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### GRANGE WOLVERTON'S REVENGE.

BY ELLA F. CLYDE.

"Good-bye."

The man's dark eyes looked with a grave smile into the upturned, disconsolate little face.

"Shan't have a minute's happiness while you're gone," she said, her eyes looking very solemn. "I don't see why *you* should go; it is as much Glenn's business as yours; the greater part of the money from the estate will come to him, won't it?"

"Oh, I can go easier than he can, and Glenn has no taste for business. Don't allow yourself to be gloomy, Letty; think of me often, and miss me a little, but enjoy yourself all you can."

"I can't and I shan't!" The fluffy golden hair was pushed impatiently back from her forehead. "The great, wide ocean will separate us, and you will be gone six months, and perhaps more."

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever," said a gay voice, as a gentleman joined them. "Well, Grange, I came near being too late to see you off."

Just a slight shade passed over Grange Wolverton's face at his cousin's quotation. "Don't suggest unpleasant impossibilities," he said, in reply. "Glenn, I leave Letty in your care; don't let her face wear that serious look."

"I'll be true to the trust," answered the latter. And at that the cry, "All aboard!" was heard; there was a hurry of leave-taking, and Grange Wolverton sprang on the train, just as it was moving off. Letty Mayfield glanced from the broad-shouldered, muscular figure, and strong, dark face, to the tall, graceful man at her side. Glenn Hazelthorne was far the handsomer of the two, but she grew half indignant that his careless face betrayed no sorrow or parting from Grange, and not a shade of interest in the business that was taking him away.

"Let us go and hear old Peter talk about his machinery," he said. "It is the best amusement I can think of at present."

"You ought to be ashamed to laugh at Mr. Clamp," she said. "Grange says there is something pathetic about him, his whole life being thrown into the project which is destined to be a failure."

"I don't laugh at him," answered Hazelthorne, "and I don't pity him, either. To me there is something sublime in the man's giving up everything and almost begging himself, for the sake of an idea. He won't succeed, but in the future some one else will build up his foundation, and the human race be benefited thereby; such things have been done."

"But then he'll be dead and gone."

"Yes; but his life will not have been an entire failure; there is something in that. We admire success, but it is a *great* thing to struggle and fight, and die in obscurity, while others reap the benefit."

"I heard Grange say almost that very same thing!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and Grange could do it, I think, while I could not."