DARREL of THE **BLESSED ISLES**

By IRVING BACHELLER.

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The young man was deeply troubled Polly and her mother sat well into the night with him, hearing the story of his life, which he told in full, saving only the sin of his father. Of that he had neither the right nor the heart to

"God only knows what is the next chapter," said he at last. "It may rob me of all that I love in this world."
"But not of me," said Polly, whis-

pering in his ear. "I wish I were sure of that," he an-

. Among those who got off the train at Hillsborough one day was a big, handsome youth of some twenty years. In all the crowd there were none had ever seen him before. Dressed in the height of fashion, he was a figure so extraordinary that all eyes observed thim as he made his way to the tavern. Trove and Polly and Mrs. Vaughn were in that curious throng on the platform, where a depot was being

"My! What a splendid looking fellow!" said Polly as the stranger passed. Trove had a swift pang of jealousy that moment. Turning, he saw Riley Brooke standing near them in a group

"I tell you, he's a thief," the how heard him saying, and the words seemed to blister as they fell, and ever after when he thought of them a great sternness lay like a shadow on his

"I must go." said he, calmly turning "Let me help you into the

When they were gone he stood a mo-ment thinking. He felt as if he were friendless and alone.
"You're a glant today," said a friend,

passing him, but Trove made no answer. Roused incomprehensibly, his theavy muscles had become tense, and the had an odd consciousness of their power. The people were scattering, and he walked slowly down the street. The sun was low, but he thought not of home or where he should spend the night. It was now the third day after Booking for Darrel, but the tinker's door had been locked for days, according to the carpenter who was at work below. For an hour Trove walked, passing up and down before that familiar stairway, in the hope of seeing the tinker stopped by the stairs and began to feel for his key. The young man was quickly at the side of Dar-

"God be praised?" said the latter. noble Trove. I heard o' thy trouble, boy, far off on the post road, an' I have made haste to come to thee."



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CHAPTER XXIV.

ROVE had been reciting the his tory of his trouble and had finished with bitter words.

"Shame on thee, boy," said the tinker as Trove sat before him with tears of anger in his eyes. "Watch yonder pendulum and say not a word until it has ticked forty times. For what are thy learning an' thy mighty thews if they do not bear thee up in time o' trouble? Now is thy trial come before the Judge of all. Up with thy head, boy, an' be acquitted o' weak-ness an' fear an' evil passion."

"We deserve better of him," said

Trove, speaking of Riley Brooke. When all others hated him we were kind to the old sinner, and it has done him no good,"
"Ah, but h

but has it done thee good? There's the question," said Darrel, his hand upon the boy's arm.
"I believe it has," said Trove, with a

look of surprise.
"It was thee I thought of, boy. I had

never much thought o' him."

That moment Trove saw farther into the depth of Darrel's heart than ever before. It startled him. Surely here was a man that passed all understand-

Darrel crossed to his bench and began to wind the clocks.
"Put away thy unhappiness," said he

gently. "No harm shall c "Tis only a passing cloud." "No harm shall come to thee,

"You're right, and I'm not going to me one item of good fortune." "An' that is?"

"I have discovered who is my fa-"An' know ye where he is now?" the

tinker inquired. "No; but I know it is he to whom you gave the boots at Christmas time."

"Hush, boy," said Darrel in a whis-ber, his hand raised. He crossed to the bench, returning quickly and drawing his chair in front

of the young man.
"Once upon a time," he whispered, sitting down and touching the palm of his open hand with the index finger of the other, "a youth held in his hand a cup, rare an' costiy, an' it was full o' happiness, an' he was tempted to drink. 'Ho, there, me youth,' said one who saw him, 'that is the happiness of another.' But he tasted the cup, an' other lost his great possession. Now, that bitter taste was ever on the tongue o' the youth, so that his own

cup had always the flavor o' woe."

The tinker paused a moment, looking sternly into the face of the young

"I adjure thee, boy, touch not the cup of another's happiness, or it may imbitter thy tongue. But if thou be foolish an' take it up, mind ye do not

"I shall be careful-I shall neither

taste nor drop it." said Trove.
"God bless thee, boy! Thou'rt come
to a great law—who drains the cup of another's happiness shall find it bitter, but who drains the cup of another's

A silence followed, in which Trove sat looking at the old man whose words were like those of a prophet. "I have no longer any right to seek my father," he thought. "And, though I meet him face to face, I must let him go his

Suddenly there came a rap at the door, and when Darrel opened it they saw only a letter hanging to the latch. It contained these words, but no signa

"There'll be a bonfire and some fun tonight at 12 in the middle of Cook's field. Messrs. Trove and Darrel are

"Curious," said Darrel. "It has the look o' mischief." "Oh, it's only the boys and a bit of

skylarking," said Trove. "Let's go and see what's up. It's near the time." The streets were dark and silent as they left the shop. They went up a street beyond the village limits and looked off in Cook's field, but saw no



light there. While they stood looking a flame rose and spread. Soon the climbing the fence, they hastened across an open pasture. Coming near, they saw a score of men with masks

upon their faces.
"Give him the tar and feathers," said

"Not if he will confess an' seek for-

giveness," another answered. "Down to your knees, man, an' make no outcry, an' see you repeat the words

carefully as I speak them or you go home in tar and feathers.". They could hear the sound of a scuffle and shortly the phrases of a prayer spoken by one voice and repeated by

They were far back in the gloo but could hear each word of that which follows: "O God, forgive me—I am a liar and a hypocrite—I have the tougue the tinker insisted.

of scandal and deceit-I have robbed the poor—I have defamed the good—and, Lord, I am sick—with the rottenness of my own heart. And hereafter-I will cheat no more-and speak no

evil of any one. Amen." "Now go to your home, Riley Brooke," said the voice, "an' hereafter mind your tongue or you shall ride a rail in tar and feathers."

