

moment I had had no thrill. I know my pulses were neither faster nor slower. I know my color neither heightened nor lessened. I merely experienced a contempt.

"Answer me, by G—d?"

I looked at him steadfastly. "You are impertinent, Mr. Dallas. And I am quite sure if you compel me to call my cousin Jack he will punish you."

His grasp quitted my shoulder. His eyes flashed a glance upward again. His face whitened. His ashy lips were drawn in terror—yes, in miserable terror—and a sweat of agony beaded his forehead. Then it was I saw that chin show its characteristic, weak, pale, trembling—bah! it made me pity even while I loathed him.

I arose. "Come," I said, "let us join the others."

"A moment," he gasped—"a moment! you will not tell them—forgive me—forgive me—you will not tell them—I was a fool"—he actually grovelled.

"I am no prouder of this scene than you," I said. "Let us forget it."

He caught at my hand to detain me, as he knelt there, but I passed swiftly on, then descended leisurely to the beach, where the Professor was still sonorously expounding science to poor Mrs. Van Tassel, who was doing her best to understand, poor thing. A moment later Mr. Dallas came down, looking so little the worse for wear he amazed me, and I am sure they suspected nothing. Presently Jack's whistle shrilled cheerily, and heled Mamie down the rickety stairs and there was a love-light in her eyes and a boisterous happiness in Jack's grin which fully prepared me for what Mamie told me that night.

"May—may I paddle you home?"

Mr. Dallas said in a low tone, with a shamed flush, as we prepared to go.

"Certainly," I replied. "Why not?"

The catamaran flashed by us on the way in, and the commonplace or two we exchanged then were our only words until we reached the gate leading to my cottage. He offered his hand at parting.

"You—you will"—he began chokingly.

"I have had a very pleasant day Mr. Dallas, and I thank you. Good-bye."

But, now, what shall I write to Florrie? Ah, me!—*New York World.*

## TOM'S NUGGET.

It was early morning, yet, early as it seemed, the little Australian mining camp on the slope of Mount Magoari was astir.

Smoke was curling up from camp fires where battered teapots bubbled and boiled, and "dampers" were being baked in the embers.

The air on every side was vocal with bird music. Crowds of parrots flew overhead in screaming flocks, cockatoos chattered in the gum trees, and magpies whistled through the ravines.

But Tom Horton, "the Yankee lad," as he was generally called, had no ear for the melody of feathered songsters on this particular morning.

He was heavy hearted, and, in consequence, irritable. And the gurgling, discordant and altogether exasperating "He, ha, ha-a-a!" of a laughing jackass (a species of large kingfisher) from a thicket directly behind the rude shanty, did not serve to soothe his troubled mood.

It was almost as though some malicious individual was laughing at his ill luck, he moodily told himself, as crouched before the blaze, he sat waiting for his tea to "draw."

Yet Tom had not seemed to deserve ill fortune, if there was any truth in the old saws about pluck and perseverance.

More than a year before he had quitted the worn out down east farm where he had patiently toiled for his miserly uncle since he was left orphaned and penniless by the death of his parents.

He had no wild visions of finding a great fortune ready made to his hand. He expected to work for what he did succeed in getting.

But the rolling stone thus far had gathered no moss. He had sought work in large cities, but his ignorance of city ways, his lack of references, and his shabby clothing were all against him.

Then he thought to try a new country, and worked his passage to London in a sailing ship. There, to his surprise, he found things ten times worse.

From London he shipped as ordinary seaman, at two pounds a month, for Melbourne, Australia. There he