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of all of them to put the deal through, and now to fail them like this.

They had always thought that back of all his brilliant business ability there was a streak of old fashioned sentimentality and over-scrupulousness, but they were sorry that it should crop out like this particular time. Well, fortunately there were other men with no such conscientious scruples, who would jump at the chance of being let in on such a good thing.

But John Reyburn did not care for their reproaches. He went to his work that morning with a lighter heart and cleaner conscience than he had known for years.

The red-headed office boy looked somewhat surprised when his employer told him to bring a glass of water to his desk, and he was still more surprised when that usually matter-of-fact gentleman took a faded cluster of apple-blossoms from his pocket and placed it tenderly and carefully in the water.

"Gee! The old man's got it bad for certain!" exclaimed the boy, with a knowing wink at the stenographer.

Miss Phelps tossed her head in disdain. She didn't think much of anybody who would make such a fuss over a tiny little bunch of apple-blossoms, and withered at that. She had presented Mr. Reyburn with a gorgeous American beauty just the other morning and later in the day, she found it reposing in the waste basket. Well, to be sure, there was no accounting for tastes!

For a month Reyburn haunted the Twenty-third Street cars in the hope of

that I can scarcely realize she is 18. I am very proud of that picture, she continued after a pause, for I was the cause of its being taken. She came to see me one day last April and brought me that beautiful branch of apple-blossoms from her favorite tree at home. She looked so sweet in her white dress and hat with the blossoms in her arms, that I persuaded her to go with me to a studio and have some photographs taken. Is it not a charming pose?"

"It is, indeed," replied Reyburn; "she was standing just in that position when I first saw her."

"You saw her!" ejaculated Mrs. Caswell. "When did you see her?"

"One morning last April on the cars. It must have been the very day she came to see you. Of course, I did not know who she was and have ridden daily on the Twenty-third street cars in the hope of seeing her again and had about become discouraged when something led me here to-day, and I find to my great joy that my little apple-blossom girl is the granddaughter of my dearest friend."

And then he told her how he had been on the point of entering into a doubtful business venture and had been saved by one glance from those lovely trustful eyes.

When he finished his old friend took both his hands in hers. "My dear boy," she said with tears in her eyes, "I am so glad you were saved from an act you would ever after regretted, and I am proud that it was my little April Day who acted as your good angel."



Camping at Fort Frances.

once again seeing his little girl, as he fondly called her to himself, but he was doomed to disappointment. And then just as he had given up in despair of ever seeing her again, the unexpected happened.

One evening he went to call upon an elderly lady, a friend of his mother's, and with whom he had always been a favorite. While he was waiting for his hostess to appear, his glance wandered idly around the room, and finally rested upon a photograph in a handsome silver frame on the mantel. With an exclamation of surprise and joy, he hastily crossed the room for a closer look. No, he was not mistaken; it was his apple-blossom girl standing just as she had stood in the car that April morning, with the branch of apple-blossoms across one arm and the lovely face lit by a half-tender, half-amusing smile.

Was there ever such an adorable child? So absorbed was he in the contemplation of the picture that he was not aware of Mrs. Caswell's presence until her voice at his elbow aroused him.

So you are admiring my little granddaughter's picture are you? "she asked with a smile. I find most people do."

"Your granddaughter!" exclaimed Reyburn in amazement. "I had no idea your granddaughter was a young lady. I thought she was a child."

"Ah, that is because I have always spoken of her as my little granddaughter, and, indeed, it has been such a short time since she was a little girl

"April Day?" he asked eagerly "Is that her name?"

"Yes; rather an absurd little name is it not? As you know, my daughter's married name is Dayton, and when her little girl was born she named her for that month. Naturally, her school-mates took to calling her April Day as a nickname, and we have all fallen into the same habit. The name suits her so well."

"Does she come to see you often?" asked Reyburn with his eyes on the photograph.

"Not very. You see, she is such a thorough little country-girl and devoted to her home that she very seldom comes to see me here, but she insists upon my spending a great deal of my time with her. I am going there next week," she added in a kindly tone, seeing his look of disappointment. "I shall probably stay the remainder of the summer, and they are always glad to have my friends come to see me while with them."

When John Reyburn brought his charming young bride back from their honeymoon his fashionable friends were astonished that instead of occupying his magnificent suburban house he should buy a neglected but picturesque old farm, whose chief attraction was a splendid apple orchard, on the sunny slope of the hill.

"Well, of all the freaks!" they said to each other. "But, then, John Reyburn always was queer, and since he married that old-fashioned little country-girl, I suppose he will be worse than ever."