They could see the crowd scatter, and some passed near them, running away in the darkness.

the tinker whispered, crouching in the

started for the little shop.
"Hereafter," said Darrel as they
walked along, "God send he be more careful with the happiness of other men. I do assure thee, boy, it is bitter, bitter, bitter!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ROVE had much to help hima counselor of unfailing wisdom. Long after they were gone he recalled the sadness and worry of those days with satisfaction, for thereafter the shock of trouble was never able to surprise and overthrow

After due examination he had been grand jury, soon to meet. Now, there were none thought him guilty save one or two afflicted with the evil tongue. It seemed to him a dead issue and gave him no worry. One thing, how-ever, preyed upon his peace—the knowledge that his father was a thief. A conviction was ever boring in upon him that he had no right to love Polly. A base injustice * would be, he thought, to marry her without telling what he had no right to tell. But he was ever hoping for some word of his fathernews that might set him free. He had planned to visit Polly, and on a certain day Darrel was to meet him at Robin's Inn. The young man waited in some doubt of his duty, and that day came, one of the late summer, when he and Darrel went afoot to the Inn, crossing hill and valley as the flies, stopping here and there at isles of shadow in a hot amber sea of light. They sat long to hear the droning in the stubble and let their thought

drift slowly as the ship becalmed.
"Some days," said Darrel, "the soul in me is like a toy skiff, tossing in the ripples of a duck pond an' mayhap stranding on a reed or lily. An' then," he added, with kindling eye and voice, "she is a great ship, her sails league long an' high, her masthead raking the stars, her hull in the infinite sea.' "Well," said Trove, sighing, "I'm

still in the ripples of the duck pond." "An' see they do not swamp thee," said Darrel, with a smile that seemed to say, "Poor weakling, your trouble is only as the ripples of a tiny pool." They went on slowly, over green pastures, halting at a brook in the woods. There again they rested in a cool shade of pines, Darrel lighting his pipe.

"I envy thee, boy," said the tinker, entering on thy life work in this great land-a country blest o' God. To thee all high things are possible. Where I was born, let a poor lad have great hope in him, an' all—aye, all—even those he loved, rose up to cry him down. Here in this land all cheer an' bid him godspeed. An' here is to be the great theater o' the world's action. Many of high hope in the broad earth shall come, an' here they shall do their work. An' its spirit shall spread like the rising waters, aye, it shall flood the

world, boy, it shall flood the world."

Trove made no reply, but he thought much and deeply of what the tinker said. They lay back awhile on the needle carpet, thinking. They could hear the murmur of the brook and a dpecker drumming on a dead tree.

"Me head is busy as you woodpeck-er's," Darrel went on. "It's the soul fire in this great, free garden o' Godit's America. Have ye felt it, boy?" "Yes; it is in your eyes and on your

tongue," said Trove. "Ah, boy, 'tis only God's oxygen. Think o' the poor fools withering on cracker barrels in Hillsborough an' wearing away 'the lag end o' their lewdness.' I have no patience with butcher's clerk an' carry with me the

redolence o' ham." In Hillsborough, where all spoke of him as an odd man of great learning, or three others, that knew the tinker well, for he took no part in the roaring gossip of shop and store.

"Hath it ever occurred to thee," said Darrel as they walked along, "that a fool is blind to his folly, a wise man to

When they were through the edge of the wilderness and came out on Cedar hill and saw below them the great round shadow of Robin's Inn they began to hasten their steps. They could see Polly reading a book under the big

"What ho, the little queen," said Darrel as they came near. "Now, put upon her brow 'an odorous chaplet o' sweet summer buds."

She came to meet them in a pretty pink dress and slippers and white stockings.

"Fair lady, I bring thee flowers," said Darrel, handing her a bouquet. "They are from the great garden o' the fields." "And I bring a crown," said Trove

as he kissed her and put a wreath of clover and wild roses on her brow.
"I thought something dreadful had happened," said Polly, with tears in her eyes. "For three days I've been

ressed up waiting."
"An' a grand dress it is," said Darrel, surveying her pretty figure.
"I've nearly worn it out waiting," said she, looking down, her voice trem-

"Tut, tut, girl-'tis a lovely dress,"

"It is one my mother wore when she

"O-oh, God love thee, child!" said the tinker in a tone of great admiration. "Tis beautiful."

