

STILLMAN GOTT

ting out" that wonderful sheet which, like all other newspapers, was dedicated to the promotion of the public's welfare, but which meanwhile did not refuse subscriptions or advertising.

He had continued to see her at every possible opportunity when at home, and when he first left the farm for the neighboring town where the paper was published, realizing the awful fact that he would not see her for one long week, each day of which seemed a decade to him, he had called at her house to bid her good-bye with the same feeling of impending sorrow and loss which an older and more experienced person would have felt had he been on the eve of leaving wife and children for a term of years.

They sat in the parlor on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa for over an hour, he, too full of grief and sorrow to speak, and she, lightly chatting of the wonderful change he was going to make, and of her envy of his chance to see the world. For to her limited vision the whole world and all therein contained was situated just outside of Bartlett. He had answered her with yes or no whenever she stopped to take a new breath in order to begin again, but finally his