and for the moment he wished himself thousands of miles away from Beresvale. He called again and placed his hands to his ears to shut out the echo that was sure to follow from the valley below.

Then he retraced his steps to the cot-

Charles entered the smithy and, uttering

cheery good morning, remarked with an airtof simplicity: "Gentlemen, is the

oroprietor of the smithy amongst you?"

"Yes, sir!" came the loud answer from

Charles walked over to him, asking

"Could you spare a few minutes, sir?"

"Certainly," Abe answered carelessly

Thereupon the two walked back to the

Charles remarked. "Here's my card."

Abe exclaimed. Then he turned and

whispered to the other men in the shop:

could have smiled at the old blacksmith's

boys? But, doctor what brings you beresvale, may I ask?" inquisitively

"Surely you have not come to take the

"A Mrs. — who, did you say ?"

A Mrs. Atherton, sir."

emarked sturdy Abe.

cottage on yonder hill.'

gathered around.

It's Dr. Mathers come to town -

softly :-

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winor Other Stories," "The Toiler and Other Poems," Etc. CHAPTER XV.

IN THADY'S STUDIO. heat of summer was intense and crowds were leaving Billington for the sea-shore. Dr. Mathers also longed for a holiday. He wanted to get away from work, from his office, from the hospital from everybody. Overwork and his many daily operations had unnerved him, and he needed rest badly. And where do you think he went to recuper-ate? It was to Stanford that his heart had so often turned during the past weeks, and to Stanford he went, now that there was a short holiday in store for him. And he was glad to return again to the home of his childhood. I had been a long time since last he had seen the place. Imagine then the pleas-ure such a visit would afford him.

Dr. Mathers found that Stanford had changed little in all these years. It was practically the same Stanford he had known in his boyhood—the same little, busy place of factories and mills. His father's old mills were still hives of industry, sending their smoke into the air. His home, too, recalled many mem-ories, whenever he chanced to pass it, but, now that his mother was gone, he did not care to enter it. Father Flynn's rose-garden was just as beautiful as ever. Hundreds of roses wafted their perfume into the air, but the gentle Cure, who had tended the precious blooms so faithfully, had answered the call of the Master and passed into fairer regions. He visited his mother's grave -only once. It made him feel so sick at heart that he did not think it wise to

go again.

Long before Charles ever thought of visiting Stanford, he had heard great and wonderful things about that first chum of his childhood—the cripple, Thady Charlton. He had sent him regular letters in the days gone by, and thus the old friendship thrived and grew. In his young days Thady had alway given evidence of fine, artistic taste. When a mere child, he was busy with his miniature set of paints, and, as he grew older, his love for painting waxed Then he became a cripple and was forced to remain indoors than ever. Other boys played and romped about the streets, but Thady sat at home before his easel painting won-derful pictures. He loved nature—the sun and star-kissed skies, the flashing rivers and lakes, the grand, old mount ains, the green, grass carpets, the gor-geous flowers and lordly trees; the white dawns, the warm noons, the crimson dusks and lone, moonlit nights. He loved the animals of the earth. the men and women and children who looked up to God in trust. He had a poet's pure soul, and he depicted the poetry of life on canvas—real, natural. convincing. He never painted a picture of earth without bringing in sun or moon illumined skies, and he never made a illumined skies, and he never made a friend without bringing heaven very near to his heart. Though he was crip-pled for life, he never murmured, never complained. His mind had an opti mistic turn, and his canvasses as well, for he always viewed life through rosy

In time he drifted to Europe, where he spent two year's walking the grea art galleries and studying under Stanford and in a short time his pic tures commanded high prices, and he be returned to

came famous.

Dr. Mathers had been in Stanford only a few minutes, when he stood be-fore Thady Charlton's studio-door. He gave a slight rap, and in an instant the door was opened by a rather sweet-faced girl of twenty—one of the artist's

'Good-day, sir !" she remarked, some what brusquely.
"Is Mr. Charlton in?" asked

Mathers in a low voice.

"Yes, sir," came the answer like a hot. "Your card, please!" Charles handed her his card and she disappeared behind the heavy

In an instant she returned.

