last clause, but, be it as it may, the "full attendance" requested was breathless and expectant evidence when the time arrived for the "active steps" to be taken.

It is also not known what might have been the forthcoming answers, had any one taken the trouble to question each member of the auxiliary as to her unusually prompt attendance at this meeting.

It is known, however, that some ladies were present who had not thus graced the church society since the passing of their previous pastor, two years before of which Mrs. McArthur, actively announced that nothing had taken her rheumatism out in such weather since last Thanksgiving a year ago, the time they couldn't decide whether to send a letter of butter or a crazy quilt to the orphan asylum, as she felt it her duty to the church to help them decide matters.

The new minister, in other words, the Rev. Wickenham Ware, had already preached his "trial" sermon to his flock-to-be, and his study had already been read to his flock-to-be, and the guide and guardian of all their moral being.

It was indeed a "trial" sermon for the young minister. There was the senior warden who sat in his corner, weighing the moral tone of every word uttered, whilst the mental tone thereof was nicely balanced upon the experienced and critical scale of his wife and better half. There was old Mr. Pennington, to whom his words must sound well, if not wisely, and the former pastor's wife, who was making a minute comparison between what he and "my husband" could do.

In no less proportion to this part of the congregation was the younger set, who greeted him in full numbers, and an extra box or flower as best became her particular style of beauty. The eyes of the sentimental Miss Thomas were already taking on a dreamy expression as she thought, not of the sermon, but of the clear and convincing tones of the Rev. Ware's beautiful tenor voice.

Blanche Bates had already written her bosom friend, off at school, about him, setting forth as his cardinal virtues, "and, oh Molly, he is married, and is going to teach our class at Sunday school." All the feminine and unmarried portion of the choir, that day, also seemed to vie among themselves as to who should sing most loudly, and bode herself most gallantly, to attract the worthy attention, while the organist slipped little trilling immundoes stily in at every conceivable turn of the tune.

Of course, it would not seem that Mr. Ware, being a stranger in their midst, would know aught of the things, but alas for All Angels, he had the very knowing brown eyes, along with his sweet tenor voice, and this was also his second charge, the ordinals of the first one yet fresh in his mind, and the overtures of certain portions of his previous congregation, still ranking in his memory. In fact, the Rev. Wickenham Ware saw a great deal more than one would have suspected, and that Miss Grayson, in her first sermon and, brave man though he was, his heart quailed within him at the sight before him.

It was two weeks later, only a few days before his permanent advent into their midst, that the Woman's Auxiliary, at the call of their corresponding secretary announced she rose, that her only communication was from the new minister himself. There was a bustle of excitement, a rustle of skirts and a pruning of feathers to warrant the announcement, and the Rev. Ware himself as she read the following interesting document:

"My Dear Miss Grayson:

"I trust you, as the corresponding secretary of your society, will pardon this tardy communication from me upon the matter of your society's interest in me, and that it has been arranged that I make my home at your father's house, for a time, at least. But as the care of the rectory is largely in the hands of the fathers of the church, as did stand the seeming previous of what I am going to say. The truth is, I expect to be married in the early spring, and I would much prefer the non-removal of the rectory, and that it be prepared for my occupancy by that time.

"Yours in brotherly love,

"W. WICKENHAM WARE."

Truly a hard summer shower could not have taken the starchiness out of the skirts, nor the plumpness out of the fathers of the church, as did stand this unexpected announcement. A damper almost fatal seemed to settle over each and all, and it was with much effort that the wife of the senior warden conducted that disappointed meeting to its unsuccessful close. There was a dowdiest look of misery in the eyes of Miss Thomas, as she went forlornly home to impart to the parental steen, whereon she seemed permanently engraved, the news of the minister's engagement. The others, too, in their several if less sentimental manners, bespoke disappointment, bitter and hopeless, as they heard her sad and feminine wail.

So it was without particular elation, certainly, whether by that ceremonial adornment, that the little flock of All Angels greeted their pastor the following Sabbath. His logical sermon, coupled with a beautiful voice and charming manner, did attract the faithful few, but the speculating many would not be deceived thereby, for had it not been truly spoken, even by the minister himself, that he was to be married?

