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"POLLY AND I"

Dear Mr. I:

wery much, and your little girl, be- that he would come. cos I think you unnerstand about little girls, and why do not come and see me at my home. I live in the flewenzer. So I will say good-by. "From you loving little friend,

"ROSAMUND."

It took Rosamund nearly two hours from the wrong side. to write the letter, and even then she strange look, she thought. But at last she folded the three sheets covand put them in an envelope. She dropped much red sealing-wax on the and watched her out of sight before ing or their occupation of gossip.

about-something beyond tides, the terest. Mill House was an event. That it the patch of green behind the house ever and ever. with one little girl, who was no re- up to the gate. lation, and who called the lady simply Charlotte, was an event still more startling; and the tongues of tea. the gossips were busy. Not ill-naturedly though, for they are a kindly folk; and when it was found that Miss Haddon "paid her way," and was not "stuck up" in the matter of allowing Rosamund to play on the beach with the fisher children, Lynne

and went on talking. ing seasons; had known all the varying glories of the autumn sunsets ruined mill; the strenuous gales of lo! It's raining again. You must winter, when one is glad to hold on run in." to the palings to keep one's footing golden summer, when the wide, yel- along." sunlight, and the sea is a living jewel sapphire and diamond in one; and the pools left by the tide.

best. What stories Charlotte knew, loved and enjoyed it. the dreariest routine of "learning by to bed." heart!" As the year swung round, came in for the little business of well as the rich ones." bed was made up for her in the lit- old timbers. out songs or stories or games. She tell me all about Polly and I."

unless some kindly critic be at hand to praise your efforts. The fisher children, with whom at other times she loved to play, ceased to charm her now. Charlotte was ill and Rosamund's mood was one of deep melancholy; the rough play of the other children jarred on her. So she read and reread all her books, and most of all she read and loved a little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She found it among Charlotte's books, and hailed it as a treasure. It was a father's record, simply given, af a little child's ways and words; of the goodness and naughtiness of a little child. a little child like herself. She had many other books that told of the sayings and doings of children, their sins and their repentances; but none like this. Rosamund could not have analyzed her sensations, could not have told you why this book was dearer to her than all the others. Perhaps it was not so much the fidelity of the picture of child-life as the passionate love, the tender insight of the father, that held her. For the book was no story, was not really a child's book at all; had only the tale of how Polly planted seeds, -not told in words, but revealed in er. Perhaps they will know." every detail, every phrase-the story "I didn't know your address, but as Rosamund read the book over and said triumphantly. over, it seemed to her that since "And so it was. You are a lucky Charlotte was ill, and the world very little girl, Rosamund, to live in a empty and sad, it would be a happy house that has a windmill to it." thing to see this father and his little girl come down the road to the mund had identified herself, as chi,- Miss Haddon lived in this house.' dren will, with the child of whom she "That is Charlotte; she is my dear and I, very much, and I like it very as he loved his own little girl with shuddered and made a face. "I hatmuch, and I should like to see you the pretty name. She never doubted ed it."

And he came. Rosamund was sitting on the gray "My aunt died. I did not like her fence opposite the house. The fence very much, but I am sorry she died. Mill House at Lynne. Will you come is very crooked because the wind had It is not nice to die.' to tea? Charlotte would say yes if been trying for years to blow it "We'll talk of that another time, I asked her, but she has got the In- down, and the fence yields a little he said. "Tell me about your aunt every year. But that only makes it and your dearest dear."

As Rosamund sat there, looking at is Polly's mother?" was not quite sure about the spell- the red sunlight behind the black "She is well," he said quickly. ing. Influenza in particular had a mill, she heard a footstep on the "And so you were left alone? Poor road, and turned to look. It was a little Mousie!' letter, and a little on her hands; but but he was a stranger. She was not and we used to make tea.' she would not cry, because Charlotte afraid of strangers, but all the same "Yes?" was ill. Then she went down the she sought the moral support of her "And then my aunt died. And Mrs. dusty road to the post office, tying own home. She got off the fence, ran Langridge-she was the woman of the the strings of her sunbonnet as she across to the garden gate, shut it af- house—and she said I was going to went. The fisher people at their ter her, and from between its white the asylum; and Charlotte was away! doors nodded to her as she passed, bars stood to watch the stranger go And then, just when they were going She was interested in him be- to send me . . . Oh!" they resumed their work of net mend- cause he was walking. Nearly all Again Rosamond shuddered, and he the brown knickerbockered figures put his arm round her.

should be let to an unmarried lady Then he looked at her and came close "God bless her!" said he.

got your letter, and I have come to I sav my prayers.'

amund, "Where is Polly?"

glad to see me" "Yes, Mr. I; very glad." "May I come in?"