"Mr. Charlton will see you in his

studio in a few minutes.' Thank you!' Five minutes later Charles was ushered into Thady's work-shop. Thady

sat at his easel, and, when Charles en tered, he threw down brush and palette and exclaimed in wild excitement 'Ah, Charles, I'm so glad to Come, sit down beside me so that I can get a good look at you! How you have grown—so strong and robust, and quite good-looking too, old boy, eh? Believe me, I would never have known you."

Thady, too, had changed since last

they met, and, as he sat there in his long, gray gown, he looked like a in contemplation. He was very tall and thin, but he had a kindly face with dancing, brown eyes and heavy black eye-lashes. He wore his hair long. It touched his shoulders.

For a long time the two friends recalled old scenes and faces in and about Stanford. Then both recounted their various experiences abroad, and every once in a while loud peals of laughter floated through the room

"You see, Charles, I am still helpless.

My legs refuse to do their work. While in Europe, I consulted a number of eminent physicians and surgeons, but they all told me the same story. They not relieve me in any way. So I am content and make the best of it. My crutches are all in all to me now.

could not do without them."

"You are very sensible, Thady,
What's the use of worrying and fretting
and storming against a barrier that God has placed in your way for som sour has placed in your way for some surpose? Perhaps if it wouldn't have been for this affliction, you would not be the great artist you are to-day. There ways a compensation somewhere,

"Great artist, did you say? Well! And Thady laughed like a

the two weeks I ship it to Paris, where I hope it will win a prize."

Charles' eyes stole to the picture on the easel. It was a landscape — rivers and mountains and trees bathed in willight allow.

twilight-glory.

"It is very beautiful," the doctor re-"It is very beautiful," the doctor re-marked, as his eyes drank in the wondr-ous glory of those crimson skies. "It is ous glory of those crimson skies. "It is not a scene in Stanford, Thady, is it? It does not seem familiar to me." "No, but it is not very far away— only a few miles down the river." "Then, you sometimes go elsewhere for fresh ideas."

Stanford offers nothing new to m now. I have sketched and painted all her delightful places, and my soul longs continually for new material. I some-times go hundreds of miles from Stanford to places where nature wears a differ-ent look. But come, Charles, let me show you some of my work! Kindly hand me the crutches, there in the Kindly

corner. Charles did as he was told, and, as the artist, rose from his chair, a feeling of suffering stole into the doctor's responsive heart. "He will never gain the us of those limbs, poor fellow!" he whis-pered to himself as Thady led the way

to his large gallery of pictures.

It was a beautiful spot to linger in—this wonderful room of studies, sketches and scenes.
"Most of these are sold," Thady re

marked as the two entered the room. I always ship them in lots to the art I am sure you will recognize some of the scenes and characters I have portrayed here in Stanford." The first picture they came upon was

narrow street scene in Stanford, just harrow street scene in Stanford, just is evening was setting in. Charles gave a cry of delight as he ecognized the old familiar street. "That's Mott street, isn't it, Thady?

Why, there's the old Italian-let me see, what was his name? Oh, yes—Cellini. Any one would know him standing at the door of his old fruit-store," remarked

Charles.

They moved to the next picture. An old man, bent in years, was selling papers at a corner street in the glare of an electric light.

"Ah! there's old Tim Slade brought back to life again," joyously exclaimed the doctor. "Really, Thady, I can hear the doctor. "Really, Thady, I can hear him now calling—'Ev-nin' News, Star— Tel'gram! las' edition! What has be-come of him, Thady?"

"He sold papers for many years at the

street corner and, as he grew older deaf-ness came upon him. One day—it was just when spring was setting in—a street car knocked him down and they carried him to the hospital. He had not heard the motor man's bell. That evening the papers were full of Tim Slade. You know, Charles, he was a precious soul. Every-Charles, he was a precious soul. Every-body loved him even though he walked the paths of the lowly."
"Did he die soon after his injury?"

No. He lived a few days and time after he was buried, we only found out that he had managed to save a goodly fortune in the years that God had

"Yes. He bequeathed \$5,000 to the 'How good of him! But then, he was

e father of them all.' Some of Stanford's most prominent

usiness men to-day, Charles, were news-oys at one time, who often felt the sheltering wing of Tim's kindness."

