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LAZY DICK.

CONTINUED.

"It's quite true, all that you say," said Dick gloomily; and then he brightened. "But I won't take this as final," he exclaimed. "I'll go away and get good and industrious; I'll work as hard as Jacob did for his wife, only it will be your fault if I have to wait as long as when I come back, Katherine, you'll promise."

But Katherine would promise nothing. "You think it's only an idle fancy; you think I'll soon forget," said Dick bitterly; "but you give me credit for being wiser than I am."

And he would have flung himself out of the room, but Katherine stopped him, and forgave him his injustice, for she took his hand.

"I'll say this for you at any rate, Dick," she said, "that if it were not for that one fault of which you speak, you are the very best and noblest man I know."

Dick was too wise after that to renew his beseeching; it was something, he felt, to have heard such words; perhaps he might win her yet. He looked into her face tenderly, passionately; he stooped and kissed her, and I believe she forgave him that too; then he dropped her hand and went away.

There came a great change to Katherine and Robin before the end of the winter. Their father suddenly died. He was not a rich man, and in his will left everything to his wife, except a small sum of money to be paid annually to Katherine for her own maintenance; and another sum, just enough to complete Robin's education, and support him until he left college. Katherine and a brother lawyer he appointed the boy's guardians. Mrs. Travers went back to live with her friends, and at last Katherine had her own way with Robin. Mr. White, the other guardian, being quite willing to agree with her plan, since they showed good sense and judgment. So Robin was removed to an excellent school in Woodrich, where he and Katherine were able to see a good deal of each other, and spend their holidays together. For Katherine still retained her situation.

You see, I like it better than doing nothing," she said to Mrs. Norman, whom she consulted upon the subject; "and besides I shall now be able to save something for when Robin and I set up house-keeping."

Of Dick she saw and heard nothing, except that he was studying engineering and was too busy to have time for anything else. Dick too busy! What marvel could have wrought that?

So two years went by, bringing no fresh change to Robin and his sister, but a good deal to another person in whom we are interested. Dick Elton had passed very creditable examinations, obtained an excellent appointment, and gone off to California nine months before, at the head of a surveying party.

Robin, too, had had his boyish triumphs, and came to his sister one day in high glee.

"Guess the news, Katie," he said. "What is it?" she asked.

"The St. Agnes' Cricket Club is the champion club of the Dominion. The first eleven I mean. Didn't you know that?" with a smile at her pitiable ignorance.

"I forgot, I'm afraid."

"Well don't forget again, then, or people will think you're not a sporting character. What I was going to tell you is, that the second eleven are almost as good as the first," and he broke off and looked at her with a face of hesitating delight.

"Go on, go on!" said Katherine.

"And I'm captain of the second eleven. Hurrah!"

Katherine was almost as pleased as he was.

"You see," he explained, "with the charming outdoor of boyhood, I'm a first rate player, so though I'm the youngest in the club, that's why they chose me."

When the summer holidays arrived, Mrs. Norman invited them both to pay her a long visit and they went to St. Agnes. She was a true friend, Robin declared, for the cricket meadow was not far from the house, and the boy spent all his time at his beloved game.

"I have not heard from Dick for so

long," said Cissy one day, "that I begin to think he intends to close the correspondence."

There came a morning, bright and beautiful, when the world without seemed one dazzling panorama of light and shade. The sunbeams, the fairy child-ree of the sky, seemed to have come down to talk with the shadows, the positive daughters of earth, though their mystic voices were all unheard, since the wind, god-hearted, raised the leaves together with a kind of song. On such a morning Dick Elton came home; taller, however, and manlier than ever.

"Why, you've actually grown," Cissy cried in dismay; "as if you were't big enough before."

"It's because I've got so good. That's the way it shows; bless you, there wasn't room for it before," said Dick.

Cissy could not make out if he was pleased or otherwise to find Katherine there. He gave her face a rapid scrutiny, and then told her that she had not changed at any rate. That was all.

