

and the meal lasted long, for in its pauses, Jerome had his story to tell. He had found his uncle in China; nursed him; buried him; heired his property; been carried captive up country by some Chinese, and tried a year of captivity before some missionaries effected his rescue; finding his whereabouts, and pushing the matter before the authorities, until finally Jerome was found and released. Then to Roc's Egg, with misgivings over the happenings of long absence—and lo, there again a busy mining place, and swarms of speculators, and wonderful tales of Miss Walden. Then to San Francisco; and Mr. Rupert's address was given with assurance that Miss Walden lived at his house; and so to New York, on a train much delayed by snow on the mountains.

Such tales were ample occupation for many days, but it was evident that Jerome was a son of the West, and westward he must go. With his return, returned also to Hannah, and even to Mrs. Earl, a longing for the West. Mrs. Rupert begged and protested, but of no avail; all said they wanted growing room, and could do more good West. Hillary was bribed by promises of working nine days in the week if she could find so many, in charity to remain a year or two until Jerome had built a house, and Hannah had arranged a model school-farm under good superintendence, where Hillary could forward street Arabs to be trained in the ways of decency, and taught to make a living. That farm idea so captivated Mike and Mandy, that they gathered up half a dozen waifs and went out to take charge of it, and all the way West, Mike and Mandy debated whether the place should be called "Hearty Welcome" or "Cold Water Camp." They agreed to draw slips for the name; but by some turn of luck, drew a *blank* slip that Mike had happened to drop in his hat!

Five years later, Hannah and Jerome were walking one day, toward evening, about their grounds, when in at the carriage gate came two horses, one carrying a very young man, the other an old man. Hannah looked over her shoulder, turned and looked again—something of rugged honesty in the round, freckled face; a twinkle in the gray eyes, proclaimed Doon's boy—it might now be, Doon's young man. But it needed a second, and a third look, to prove that the shrivelled, wrinkled, bent, and gray man at his side was the father, who but six years before had looked so young. "Father!" cried Hannah, catching his rein.

"It's he, Miss. I've brung him through," said Doon's boy, proudly. "He hain't drank one drop since the last he got from my old dad. He's fought, Miss, or—Ma'am," with a hesitant look at a distant nurse-maid; "he's fought powerful, and you see what it has made of him. But he's his own man now, Miss, and we're not very poor, me and pardner—if so be we ain't very rich."

But all her father said as he kissed her was: "Made conquerors through Him that loved us, and washed us in His blood."