Another picture that caught Charles'

eyes was a garden of roses, in one corer of which an old gray-haired priest at, breviary in hand, lost in contemplation. It was no other other than Father Flynn in his garden of flowers, near hi beloved church.
"Thady, this is by far the prettiest thing I have yet seen. Is it sold?"

Then I shall buy it."

"You may have it, Charles. But I shall make you a present of it. I know Father Flynn was a great friend of yours, and this picture will mean a great

Thady, however did not remember that in that very rose garden years ago Charles' mother had met her death This was really the meaning the picture carried into Charles' heart,

The two friends were now gazing a the last picture in the gallery. ly they came upon another landscape or somewhat larger scale. It represented a little cottage on a hill with pine-trees in front of it and a neglected garden be hind. The face of a woman was visible over the rain-washed fence.

"Great heavens! where have I seen that face before?" exclaimed Charles almost wildly as his eyes stole over the canvas. "It is so familiar. Let me see

His head sank into his hands and for nent he stared to the floor, wrapped deep thought. "Surely you do not know her, Charles?" interrupted Thady. "She is

ot a Stanford woman." Yes, I do know her. I have it now. he exclaimed. "It's the face of Mrs. Atherton a little thin perhaps, but the ome eyes, the same expression. Where she, Thady? Where is Mrs. Ather-For God's sake tell me and speak quickly! I've looked for her all these

Charles did not know at all what he saying. His mind was too busy hinking and he was so overcome with surprise that he could have cried for

"I do not know who the woman is Charles," Thady interrupted. "I could not tell you her name. She never told me, but I painted that picture at—at what's the name again-yes-

Beresvale. "Beresvale?" whispered Charles. "Ah, yes, I know the place, but go on

with your story."
"Well, I went to Beresvale for the "Yes, Thady. For a long time I have been reading wonderful things about you in the papers. Only a few days ago, I saw somewhere that one of your ago, I saw somewhere that your ago, I s

pictures had won a prize at one of the great art exhibits in London, England."

"Ah, yes, it was my canvas. "Where Sky and Land Meet"—a delicious bit of coloring that pleased me immensely. I was just putting the finishing touches to this picture here, when you entered. In two weeks I ship it to Paris, where I hope it will win a prize."

Charles' eyes stole to the picture on the easel. It was a landscape—rivers the picture of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly as well. So I set to work. The lady you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing still in that spot until I painted to get a glimpse of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing still in that spot until I painted to get a glimpse of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing the first of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the valley, and when I reached the valley, an her. She was poorly clad -looked sickly, and I'm sure the mone

came to her at a very opportune time.

"The poor woman!" uttered Charle
"I'm sure it's Mrs. Atherton. She ha nill. When he reached the botto followed a little path on the edge of the river to its destination. It brought him face to face with a blacksmith shop. uttered Charle men busy, and outside a half dozen horse awaited their turn to be shod.

felt the bitter sting of poverty. Did she speak at all, Thady?"
"Just a little. She told me she wasn't well and that she suffered great pain."
"But that was five years ago, Thady was it not? I am sure she is dead then by this time" sadly exclaimed Charles. was it not? I am sure she is dead then by this time," sadly exclaimed Charles. "Do you know I feel positive that the woman is Mrs. Atherton. There can be no mistake as to her identity. Her face is stamped indelibly upon my memory. I knew that woman very well once upon a time, but one day she drifted away. Abe Murray as he stepped out from in under the horse he was shoeing. a time, but one day she drifted away. That was many years ago and up to the present I have not been able to find her. I have searched for her all this time and had almost given up forever. Believe me, dear Thady, the memory of all of this is the one great arid desert in my life."

Then Charles related briefly how Mrs. Atherton had come in contact with his as he lifted his pipe from the corner of his mouth, "the horses can wait awhile." smithy door.
"I am Dr. Mathers from Billington,

Atherton had come in contact with hi

"So you knew the woman who pose for that picture," Thady remarked when the little story was finished. "It all seems like a dream to me. I am sure you will want that picture now as companion to "The Rose Garden."

think of it! Take a good look at him I would give all I possess to own for I feel that through it I have been led to the discovery of this noble friend of mine, whom I had almost given up of ever seeing again in this life." sincerity. The latter, however, continued as he faced him again: "I am Abe Murray of Beresvale — blacksmith proprietor, but always plain Abe, sir. Ain't