"You are going to take a long holiday now, I hope," said John Norman. "Don't think so," Dick replied. "There's going to be a railroad in this part of the neighbourhood by-and-by and I've got the contract for surveying the ground."

"Dear, how industrious you are becoming; you are 'Lazy Dick' no longer," said Cissy, laughing. "How did you ever approach your bugbear-work?"

"It's like a shadow, Cissy," said Dick, good-humoredly; "bigger far off than when you come close to it."

But Dick had not forgotten Miss Travers, as he very soon showed. When people once found their way to the soft spot in his heart he had a stupid trick of keeping them there, instead of taking a more sensible course and dislodging them. So he loved Katherine more than before, because he had grown in every way a wiser and better man; and he sometimes felt like flying to California again because he thought she did not care for him. It did not ease his mind to find that his old friend, Jack Hudson was as enamored as himself, and had been likewise refused. "For, by Jove! some other fellow'll be carrying her off before I get a chance," he reflected wrathfully. The truth was, Katherine was becoming very shy with him, when she found that the old boy was cursing up so good. But at last a day came that they both never forgot.

It was noon, and rather warm, and Katherine was residing in the drawing room, when Dick came quickly in; his face was white and startled, and she saw at once that something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Promise not to be frightened, Katherine," he began; but her mother-in-law was too quick for him.

"Is it Robin?" she cried.

"He tried to stop her, but she pushed him away and darted through the door. She had caught a glimpse of men in the hall, and they were carrying something. Too true! too true! It was Robin. Stumped! Dead, perhaps with stains of blood upon his white cricket suit. They carried him upstairs to Dick's room (it came first) and Katherine hung about him, moaning like a wounded creature. He had been struck, with great force, in the side by a ball, and some knew the extent of his injuries. Soon after a doctor arrived, and proceeded to examine him. He was not dead, but unconscious, and after unceasing efforts on the part of Katherine and the physician, they succeeded in bringing him to life again. It is needless to recount all that followed. For days he was kept perfectly quiet and seemed to be progressing a little; but then he would relapse into a state of great pain and weakness. He was always patient and cheerful, but then his temper had never been one of his faults. Dick was his great resource at this time. The young man was as tender to him as a brother. He spent hours in his sick-room, soothing him, singing, telling queer stories of his Californian wanderings; and sometimes Katherine was persuaded to rest awhile, and leave her boy in such good hands. But as time went on, all but Katherine saw how it would end. She would

talk of his recovery as certain, and felt quite angry with Dick because he never spoke hopefully of the future. In truth, the doctor had long ago told him that the boy could have received some internal injury, and he feared the worst. For awhile, Robin himself was not aware of his condition, but he must have suspected it at last, for one morning he asked the doctor one of his old downright questions, and Dick, coming in after he had gone, found the boy crying quietly.

"Go away," he said almost roughly, when he saw him, "I want Kate."

Katherine scarcely stayed to listen to Dick, but rushed to her boy.

"What is it, my darling, my pet?" and she was down on the bed with her arms around him.

"Oh! Katie, I'm going to die," said Robin, with a sob.

"Who said so? Who dared say so?" cried Katherine indignantly. "The doctor; I asked him."

"The wicked, cruel man,—" began the girl, but a glance from Dick stopped her.

"You are only making it worse for him," he whispered.

That was enough for Katherine. Straightway she began to comfort him in low leader tones. Dick felt it was a sacred moment, not for him to witness and he went out and left the brother and sister alone.

When they had become more accustomed to the thought, they often spoke before Dick unreservedly; for Robin clung to him and loved him next to Kate, and often begged him not to go away.

"And I shall never play cricket again," once Robin said wistfully.

"Never mind, my Robin," she said, with a smile, though her heart was breaking; "perhaps God wants you to do some work for Him now instead of play."

"Was the play for Him, then?" said Robin, wonderingly.

"I'm sure it was," she answered.

"Perhaps it was," said Robin musingly. "I remember I never felt cross, or wicked or even angry with anybody when I was playing."

