

Where the echo from the mines and mills
This little vale with music fills,
We spent life's gladdest hours.

"And still within this limpid stream
Where sports the speckled trout,
Her mirrored face doth glow and gleam;
'Twas here I grappled love's young dream—
And here my light went out."

Is n't that enough to drive a young woman to cigarettes? Some girls it might, but it will never disturb Polly Parsons.

If I did not know Harry as I do, I should say he was learning to love Miss Parsons very rapidly, now that she is rich, but I will not do him that injustice. He has loved her all along, but the prospect of losing her is what makes him restless now. Men who have lived as long as you and I have, know how hard it is to ride by

