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## DARREL of THE **BLESSED ISLES**

By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden,"
"D'ri and I." Etc.

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Two or three of the older men work suits of black broadcloth, the stock and rolling collar—relics of "old decency" back in Vermont or Massachusetts of Connecticut. Most were in rough despun over white shirts with cuffs or collar. All gathered about Darrel, who sat smoking outside the door. He rose and greeted each one of the women with a bow and a compliment. The tinker was a man of unfailing courtesy, and one thing in him was extremely odd—even there in that land of pure democracy—he treated a scrub-woman with the same politeness he would have accorded the finest lady But he was in no sense a flatterer None that saw him often were long in ignorance of that. His rebuke was even quicker than his compliment, as many had reason to know

Half an hour before dark the yard was thronged with people. They listened, with smiles or a faint ripple of merry feeling, as he greeted each.

"Good evening, Mrs. Beach," he would say. "Ah, the snow is falling of thy head. An' the sunlight upon th dear girl," he added, taking the hand woman's daughter. "An' here's Mr. Tilly back from the

far west," he continued. "How fare "I'm well, but a little too fat," said

Thurston Tilly.
"Well, sor, unless it make thy hear! heavy, be content.

"Good evening Mrs. Hooper. That is a cunning hand with the pies. 'Ah, Mrs. Rood, may the mouse nev-

er leave thy meal bag with a tear in his "Not a gray hair in thy head, Mist Tower, nor even a gray thought, "An' here's Mrs. Barbour. 'Twill

make me sweat to carry me pride now. How goes the battle?" "The Lord has given me sore afdiction," said she.

"Nay, dear woman," said the tinker in that tone so kindly and resistless,



He stood with his arms around the two. "do not think the Lord is hitting thee over the ears. It is the law o' life. "Good evening, elder. What is the difference between thy

mine?" "I hadn't thought of that." "Ah, thine is the dial of eternity, mine that o' time." And so he greeted all and sat down, filling his pipe. "Now, Weston, out with the merry

addle," said he, "an' see it gives us happy thoughts." "Do you see that scar?" he heard

Tilly saying.
"I do, sor."
"Well, a man shot me there."

"An' what for?" the tinker inquired. "I was telling him a story. It cured me. Do you carry a gun?" do not, sor.'

'Waal, then, I'll tell you about the

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Tunk, who had been outside the door In his best clothes, but who, since he put them on, had looked as if he doubted the integrity of his suspenders and would not come in the house, began to laugh loudly.

"That man Tunk can see the comedy in all but himself," was Trove's thought as he returned with a smile

Soon Trove and Polly came out and

stood by the lilac bush at the gate.

"You worry me, Sidney Trove," said she, looking off at the moonlit fields.

Then came a silence full of secret things like the silences of their first meeting there by the same gate long ago. This one however had a silence and the same gate long ago. This one, however, had a vibra

tion that seemed to sting them. "I am sorry," said he with a sigh. Another silence in which the heart of the girl was feeling for the secret in

"You are so sad, so different," she whispered.

Polly waited full half a minute for his answer. Then she touched her eyes with her handkerchief, turned impa-tiently and went halfway to the door. Darrel caught her hand, drawing her near him 'Give me thy hand, boy," said he to

Trove, now on his way to the door.
He stood with his arms around the

"Every shadow hath the wings o' light," he whispered. "Listen." The house rang with laughter and the music of "Money Musk."

"'Tis the golden bell of happiness," said he presently. "Go an' ring it. Nay-first a kiss."

He drew them close together, and they kissed each other's lips and with smiling faces went in to join the dance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GAIN the middle of September and the beginning of the fall term. Trove had gone to his old lodgings at Hillsborough, and Polly was boarding in the village, she, too, was now in the uphill road to higher learning. None save Darrel, who gave her the young man's money, knew his secret-that he was paying her board and tuition, unknown to her. The thought of it made him most happy, but now seeing her every had given him a keener sense that which had come between them. He sat much in his room and had little heart for study. It was a cozy room now. His landlady had hung rude pictures on the walls and given him a rag carpet. On the table were pieces of clear quartz and tourmaline and about each window frame odd nests of bird or insect, souvenirs of wood life and

on the table were mementos of that first day of his teaching, the mirror spectacles with which he had seen at once every corner of the schoolroom the slung shot and bar of iron he had taken from the woodsman Leblanc. One evening of his first week at Hillsborough that term Darrel came to

his travel with the drove. There, too,

sit with him awhile. 'An' what are these?" said the tinker at length, his hand upon the shot and

"I do not know." "Dear boy," said Darrel, "they're from the kit of a burglar, an' how

came they here?" "I took them from Louis Leblanc," said the young man, who then told of Trove. his adventure that night.