"It all seems very strange to me indeed. But that picture shall be yours. Let me hope that it has helped ou to find your friend!"
"Thanks, Thady. I shall repay yo for all of this some day. Oh, I am so glad I came to Stanford. I little dreamt that I would be the recipient of

so pleasant a surprise."
"Nor did I," interp "Nor did I," interposed the artist.
"I suppose you will now dispatch your-

self post-haste to Beresvale."
"Yes. There's no time to be lost, shall leave on the evening train. Mrs. Atherton is still in that cottage Billington with me to spend her remain ing days in peace and q

CHAPTER XVI. THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

When the train pulled into Beresvale No," came their answer promptly. "A Mrs. Vale has resided in yonde Dr. Mathers could hardly contain him cottage this long time," began Abe. Charles drew back, greatly surprised. Then it was not Mrs. Atherton after all, self for joy. His heart beat violently and sent the blood tingling through his musles. At last! at last! he thought the mystery would be unravelled. In a few moments Mrs. Atherton would stand the thought. But the woman on Thady's painting was the image of her. No one would have disputed that fact. There before his very eyes and tell him all.
Then he would fly back to Billington
with her and try to make her comfortable and happy. It was a debt he owed
her. He knew he could never repay
her for all that she had done for him.
For days and nights through leave was the same garden, the same cottage, the same pine-trees. But might it not have been only a mere coincidence, after "Did you say her name was Vale For days and nights, through long, questioned Charles, eagerly. bitter years, he had thought of her— the great benefactress of his life—and

shudder passed over him and he brushed

the picture from his eyes instantly Surely that was not the Mrs. Atherton

he knew, so he argued it was only a picture of his irritable, excited imagin-

ation, and slowly and quietly drifted off

As Charles walked up the narrow path

what his thoughts were. A cool breeze swept lazily through the stately pine

trees, and on the green grass the shadows

nested in the warmth of the quickening,

morning sunshine. Volumes of delicious bird music floated from the bushes and

an old crow sat cawing to its mate. It

was the only solitary note in the beauti

tiful Lorelei, that bird and wind drew

out of the harp-strings of the glorious

Slowly he mounted the steps that led

to the cottage-door. His heart fairly sank within him as he rapped gently.

In an instant he expected to see Mr.

Atherton open the door. One minute passed—two—five! Again he knocked,

and knocked again. A passing breeze wandered over the grass. He heard it

light footsteps. For a second it seemed to pause and listen for the sound of

Charles' eyes wandered to the tw

front windows. The curtains were closely drawn. Then he walked to the

ide of the house and entered. The

door stood wide open—an invitation that Charles could not well refuse at

present. He went from room to r

ealling out loudly, almost wildly Mrs. Atherton! Mrs. Atherton

But his footsteps on the creaking flo

of sunshine pierced the strange quiet the little cottage. In the kitchen t cooking utensils lay sbout as if t

On the table a lamp stood drained to th

last drop. Dr. Mathers examined everything closely in the rooms, but nothing brought him any light as to the

uccession all the year round, and put

ting his hand to his mouth, calling loudly "Mrs. Atherton! Mrs. Atherton!" Bu the echo came back from the valley be

wandered out into the neglected

where the lawns and nights lingered

strange occupant of the little cotta

evening meal had just been con

drawn in every room.

garden,

and

ioons

alone made answer. The curtains wer

Not even a r

numan voice. Then it sighed and ere

away down into the deep valley

out still no answer. He waited a

trees around. On the cottage door-

to sleep.

morning.

"Yes, she always signed it so. But she was a strange character. She would now, at last, he was to come to her in time of plenty, come to her own little do such funny things, and nobody knew time of plenty, come to the reason. She never mixed up with the villagers at all, but when they went cottage in its sweet solitude there or the hill and reclaim her as his very own up to see her, she was always very grac-ious and kind." Only last night, waking in his sleep, he had thought he had heard her calling for "Has she always lived here?" Charles help. Then the vision floated past his asked quickly.

