

LOVE AND DUTY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

more charming; her little saucy speeches were never more piquant; her quick, bright, sunshiny way had never proved more fascinating. Even Mr. Erskine could not help smiling when he looked at her; and the boys stopped devouring pudding to laugh at her witty remarks; while Anne's small pale face was lit up with absolute worship.

But Tom's heart would go on aching, for he felt down in its depths that Sally was farther away from him than ever. She knew his greatest wish; she knew that he lived for her alone; but he was well aware that the event of to-day had put an almost impassable barrier between him and his hopes.

After dinner Sally addressed him eagerly.

"I shall be three years at Newnham," she said; "we won't see much of each other during that time."

"No," he replied, sadly; "but if I thought!"

"Oh, please, Tom, don't think anything. All my future career is delightfully planned, and I must not disclose it at present, even to you. Oh how happy I feel! I've only one slight thing left to dread—my little tussle with papa."

"By the way," said Ross, suddenly, "I am told that life at one of the women's colleges is expensive. You can't manage to live at Newnham on thirty pounds a year, you know, Sally."

"No, Tom, but don't you remember, I shall be of age on the first of August, and I am then to have a thousand pounds of my very own? That is my share of mother's money. Anne is to have a thousand pounds also when she's of age. I mean to take some of that money to supplement the thirty pounds a year. Why, Tom, what is the matter? How white you have turned!"

"It's the sun, I expect," said Ross. "Let us go and stand in the shade, Sally. Did I hear you aright when you said you were to have a thousand pounds the day you came of age?"

"Yes, that is the half of my mother's money. Can you possibly know anything about it? How queer you look!"

"The sun struck on my head rather fiercely. Shall we have a game of tennis? There's Charlie looking unutterable things at us for not beginning."

"But do you know anything about the money?"

Ross did not answer, he seemed suddenly to have turned deaf.

Sally gave him a queer, perplexed look, then, laughing off an undefined fear, she entered heart and soul into the game.

A couple of days afterwards she found an opportunity to acquaint her father with her decision, and discussed the matter fully while walking beside him. But he uttered a decided negative, and said she would never get his consent to go to college. And he found plenty of old-fashioned opinions to back up his decision.

"I shall never give you permission to go to college; so you had better drop the subject, once and for all."

"Not once and for all," said Tom Ross, who had been standing like a sentinel by the roadside, and who now nodded to Sally and joined the group. "I know all about the matter under discussion, Mr. Erskine, and it cannot be dropped in this summary fashion. It must be thrashed out, and you must give adequate reasons for denying Sally her very natural wish."

What was the matter? Why did Sally suddenly slip her hand out of her father's arm, and give Tom Ross a quick, excited glance of gratitude? And then, why did the little coward put wings to her feet and run away?

Tom linked his arm in Mr. Erskine's and immediately began to speak, and Mr. Erskine never even knew that Sally had left them.

Two hours later Mr. Erskine and Tom Ross returned together. Sally was pacing listlessly up and down in front

of the house. When Mr. Erskine saw his daughter - we went at once into the house, but Ross came up to the young girl's side, and, taking both her hands in one of his, said, in a voice of some agitation:

"It's all right, Sally; you are to go."

She turned white when he said this, clasped her hands and looked away. Suddenly tears of relief and joy filled her bright brown eyes.

"Yes, Sally," continued Ross, "it's all right for you. You are to have the wish of your heart. You are to go out of this snug little nest into the cold world. You are glad to go. Oh, Sally, Sally, I hope the world will treat you well!"

"Yes, Tom, it will, it will. Oh, I am so excited I can scarcely speak calmly. I can scarcely thank you, dear Tom, but my heart feels full of thanks. You do not know what it would have been to me had this wish of mine come to nothing. I think I should have gone about with a broken heart. Don't laugh, Tom; girls' hearts can be broken when the wish which lies nearest to them is denied."

"When the wish which lies nearest to them," repeated Ross, in a sad voice; "and is this your very, very dearest wish, Sally?"

He looked at her anxiously. His honest, blue eyes gazed straight into hers. She returned their glance frankly and fully. Then some message with which they were full seemed to penetrate into her heart and give her pain. She looked away, and a quick blush mounted her cheeks.

"Tom," she said, "you are the dearest and best fellow in the world; but I must have my wish; I must go to college and learn all those things which make women strong and brave and useful; those things which are now recognized as part of a good woman's education. I have got brains, and I will use them; I must cease to be a doll."

"Oh, you were never that," he answered. A sigh which he could not prevent escaped him. Soon afterwards he took his leave.

That evening Mr. Erskine called Sally to him and said a few words to her.

"I do not approve of your scheme," he said, "but I yield to your wishes. Circumstances oblige me to defer my own feelings to yours. You can go to college, Sally, and turn yourself into one of those odious men-women. It is Ross' doing; you have him to thank for it; the fact is you do not half deserve that good fellow's honest affection."

Sally pouted when her father said this; she was in no mood just now to think much of Tom. The money would be forthcoming; her wish was granted. In October she could go to Newnham, and then, hey, presto; she had all the world before her. Never was a girl happier than this one during the next few weeks.

Sally consulted Ross about each step in her future career. Should she go in for a wranglership? or should she take up classics? or should she be quite modern, and learn French and German so well that they should be considered her native languages?

"I should like to take up every subject," she exclaimed once or twice in her enthusiasm.

Mr. Erskine heard her make a remark of this kind. It was the only one who never laughed or seemed cheerful about her prospects.

"Go in for everything, certainly," he remarked, with sarcasm, "and fail. That sentence of yours was exactly what I should expect from a woman, Sally."

But summer days end; and a very abrupt stop was put to this period of mirth and holiday-making.

One morning Mr. Erskine did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast-table. Anne went up-stairs to see what was the matter. She found her father looking weak and languid; he said his heart troubled him, and if Anne liked she might send for their old friend, Dr. Barnes.

The doctor arrived in the course of the morning; he made a careful examination of his patient, and then said some