

without needin' to explain *why*, to every-body that passes!"

Stewart stood bewildered. These words from John Drummond; the honest, kindly, hard-working man whom he admired, nay, loved! Surely he had not recognized him, or was in trouble and did not like his unceremonious greeting. So, putting his hand on Drummond's shoulder he said,

"What's the matter, John? Guess you didn't know me! Hope you ain't in trouble, old man?"

"Who said I was in trouble? You think because a fellow don't run to the Grays' every night, as you do, that he's in trouble. No, I'm not in trouble, and when I am, I don't want any help from you!"

Bob was amazed at his friend's conduct. Whatever could have happened. Surely there must be some misunderstanding, someone must have been misrepresenting him to John. Yet, thought he, why should that create a difference in a friendship that had been true and firm for years, without either asking for an explanation from the other.

"John!" said he, "whatever can be wrong?" And Bob sat down on the log beside him.

Immediately Drummond sprang to his feet, and without saying another word, started off in the direction of his home. Bob, deeply grieved and bewildered, sat still, wondering whatever had come over his friend. Suddenly there flashed into his soul what he considered to be the reason for his friend's strange and unkind conduct. Jumping from his seat, he was after him in an instant. Soon he overtook him; and pleaded with him just to hear him once before they parted. John stopped, and with an angry look on his face, waited to hear what Stewart had to say.

"John!" said Bob, huskily, "you love her! I love her! And because I love her, I tell of her love to the man whom she loves. John, she whom we both love, loves but one of us, and that one is yourself. To-night, when I told her of my love, I made that discovery; and as her true lover, and your friend, I make known that discovery to you."

Drummond could listen to this true

man no longer. "Oh! Bob!" he cried, "forgive me! What a wretch I am! Unworthy of her love and your friendship! I—"

"Say no more, John!" said Bob. "I forgive you, and I believe you to be worthy of a true woman's love, and any man's friendship. You were not yourself when you treated me as you did. You were possessed by that devil jealousy, who goes up and down this world turning friendship into hatred, and causing enmity among men in all ranks and conditions of life. And strange to say, men are more willing to listen to the voice of this demon, than they are to listen to the voice of their friend. Isn't that true, John? Wasn't jealousy telling you to hate me, your friend, all because I loved the woman you loved? And hadn't I as much right to love her as you had, until I knew she loved you best? And, John, I love her still; and because I love her, and want to see her happy, and thus, in part, fulfil my mission as a man, I tell you, of her love for you."

"Bob," said John, with great emotion, "you're an angel!"

"No," cried Bob; "but I'm trying to be a man."

"And you're the best man that ever lived," cried John.

"John," interrupted Bob, "I'd like you to tell me how you discovered I was in love with Alice. Your charging me with running to the Grays' every night let me know the cause of your anger; I saw that you were jealous."

Then John unburdened his soul to his noble friend. He told him of all that had happened that night, expressed deep sorrow for his meanness in peeping through the "room" window. "That peep," said he, "was the opening of the door for the demon jealousy, the cause of all my hatred and misery to-night."

John also told of another chapter in his history, in which the name Mary was often associated with his own. He told, too, of the bitter sequel to that chapter, and then Bob Stewart knew the cause of his friend's quiet and lonely life, and he felt glad to know that such a love as his had found a lodgment in the heart of one who was worthy of it, and who