TOPELINE Y TORON MERTINA STATE

"And you came through the woods?" "Through wood and field," was

Trove's answer. "I wonder you knew the way." "The little god o' love, he shot his

arrows, an' we followed them as the hunter follows the bee," said Darrel. "It was nice of you to bring the owers," said Polly. "They are beau-

But not like those in thy cheeks, dear child. Where is the good moth-

"She and the boys are gone a-berrying, and I have been making jelly.
We're going to have a party tonight for your birthday."
"'An' rise up before the hoary head



"Fair lady, I bring thee flowers." said Darrel thoughtfully. "But, child. honor is not for them that tinker

'Honor and fame from no condition rise," said Polly, who sat in a chair knitting. "True, dear girl. Thy lips are sweet-

er than the poet's thought."
"You'll turn my head." The girl was laughing as she spoke. "An it turn to me, I shall be happy," said the tinker, smiling, and then he

began to feel the buttons on his waist-"Loves me, loves me not, loves me. loves me not"-"She loves you," said Polly, with a

smile. "She loves me-hear that, boy!" said the tinker. "Ah, were she not bespoke! Well, God be praised, I'm happy," he added, filling his pipe.

"And seventy," said Polly. "Aye, threescore an' ten-small an' close together, now, as I look off at them, like a flock o' pigeons in the

sky."
"What do you think?" said Polly as she dropped her knitting. "The two old maids are coming tonight." "The two old maids," said Darrel. "'Tis a sign an' a wonder.'

"Oh, a great change has come over them," Polly went on, "It's all the work o' the teaches. You know he really coaxed them into sliding with him last winter."
"I heard of it. The gay Philander!"

said Darrel, laughing merrily. "Ah, he's a wonder with the maidens!" "I know it," said Polly, with a sigh. Trove was idly brushing the mat of

grass with a walking stick. He loved fun, but he had no conceit for this kind of banter,
"It was one of my best accomplishments," said he, blushing. "I taught

them that there was really a world outside their house and that men not all as lions, seeking whom they

Soon the widow and her beys came, their pails full of berries.
"We cannot shake hands with you," said Mrs. Vaughn, her fingers red with

the berry stain.
"Blood o' the old earth!" said Darrel. "How fares the clock?"
"It's too slow, Polly says." "How fares the clock?"

"Ah, time lags when love is on the way," Darrel answered.
"Foolish child! A little while ago she was a baby, an' now she is in

"Ah let the girl love," said Darrel. patting the red cheek of Polly, "an' bless God she loves a worthy lad."

"You'd better fix the clock," said Polly, smiling. "It is too fast now." "So is the beat o' thy heart," Darrel inswered, a merry look in his eyes, 'an' the clock is keeping pace.

Trove got up, with a laugh, and went away, the boys following. "I'm worried about him," the widow whispered. "For a long time he hasn't been himself."

"It's the trouble, poor lad! 'Twill soon be over," said Darrel hopefully.

There were now tears in the eyes of

"I do not think he loves me any more," said she, her lips trembling.
"Speak not so, dear child. Indeed he

loves thee."
"I have done everything to please him," said Polly in broken words, her face covered with her handkerchief.
"I wondered what was the matter with you, Polly," said her mother ten-

"Dear, dear child!" said the tinker, chaplet on thy brow an' thee weep-

ing, fairest flower of all!"
"I have wished that I was dead!" The words came in a little moan be-"Because love hath led thee to the

great river o' tears? Nay, child: 'tis a winding river an' crosses all the roads."
He had taken her handkerchief and with a tender touch dried her eyes.
"Now I can see thee smiling, an' thy

lashes, child—they are like the spray of the fern tip when the dew is on it."

Polly rose and went away into the house. Darrel wiped his eyes, and the widow sat, her chin upon her hand, looking down sadly and thoughtfully Darrel was first to speak.

"Did it ever occur to ye. Martha Vaughn, this child o' thine is near a woman, but has seen nothing o' the world?

mother's feeling in her voice.

"Well, if I understand him, it's a point of honor with the boy not to pledge her to marriage until she has seen more o' life an' made sure of her own heart. Now, consider this: Let her go to the school at Hillsborough, an' I'll pay the cost."

The widow looked up at him without

speaking.
"I'm an old man near the end o' the journey, an' ye've known me many years," Darrel went on. "There's nothing can be said against it. Nay; I'll have no thanks. Would ye thank the money itself, the bits o' paper? No; nor Roderick Darrel, who in this business is no more worthy o' gratitude.

Hush! Who comes?"

It was Polly herself in a short red skirt, her arms bare to the elbows. She began to busy herself about the house. "Too bad you took off that pretty dress, Polly," said Trove when he re-

She came near and whispered to him. 'This," said she, looking down sadly, "is like the one I wore when you

"Well, first I thought of your arms," said he. "They were so lovely! Then of your eyes and face and gown, but now I think only of the one thing-

The girl was happy now and went on with the work, singing, while Trove lent a hand.

A score of people came up the hill from Pleasant valley that night. Tunk went after the old maids and came vith them in the chaise at supper time. There were two wagon loads of young cople, and before dusk men and their wives came sauntering up the roadway and in at the little gate

To Be Continued.

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