"No, don't. Only yesterday I ask- friend's shoulder. made up its mind to the situation, ed Ethel to tea-she's Marsh's little Now the two had lived in the Mill girl; he's one of the coast-guards — she said at last. "I wish you would and Mrs. Bates said I wasn't to have play at being my father, and let House for a year, through the chang- any one to tea till Charlotte was bet- Polly be my little sister. I would ter.

"That's unlucky for me. However, I would." over the marsh behind the black, let's go down to the sea wall. Hel- He kissed her rough, brown hair.

"Come to the mill," said Rosa- Charlotte about me?" as one goes down the street; the mund. "You must run. Come

low sands are steeped and dyed in the They ran hand in hand across the you leave. And come down to the green to the old mill, Rosamund's fa- beach by the tower to-morrow, if it's paused a moment, and then said, vorite play-place. For long enough fine, and I'll tell you some more the chill spring days, when sea and the mill had been past work; the stories." sky are one pale opal, and the wind boards were rotting away, and the And Rosamund went the next day moans across the marshes and the great stones lay silent and idle. It and heard stories-stories more conbeach, where the gulls fly low across was used now as a storehouse for nected and coherent; and again the nets, tools, old harness, and lumber next day saw them meet and the They were happy days for Rosa- generally. The owner of the mill next, and the next; till Lynne, watchalone with the one she loved used it, but it was Rosamund who ing, made up its mind that this rich

ing games, and what new and fascin- ably, pausing at the foot of the brok- person looking for a little girl to ating pursuits, resembling lessons en stair. "We will prop open the adopt. "But Miss Charlotte will only remotely, yet bringing with west door, and then we sha'n't feel have a word to say about that" addthat sense of duty performed the wind, and we can look at the ed Lynne. which hitherto had only come after pretty marshes, and see the king go So the days went on, and Charlotte

"What king?" every day drew Rosamund nearer to "Why, the sun. Don't you know the true to her promise, had breathed no her dear Charlotte. And now old French kings used to have lots word of her new friend; and Mrs. "then I shall never have her to play suddenly it was all over. Charlotte of people to see them go to bed? But Bates, the woman who came in to do was ill; a woman from the village all the poor people may see him as the housework and attend to Char-

been so merry, and Rosamund was shutter, and the marsh and the sun- But as Charlotte grew better, Rosanot allowed even to climb the stairs set were before them—a picture mund's long absences began to worry which led to Charlotte's room. A framed in the soft darkness of the her. She asked herself, "What is it

amuse herself as best she could, with- floor. "Sit down," she said, "and And she sighed and crept hown to the Me!" tried to draw; but when you are "Why, all that was told in the Far along the beach she saw Rosa-

Charlotte and Rosamund?"

else we don't start fair?"

"Oh," she said vaguely, "there's was very tired. nothing to tell about us. We never The little red cap was moving so glad it was Charlotte. My dearest got lost in the snow storm or any-slowly across the sands, because dear, I hope you will be as nice to thing. Oh, dear Mr. I, it was good Rosamund was absorbed in a story him as his wife was in the book." of you to come!'

"They sent your letter on to me." And so the two children grew up, and shaky characters:

"To Mr. I. who wrote about Polly.