"Louis Leblanc!" exclaimed Darrel. "The scamp an' his family have cleared out.'

The tinker turned quickly, his hand upon the wrist of the young man.

"These things are not for thee to have," he whispered. "Had ye no thought o' the danger?" Trove began to change color.

'I can prove how I came by them," "What is thy proof?" Darrel whis-

"There are Leblanc's wife and daugh-"Ah, where are they? There be

many would like to know."

The young man thought a moment. "Well, Tunk Hosely, there at Mrs. Vaughn's."

"Tunk Hosely!" exclaimed the tinker, with a look that seemed to say: "God save the mark! An' would they be-

lieve him, think?" Trove began to look troubled as Darrel left him.

"I'll go and drop them in the river," said Trove to himself. It was 11 o'clock and the street dark

and deserted as he left his room.
"It is a cowardly thing to do," the young man thought as he walked slowly, but he could devise no better way

to get rid of them.

In the middle of the big, open bridge he stopped to listen. Hearing only the sound of the falls below, Trove took the odd tools from under his coat and flung them over the rail. He turned then, walking slowly off the bridge and the main street of Hillsborough. At a corner he stopped to listen. His ear had caught the sound of steps far behind him. He could hear it no longer and went his way with a troubled ling that robbed him of rest that night. In a day or two it wore off, and soon he was hold of the bit, as he was wont to say, and racing for the lead in his work. He often walked to school with Polly and went to church

with her every Sunday night. There had been not a word of love between them, however, since they came to the village until one evening she said: "I am very unhappy, and I wish I were home.

She was not able to answer for a

"I know I am unworthy of you," she whispered. His lungs shook him with a deep and

remulous inspiration. For a little he eculd not answer.
"That is why you do not love me?"

she whispered again. "I do love you," he said, with a strong effort to control himself, "but I am not worthy to touch the hem of your gar-

"Tell me why, Sidney."

"Some day—I do not know when—I will tell you all. And if you can love me after that we shall both be happy."
"Tell me now," she urged.

"I cannot," said he. "But if you only trust me, Polly, you shall know. If you will not trust me"-

He paused, looking at the snow path.
"Good night!" he added presently.
They kissed and parted, each going to the company of bitter tears.
As of old, Trove had many a friend—

schoolfellows who came of an evening now and then for his help in some knotty problem. All saw a change in him. He had not the enthusiasm and good cheer of former days, and some ceased to visit him. Moreover, they were free to say that Trove was get-ting a big head. For one thing, he had become rather careless about his clothes, a new trait in him, for he had the gift of pride and the knack of neat-

A new student sought his acquaintnce the very first week of the term, that rather foppish young man who got off the cars at Hillsborough the day of the'r first coming. He was from Buffalo and, although twenty-two years of age, was preparing to enter His tales of the big city and his frank good fellowship made him a welcome guest. Soon he was known to all as Dick, his name being Richard Roberts. It was not long before Dick knew erybody and everybody knew Dick, inuding Polly, and thought him a fine fellow. Soon Trove came to know that when he was detained a little after school Dick went home with Pony. That gave him no concern, however, until Dick ceased to visit him and he saw a change in the girl.

One day two letters came for Trove. They were in girlish penmanship and bore no signature, but stung him to the

"For heaven's sake get a new hat," said one. "You are too handsome to neglect

your clothes," said the other. As he read them his cheeks were burning with his shame. He went for his hat and looked it over carefully. It was faded, and there was a little rent in the crown. His boots were tapped and mended, his trousers threadbare at the knee, and there were two patches on his coat.

"I hadn't thought of it," said he, with a sigh. Then he went for a talk with Darrel.