"Katherine Grayson, the secretary of the auxiliary, had blue eyes equally as far-reaching in their wisdom as the Rev. Mr. Ware's brown ones, and she, too, enjoyed the joke thus expressed in the falling off of the attractive attire of All Angels, she opined talk and walk with the new minister to her heart's content, she jubilantly concluded, since his thoughtful announcement would prevent the unnecessary turning of heads, or winking of eyes, in her direction, and so she could dare say she was setting her cap for the new minister, when she was going dully now, with the other ladies, to

supervise the adornment of the rectory for the springing bride.

With such frankness of manner and light-heartedness of spirit did she thus greet all of the minister's overtures at friendliness, that it was not long until they were fast friends, bound together by tonics of conversation other than spiritual, and fields of wandering other than missions.

Lent was almost over, now, and as Katherine and the Rev. Mr. Ware came out of the church door, after the afternoon service, he proposed a brisk walk out to the edge of town, and a call at old Mrs. Flanders, to inquire after her broken arm, before tea time.

"Oh, do, let's do it," Katherine exclaimed, impulsively. "Let's get wicker and do just as we please just once during Lent."

"And what shall we do to please ourselves?" she asked, after a pause. The lot of duty was not so insistent to her as it had been to the minister, who had just called his call until to-morrow.

"Katherine was casting about in her mind for some way to spend the remainder of the afternoon, when her eyes lighted on the rectory, gloomy and closed, the world of intruders, on the street opposite.

"Let's go over to the rectory," she suggested, finally. "I was over there before going to service and have been looking at it ever since. You never been any further than the study. Won't you come?"

This was the first time in all their acquaintance that the rectory had been mentioned more than casually. A certain well-learned hesitancy had prevented Katherine from prying into the affairs of an almost stranger, and Mr. Ware had himself carefully avoided any allusion to what must now be, her near-approaching marriage.

"You see, a committee of seven was appointed and each lady had a room to arrange and adorn according to her individual taste. We had such fun dividing up, too," Katherine said, unloading the through with Mrs. McArthur, who took the kitchen, for she's a past master in the culinary art, and Miss Thomas took the study. She fixed it up before you came."

"I thought as much. There is a picture of Jesus and Juliet over the fireplace, and a study from 'Love's Labor Lost' on the wall opposite; pink bleeding hearts in the carpet and a calendar with a hand-painted Cupid on my study table." The Rev. Mr. Ware groaned inwardly, but he had endured at the hands of that very fresh and aggressive young cupid.

"Everybody wanted the reception room of course, so I let them fight it out their own way, and contented myself with this," she said, standing still in the center of the hall. "Perhaps this is only the rude outline of what it's going to be." Katherine spoke with the assurance born of perfect confidence in her own good taste, to the unfolding of which the minister listened in delighted approval.

The other rooms were all locked by their respective tenants of improving, so they contented themselves with a seat on the stairs, as they dwelt at length upon the many conveniences of the unoccupied corners of the rectory.

"It is funny he never mentions his marriage, though," Katherine thought, "and I am just going to ask him about it," she concluded, with the daring born of a Molly, he is married, and is going to teach our class at Sunday school." "When do you think of coming over here to live?" she ventured at last, not wishing to put the question too pointedly.

There was a long silence, bespeaking the minister's distillation to answer her question, and she looked at him curiously, while she had never before seen his handsome, dark face. A look of the deepest distress was plainly written over every feature. Not the sympathetic distress of the onlooker, but that of a man who is smothered that bespeaks great personal conflict.

"Tell me about it," she said, with quick womanly sympathy, as she put out her hand toward him.

"I am foolish, but I am sure that the man's frame, as he buried his head in his hands and refused to be comforted.

"Miss Katherine," he said, after great exertion to control himself, "do you, you don't know what a miserable sin it is to lie."

Katherine admitted, inwardly, that most certainly she did not, while outwardly, she held her peace, and encouraged him, with her silent sympathy, to continue.

