

MEADOW-LILIES.

Tall spikes of tawny bloom
Filling the dusky room
With whispers of a meadow cool and fair,

AN EPISCOPAL FIX.

A certain worthy prelate, who was the
bishop of X., and gloried in the familiar
patronymic of Smith, came up to

claimed the bishop, as the truth flashed
across him. "Some rascal has stolen
them!"

"There ain't no thieves in my establish-
ment," said the proprietor, looking per-
turbed nevertheless.

"What am I to do?" cried the bishop,

his anger giving way to agonizing perplex-
ity. "I can't wear those things."

"Why not? A fair exchange is no rob-
bery," said the proprietor, who apparently

had some suspicion on his mind as to the

bona fides of the bishop's complaint.

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in

that tone, sir; I am the bishop of X.,"

exclaimed the prelate, with all the dignity

he could muster.

"But, almost before the words were out of

his mouth, he wished he had not spoken

them. They not only failed to produce a

desirable effect, but elicited grins of incred-
ulity from the bystanders. The fact is that

a bishop in a Turkish bath may easily be

mistaken for a meek mortal. His lord-
ship's personal appearance was neither im-

posing nor aristocratic, and, divested of his

shovel hat and apron, he looked exceed-
ingly commonplace. He instinctively felt

that it would be useless to stand upon his

dignity, and regretted that he had revealed

his identity to an unsympathetic audience.

He became painfully conscious of the ab-
surdity of the situation, and turned crimson

with humiliation and confusion.

"I don't think that will quite do, sir,"

said the proprietor, noticing these signs.

"You had better look at them clothes again,

and I fancy you'll find they are yours after

all."

With this ironical speech the proprietor

turned on his heel and walked off, glanc-
ing significantly at the bystanders, as much

as to say that he had discomfited an unscrup-
ulous impostor. The bishop had not the

heart to continue the discussion, but re-
tired to his compartment and sat down

sadly on the couch to reflect what he had

been told. The obvious course appeared to

be to send for the police, and to despatch a

message to his friend to come and identify

him. But this involved creating a distur-

bance and exposing himself, for a time at

least, to further indignity. Besides, he did

not relish the idea of being discovered by

his friend in a state of deshabille in a

cheap Turkish bath under such ludicrous

circumstances. On the whole, he preferred

to adopt the alternative of dressing him-

self in the thief's clothes, and driving to

his friend's house in a cab. His attire would,

no doubt, excite surprise, but he would be

spared the humiliation of remaining an ob-
ject of ridicule and suspicion.

Nevertheless, the bishop shuddered when

he looked at the garments in which he

proposed to array himself. They consisted

of a suit of clothes of a loud pattern, very

much the worse for wear, a round hat—

familiarly known as a "billycock"—and a

massive ulster great coat of a strangely

disipated and rakish appearance. After

self at his friend's house as he was. He

hesitated a moment whether to return to

the station, and claim the portmanteau he

had left there. But it contained nothing

that would materially improve his out-

ward attire, as he had only come to town for

one night; and, besides, having learned wis-

dom from bitter experience, he doubted whether

it would be given up to him. The ticket

was in the pocket of his clothes, and possi-

bly by this time the thief had made use of

it. He therefore hailed a cab, and directed

the man to take him to his friend's address.

He naturally felt very awkward and em-

barrassed when he reached his destination.

He was a sensitive old gentleman, and,

knowing too well that he cut an extremely

ridiculous figure, he dreaded the ordeal of

facing his friend. At the same time it was

a relief to him that he had arrived at the

end of his perplexities, for he would be able

to borrow from his friend's wardrobe and

procure a fresh outfit befitting his rank

before meeting his wife. He was obliged to

tell the cabman to wait as he had to borrow

money to pay him, and, as he stood on the

doorstep of his friend's house he was pain-

fully conscious that the driver had misgiv-

ings about receiving his fare.

To his great disappointment, the neat

maid servant who came to the door in an-

swer to his knock stated that her master

was away from home.

"Will he be back soon?" inquired the

bishop, eagerly, with his heart in his

mouth. "Not for a day or two," returned

the girl, eyeing the visitor with a puzzled

glance. "Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed the

bishop in consternation. "That is extremely

unlucky. Is your mistress at home?"

"Well, yes, she is. What name shall I

say?" inquired the girl, showing no incli-

nation to open the door very wide.

"Will you give my compliments to your

mistress and say the bishop of X. would

be glad to speak with her?" said his

lordship benignly.

"The—tho bishop of X.," repeated the

girl, open-mouthed.

"Yes, my good girl; yes," said the

bishop, crimson at her unaffected astonish-

ment.

He made a movement to enter the hall

as he spoke, but before he could do so the

door was slammed in his face. The bishop

raised his hand to the knocker with a

furiously gesture, but restrained himself with



"A BIG OFFER."

mistakable wink on a passing servant girl.

This was more than the bishop could stand.

His righteous indignation completely oblit-

erated all self-consciousness, and on the

spur of the moment he leaped from the cab

and confronted the unconscious offender.

"Mr. Bands! what is the meaning of this?"

he exclaimed, in his most portentous voice.

"Bless my soul! Is that you, my lord?"

ejaculated Mr. Bands, falling back a step

or two, and staring in amazement.

"I observe you have abandoned your

clerical costume, Mr. Bands," said the

bishop, with cutting sarcasm.

"So has your lordship," said Mr. Bands,

perfectly unabashed.

"Good—good gracious! I—I forgot,"

exclaimed the bishop, suddenly growing

confused, and glancing down at himself

with dismay. "I—I see you are astonished,

Mr. Bands."

"Well, my lord, I should be if I were

not aware how misleading appearances often

are," said Mr. Bands, sententiously.

"I—I assure you, Mr. Bands, that this

dress is—purely accidental," said the

bishop, eagerly, and he hurriedly related

the misadventure that had befallen him.

"That is precisely my own case," re-

sponded Mr. Bands, unblushingly.

The bishop started and looked very hard

at Mr. Bands, but the latter bore the

scrutiny without flinching. Perhaps the

sudden recollection that Mr. Bands might

prove the friend in need rendered his

lordship extra charitable. At all events he

merely observed:

"It is extremely awkward. I have not a

farthing of money; I can find none of my

friends, and have no means of getting other

clothes than these I stand up in."

"You had better come with me, my lord,"

said Mr. Bands cheerily. "My tailor lives

close at hand, and, on a word from me, he

will be only too glad to let you have every-

thing you require."

"Let us go, by all means," added the

bishop, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"I think, my lord," remarked Mr. Bands,

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It was obvious that he must present him-

THE HOUR OF SHADOWS.
Upon that quiet day that lies
Where forest branches screen the skies,
The spirit of the eve has laid
A deeper and a dreamer shade;
And winds that through the tree-tops blow
Wake not the silent gloom below.
Only the sound of far-off streams,
Faint as our dreams of childhood's dreams,
Wandering in tangled pathways cross
Like woodland trunks strayed and lost,
Their faint, complaining echoes roam,
Threading the forest toward their home.
O brooks, I too have gone astray,
And left my comrades on the way—
Guide me through alders where soft you moan,
To some sad spot you know alone,
Where only leaves and nestlings stir,
And I may dream, and dream of Her.
—H. C. Bunner.