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(Concluded.)

She drew one of his strong, sunburnt hands against her flushed face, and her eyes drooped shyly beneath his gaze.

"Do you not remember when you found me at the flood?"

He gave a short, contented laugh, and pushed the soft, dark hair gently away from her brow.

"You looked so frozen, so wild, I thought you could not heed my words; and, ah, darling, it seemed to me in that moment as though I had found you too late and you were dying!"

"As I should surely have died, my master, had you been lying beneath one of those terrible white coverings beside the river. How horrible it was I shall never forget what I suffered while I stood there watching the men at their work."

"And all your fears were for me, sweetheart?" he asked, gazing into the tender eyes uplifted to him in the starlight.

"All for you, my master. After the bridge gave way I do not think I thought of anyone else."

"My master." Lionel noticed how she lingered over those words.

Surely love was stronger than pride since it had worked this change in her?

As they made their way slowly through the meadows towards the house Mollie felt the color rise in her cheeks, as she remembered how, all unasked, she had given him her love.

"Would you have said 'good-bye,' knowing it might be for ever?" she asked.

"I had nerved myself to the ordeal, so I should have gone through with it had you not spoken;" his tones scarcely louder than hers had been.

"My position was such a strange one; what right had I to tell you of my love, or to hope that I could win even pity from you?"

"But you knew I loved you, my master; you must have known. I believe I loved you from the first night of your coming; and, oh, Lionel, when I wounded you deepest, when I made myself seem hateful in your sight, I loved you most."

"You were never hateful in my sight;" he answered, kissing the lips that were trembling pitifully over the confession. "I knew your true heart too well, my darling, from the moment that you saved little Dora from burning, my brave, sweet Mollie, do you think I could love you less because you seemed to show towards me such unyielding hatred?"

"I thought so; I imagined you despised me utterly, until—until you found me by the river; and then I knew you loved me, Lionel."

"Will they let me take the dear prize I have won, or will they try to snatch you from me even now?" he said, remembering how the word farewell was the only word that should have passed between them that night.

"They?"

"Your parents—and the husband they had chosen for you."

Mollie shuddered, and some of the old, defiant spirit flashed into her eyes.

"While I have your love, Lionel, no power on earth shall take me from you; my life is yours, and to no other would I give myself."

"You shall never regret this choice, sweetheart mine," he said, his rich voice thrilling with impassioned tenderness.

A LEVEL HEAD.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in a case of emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head, the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgement and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equanimity and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the stay-

ing qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says; "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for over a year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

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