"Did you ever see a more shabby looking c creature?" he inquired as Darrel came to meet him. "I am so ashamed of myself I'd like to go lie in your wood box while I talk to you."
"'What hempen homespun have we
swaggering here?" Darrel quoted in a

rallying voice. "I'll tell you," Trove began,

"Nay, first a roundel," said the tink-er, as he began to shuffle his feet to the easure of an old fairy song.
"If one were on his way to the gal-"If one were on his way to the gal-lows, you would make him laugh," said

Trove, smiling. "An I could, so would I," said the old man. "A smile, boy, hath in it 'some relish o' salvation.' Now, tell

me, what is thy trouble?" "I'm going to leave school," said

'An' wherefore?" "I'm sick of this pinching poverty. Look at my clothes. I thought I could make them do, but I can't."

He put the two notes in Darrel's hand. The tinker wiped his spectacles and then read them both.

"Tut, tut, boy!" said he presently, with a very grave look. "Have ye forgotten the tatters that were as a badge of honor an' success? Weeks ago I planned to find thee better garments; but, on my word, I had no heart for it. Nay, these old ones had become dear to me. I was proud o' them. Aye, boy, proud o' them. When I saw the first patch on thy coat, said I, 'It is the little ensign o' generosity.' Then came another, an', said I, 'That is for honor an' true love,' an' these bare threads there is no loom can weave the like o' them. Nay, boy," Darrel added, lifting an arm of the young man and kissing one of the patches, "be not ashamed o' these. They're beautiful, aye, beautiful. They stand for the dollars ye gave

Polly." Trove turned away, wiping his eyes. He looked down at his coat and trousers and began to wonder if he were, indeed, worthy to wear them.

"I'm not good enough for them," said he, "but you've put new heart into me, and I shall not give up. I'll wear them as long as I can make them do. and

girls can say what they please." "The magpies!" said Darrel. "When they have a thought for every word they utter, there'll be then a second

Sabbath in the week!" Next evening Trove went to see As he was leaving she held his hand

as he was leaving she held his hand in both of hers and looked down, blush-ing deeply, as if there were something she would say had she the courage. "What is it, Polly?" said he. "Will you—will you let me buy you a new hat?" said she soberly and hesitating much between words.

He thought a moment, biting his lip.

"I'd rather you wouldn't, Polly," said he, looking down at the faded hat. "I know it's shabby; but, after all, I'm fond o' the old thing. I love good clothes, but I can't afford them now." Then he bade her good night and came away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

T was court week, and the grand jury was in session. There were many people in the streets of the shire town. They moved with a slow foot, some giving their animation to squints of curiosity and shouts of recognition, some to profanity and plug tobacco. Squire Day and Colonel Judson were to argue the famous maple sugar case, and many causes of local celebrity were on the calendar.

The third day of that week-it was

about the middle of the afternoon-a score of men gossiping in the lower hall of the court building were hushed suddenly. A young man came hurry-ing down the back stairs with a look of excitement.

"What's up?" said one. "Sidney Trove is indicted," was the

answer of the young man.

He ran out of doors and down the street. People began crowding out of the courtroom. Information, surprise and conjecture—a kind of flood pouring out of a broken dam—rushed up and down the forty streets of the village. Soon, as of old, many were afloat and some few were drowning in it. For a little, busy hands fell limp and feet grew slow and tongues halt-ed. A group of schoolgirls on their way home were suddenly overtaken by the onrushing tide. They came close together and whispered. Then a little cry of despair, and one of them fell id was borne into a near house. young man ran up the stairway at the Sign of the Dial and rapped loudly at Darrel's door. Trove and the tinker were inside.

"Old fellow," said the newcomer, his and upon Trove's arm, "they've voted to indict you, and I've seen all the

Trove had a book in his hand. He se calmly and flung it on the table. "It's an outrage," said he, with a

'Nay, an honor," said Darrel quickly. ly. "Hold up thy head, boy. The larel shall take the place o' the frown." He turned to the bearer of these evil tidings.

matter?