"No. She came here quite a number eyes, and there, in the moonlight she stood—a weak, stooped, little owed with suffering and anguish. A

of years ago—just a few weeks before Ellen Allan died. She nursed poor Ellen through her sickness and the woman, in gratitude, bequeathed her the cottage and her other earthly belong-"Was she a relative of the woman

who died?" "I cannot answer that question. No

one ever seemed to know who she was or where she came from. The majority however believed she was Ellen's come from England to live with her. Were you up at the cottage ?" "Yes. I just came from there" "And did you see Mrs. Vale?"

"I could not find a soul in the pla I searched the house through through and the garden and grounds as In the kitchen the dishes stood well. as if the evening meal were just over, and on the table I found a lamp with the last drop of oil burned out. It all looked to me as if the house had been vacated some time in the evening. "Ah, I see. It is all clear to me now

I'm sure Mrs. Vale has one of her spells on."
"One of her spells did you say? What do vou mean ?

"Well, for months past she seems to wander a kind of in her mind and she walks away from home, they say, not knowing whither she is going. Those who have seen her say she looks very thin and that she talks little. They have even heard her mumbling strange sounding words to herself. In fact, they think she'e not all there-but harmless body. I'm sure, doctor, she's wandered off again somewhere—the poor woman! 'Twill be the death of her yet ne of these days.'

" I am beginning to feel now, Mr. Murray, that this is not the woman I am looking for," Charles said at last, after the last flickering hope had gone. "The woman I am looking for is Mrs. Ather ton, and you say the occupant of yonder cottage is a Mrs. Vale — two different cottage is a Mrs. Vale—two different persons altogether—different names, you see. I thing the best thing I can do is to go back to Billington and give up the to go back to Billington and give up the chase forever. I know I shall never have the heart to take it up again."

"Perhaps some of the people in the village can give you more satisfactory nformation, doct

"Thanks, Mr. Murray. I shall go and see some of them before leaving." And he did. But the same story came to him everywhere. Nobody had ever heard of Mrs. Atherton living in Beresvale. There was a mistake somewhere. Mrs. Vale had come to nurse her niece, they said, and, after Ellen Allan's death, had

CHAPTER XVII. MRS, ATHERTON.

That evening just as Dr. Mather's train pulled out of Beresvale, a woman could be seen in the moonlight making her way up the lonely hill that hung Then he retraced his steps to the cot-tage, entered it, and returned again in a minute. For some time after he made a thorough search of the grounds but to no avail. He had failed to find any living being on the place. Then he left, heavy at heart and disappointed, and slowly threaded his way down the green grassy hill. When he reached the bottom he her way up the lonely hill that hung over the quiet village. Her face bore deep lines of suffering, her hair was snowy white. It was no other than Mrs. Atherton—known to the villagers as Mrs. Vale—returning home after a two day's absence. The thin pale face of the unfortunate woman looked ghastly in the moonlight. The Angel of Pain had often visited it and left upon it deen lines which the years upon it deep lines which the years when the sick woman reached the

top of the hill, she was almost overce with exhaustion and she sank upon an with exhaustion and she sank upon an old bench nearby and, placing her head in her hands, cried out loudly to the lonely night around her: "O God my head my head—my head! The pain will set me crazy. Where have I been? Where; am I now? What has happened? She seemed dazed, just waking out of a stupor. It was all like a dream she

could not recall.
Old Abe Murray was right. Mrs Vale had had one of her spells. She had left the cottage two nights before and had walked along the edge of the river in her mental excitement, until she had reached the forest. And here she had remained for nearly two days until a faint glimmer of reason shone in again over all the vague, strange, inco-herent imaginings of her diseased

"Dr. Mathers from Billington — the great surgeon — shaking hands with a poor fellow of a blacksmith! Well! well! made her way to the cottage and en-tered it. Within, it was dark and cold, No lamp glittered, no fire burned, and she was hungry and needed nourish-ment. The poor woman held her head Charles overheard this remark and tightly in her hands and cried out in

suffering.