"You see, Miss Katherine, what I went through with at my father's house, no mortal will ever know, unless he be similarly placed. And when I came here, and saw the same symptoms in this congregation, only in more aggravated form, I did not know quite what to do. That week I went home, and I diligently, though foolishly, prayed the Lord to let this cup of feminine overtures pass from me, but I got no consolation from my prayers, and I saw my foolish lie was away, to pray for the inevitable, and that the only way out of it was to take active and personal steps thereto, unaided by the dearest Father, who ordained all things well. I was, desperate, Miss Katherine, and I don't know why but I wrote that letter to you."

"Oh, you mean to the Ladies' Auxiliary? But, I don't see any great sin in that."

"I would to heaven there were not. But don't you see, Miss Katherine? I am not engaged to be married at all. The Rev. Mr. Ware spoke as one overcome with his own sinfulness, as indeed he might.

The truth was beginning to slowly dawn upon his heart. A minister in the Episcopal Church, her church, and her father's, the one only in apostolic succession, and to do a thing like that—"I don't see how on earth you could do it." The accusation bore also great a sinner. This latter consideration encouraged him to continue.

"What I have suffered for my sin, no man, no woman, knoweth. Day after day, how I stood at the holy altar of All Angels and directed the prayers of a comparatively sinless congregation whilst I was the greatest sinner among them."

Katherine was frightened at the dilemma in which she saw her pastor placed, but she was also relieved. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" she asked.

The pucker in the brows of the minister began to lessen. "I had thought of a plan some time ago. That I hope may help me out of this difficulty. That is one reason why, I have not worried even more than I did."

"Yes, tell me about it," Katherine was anxious to hear and to help.

been married, as I announced. And the only way to prevent that sad state of affairs from being developed, is to get married. Now do you think you could possibly sacrifice yourself to the welfare of your Church, to such an extent as to marry me?"

Katherine thought a moment in silence. She was not agitated, seemingly, but neither was she going to trust herself to look elsewhere than at the points of her patent leather shoes.

It would be a great waste of material, she said, finally.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, the parlor carpet would have to be changed, a light one replaced for the red one, and the bed-room some in blue instead of one green and the other in yellow, as I heard them say they were going to do for I couldn't live in a house with green matting and red fringes to the windows shades."

"I think you're all for, though Katherine. The good of the Church is at stake."

"But what will we tell the people Wickenham?" She smiled to think how very easy it was to call him by that name.

"Well then! Oh, say it was love at first sight, or something like that, and they will never know we hadn't intended to be married, all along."

"You mean I must not tell our story to her mother?" Katherine admitted, with all the freedom her superior spiritual condition gave rise to.

"Well, at second sight, then, for the first Sunday I came back here, and found your hesitancy had prevented me from being the Sunday before, why then I knew there was one woman who didn't care, and I think I began loving you from that moment."

"I was some time later, when Katherine with the minister, who was leaving the rectory with possibly different feelings, concerning its material, as when they entered it, that her pastor handed her the key of the rectory, and she asked, as she had lingered a moment or more, if he might see her again, after tea."

"But this is Saturday, and you must be so wise fall short on the morning's sermon. No, indeed! This evening must be spent on your study," she added, emphatically.

"The sermon is already prepared," she said, with a shy twinkle in her eyes. "The vestry boy sent in a special request that I preach my 'trial' sermon on Monday. You remember the text, 'I hold the lilies of the field, how they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"Wickenham, you are awful!" Katherine exclaimed, and when the good people of the congregation were gathered together for the Word of God, on the morning following, the corresponding secretary was escorted to her absence from church. It had been previously agreed upon, by her and her pastor, that the sacredness with which they both held All Angels required that their eyes should meet not on this solemn occasion.

LUCY MAYFIELD TIDDY.

A LIGHT ONE DIAMOND SHOAL.

Another One to Replace one of Cape Hatteras—Capt. Ellis Willing to Risk His Whole Fortune in an Attempt to Build a Lighthouse at the Mouth of the Currituck Point of the Atlantic Coast.