"Have ye more knowledge o' the

"Yes, all day I have been getting hold of their evidence," said the newcomer, a law student, who was now facing his friend Trove. "In the first place, it was a man of blue eyes and about your build who broke into the bank at Milldam. It is the sworn state ment of the clerk, who has now recovered. He does not go so far as to say you are the man, but does say it was a man like you that assaulted him. It appears the robber had his face cov ered with a red bandanna handkerchief which square holes were cut so he could see through. The clerk remembers it was covered with a little white figure, that of a log cabin. Such a handkerchief was sold years ago in the campaign of Harrison, but has gone out of use. Not a store in the county has had them since 1845. The clerk fired upon him with a pistol and thinks he wounded him in the left forearm. their fight the robber struck him with a slung shot, and he fell and re-members nothing more until he came to in the dark alone. The skin was cut in little squares where the shot struck him, and that is one of the

strong points against you." "Against me?" said Trove. Yes-that and another. It seems the robber left behind him one end of a bar of iron. The other end of the same bar and a slung shot—the very one that probably felled the clerk—have been

The speaker rose and walked half across the room and back, looking

down thoughtfully.
"I tell ye what, old fellow," said he, sitting down again, "it is mighty strange. If I didn't know you well, I'd think you guilty. Here comes a detective who says under oath that one night he saw you come out of your lodgings about 11 o'clock and walk to the middle of the bridge and throw something into the water. Next morn ing bar and shot were found. As nearly as he could make out, they lay directly under the place where you had

halted." Darrel sat looking thoughtfully at the speaker.
"A detective?" said Trove, rising

erect, a stern look upon him. "Yes, Dick Roberts." "Roberts, a detective!" said Trove in

a whisper. Then he turned to Darrel, adding, "I shall have to find the Frenchman.

"Louis Leblanc?" the young man "Louis Leblanc," Trove answered, with surprise.

"He has been found," said the other. I shall be able to prove my point. He came to his home drunk one night and began to bully his family. I was boarding with the Misses Tower and went over and took the shot and iron from his hands and got him to bed. The woman begged me to bring

them away." "He declares that he never saw the shot or the iron." Darrel rose and drew his chair a bit

nearer. "Very well, but there's the wife," said he quickly.

"She will swear, too, that she never "And how about the daughter?"

Trove inquired. "Run away and nowhere to be found," was the answer of the other young man. "I've told you bad news enough, but there's more, and you ought to know it all. Louis Leblanc is in Quebec, and he says that a clock tinker lent him money with which to

leave the States.'

"It was I, an' God bring him to repentance, the poor beggar!" said Dar-rel. "He agreed to repay me within a fortnight an' was in sore distress, but he ran away, an' I got no word o' him." "Well, the inference is that you, being a friend of the accused, were try-

'I'm caught in a web," said Trove, leaning forward, his head upon his hands, "and Leblanc's wife is the spider. How about the money? Have they been able to identify it?"

"In part, yes. There's one bill that puzzles them. it's that of an old bank in New York city that failed years ago and went out of business."

Then a moment of silence and that

sound of the clocks, like footsteps of a passing caravan, some slow and heavy, some quick, as if impatient to be gone.

speeding seconds!" said Darrel as he crossed to the bench. "Still thy

Then he walked up and down, think-The friend of Sidney Trove put on

his hat and stood by the door.
"Don't forget," said he; "you have many friends or I should not be able to tell you these things. Keep them to yourself and go to work. Of course you will be able to prove your inno-

"I thank you with all my heart," said "Aye; 'twas friendly," the old man

remarked, taking the boy's hand.
"I have to put my trust in Tunk, the poor liar!" said Trove when they were "No." Darrel answered quickly. "Were ye drowning ye might as well lay hold of a straw. Trust in thy hon-

"Let's go and see Polly," said the young man. "Aye, she o' the sweet heart," said e tinker. "We'll go at once."

They left the shop, and on every street they traveled there were groups of men gossiping. Some nodded, oth turned away, as the two passed. Roberts met them at the door of the house where Polly boarded.

"I wish to see Miss Vaughn," said Trove coolly. "She is ill," said Roberts. "Could I not see her for a moment?"

Trove inquired. "Is she very sick?"

or; it is enough."

"Very."
Darrel came close to Roberts. He looked sternly at the young man.
"Boy," said he, with great dignity,

his long forefinger raised, "within day ye shall be clothed with shame." 'They were strange words," Trove thought, as they walked away in si-lence, and when they had come to the

little shop it was growing dusk.