One more glorious summer day! Robin's last.

He had been lying until noon, sometimes sleeping or waking, and at length he opened his eyes.

"Dick, are you there?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Give me your hand. How strong and kind it always was to me. Think of a fellow sometimes. Good-bye!"

Dick bent down and kissed him with a jump in his throat; he could not speak. Robin turned to his sister.

"I'm so tired; I want to lie in your arms, Katie."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, but it was Dick who tenderly lifted him into them; she was not strong enough for that, Robin said his head down on her shoulder with a little smile. "It's so jolly," he whispered. "I say, Katie," he said, by-and-by, "I shall ask God to send for you soon. Nobody will be so kind to me, even in Heaven, as you; because you see we've always grown up together, and loved each other so."

"Yes, yes, my darling!" whispered Kate, kissing him.

Dick shivered, at with cold. The clock was ticking out the hour slowly—slowly; the sunlight was filling the quiet room; merry, boyish shouts were heard from the cricket-field hard by; the little captain of the second eleven was falling fast. His head was slipping up to her bosom.

"Kate, old girl," oh, so faintly!

"Yes, my darling."

"I'm not afraid now."

"Thank God for that, my Robin!"

"Your Robin Adair," he said, and smiled.

The meadows rang with distant laughter; the hand was pointing to the hour; the sun was shining there still; but the two who had grown up together and loved each other so, were apart.

It was Dick who took the dead boy from her arms, and carried Katherine, not fainting but in a sort of stupor of grief, from the room.

And it was many days before the second eleven found heart to elect another captain.

Weeks followed each other in dreary succession, but sorrow remained behind. Katherine wandered about in silent suffering, and none dared to comfort her. Of one thing she became conscious at last—Dick's constant care and kindness. He did not say much, poor fellow, but his big faithful heart ached for her. At last Mrs. Norman could bear it no longer, and she said to Katherine one evening, "Dear girl, try to be happy again, for the sake of others who, I sometimes think, love you too well."

It made the girl begin to rouse herself, and changed the sad current of her thoughts a little. It was a lovely moonlight night, clear and soothing, and she strolled down to the apple tree in the garden to be alone for awhile. I think she would have gone back to the house calmer and braver, but from the nursery window came little May's voice; she was humming a line of Robin Adair. It was too much for Katherine; she hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden storm of sobs and tears. The child's voice ceased suddenly, and then she felt two arms round her, and a voice trembling and tender in her ear. It was Dick's.

"Kate," he was saying, "my own poor, poor Kate. Let me comfort you. Oh, my darling, I am breaking my heart about you. Won't you come to me at last?"

Mrs. Norman's words flashed through Katherine's mind; she felt what small comfort she had held of this loyal, faithful fellow. She looked up to him with sweet, sad eyes.

"Dear Dick, you're far better than I," she said, humbly; "but you know I've always loved you all along."

"God bless you, Kate," he said fervently, and pressed her to his heart with tender pride.

The tears were yet in her eyes, "I was so awfully lonely when you came," she whispered.

"Oh, how dear she was to him; he pressed her closer still, and said most tenderly, yet most humbly,

"I will do my best to make you happy, if loving is of any use."

"It is the only good in life," said Katherine, softly; "and I am glad to be yours, Dick!"

"Then," said Dick, with a great joy shining in his eyes, "kiss me, Katherine!"

So she did.

What more is there to add, but this: that Katherine makes her husband's home happy with her sweet, bright presence, her pleasant songs, and her graceful womanhood; and she herself is certainly a happy woman, although there is one very tender bit of her heart that long ago went away from earth to heaven, and there is one song which I unforgotten! that she will sing in this life never again—Robin Adair.

Dick also is a very happy man, as, in spite of his faults, I for one, say he heartily deserves to be; and sometimes sitting with his wife of a moonlight night—such a lovely one as that on which he was here—he kisses her and says—for there is some poetry in the fellow, though he never wrote a line of verse in his life, thank goodness:

"My Kate, I think your life is like the blessed stars up yonder. It shines so."