A year and a half passed. Mrs Atherton's mental condition was growing rapidly worse. One day she suffered a severe attack, and almost instantly her mind became a blank. She wanted her mind became a blank. She wanted to get away from Beresvale, Voices were calling her everywhere; others were driving her out with terrible oaths, she said. She wanted to get away. If she stayed at Beresvale much rhuematics out of poor Bill O'Loane's legs or the yellow janders' out of old Phil Huston's system. Both have been bedonger she felt that she would meet cer death. These gloomy thoughts Huston's system. Both nave been bedridden this long time. BIL

"No, no. I come on an! altogether different errand. I am looking for a Mrs. Atherton who I am told lives in the haunted her continually. naunted her continually. They were the productions of a diseased mind. Early one morning in the throes of her wild excitement, she quit her bed, dressed hurriedly, threw her yel-low shawl about her and made her es-cape just as fast as her feet could carry her. "I never heard the name. Did you, boys?" and he turned questioning the other men who had in the meantime

er. One hour later she reached the station, but she did not seem to recognize her surroundings. The early morning train was just coming in. Hurriedly she entered one of the passenger coaches. The next minute being carried miles and miles from Beresvale.

The train did not stop at any of the

small stations on the way. Billington was the first stopping-place for it was a through train. When it pulled into Billington in the evening the conductor yelled at the top of his voice;—"All change cars at Billington!" His strong voice seemed to arouse Mrs. Atherton out of her lethargy, and when he mentioned Billington, her eyes opened a little and she rose and went to the door with the other passengers and made good her e

ape. But she did not understand.

When the poor woman stepped ont the Billington platform her mind was again lashed with heavy hurricanes of thought, and she went groping through the snow and wind that winter night—ignorant of her surroundings and everything else. She walked on hurrically first the state of the state riedly for a few steps. A hundred demons seemed to be pursuing her. The wind fairly whistled through the empty trees. For a moment she paused and seemed to listen for the sound of voices. Then, pulling her thin yellow shawl about her, she disappeared in the darkness

Poor Mrs. Atherton, if Charles but

CHAPTER XVIII. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

" Mother, how do you like my hair a la pompadour?" spoke Dorothy Fair-fax as she entered her mother's drawing er mother's drawing room. "Does it become me, do you think?" she questioned, with just a little touch of vanity.

"Yes, child. I think you look just lovely."

lovely," answered her mother, a kindly, queenly woman of about fifty, as her eyes wandered from the book on her lap to the beautiful figure of her daughter in the curtained door-way. "Really, Dorothy, I don't know what I'll do in the opera-house this evening. It all the opera-house this evening. It all seems so strange to see you parading there on the stage before thousands—but ah! I'enant adorable, I am proud of you to say the least. I wonder if you will seem my 'Dorothy' when I see you decked in rare laces and fine diamonds. Child, I never expected to see you in all this glitter and shine, but my heart's at rest, when I know that you're a good girl. And it's easy to be that, Dorothy, when one's thoughts never Dorothy, when one's thoughts never wander from the path that leads into the heart of God.'

Dorothy had returned to Billington only a few days previously. Signor Lampert's company were billed for a two week's engagement—the last of the season. The signor season. The girl was the picture of loveliness as she strode over to her mother in her rich silken heliotrope gown.

"Ah, little mother mine!" she said I love the stage—that sweeping sea of faces, the anxious looks, the smiles and tears, the thunders of applause. Ah! Tis glorious, mother—glorious!" "Dorothy, I've not felt well at all

"Dorothy, I've not left well at all since you come back from England,"
"Why, what's the matter, mother?"
"I don't like to tell you, child. I am afraid what I will say will hurt you." Dorothy sank upon her knees and looked straight into her mother's anxious eves.

"But you must tell me mother-you

There was silence for a few minutes. Dorothy stared into her mother

anxious eyes, land slowly she drew the secret from her lips.
"Dorothy," Mrs. Fairfax began, "I am glad to see you harpey. glad to see you happy, but you don't know how I have missed you since you left to fill your various engage with Signor Lamperti's company. engagemen you wrote from Leipzig that you were coming home, ah, child, I was happy. I felt that you would come home and remain with me always, but you stayed only a short time and then yo away again. Oh, I grew so away again. Oh, I grew so lonely.

Many a night I woke and wondered
where my Dorothy was. Then I saw
your face before the foot-lights, and I
felt like rushing onto the stage and snatching you in my arms and carrying you back to Billington. I was really you back to billington. I was really very lonely although I never mentioned it in my letters."

