The Girl He Left Behind Him

land of his birth. And yet a dimness gathered in his eyes as the past came back upon him, and his memories were neither gloomy nor misanthropic. On the afternoon of the following day the Tamar dropped anchor off Gravesend. Most of the unmarried men on board went on shore at once, and amongst them George Herder. On reaching London, he took a cab, and gave the man the address to drive to. He was set down in Hereford road, Bayswater, at a house in a terrace. He gave the servant who opened the door his name, and following her upstairs, entered the room into which she showed him. As did so, a man rose from the table at which he was seated, glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then came quickly forward and grasped him by both hands.

"George, old may, it is you. Wel-

hands.

"George, old man, it is you. Welcome back to England. But I can't tell how I feel at seeing you again, old fellow!

Did you get my telegram ?" asked

Herder.

"Yes, I got it. I have been talking to my landlady, and ahe can let you have a bedroom here, if you like, and we can share this room in common. The arrangement might suit you for the present, at any rate. What do you say?"

"It will do can't."

we can share this room in common. The arrangement might suit you for the present, at any rate. What do you say?"

It will do capitally," answered Herder. "It will be convenient our being together, for we have much to say to each other. I'll need to be piloted about London, too; I've forgotten my way greatly, and I find many of the places changed."

"I thought of that too. I'm not very busy just now, so we can have a good deal of time together. I shall be free every afternoon by four o'dock." Fred Hammond held a position of some responsibility in the Givil Bervice. Next day, George Herder's time was chiefly occupied in looking up the few friends in London with whom he had kept up an acquaintance by correspondence. Hammond and he had finished dunner in their lodgings, and had produced their pipes, when the former said: "I've got an engagement for this evening, which it's too late now to think of getting off. Some very good friends of mine, who live in a caute close by, have a sort of musical party and conversations. I am on quite such terms with them as to be able to use the freedom of taking you with me, if you care to go. I can't promise that you will be greatly interested among a lot of people who are strangers to you; but we need only stay an hour or so, and it may be less dull than staying here by yourself. However, if you don't feel inclined for it, you must try and flud comething to amuse you until I come back, and I'll get away as soon as possible. There are two or three of this month's magesines on the table yonder."
"I don't mind going with you for a short time, if you can use the liberty of introducing me to your friends," said Herder.
"All right, then; we will finish our pipes, and it will then be about

id Herder.
"All right, then; we will finish ar pipes, and it will then be about

An rigar,
pipes, and it will then be some
e to fix ourselves."
frs. Noroott entertained a sufficient
aber of gueste that evening to fill
Arawing rooms comfortably with-

.

The good ship Tamer was bearing up Channel before a brusk south-west wind. The passengers were gathered on deck, conversing in littig group, as they stood watching the groen English shores, lying bright and still in the afternoon light. But some stood apart from the rest, leaning over the eight of the content affail, gazing with fixed over and thoughtful face. He was a man of about forty-five yearn of ago, of somewhat spare build, with an ampide the stape of somewhat spare build, with an ampide created a boundhing of sadness in his eyes at the moment, as though the prospect of again setting foot on his raitve land, from which he had been absent for many years, was not wholly one of pleasure. It was not only the green English shores that he saw as he gazed from the vessel's deck; all day, ever since the ship had passed Plymouth, a vision, summond up by the memories which the thought of that town brought back, had been feetings before his eyes. He saw so that the saw was with a garden aloping to the eas. In the soft twilight of the June day, two days with a garden sloping to the eas. They were bidding each other farewall with many protestations of undying love and constancy, spoken from the leart in the case of both. Circums that we had to fire the farewall with many protestations of undying love and constancy, spoken from the leart in the case of both. Circums that the saw and the saw and the same and the same and the saw and the same and

an effort to appear calnier than he really feit.

"Ah! I thought you would like her," answered Hammond. "The music is simple enought but whatever Mrs. Vallance plays is played in a way you don't often meet with."

"Vallance ! Are you sure that is the name?" asked George, and the disappointment in his voice was evident.

disappointment in his voice was evident.

"Perfectly," replied Hammond a hittle surprised, "I know her very well. Why do you doubt it?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence; I suppose I was mistaken; but it's very strange." The last part of Herder's sentence was spoken in an absent, half-musing way, as though the speak-rhad g-your auddenly uuconscious of his companion's presence.

"What is strange?" said Hammond.
"You seem greatly interested in Mrs. Vallance, George. What is the mystery?"

"You seem greatly interested in Mrs. Vallance, George. What is the mystery?"

