

appearances may deceive at times. Despite his pleading, she had gone that night to a church meeting, the stubborn minx; but in his heart he was pleased, for he knew her conscience to be a safer rule than his advice. Bill spied the object of his affection, the school ma'am, at the farther end of the parlor, arrayed in pale blue with cream over lace, and thought her marvellously fair. She was looking at the photos in lonely splendor, the other maids leaving her severely alone, thinking she was stylish and proud. In this they wronged Miss Barton. Proud she was not, but having pretty clothes, wished to wear them, as any sensible girl would.

Bill at once made way to where his heart led, though he thought himself a brave, maybe, presuming to approach such beauty. But in this case he must not be slack, for was not a rival at hand, perhaps numbers of them. He looked to where Andy was, but that worthy was paying respects to the lady of the house and others in the dowager corner, thereby winning for himself the reputation of being a "nice quiet boy;" waited and had his first dance with Miss Jean and apparently had forgotten that Miss Barton was present.

Bill was beginning to feel more secure. He wished so much to do the thing nicely. Any unseemly haste to insure his claim would appear bad form. He would wait till supper time. He would manage to have the last dance before supper, have her company during the repast and then he would try his luck. He was almost sure of his bet, but what care he for that, he would not take the money from Andy. 'Twas the drive home he thought of. Poor Bill. He was so much in earnest he was not free to plan coolly as the careless Andy, who cared not a rush except for the joke. Had it been the other girl, who teased him by her perverseness, perhaps Andy had not planned so well. As it was, he found out that supper was to be served somewhat early, and leaving time for two sets to be danced, wandered aimlessly in the neighborhood of Miss Barton, and secured the dance but one before supper. Observing that the temperature was not sinking, he suggested a promenade on the verandah, which the lady was but too glad to do. It was so pleasant and refreshing, no notice was taken of the forming set in which they were to take part, until Andy exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Barton this is too bad of you. By our talking we have lost our dance, and I have not had one to-night. May I not have the next?" Miss Barton frankly admitted that she was an everlasting chatterbox, and willing to make amends, consented. As the set was closing the somewhat anxious Bill appeared to put in his claim, but Andy protested that Bill was getting more than his share, and Miss Barton asked so sweetly to be excused, it being all her fault, etc., that ere Bill knew what he was doing, he was smiling and agreeing in the most pleasant manner. Had she, with the same look, asked him to put his hand in the fire, he would certainly have consented as freely. For the remainder of the evening, however, his thoughts were not of the most amiable towards Andy, who led Miss Barton to the dance, had supper with her and the dance following. While supping her tea Miss Barton remarked about the misfortune of the school children, who would suffer for her late hours. Andy hoped she would not think of the home going early, though he supposed it had attractions peculiarly its own. She did not agree with him. Could that be possible when he had heard someone so confident of the honor. Miss Dignity demanded an explanation, whereupon the shameless youth hesitated, knowing that as of old curiosity will lead woman to her ruin. He hoped he had not offended, he was sure the fellow did not intend to hurt her feelings (the only true part of it) and ended with "if you have brothers, Miss Barton, you know how quickly men say, 'I'll bet five dollars, never thinking how it may sound to other ears.'" The girl at once became the severe school ma'am, sternly administering justice. "Did he say he'd bet five dollars he would see me home?" Andy was silent, with down-

cast eyes. A pause and then from the lady, "This waste of money is to be regretted, for he has certainly lost his bet." Another pause, when in his most saintly demeanor Andy hoped she was not angry with him. Oh no. She smiled reassuringly; indeed she should be told of it and it was kind of him to let her know. This last proved nearly too much even for Andy, who almost upset his own plans by laughing uproariously. When about to leave her side Andy hoped she would not let that little affair spoil her pleasure for the night; dances were few and far between, the people with whom she came would go home early, but she need not go, and, "might he beg for that of which another had boasted," and the unsuspecting girl had walked into the trap.

But now his triumphs were over. He knew he had acted small, for he had a mother, a conscience and a heart. He knew his mother hoped great things of him, and he felt that

for the past few hours his conduct would scarcely come under that head, and his heart said, "Put yourself in his place." "Pshaw!" he muttered, "I don't care a pin's worth and with Bill it is different." Of course Bill had to a certain extent brought it on himself, but uprightness and honesty, by precept and example had been too well instilled for Andy to feel comfortable. However, it could not be helped now, but he let drop a word to save his friend a refusal, for apart from fun, he really wished to help Bill.

It was the night after the dance. Weariness, defeat and heartache had spoiled Bill's temper all day, of which fact the horses had convincing proof. Andy made some attempts at reconciliation, but Bill was firm. They bet fair, he said, all that was in the sugar bowl was Andy's who instead of urging the point resolved to wait until Bill had cooled off somewhat. But he over-estimated his own strength.

They were about to prepare the even-

ing meal when in an awestruck whisper Andy cried, "Bill, there's the girls," who turned to see Miss Barton and Andy's ideal close to the door, which was open. The house was seldom in worse plight, and there was but a moment of time, but here Andy showed his generalship. Leaving to Bill the duties of host, he with a skilful movement drew the dark coverlet over the bed, which was a master stroke, and hastily let the towel drop from its nail to the floor where it at least would not be so conspicuous. He hoped it would fall behind the box that served as a washstand, which it did but in part.

The girls were collecting for the church, or rather for the church organ. Miss Barton being, as she expressed it, the best beggar, doing most of the talking. Past debts demanded that five dollars be raised at once, and by paying that amount they would be allowed to keep the instrument, which was such a help in the musical part of the ser-

vice. The girls it; they knew the year to collect little it would had not been a five cents each going to get up. Of course too pleased to it would not be wish. And laughing. Wor ing part of the dollars. Bill s was too good he would do it he would cease. Bill was t considered, on the decent thi gave half that be more than to make a mo when he stop saw the grace ately to the cu in the palm Barton his id. Andy caution Bill was taking deep, earnest oughly respect red things rev est shame ov realized that of this by-play And Bill ro ing pretence for what he waited to see lous partner v to see he gave having found nails, for whic ed, he proce though it ca bottom of h dollars, at the at Andy, say did not outd rat."

The girls which Andy home photo stock, he wis if he was not. He a photos, but than one. I much value And Bill di for he had well. As the la suggested th on an erra sledge soon, ladies woul could open pilot them horse was nearly spoile for their ho skittish and warning. F While he which was bed, where the prairie individual things too r She knew notice been presented a fully drew owner wish ting her de which was the wash b perience sh towel, quie scrubbed la not put a Barton, w was the f hardships c til Andy w able reply. Bill did night, hav but forgot "Did yo ed Andy t trying to "He was r pose so, he brough left." Bil corrigible was happy

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Winnipeg, July 28th, 1905.

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