"What have I done to bring this upon me and my friends?" said Trove, sinking into a chair. "It is what I have done," said Dar-

rel, "an' now I take the mantle o' thy shame. Rise, boy, an' hold up thy The old man stood erect by the side

of the young man. "See, I am as tall an' broad as thou He went to an old chest and got a cap

and drew it down upon his head, pushing his gray hair under it. Then he took from his pocket a red bandanna handkerchief, figured with a cabin, ty-



"Come in." ing it over his face. He turned, looking at Trove through two square holes in the handkerchief.

"Behold the robber!" said he. "You know who is the robber?" Trove inquired. Darrel raised the handkerchief and

flung it back upon his head. 'Tis Roderick Darrel," said he, his hand now on the shoulder of the young

For a moment both stood looking into each other's eyes.
"What joke is this, my friend?" Trove whispered.

speak not lightly, boy. If where ye thought were honor an' good faith there be only guilt an' shame, can ye believe in goodness?" For his answer there were silence

and the ticking of the clocks. "Surely ye can an' will," said the old man, "for there is the goodness o' thy own heart. Ah, boy, though I have it not, remember that I loved honor an' have sought to fill thee with it. This night I go where ye cannot follow."

The tinker turned, halting a pendu-

Trove groaned as he spoke. "O man. tell me, quickly, what do you mean?"
"That God hath laid his hand upon me," said Darrel sternly. "I cannot see thee suffer, boy, when I am the guilty one. O Redeemer o' the world, haste me, haste me, now to punish-

ment!"

The young man staggered, like one lazed by the shock of a blow, stepped backward and partly fell on a lounge. "You, you will confess and go to prison!" he whispered.
"Fair soul," said the old man, strik-

ing the boy's head, "think not o' Where I go there be flowers—lovely flowers—an' music an' the bards an' prophets. Though I go to punishment, still am I in the Blessed Isles." "You are doing it to save me," Trove whispered, taking the hand of the old

"I'll not permit it. I'll go to

prison first." "Am I so great a fool, think ye, as to claim an evil that is not mine? An' would ye keep in me the burning o' remorse when I seek to quench it? I warn thee, meddle not with the business o' me soul. That is between the great God an' me."

Darrel stood to his full height, the

red handkerchief covering his head and falling on his back. He began with a tone of contempt that changed quickly into one of sharp command. There was a little silence, then a quick rap. "Come in," Darrel shouted as he let the handkerchief fall upon his face

again. The district attorney, a constable and the bank clerk, who had been injured the night of the robbery, came in. "He is not guilty," said Trove, rising.

"I command ye, boy, be silent!" said Darrel sternly.
"Have ye ever seen that hand?" added, approaching the clerk and pointing at a red mark as large as a dime

on the back of his left hand.
"Yes," the clerk answered, with surprise, looking from hand to handker-chief; then, turning to the lawyer, he added, "This is the man."

"Now," Darrel continued, rolling up his sleeve, "I'll show where thy bullet struck me in the left arm. See; there it seared the flesh!"

They saw a scar, quite an inch long,

midway from hand to elbow.

"Do you mean to say that you are guilty of this crime?" the attorney asked.

"I am guilty and ready for punishment," Darrel answered. "Now, disment," Darrel answered. charge the boy." "Tomorrow," said the attorney. "That

is for the court to do." Darrel went to Trove, who now sat weeping, his face upon his hands

"Oh, the great rivers o' tears!" said Darrel, touching the boy's head. "Beyond it are the green shores of happiness, an' I have crossed, an' soon shalt thou. Stop, boy; it ill becomes thee. There is a dear, dear child whose heart is breaking. Go an' comfort her.

Trove sat as if he had not heard. The tinker went to his table and hurriedly wrote a line, folding and directing it "Go quickly, boy, an' tell her an' then

take this to Riley Brooke for me." The young man struggled a moment for self mastery, rose, with a sigh and a stern look, and put on his hat "It is about bail?" he whispered.

"Yes," Darrel answered. Trove hurried away. A woman met him at the door within which Polly boarded. "Is she better?" Trove asked.

Yes, but has asked me to say that she does not wish to see you." Trove stood a moment, his tongue halting between anger and surprise. He turned without a word, walking away, a bitter feeling in his heart.

Brooke greeted him with unexpected eartiness. He was going to bed the young man rapped upon his door.