"Have you known Mrs. Vallance long, Fred?"

"Yes, and I have the pleasure of knowing her very intimately. There is somewhat of a little history connected with her."

"Is there? Would you mind telling it to me, if it is not a private matter?"

"Certainly, if you wish; it is no secret. But we can't talk here. Let us find Mrs. Noroott, and make our adieus."

"I can tell you what I know of Mrs. Vallance," began Hammond, when the two men had reached their lodgings, and were again seated, each in an easy-chair, at the open window, for it was summer-time, "in a few sentences, for it is after all a simple enough story. When Mrs. Vallance was a girl of twenty, she was engaged at Plymouth, where she resided, to a young fallow a few years older than herself. Unfortunately, however, he had not the wherewithal to Jeep a wife, and, with the hope of increasing his worldly circumstances more rapidly, he resolved to emigrate to Australia. He was to return in a short time and take the girl out with him. In Australia he started sheep farming, I believe; but his success was by no means so rapid as he had hoped for. Anstralia he started sheep farming, I beliave; but his success was by no means so rapid as he had hoped for. Years passed on, and still there seemed no prospect of his being soon able to return to England. At last the girl recieved a letter in which her affianced lover—whose name I never happened to hear—stated that he could not possibly say when he would be in a position to fulfil his promisee

to her. Under these circumstances, he could not ask her te wait any longer for him; and he therefore released her from her engagement. Well, the girl was sad, and depressed enough for a while, they ray, but by and by she seemed to get over it. About this time, Mr. Vallance, an old friend of the father's, came a good deal about the house, and it was soon evident that he was attracted by the daughter. Vallance was a partner in a long-established mercantile house in London, and was reputed to be rich. He was a kind-hearted and estimable man in many ways. The parents looked favorably upon his suit, and when he preposed for the daughter's hand, she accepted him. They were married. Mr. Vallance took a handsome house in London, and made a kind husband and a generous soon-in-law. But this prosperous condition of things did not last long. In little more than two years after his marriage, the house to which Vallance belonged, to the astonishment of the mercantile world, stopped payment. The affair made a considerable talk in the city at the time. Nobody seemed to have anticipated the firm's fallure, and I don't think Mr. Vall.nce could have had any thought of the possibility of such a change in his circum stances when he married his wife, from the way he took the matter to Leart. He never recovered from the shook, and in a year after the firm had suspended payment he died. His widow was left almoct entirely dependent on her own exertions for the support of herself and her two young children. She removed to Plymouth sgain, began to give music lessons, and in this way has maintained her self and family ever since; and very nobly she has done it. It was shortly after her husband's death that I became acquainted with her. I have given you the most favorable version of her story. As regards the engagement with Mr. Vallance, there were not wanting people in Plymouth who hinted their doubts at the time as to whether she had ever received such a letter as I have menioned from the young fellow in Australia. Gossps said that she l

"Was that the general report?"

"Well, it was not uncommon to hear the matter talked of in that way.
"And what is your own opinion?"

way.

"And what is your own opinion?"

There is no lady of my acquaintance for whom I have a greater repet and liking than for Mrs. Vallance," answered Hammond: "and J would not believe anything unworthy of her. But it is perhaps too much to expect from average human nature, and I don't ciaim anything ideal for Mrs. Vallance, that a woman should be able to keep up a strong affection for a man away in Australia for a number of years, and under the cheerless conditions I have described, with nothing to feed it on but an occasional letter. No doubt, the girl's sentiment lasted longer than the young man's. Possibly, she may not have received such a letter; and what Mr. Vallance ould offer her, everything that is pleasant and attractive to a woman, may have had its effect. Her father's worldly circumstances, too, which were latterly not in a very prosperous state, would very likely have an influence in the matter.

There was a short pause, during which the two men unfed their vines

istate, would very likely have an in fluence in the matter."
There was a short pause, during which the two men puffed their pipes in silence. Then Herder said: "I think a life spentas mue has been has at least one advantage over yours, Fred—it is not so apt to make a man become so rapidly sceptical about everything, as one passed in cities; not so prone to think that people are much the same everywhere, or so content to assign the least noble motives for human sation. Now, in this case of Mrs. Vallauce, I am able to inform you that both common report and yourself were wrong, at least in one important respect. Miss Maurice—that was the young lady's maiden name, I think, though you did not mention it—did receive such a letter as you desoribe, from her friend in Australia; a letter, too, that released her completely from her engagement."

ment."
"And how on earth do you know all this?" asked Hammond.
"For the simple reason, that I am the young fellow that went to Australia."