"That was too bad, mother, but just

think of it I'm home again now, and per-haps I'll never have the chance to appear in grand opera again. But Signor Lamperti told me the other day he was pleased with my work all season—and then, mother, you know what the papers said about me. Did you receive the clippings I sent you daily and the let-

"Yes, Dorothy. You were a good Your father child to write so often. Your father and I read all your lines together, and they always brought you very near

" Every night when the performance was over, mother, I rushed to my dressing-room, and a letter went speeding to vou some ten minutes later. short sometimes, but sincere nevertheseems strange that I should sing before the Billington people to-night, and I really feel just a little nervous. I am afraid I'll have a very critical audience before me. Oh mother! I hope I shall do well!"

"Never mind, Dorothy, I am sure you will. I am so glad 'Faust' is the opening bill. Your 'Marguerite' seems to have evoked splendid criticisms ever

Just then the door opened and Mr. Fairfax entered with "Hello, father!" the girl cried lovDo: to tre to

sin and Wh tin tim and

"Hello, sweet! You look so different

this afternoon. What's the matter? Dorothy's eyes met her mother's and both laughed just a little.
"Well really, for the life of me, Dorothy," the father continued, "the

something about you that isn't all right, and I don't know what it is." "Look again sharply, father."

"Ah, yes. I see now," he answered somewhat slowly. "Your hair is done

up strangely."
"Strangely, father? Why no! beautifully—that's a better word. Mother's just been in raptures over it, and I am quite proud of its a la pompadour wist as well.'

"A la what? Well! well!" laughed her father. "Is this some new tinental fad, Dorothy?" "Yes, father—Parisian."

"Well I don't like this a la pompadour business at all."
"Perhaps you'll like the braids better

then. then. To-night you will see me with two pig-tails dangling down my back tied with blue ribbon."

"So you're one of those blue-ribbon Marguerites. Really, I never saw a Marguerite yet that didn't have a blue her hair. By the way, Dorribbon in othy, whom do you think I met just a few ninutes ago?' "I have no idea, father."

Well, it was your old nurse, Mary Carroll. Goodness! Is she alive yet? She

must be eighty.

"Eighty-two, and just as sprightly as

"Is it possible?"
"Well, she came up to me just as I was turning the corner. 'I see by the papers that Dorothy has become a great lady,' she said to me, 'and she's to sing here to-night they tell me. Ah, bless your old heart! it's a proud man you want be the carry. must be this night to know that your daughter's become a great singer like Patti and Albani, and, to be sure, its glad I'd be to have a seat near the lights to hear her sing, but I can't afford it. A dollar's a whole heap to give away when you haven't got it, but oh! I'd like to hear the dear child sing.' 'Would you really like to hear Dorothy sing, Mrs. Carroll,' I ques-tioned, and she nodded her head. 'Well, you shall, I answered. I shall send you some tickets after tea. She thanked me kindly and, pressing my hand, remarked: 'I always thought

her voice.' So, Dorothy, I'm going to send over tickets for herself and Michnel after tea. Bridget, the cook, can take them over."
"But why should Bridget take them over, father? I'll go myself. It is only four o'clock and I'll soon be back.

hand, remarked: 'I always thought Dorothy would become a great singer. When she was but a babe in her moth-

er's arms, no matter when she cried, there was always a good bit of music in

Where does she live?" "In the same old cottage, just two

"The same one coverge, some blocks from here.
"Then I'll go. Poor Mrs. Carroll, I
"Then I'll go Poor Mrs. Carroll, I
am sure, will be glad to see me," and she hurried to her room and in a few minutes was dressed and out in the street making her way to the Carroll home.

Mrs. Carroll recognized her at once and threw her thin trembling arms about her.

"Ah, my dear child!" she exclaimed.
"Tis glad I am to see you. You're such a big—such a great lady now, Dorothy, I thought you would really be too proud to call on us poor people, but I see your heart's still in the right spot, lassie. Come and be seated, child!" "No, Mrs. Carroll-not to-day. I only

thought I would run in and see you for a minute and bring you the tickets for this evening's concert."

"Ah, 'tis very good of you, indeed. I'm afraid however, I won't be able to go after all." 'But father said-"

"Yes, Dorothy," interrupted the little gray-haired woman, "when I met your father I could see nothing in the way of my going, but just think of it, when I came home, I found Mike lying