

going to the auction-rooms excepting the kitchen furniture, and a few things for which Jane had an especial attachment. It brought two hundred dollars, which, in addition to the price of the farm, and the store and its stock, gave Reuben just nineteen hundred dollars to put in the Savings Bank.

"And I am to be counted at least two thousand more, father, dear, so you are not such a very poor man after all," said Draxy, laughing and dancing around him.

Now Draxy Miller's real life began. Only a few years before, a free library had been founded in this town. Every week hundreds of volumes circulated among the families where books were prized, and could not be owned. When Draxy's uncle first took her into this library, and explained to her its purpose and regulations, she stood motionless for a few moments, looking at him and at the books; then, with tears in her eyes, and saying, "Don't follow me, uncle, dear; don't mind me. I can't bear it," she ran swiftly into the street, and never stopped until she had reached home and found her father. An hour later she entered the library again, leading her father by the hand. She had told him the story on the way. Reuben's thin cheeks were flushed. It was almost more than he, too, could bear. Silently the father and daughter walked up and down the room, looking into the alcoves. Then they sat down together, and studied the catalogue. Then they rose and went out, hand-in-hand as they had entered, speaking no word, taking no book. For one day the consciousness of this wealth filled their hearts beyond the possibility of one added desire. After that, Draxy and her father were to be seen every night seated at the long table in the reading-room. They read always together, Draxy's arm being over the back of her father's chair. Many a man and many a woman stopped and looked long at the picture. But neither Draxy nor her father knew it.

ACCEPTED TIMES.

THERE are immortal moments in each life:

They come and go—

One scarce may of their presence know.

Yet in them there is struck a chord.

It may be loud it may be low,

Of peace or strife.

Of love or hate,

Which will vibrate.

Like circles from a pebble's throw,

Unto the coming of the Lord.

—A. E. Hamilton.