Australia.'
"You, George!" exclaimed Hammond, starting from his chair, and
staring in his companion's face. "How
is it I never as word of this before? I thought we knew most of
each other's affairs, as young men."

fore? I thought we knew most of seach other's affairs, as young men."

"Well, Ered, for a yeav before I became engaged to Miss Maurice, you were in Germany with your mother and sister; and I was away, you know, before you came back. I never mentioned my acquaintance with Miss Maurice to you; I was rather a My and shamefaced fellow, somehow, about that sort of thing, and I did not tell even so close a chum as you about it, though I was on the point of doing so when I started so suddenly for Australia. After that, I felt the less inclined to write about the subject; my prospects were so rague and uncertain in every way."

"It was rather strange, George, that I never heard your name mentioned in the matter, and there was nothing to make me think of connecting you with Miss Maurice's friend. You knew Mrs. Vallance again, then,

tonight? I could not think what made your manner so odd."

"Yes, I knew her. She is much changed, of course, though not more so, I suppose, than was to be expocted. I left behind me a girl of tweuty, with a bloom on her cheek like a Juno rose, and eyes like sunshine. Both ihe rose-rod and the light in her oyee have faded; but she is still Kate Maurice, the same sweet-looking woman! knew long ago. One thing only made me hesitate tc-night as to whether of the same as the still don't understand it yet. I heard in Austrela that the man After all, and I don't understand it yet. I heard in Austrela that the man Mies Maurice married was a Mr. Ewing; but I suppose there was some mistake about the name."

"It was a mistake," said Hammond; 'but I can see how it probably occurred. The title of the firm of which Mr. Vallance was a junior partner was Griffith & Ewing, Your informant must have heard that Mies Maurice married the junior partner, and concluded that it was Mr. Ewing, or the story got mixed up in some such way."

"And I suppose that letter of yours expressed the real state of things with you at the time."

"Exactly; you have got the gist of the latter quite correctly. When I wrote that, I saw no prospect for years to come of being able to marry. When things did at length take a turn in the right diffection with me, I made fair progress. And now, though I am not a wealthy man, I have as much as I have any right to expect."

"Well, George, how is this little story of yours to end?" and as Hammond spoke, he looked quietly into his friend's face, but with not little curicosity.

"Ah, how?" answered the other, and the friend's again for a while relapsed

interest lace, one want nor are consist.

"Ah, how?" answered the other, and the friends again for a while relapsed into silones.

"Is Mrs. Vallance staying in Loudon for any time, do you know?" inquired Horder presently.

"She has been paying a short visit to Mrs. Norockt, and is to return home in a day or two, she told me," replied Hammond. "When do you think of going to Plymouth yourself?"

"This is Wednesday; I think I shall go on Friday or Saturday. When I have got my things out of the ship, and arranged one or two small matters of business, I shall have nothing further to keep me in London, and I am anxious to see my old aunt. She is almost my only relative now left. I was a favourite of hers, you remember."

"I think you are perfectly right in visiting her at once, 'Hammond answered quietly.

The Friday evening following found Herder at Plymouth. Early next morning, he visited his aunt, and one or two old friends, and then made his way in the direction of the house in which he had spent his boyhood. I lay two or three miles out of the town, among fields and low hills, and Herder found it again without difficulty. A few villas had sprung up in the neighborhood, but otherwise the place and the surroundings were little altered. Time had been less buy in this part of the vicinity of Plymouth than in most others. George walked round the house, stood gasing over the low garden wall for a while, and then strolled away in the direction of the hills in the rear. By-and-by he came fully back upon him now, and he re-called point after point in the landscape. As he followed the windings of the stream, he felt himself once more on familiar ground, and he almost forgot for the moment the years that had elapsed since last he trod these same paths. He had fallen into the sort of reverie which the circumstances maturally induced, when he reached a point where the stream widened into a little pool, with an overhanging rock on one side, and on the others a close line of willows, whose droppings boughts swept the clear-brow

"Good sport this morning?" asked

"Good sport this morning."
Herder, accosting him.
"Not first-rate;" and the speaker lifted the lid of the small creel that lay on the grass beside him, for the stranger's inspection of the morning's

lay on the grass beside than, for the stranger's inspection of the morning's take.

"This used to be a good spot, and this is not a bad morning either; a little bright, perhaps," continued. Herder.

"The river isn't so good as it was once, I think, sir; at least if all the stories old fishermen tell of it are true; but I dareasy these old chaps either forget or exaggerate. I get a good lot of fish sometimes, though generally higher up than this. Do you ever fish here, sir? I never saw you.

