

"Certainly, dear, you had better bathe your head."

When Ray reaches her room, she flings herself down by the side of her little bed, and sobs aloud. "Oh, how could I? How could I? And he was suffering everything in his eyes, and I made fun of his spectacles, and when he was going away I was hardly civil to him. Oh, dear! Oh, dear." Presently she got up and bathed her flushed face, and then kneels down and prays. "Oh, God! please forgive me for being so cruel, and help him to forgive me too."

Two years later we find Ray still the right hand helper of her mother. The careless nonsense has settled down into a more staid, and, as Laura suggests, becoming demeanor, though there is still enough left to make the house breezy with good cheer.

Her busy doctor father, with a constantly increasing practice, finds her an ever-ready helper.

One evening he comes in to find the family seated at tea as we saw them once before. After discussing the affairs of the day, he says, "You can't imagine who I saw to-day."

"Don't keep us in suspense, father. Tell us who at once."

"An old friend of yours, Ray."

"Mine father? Who?"

"Well, as you would not guess in a month, I'd better tell you. It was Dr. Raynor."

"Dr. Raynor?"

"Yes, Dr. Raynor. Such a change I never saw. He is perfectly blind. He said he never expected to return, but something seemed to impel him almost against his will, till this evening he arrived."

"Mother, may I go out after tea? I wish to make a call."

"Certainly, Ray, but don't stay late," answered Mrs. Rathbun.

"No, mother."

A sudden inspiration has come to Ray. She knows now, why she has so often of late thought of her former teacher—why she has wondered and wondered what his words at their last meeting meant. Now, as by inspiration, she understands, and her nature, true to itself, prompts her to go at once.

Up the leaf strewn street she speds, till she reaches his former boarding house. She rings the bell, and is shown into the parlor to wait.

Presently he appears at the door, and walk in, looking much the same as of yore, except, that the spectacles are gone, and instead of that, there are

the clear brown eyes, looking as natural as ever—to look at them, no one would imagine, the light had fled forever.

He has not been told who his visitor was, and so stands a moment waiting for her to speak.

At the first word, a look of great gladness spread over his face, and he starts forward with outstretched hands, but before he reaches her he remembers that he is blind, a horror of that thought which he has never felt before, seizes him and he drops into a chair—a deadly whiteness spreads over his face, and at last he says, brokenly:

"Ray! Ray! I am blind."

The girl rushes forward and takes his trembling hand in hers, and just as he did at their last meeting, stoops and kisses it passionately again and again.

"Please don't!" he says, drawing it away, and again burying his face in his hands. "Don't make it too hard for me to do right. During all the time of trial I had one hope, that if my sight was restored, I might come back and see you again, but, when I knew that my eyes were doomed, I gave up hope indeed!"

"Dr. Raynor, do you remember that last night so long ago, the promise you wanted me to make. I've come to keep it. I need you now, and remember you promised to help me. I love you, though I never knew it till I heard you were blind, and I only guessed your secret when I had the same one myself."

During this speech, a red flush had spread over his face, and his fingers locked and unlocked convulsively.

At last he said: "Two years ago I could have thanked God with all my heart for this blessing, but now I can only remember that there are two hearts in misery instead of one."

"Mine is happier now than it has been in two years."

He went on, disregarding her last remark, "Then I could have asked you to be my wife, now,—"

"You will, too," she interrupts.

"No! no! No honorable man could ask a woman to share his darkened life."

"Well, then I shall just ask you to let me share it. Yours is the only one I shall ever share. Please ask me. I should be ashamed to confess that I did all the proposing, though if you don't I certainly shall or get my father to do it for me."

"But what will your father and all the world say?"

"I think you will remember that I had not a very particular regard for the world's opinion in older days, and I care no more now. But come, I want you to say—Ray, will you be my wife?"

"Ray, will you be my wife?" he repeats.

"With all my heart," is the reply.

And so the feud is ended, never to be again opened.

THE END.

### *The MASSEY-HARRIS and PATTERSON-WISNER WEDDING.*

SCARCELY had the public been made aware of the PATTERSON-WISNER amalgamation, and before this new organization had wholly completed its arrangements for business, a friendship sprung up between this new company and MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., which developed very speedily into courtship, and ere long MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., took the PATTERSON-WISNER Co. as its bride. While the bride, as is usual, has sacrificed her maiden name, all the good will which attached to it accrues to the bridegroom, and MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., boasts of having wedded into a good family. But, seriously speaking, what does this great consolidation of interests mean? What does it mean to the farmer? And the farmer's interest being the country's interest, what does it mean to the country? Is it a great monopoly which aims to "squeeze out" the remaining concerns in the business, and raise prices to suit themselves?



"WINTER."—From a painting by Geo. Montvel.