

placed a good position at his finger-tips; a position that he had no fear of losing quickly, on account of his inability to do the work required, for he knew this car better already than did its owner.

At exactly eight minutes to five, Jack drew the car up in front of a large building on the corner of Broad and Williams Avenues, on which he noticed the sign, "Carruthers & Company" painted in large gilt letters.

"Well done, sir," said the banker, clambering out in haste. "By the way, you have not yet told me your name."

"John—and after a slight pause, "John Smith, sir." He thought it better that he should use an assumed name, rather than his own, for he was going to be independent this time.

"Very well, Smith, you may take the car up home, and from now on you may consider yourself in my employ."

And so it came that John Smith, alias Jack Sherman, became the chauffeur to the prominent banker, William Carruthers, of St. Louis, and already begun to show his independence, and incidentally to increase his capital.

Jack's duties, he learned, consisted of driving the different cars and keeping them in repair. During the months of July and August the Carruthers family spent their holidays on the Okenego Lakes, a summer resort about one hundred miles from St. Louis, and it was here that Jack came into his own.

Shortly after he had come into the employ of the Carruthers' household they had moved to the Lakes for the summer and Jack had been taken along to look after the car and the launch.

The Carruthers family consisted of the father and mother and the only daughter, Hazel, a girl of twenty summers. In his work of driving the family around the city Jack and the girl had become good friends. She was a vivacious creature with laughing brown eyes, and a wealth of golden brown hair that crinkled up about her ears. She had at once made Jack feel at home, not appearing to consider him one of her father's servants, and Jack had been grateful to her for this. He had often been on the point of telling her that he held as good a position in the world as she, but then the old feeling of independence came back. No he would not tell her until he knew that he was an independent man.

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The tea or coffee drinker who has suffered and then been completely relieved by changing to Postum knows something valuable. There's no doubt about it.

"I learned the truth about coffee in a peculiar way," says a western woman. (Tea is injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "My husband who has for years been of a bilious temperament decided to leave off coffee and give Postum a trial, and as I did not want the trouble of making two beverages for meals I concluded to try Postum, too. The results have been that while my husband has been greatly benefited, I have myself received even greater benefit.

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"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

When the family moved to the Lake, Jack and Hazel were thrown together a lot, because the parents did not care for the water, and the daughter loved it. Jack and she took long trips up the Lake, often taking a lunch basket and having a little picnic in the bays along the shore, and it was not unnatural that the young couple should become very good friends indeed. So it was with a certain amount of regret that they saw the days go by so quickly; Jack, because they would soon return to the city where he would no longer be a companion to the daughter, but the father's chauffeur; and Hazel, because she had enjoyed these long brilliant summer days with this young man who had the manners of a gentleman, but was only her father's chauffeur. It was in this mood that they drifted down the Lake one brilliant moon-light night, in late August. Jack had shut off the engine and the boat drifted gently down towards the pavilion on the ripples which a light breeze formed on the water.

"Well," said the girl gently, breaking a long silence, "We will be going back home soon."

"Yes," said Jack moodily, "you haven't long now."

"Cheer up, mournful," laughed the girl, "we are not going to a funeral."

"No," said he fiercely, "but we are going back where we shall be separated again. You shall be the daughter, I the servant."

"You shall always have my friendship," she replied, gently, softly. "Surely that is something to have. This can't go on forever, we must go some time."

"But I don't want it to end," he cried.

"Hazel, can't you see that we can never be the same? I don't want it to end. I want to live this kind of life forever, where we are on an equal footing. Out here where you are simply a woman and I am simply a man. Hazel, I love you—I have always loved you, can't you see the difference it will make when we go back there?" His voice was trembling with passion as he leaned towards her in the moonlight. "Do you care, Hazel?" He breathed her name softly. "Do you care enough to love me just a little? God knows you are the only girl for me. I love—love you—love you—with all my heart and soul. Don't you care a little? If you can only give me one little word of encouragement, I will be satisfied."

The girl had risen now and was standing with averted face. She was so filled with the emotion that his words had caused that she could not speak. The man mistook her hesitation.

"Ah," he said bitterly, "I am only your father's servant, I am only John Smith, a poor chauffeur, you could never marry me."

"You never asked me," she said tremulously as she turned and faced him. "You never asked me Jack, dear," but she hadn't a chance to say more, for he swept her into his arms and crushed her to him.

"I do ask you now," he replied, after a few moments. "Do you think you could become Mrs. John Smith, the wife of your father's chauffeur? Do you dearest?" he urged, fearfully as she hesitated.

"Yes, Jack. I could become anything, go anywhere with you. But Jack, what will father say?"

"Oh, don't let that worry you Hazel, I'll fix it somehow. I'll see your father to-morrow morning, but don't let us think of the future; let us live in the present, don't worry about to-morrow, and as for now, well—"

"Well," said the father, an hour later, as they stood on the dock together. "Did you young folks intend staying out all night? I thought I would have to send some one after you if you didn't soon come in," and as Hazel and he walked off together he chuckled to himself gaily.

Jack had always wondered, why for some reason or other, William Carruthers had never treated him like a servant. He had always talked as if to an equal, and the thought of this eased Jack's mind somewhat, for he was not so confident after all, that William Carruthers would give his only daughter away even to the son of—well he would leave it with to-morrow. He was happy anyway. Had not the girl said that she would become his wife? He should worry about the father. And so it was that Mr. Carruthers received a call from his chauffeur next morning.



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