"I did once," answered George; "I think I know every yard of it from this to Brigend Inn. Is the inn still to the fore?"

"O yes: I suppose it would be old

"O yes; I suppose it would be old larley who kept it when you were a one; it? His nephew Fred, has it

"O yes; a suppose a war were a boy, sir? His nephew Fred, has it now."

"Ah! so old Dave is gone."

The two fell into conversation about troul-fishing and all pertaining to it In a little the youth left the pool, and

moved slowly up the stream, Herdor walking by his side—a frank, bright, intelligent boy, who goesiped on with the open-hearted freedom of an English youth. What was it in the tones of his voice, every now and then, that puzzled Herder with a fant sonse of familiarity? He looked more narrowly at his companion's face, and as hold so, another face came slowly back, and illed his mental vision. A strong desire to learn his young companion's name possessed him, and he asked it. "John Vallance," was the answer. "May I ask yours sir?" George seen.3d to hear the words with no feeling of surprise, but he was consolous that his interest in the youth beside him deepened with the confirmation of his suspicion. He heustated for a moment; and then told his sur-name.

heatstad for a moment; and then told his sur-name.
"Herder," repeated the youth; "I know that name. There's an old lady, Miss Field, who lives near us, a great friend of my mother's who has a nep-hew named Herder. She often takes of him. George, she always calls him. But he's in Australia; been there for ever so lone."

hew named Herder. She orfen talks of him. George, she always calls him. But he's in Australia; been there for ever so long."
Herder did not answer; the two resumed their talk upon fishing and from that it turned upon other subjects. Herder encouraged young Vallance to talk and gradually drew from him the leading particular, of his life. He spoke of his mother, his eiter Katy, himself and his school-life, freely and anconstrainedly, for there was nothing to conceal.

The two had now reached the Brdgend Inn, a small, old-fashioned-looking hostelry, frequented by anglers, standing close to the bank of the stream, where it was crossed by a rustic wooden bridge. Herder and John Vallance entered the cool, little, sanded parlor, and George ordered some refreshment. The host brought them cold meat, bread and cheese, and a jug of beer; and off these simple viands the two made a merry lunch viands the two mades and the viant for a merry lunch to the companion: "It's time I were making my way to Plymouth spain. There used to be a short path back to the town from here, across the hills. But I don't think I could find it myself, now."

"Yes," answered John; "I can put you upon it in a few moments. I shall keep along the river for a bit longer, I think. There's the road, sir. Keep straight ahsead, and it will take you into the town."

"I am to be in Plymouth for a few days longer," said Herder, "and I loope we shall see each other again."

"Yes," answered John; "I can put you also it is town and the part of the

boy heartily.

The two new friends parted very cordially.

Before Herder reached the town again, he had resolved to visit Mrs. Vallance. When he had parted from his sunt in the morning, she told him he should do so, and he had answered her with a half-promise, not himself certain that he wished to follow her advice immediately, though the intention of making himself known sconer to later to Mrs. Vallance had been in his thoughts since his conversation with Hammond. The events of the morning had had the effect of quickening his intention. He knew the octage in which Mrs. Vallance lived; he had been directed to it by Miss Field, and he had to pass it in returning to his runt's house. He rang the bell; and instead of its being answered by a servant, the door was opened by Mrs. Vallance herself. The single maidservant. Brought thus enddenly face to face with Mrs. Vallance, George was for a moment taken somewhat aback, but in the next he felt almost certain that he was recognised. A

face to face with Mrs. Vallance, George was for a moment taken somewhat shack, but in the next he felt almost certain that he was recognized. A quick, slightly startied, half-doubtful look came into Mrs. Vallance's face.

"Mrs. Vallance's he said, "do you know an old friend? His voice confirmed her recognition.

"You are—George Herder," she answered in a low voice, which, despits the effort made to control it, trembled. She led him into a little sitting room.

"You know me again very quickly, Mrs. Vallance," George began in a rather hurried manner; "as quickly as I did you. I saw you the other night at Mrs. Norocity."

"Were you there? How did I naver see you?" Her voice was still not very firm.

"Easily enough; I was with Fred Hammond. We did not stay long, and I kept a good deal in the background, for I knew no one. I did not see you till just before we left, while you were playing."