New York Sun.

Another attempt is to be made to place a lighthouse on Diamond Shoal, which lies about ten miles off the outer end of Cape Hatteras, and is dreaded by coastwise sailors.

There have been many attempts to build a lighthouse on the shoal, and the government has spent many thousands of dollars on structures of various types, only to have them battered down in the great gales or swallowed by the coasting sands.

Congressman William P. Hepburn, chairman of the Inter-State and foreign commerce committee of the House of Representatives, has had many plans brought before him for building a lighthouse on the shoal, but none appeared practicable until an engineer from Maine, an old whaling captain, came before the committee during the last session with a scheme that seemed to promise some hope of success and will cost the government nothing in case of failure.

Capt. Ellis, the engineer, proposes to build a huge cylinder of steel, provided with a pumping apparatus and compartments to let in water so that it may be sunk in the shoal. Once in position, he intends to pump the sand from below until the steel cylinder is buried fifteen feet, well below the shifting surface of the shoal. Then the cylinder is to be filled solid with concrete, and will serve as the foundation for a skeletal tower which will lift the light 200 feet above sea level and yet offer little surface to the heavy winter gales.

At the base of the tower will be built an iron storage house, large enough to contain six months' supply of oil for the lantern and food for two keepers. There will also be a small living room. The estimate cost of the lighthouse is \$500,000, and Capt. Ellis offers to accept payment with 5 per cent interest, five years after the completion of the light, no payment to be made unless the tower is in perfect condition at the end of that time. The great hurricanes which sweep over Cape Hatteras come about once in six months, and the material called for in the contract should be ample to test the stability of the tower.

All previous attempts to place a light on Diamond Shoal have failed because the sand washed away from the foundations and the sea soon undermined the structure. Capt. Ellis' plan of sinking his foundation fifteen feet below the surface of the bar will, he believes, prevent the sea from getting under the tower, and the great weight of the concrete will hold it in place.

His plan met with the approval of Congressman Hepburn's committee and the appropriation was voted. Mr. Hepburn said that the approval of the Senate was promised and that work would probably begin as soon as the weather permitted in the spring.

Capt. Ellis, as an old sailor, knows the dangers of the shoal, and it is understood that he is risking his whole fortune on the success of his undertaking.

The new light will be visible 20 miles at sea, and will enable vessels to get their bearings and keep well clear of this most dangerous spot on our Atlantic coast.

FROM 148 TO 92 POUNDS.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, caused pneumonia is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and gave me my normal weight, health and strength. Sold by Dr. H. Jordan & Co."

FASHIONS, FADS AND FANCIES.

THE OUTLOOK IN WINTER HATS.

Early Fall Styles Not Always to be Depended Upon for Guidance—Flowers Going to be Much Used—Black Felts Being Prepared in Every Variety—The Use of Embroidery Becoming a Fad—Featherlike Substitutes for Crinoline on the Fall Skirts—Some Designs Actually Trimming Trimings.

Written for The Observer.

What a busy time the milliners are having now! From early morning until late at night, behind closed doors, brains are busy planning and fingers simply flying, putting into real shape the hats which the brains have constructed.

I believe, too, when we come to see all the various styles of trimming, and the various ways of trimming, we shall find our thinking caps to be able to make a wide selection. There are high crowns and flat crowns, and trimmings which stand up high and those which are flat about the crown—and so it goes.

There are scalings, be much used on the winter hats, and I am inclined to believe, will be one of the most attractive modes of trimming. During the summer months roses or flowers of almost any description, have been much liked, all around the crown of the crown hat, and this we are told, will continue a popular fancy for the fall hats. One of our fashion journals tells us that for the present at least, "the all-black hat is prepared for general wear."

That is, the hat itself is black, but there is usually some color on it somewhere. One I have seen is a pretty black felt, sort of rough in appearance and finish, the crown broad and just such as has been worn during the summer, its only trimming being roses of that grayish-pink color of crum velvet, put around the entire crown. According to my taste, the hat is beautiful, and suited to wear as a shirt-waist every-day hat, for which it is intended, and yet it looks well with dressier things.