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them to become bound and centive. The

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how she gathered flowers, how she Company in the book. I think that was lost in the snow, and above all is the shop where he bought the pap-

of how Polly's father loved her. And I thought it would be all right," she

"That was why Charlotte took it." "Ah, yes. By the by, who is Char-Mill House. Unconsciously Rosa- lotte? They told me in the village

had read. She had come to believe est dear. She lived in the same "I have read your book about Polly that this father loved her, Rosamund, house as us in the city." Rosamund

"And how did you come to leave

the more comfortable to sit on when "My aunt used to go out nearly alyou are on the right side of it, though ways to speak at meetings. I have

it is very awkward to climb over not any one else. I haven't got a father, like Polly, nor a mother. How

man in brown knickerbockers and "So then I used to go and sit with ered with large, unsteady writing, jacket, with a beard. The beard Charlotte. She writes history books looked red in the evening sunlight, and she let me sit with her. Her and the man looked kind, she thought; room was so pretty-not like ours-

Rosamund and Charlotte had been a who passed the house were on bicy- "And then Charlotte came, and she godsend to Lynne. They gave the cles; their passage was too swift to said I should be her own little girl. village people something to talk allow time for the development of in- She has no one belonging to her either, and it cost too much money to look of the sky, and the hardness of But this stranger did not pass. He live in the city, so we came to dear, times nowadays. For in Lynne lit- looked at the house, and he looked at precious, lovely Lynne, and I am tle happens, and the letting of the the mill looming black from beyond Charlotte's very own little girl for

> "He does," the child said softly. "You are Rosamund," he said. "I "I tell Him to every day, twice, when

> Then Rosamund begged for more "Are you really 'I'?" inquired Ros- tales of Polly, and would not be denied, so the tales were told, but "I couldn't bring her. Are you slowly and haltingly, and at last the light was almost gone, and there was silence in the old mill. Rosamond leaned her head against her new

"I wish I had a father like you," be very kind to her; really and truly

"My dear little bird, it's time for you to go to roost. Have you told you understand how I have thought of you and you and you—and what

"No; I mustn't see her." "Well, don't tell her until I give ten? I have no wife but you." He

gentleman was either Rosamund's what store of songs, what enchant- "Come up, Mr. I," she said hospit- long-lost father, or was an eccentric

came downstairs, and presently was I had no wife and no little girl, and able to go out a little. Rosamund, I wanted them both so badly." lotte, had perhaps been bribed to sebousework over which the two had She had flung open the wooden crecy; at any rate she said nothing. the child runs after all day?" Is she tle dining-room, and she was left to Rosamund spread a sack on the too, going to leave off loving me?"

beach to look for her. eight years old drawing is dull work book. Have you written a book about mund's red fisher cap-a bright spot of color. She crept under the sea "Not yet," was the sautious ans- wall and waited, for the red spot was moving slowly toward her. Some one Then don't you see that you must was with Rosamund. Charlotte wontell me all about yourself at once, or dered who it could be. Then she shut her eyes and waited, for she snowstorm! Well, if it couldn't be

He pulled her envelope from his pock- and he loved her more than anything Polly-I will really and truly," said et and looked at it. It was much in the world, and they were going to Rosamund. "Charlotte, you look as much marked in blue pencil, through be married. And then they quarreled. if you had just washed your face-it's which one could still read in round Oh, Rosamund, never quarrel with all pink and damp. But your eves the people you love. It is a dreadful are very bright. Aren't you glad he'

"I won't," said Rosamund. "Go "Yes," said Carlotte.

about nothing that really mattered at them. all-and he said he never wanted to see her again, and he went away. lotte softly, tenderly. And when he came to his senses he went back, of course, and she was reverently. And across the child's

"I don't know. And he has been looking, looking ever since."

a pretty end to the story, and let and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Eclechim find her-find her quite soon. It tric Oil is kept in hand by the intelis a pretty story, especially about ligent as a ready made medicine, not when they were little, and the snow- only for many human ills, but as a storm. It's like Polly.

pretty. Well, sweetheart, maybe we er will find matters greatly simpliwill find a happy ending to it yet, for fied by using this Oil. do vou know-

dear Charlotte!' He stopped short.

"Darling," he said very earnestly, 'go and tell her you have brought her an old friend-some one who No; tell her you have brought Polly's three students were drowned to-day patient, in inhaling the fumes, will father. No; tell her her oldest friend while skating on the Illinois river. is here. Don't startle her. Tell her

he shadow of the tower, waiting.

went to carry out his bidding. She sat down suddenly beside Charlotte, who opened her eyes and reach- boys were drowned. ed out a languid hand to meet the child's warm, red, sandy fingers.

