

gifts ed, and he gazed eagerly upon the don't know fear; you sleep in the Sometimes when one of them went to the Bay, he would bring back some cloud of dust, watching the men as they mounted and rode forth to meet slight piece of finery in the shape of silken scarfs for the waist or fringed him, and forgetting the children. Presently the pitter-patter of the all of which were eagerly hundreds of sheep rang through the mounced on the youth, for Cecil was foolishly fond of bright colors and clear air and the runner came in a bear. Come, it was a bear you called. pretty articles of dress. sight. The youth did not run forward, but grimly. Mr. Stewart looked upon this state

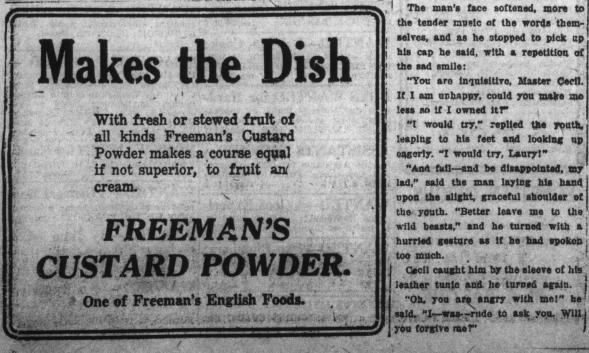
of things as highly satisfactory, and his eyes flashed and a sudden gleam set a preper value on this, his latest of pleasure shot through them that deepened as Will Laury dashed to the acquisition. very spot where he stood and, bend-He, too, made a pet of the lad, liking to sit down beside him as he work- ing down in his saddle, said, in his grave, stern tones: ed at the books and listen and laugh

"Well, are you happy?" at his odd and funny stories of the voyage and the old English life. "Quite," replied the youth, with Somethime he would try to draw crimson flush, and gazing intently on the youth out on the subject of his the tanned and weary face above him. own past, but on that topic Cecil was "What a time you have been away! Why do you stay so long?" obstinately discreet.

Arecdoies, quips, jokes, and a song He smiled-it was a listless smile, new and then, but personal history more sad than a groan--as he replied: "I am fonder of the open air and my

horse than the farm, and yet I have So Mr. Stewart gave it up and, not been away for nothing. Here is ound to be satisfied, grew more fond something for you," and he took a of the lad each day, giving up odd matters to him and trusting him as he costly skin from his saddle-bag and would have done Laurence, who cared threw it across Cecil's arm.

for nothing but galloping over prairie Before the youth could thank him



woods they say, and you can shoot the antelope. What more can you want?"

"And yet, you see with it all I am but me, Cecil, was it not?" and he smiled

"Jake was a coward and a sneak to tell you," Cecil said, reddening and you a bear and I thought you one for riding away without a word and staying so long. I wanted to thank you for

I was, and how grateful I was to you the only game they knew. for the kind words you said before we came. I wanted-but there; it don't matter what I wanted, for you didn't want, did you? Laury, tell me why liked the open air, and the riding and half gone. the hunting, but-but-"

"But what?" he asked, quietly, shutting his clasp-knife and rising. "But is there no other reason?" Cecil asked, half turning. "Is it because you are unbappy."

The man's face softened, more to the tender music of the words themselves, and as he stopped to pick up his cap he said, with a repetition of the sad smile:

"You are inquisitive. Master Cecil. If I am uphappy, could you make me less so if I owned it?" "I would try," replied the youth, eaping to his feet and looking up agerly. "I would try, Laury!" "And fail-and be disappointed, my lad," said the man laying his hand upon the slight, graceful shoulder of the youth. "Better leave me to the wild beasts." and he turned with a hurried gesture as if he had spoken too much Cecil caught him by the sleeve of his leather tunic and he turned again.

Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all gate, Nothing to him falls early or too late. And yet you see with it all I am hat state out angels are, or good or ill, Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.-JOHN FLETCHER.

> The evening of the same day eight or nine of the runners were lying fulllength, talking and smoking, beneath 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A

the trees at the back of the farm. They were the next outgoing gaug flashing with anger. "But I did call and they were discussing the probable

Gingham may be combined with chambrey for this style, or printed To while away the time one of them voile with organdy. Plain and figured produced a greasy, well-thumbed pack foulard, linen, and shantung are also being so kind on the long journey of cards and, with solemn gravity, the attractive. here. I wanted to tell you how happy and another began playing all fours-A pattern of this illustration mail-

> ed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps. They were playing for small stake

-shillings, hides, and furs-and los or won with the same taciturnity. One man, called Tim, was particul you dislike to stay at the farm even arly lucky, and several men were for one night? You said last night you cleaned out before the evening was

> He was rather flushed by his good fortune, and, as there was a pause in the game-a slight hesitation showing itself in the laying of the stakes-h said, shuffing the oards:

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