MAPLE LEAF.

"The Christ" of the Passion Play.

During a recent visit to Oberammergau Ida Shaper Hoxie witnessed the preparations for the dramatic presentations of "The Passion Play" and talked with the chief personages of the cast. Of these she writes in the June Ladies Home Journal: "The Judas of 1890, the painter and decorator, Johan Zwick, because of his excellent interpretation at that time and his unchanged appearance, plays the same role again this year. The youthful John of 1890 again assumes the part. Though now twenty-nine years old he has retained the fresh, youthful expression of ten years ago. He spends his days in his workshop beside his home carving figures of the Madonna and of the Christ."

"Anton Lang, Junior, the son of a stove-maker, and following his father's trade, seems to have been the one person in that village looked upon by all as the Christ of 1890. In 1880, as a child of five, and again in 1890, he

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took part as one of the people. I called at his humble little home and was cordially received. The plain, meagre, rude little living-room was repellent in its bareness. When the son of Anton, in blue overalls and jean jacket, entered and smiled at me I forgot the room. As I looked into his face, seemingly as innocent and sweet as a child's, yet showing the strength and character of the grown man, I think I experienced a feeling akin to that which the friends of the lowly Jesus must have had as they came in contact with Him in His early years, when they were as yet unaware of His divine nature.

Epitaph in a Bread Basket.

The story runs that Lord Compton fell in love with the only child of Sir John Spenser, one of the most opulent of London's merchant princes, proverbially known at the time as "rich Spenser." A writer in the Pall Mall Magazine tells the story. Sir John, he says, by no means approved of the advances of the young courtier, and positively refused his consent to the marriage. The course of true love, however, never running smooth, Lord Compton devised a plan to outwit Sir John and carry off his lady love.

A bribe to the baker enabled him to disguise himself and deliver the letter one morning. As soon as the basket was emptied the lady got in, and Lord Compton was boldly carrying his precious load down stairs when he was met by Sir John, who luckily not recognizing him, gave him a sixpence as reward for being so early, observing that that was the way to thrive. On discovering the truth Sir John was so angry that he disinherited his daughter; and the quarrel was only made up through the intervention of Queen Elizabeth, who invited him to stand sponsor with her for a child, whom he promised to adopt—to find it was his own grandson.

Never Admit Defeat.

Never admit defeat or poverty, though you seem to be down and have not a cent. Stoutly assert your divine right to be a man, to hold your head up, and look the world in the face. Step bravely to the front whatever oppo-

poses, and the world will make way for you. No one will insist upon your rights while you yourself doubt that you possess the qualities requisite for success. Never allow yourself to be a traitor to your own cause by undermining your self-confidence.

There never was a time before when persistent original force was so much in demand as now. The namby pamby, nervous man has little show in the hustling world of to-day. In the twentieth century a man must either push or be pushed.

Every one admires the man who can assert his rights and has the power to demand and take them if denied to him. No one can respect the man who elinks in the rear and apologizes for being in the world. Negative virtues are of no use in winning one's way. It is the positive man, the man with original energy and push that forgets to the front.—Success.

Your morning coffee is heated by the coal trust, sweetened by the sugar trust, cooled by the ice trust and diluted by the milk trust. And most of your breakfast table is paying similar tribute. Pleasant, isn't it?

If it were only as easy to run our own business as it is to run other people's, how smooth things would run. How does it happen that we all get into wrong places, anyhow?

When a woman has a secret— Although she may not show it, She's just as angry as she can be. If no one wants to know it.

No man is without fault—but it's impossible to criticize the girl who is about to be married to the man of her choice that such is the case.

Some men live and learn, while others devote their time to talking about things of which they know absolutely nothing.

The only reason why some people marry is because the woman wants a home and the man wants a servant.

The poet was evidently broke when he said to his best girl, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

If you want to know what a person really thinks of you, refuse to do him a favor.

The biggest thing on ice this summer will probably be the price on it.