"My dearest dear," said Rosamund abruptly, "there is somebody at the months ago from St. Vincent's Col- The will of man must acquiesce in the tower.

he told me to tell you. "How long have you been such great friends?" Charlotte's interest was awakening.

"Oh, a long time - two weeks quite." "And you never told me? Oh, Rosamund!" The voice was reproachful.

"Oh, dearest dear, don't be angry," ried Rosamund, throwing her arms round Charlotte's neck. "He told me not to.' "And now he says-"

"And now he said I was to tell ou Polly's father was here; and then he said not to tell you that, but . .

oh, Charlotte, what is it?" "Is he here?" said Charlotte, in a strange voice. "I should like to see

him again-just once." So Rosamund, now completely mystified, ran across the sand and fetched him, dragging him by the hand to where Charlotte sat in the sun

under the sea wall. "Here he is!" she cried triumphant-

And the stranger dropped on one knee by Charlotte, and said, "Oh, Charlotte!" and he said no more for quite a long time; only he looked at Charlotte's face and at nothing else. Then he said to Rosamund, "Go down to the edge of the sea, an

can find." So Rosamund went. Then he took Charlotte's hand and said: "At last! Oh, my dear, how could you go away like that? How could you do it?"

"It is five years ago," Charlotte was saying in a dull voice. "Can you forgive me? Is it too late? Oh, Charlotte, it isn't too

late, is it?" "Is she dead?" Charlotte asked, and her face was turned away.

"Is who dead?" "The other woman." "What other woman?" "Polly's mother."

Then he laughed out. "Oh, my dear, my dear, did you believe it of me? Did you think there was a wife in my heart, when all the time there was only you? There is no wife, there is no Polly. There is

nothing but you-but you!" "I don't understand," she said. "I knew it was your book because of the snowstorm. Ro you remember when you took your coat off to wrap me in?-do you remember?"

"Do I remember! Charlotte, can't our life might have been together, and how at last it got itself writquietly, "Charlotte, Polly was our

dream-child." Then she crept into his arms, careless of the sympathetic glance of a boatman smoking on the wall above. "Then it was not true," she said, after awhile; "it was all imagina-

tion. "Imagination and-and love, my

Here Rosamund returned with the queen shell, flushed and lovely. "Rosamund," he said, catching her hands, "you know how well I make up stories? Well, all that about Pol-

ly and I was just a make-up, because

"O dear," said Rosamund gloomily, with," and her lip drooped and trem-

"You will have me at any rate.] have told our dearest dear how much I want a wife, and she is going to be my wife; and as for my little girl, dear-

"Oh," cried Rosamund, jumping for "then your little girl will be "Exactly. I must have been think-

ing of you when I wrote the bookof you and Charlotte. "Then you knew Charlotte before?" "Haven't I been telling you about

our being children together?' "Then it was Charlotte in the Polly, and it couldn't be me, I'm

which her new friend was telling her. | "I'll try," said Charlotte meekly. "And I'll try to be as naughty as

"It was such a silly quarrel-all said Rosamund, creeping in between

"He has blessed me," said Char-"He has blessed me," said the man

head the eyes of the lovers met.

A Requisite for the Rancher .- On the cattle ranches of the West, where "I do hope he will find her. Make men and stock are far from doctors horse and cattle medicine of surpass-"Yes, that part of the story is ing merit. A horse and cattle ranch-

"Oh," cried Rosamund, "there's my Priest Saves Five Boys Then Sinks to in the throat of a child shut up the His Death

Several boys were standing togethicy river for a sixth student he be- give. came exhausted, and he and three

The four bodies were recovered shortly afterwards. Father Gilbert came to the St. Bede College six lege, Pennysylvania. The names of purpose of God before there can be "Yes," said Charlotte, still lan- the drowned students are: Cass Bannin, Champaign, Ill.; Charles Reuter, "He is a great friend of mine, and Chicago; Frank Christie, St. Louis.

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