Hats in colors are likewise trimmed, but another line that is a growing toward the front and a little towards the left side.

Upon the early fall hats we cannot always depend for our "settled" winter shapes, and unless we expect to buy several hats anyway, it is not best to buy too early, however, a hat one buys can certainly be worn for a number of months, or all winter, I feel sure, and yet not look bad, for the shapes are to be so numerous. It is too early, however, for an entire chapter on hats, for ever one might be written it would be too long to print.

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of course, is always worn more or less, but this year it seems to be first choice, both for fall-made, and real dressy garments. At the same time rough fabrics will have their place, handsome dresses being made from this material.

We read also that "all materials may be included in the choice of winter gowns." It is a good thing to have our choice of what we really like best; then make the garment in a becoming manner, and we need have no fear of being out of style—unless, of course, we have gone to some extreme and selected something out of the way.

The designs which continue to appear for the winter's coats are so very attractive, at least many of them are, that from present indications I believe they will be the prettiest for some time. They are all so well suited to their purpose, and so well adapted to our choice of what we really like best; then make the garment in a becoming manner, and we need have no fear of being out of style—unless, of course, we have gone to some extreme and selected something out of the way.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Prof. J. F. Bivins.

The news came over the wires "Prof. J. F. Bivins was accidentally killed this morning." Then from mouth to mouth it was repeated, "Joe Bivins is dead." He was widely known, and universally loved, and among his friends he was called affectionately "Joe." So brilliant, doing such a magnificent work so promising for future usefulness, so recently married, so young, it seems impossible to realize that he is gone from us. But in our sorrow, this thought comes to our minds: He was ready either to live or die. What number of men was it that he had given such a hold on his life? "Can we not profit by studying more closely the life of a man who produced such a life? Perhaps the thing that made him so universally popular was the simplicity and a thoroughness of his life. There was no pretense, no striving after a name, no showing off, no parade in the homes of the rich, no cultivated, and of the poor and ignorant. There was no spirit of fawning to the one, or of exasperation to the other. He entered into their real world. He had a genuine feeling for the best in people, and he especially appreciated the rugged virtues of plain people.

I think I can safely say that he was the most brilliantly versatile young man in the range of my acquaintance. Socially he was a perfect gentleman, a good talker and a good listener. He held his own in repartee, and was often especially happy in his replies, but never won a laugh at the expense of another's feelings. With perfect naturalness he would pass from a jest to an earnest conversation on the most serious themes. He didn't seem to be afraid that people might doubt his sincerity if he didn't wear a long nose. Nay, his life was so transparent that there was no need for him to be concerned about what people thought. As a public speaker he had an easy flow of language, he had something to say and a pleasant way of saying it. He returned to his work with the same vigor and energy as he brought to his teaching. He was a man of high character, and his life was a revelation to anyone who went into it, and breathed its atmosphere for the first time. His boys were devoted to him, and they learned from his life more lessons than from their books. His commencement exercises were remarkably interesting and brilliant. The students did the work under his close supervision, and one could discern his touch all through. The exercises fairly sparkled with wit and wisdom, and with an abundance of nonsense. A year ago one of Trinity's wealthiest and most generous friends was present for the first time, and thoroughly delighted, he said, at Prof. Bivins. Why, didn't you know me, saying such things as this up here."

But after all the test of any man is not in what he does, but in what he is. Joe Bivins was doing a great work, because he was great in character. Although he was a man of high character, and his life was a revelation to anyone who went into it, and breathed its atmosphere for the first time. His boys were devoted to him, and they learned from his life more lessons than from their books. His commencement exercises were remarkably interesting and brilliant. The students did the work under his close supervision, and one could discern his touch all through. The exercises fairly sparkled with wit and wisdom, and with an abundance of nonsense. A year ago one of Trinity's wealthiest and most generous friends was present for the first time, and thoroughly delighted, he said, at Prof. Bivins. Why, didn't you know me, saying such things as this up here."

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