The meeting might have seemed to a casual onlocker a very ordinary one, and to one of an emotional nature, who was aware of nothing further than that the two were old friends, less cuclina than the cocasion warranted. But Herder was an undemonstrative man, not through sluggishness, but through shyness of temperament; and Kate Vallance's life had been such as had tended to subdie in her the outward expression of smotion. George Herder marrasted this istent re the cive for events of his colonial life; and Kate related her history since the two had parted. And thus it was that, with old memories, was do to me wife, stirring in the heer't cach, the swo met and salted with secreely the expressed warmth of old friends. By and by, Katy Vallance, returning from afternoon school, en

tered the room, and was introd used to the stranger.

"You will stay to tea with us, Mr. Herder, will you not, and was till John comes back?" Mrs. Vallance said; and George consented, although he was due at his aunt's to six o'clock dinner.

John Vallance's sport improved as the day wore on, and he lungered late by the river. His mother and sater, with George Herder, were standing in the verandab of their cottage, awaiting his return, and John saw, as he drew mear the house, the third figure of the party. The sight somewhat surprised him, for visitors of the male sex were not fr. quent at the cottage; but his surprise him, for visitors of the male sex were not fr. quent at the cottage; but his surprise of the morning.

"John," said Mrs. Vallance, when her son had approached, "the is and id frend of mine, who tells me that you and he have already met. He is the nephew of Miss Field, and went to Australia many years age, as you have heard her tell. His coming back has taken us all by surprise."

"Why, when I mentioned Miss Field's name this morning you never said anything I" said John.
"No; I must ask your pardon for that little deception," said Herder with a smile. "I was not sure at the time that we should meet again so secon."

There seemed to John Valiance to be not a little mystery about the stranger, but he was contant to leave events to explain themselves. Herder staid a short time after tea at the cottage, and then took his leave. A day or two after he was there again with his aunt. George found humself lingering in Plymouth longer than he had intended. His aunt pressed him to extend his viet, and he fell in very readily with her wish. Soon John Vallance and his sites became accus, tomed to the sight of Herder's brown beard, and kindly, sun-brouzed face, at their home, and the friendship between George and the young people grew and ripened.

Herder had been more than a month at Plymouth, when one day he made his way to the Vallances' cottage with a fixed purpose in his mind. He found Mrz. Vallance sitting alone in the little garden in front of the house. George came direct to the matter. "Kate," he said quietly, but not without a tremor in his voice, "I don't know whather I can offer you the same cort of love as I did long ago. I suppose a young fellow's love is necessarily somewhat different from that of a middle-aged man's, but I can promise the true affection of one who has not thought of any other woman since he gave up hope of you. Can you accept it? I am going to London to morrow to write and arrange matters with my business men in Australia. I have said in England about as long as I had intended. Am I to return to my bush-life or to remain here for good? It depends upon you."

Kate Vallance placed her hand in Herder's. "Then I think we should all like you stay, George," she said.

It was but a few minutes afthis that John and Katie Vallance returned from an afternoon's walk.

"John," said Herder, with his hand on the toy's shoulder, "step-fathers are not always represented as popular people, either in books or in real life. But suppose I were to become yours would we be the worse friends, think

Jon, with simple heartiness; "I have never known a father, and I will gladly take you for one."

"And Katie," continued Herder,

mever known a father, and I will gladlytake you for one."

"And Katie," continued Herder,
turning to the girl, and drawing her
to his side, "I know you will say the
same as John."
Next morning Herder was in London, and in the evening of the same
day found himself at Hammond's
lodgings. Fred listened to his friend's
brief statement with a quiet smile,
Whan it was finished, he said: "A
month sgo, you remember, I asked
you how your little story was to end,
and you gave me but a doubtful ax
wer. I had my own thoughts at the
time, though I did not venture on
prophecy. You have answered me
now in the most satisfactory way. I
congratulate you, decrye, most heartily; and all I ask is, that you let me
be your 'best-man."

Pile Terrors Swept Away.

Dr. Agoew's Cintment stands at the head as a reliever, heat— and sure cure for Piles in all forms. Les application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days application according to directions will cure chronic access. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

Joined the Church.

Mrs. Mary Usley Robbins, widow of Judge Chilion Robbins, who was judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Free-bold, N. J., has formally renounced the creed of the Epiropal Church and received the Epiropal Church and reseived baptism as one that the Court of the Epiropal Church and the Epiropal Church and the Epiropal Church and the Church Campbell, R. J. president of St. John's College, Fordham.

Oan RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Ence Born berry, Tuncators, writes: "I am please to say this Da. Trooks: "I am please to say this Da. Trooks: "I am please is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it some and the same always, and externally you have always, and externally room the me. It is on family medicine, and I take gree