Brooke opened the letter and read the words aloud, "Thanks; I shall not need

they were pointing at the patches on

when it was half said. Then, sudden-

horses coming, and quickly she that was bending over him reared with an

open mouth and drove them away. She

open mouth and drove them away. She returned again, her long mane falling on his face. "Don't step on me," he entreated. "Remember in the day o' judgment God 'll mind the look o' yer master." He took hold of those long,

soft threads, and the horse lifted him gently to his feet, and they walked, his

arm about her neck, his face in the raveled silk of her mane. "I don't

'What!" Trove exclaimed. "He says he shall not need the help offered him." Brooke answered. "Good night," said Trove, who, turning, left the house and hurried away. Lights were out ever where in the lage now. The windows were dark at the Sign of the Dial. He hurried up the quickly and be his eyes closed.
"I am sick," he whispered faintly. old stairs and rapped loudly, but none came to admit him. He called and listened. Within there were only silence and that old familiar sound of the sec-"Theron! Theron! Come here! Sidney is sick!" he heard her calling.
"Is it you, mother?" the boy whispered, feeling her face. "I thought it was a great white mansion here and onds trooping by, some with short and some with long steps. He knew that soon they were to grow faint and weary and pass no more that way. He ran to the foot of the stairs and stood a moment hesitating. Then he CHAPTER XXVIII. walked slowly to the county jail and looked up at the dark and silent building. For a little time he leaned upon a fence there in the still night, shaken with sobs. Then he began walking up

and down by the jail yard. He had not slept an hour in weeks and was weary, but he could not bear to come away and walked slower as the night wore on, hearing only the tread of his own feet. He knew not where to go and was drifting up and down, like a white with snow. "I must go," said he. derelict in the sea. By and by people

"You are not strong enough." "Darrel has taken my trouble on him and I must go.' him," and she brought the letter and

"Not yet, my boy," said Mary Allen.

ly, many people were beside him, and far ahead on a steep hill, in dim, gray light, he could see Darrel tolling upward, and sometimes the tinker turned, beckoning him to follow. And Trove ran, but the way was long between them. And the tinker called to him, "Who drains the cup of another's bitterness shall find it sweet." Quickly he was alone, groping for his path in black darkness and presently coming down a stairway into the monalit chamber of his inheritance; then themen of the dark and a feeling of faintness and great surprise, and a broad blue field all about him and woods in the distance, and above the growing light of dawn. His bones were aching with illness and overwork, his feet sore. "I have been asleep," he said, rubbing his eyes, "and all night I have been walking."

He was in the middle of a broad field. He went on slowly and soon fell of weakness and lay for a time with his eyes closed. He could hear the dull thunder of approaching hoofs; then he felt a silky muzzle touching his cheek and the tickle of a horse's mane. He looked up at the animal, feeling her face and neck. "You feel like Phyllis, but you are not Phyllis—you are all white," said the young man as he patted her muzzle. He could hear other horses coming, and quickly she that was bending over him reared with an was bending over him rea put it in his hands. Trove opened it

> Of course your grocer has WINDSOR TABLE SALT. He will send it to you always, if you specify WINDSOR.

know whose horse you are even, or where you are taking me," he said they themselves procured must be their schooling.



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Women who are troubled with painful irregular periods, backache, bloating, or Irregular periods, backache, bloaming, (of flatulence), inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

They went down a long lane and came at length to a barway, and Trove crawled through.

He saw near him a great white house, one he had never seen before, and a beautiful lady in the doorway. He turned toward her, and it seemed a long journey to the door, although he knew it was only a few paces. He fell heavily on the steps, and the woman gave a little cry of alarm. She came nt over him. His clothes were torn, his face pale and haggard,

that you-that you were an angel."

OR a month the young man lay burning with fever, his brain boiled in hot blood until things hideous and terrible were swarming out of it, as if it were being baned of dragons. Two months had passed before he was able to leave his bed. He remembered only the glow of an Indian summer morning on wood and field, but when he rose they were all

began to pass him-weary crowds-and his coat, and beneath them he could feel a kind of burning, but the crowd "I have heard you say it often since was dumb. He tried to say, "I am not you fell on the doorstep," said she, strok-ing his hand. "There is a letter from to blame," but his heart smote him

To Be Continued.