

lad—I asked for Master Harry's mother and sister, and it was then they dropped a word about Miss Alice that I was quick to gather up for you; but that'll come by-and-by."

Harry made an impatient movement, though he did not speak, and Teddy went on:—

"It's myself that asked were they all well, and Mrs. Greely said the mistress was but poorly and the little one not over-strong, and that Miss Alice was doing teacher's work near hand, and was a comfort to them both."

"Well, when I was through there,—I sold a pocket-knife to the nephew, young Jack, and a razor to the Squire,—'twas myself started for the cottage. You know it's on a rise of ground it stands, and before I was near to the foot of it, Miss Susie herself came bounding down the hill—her soft blue eyes as bright as jewels, and her gold-colored curls flying about her neck, and she called out, 'Teddy, O Teddy, tell me all about Harry.'

"I told her you was well, and then she brought me to the mistress, and Miss Alice was there, looking so well and pretty. The mistress is pale, but she flushed up a bit when I told her 'twas likely you'd have luck."

"Surely Teddy," interpreted Harry, "surely you did not say I was certain of success!"

"Oh no," answered Teddy, complacently, "it's myself that said 'twas likely Mr. Hyde could see who was most useful in the store and among the papers, and that some one was sure to go up, and that 'twas more like to be yourself than another; and now you see what I said is come true."

"And what about Miss Alice?" questioned Harry, with as much indifference as he could assume.

"You're not to be troubled now, Master Harry," he said. "It's only that Seth Wheeler is trying to make up to her,—trying his best, that's the way they said it; but she does not take to

him, though he has a farm of his own, forbye what he gets for minding his uncle's, the doctor's, place. Miss Alice'll never heed him, they all said."

Teddy's "news" by no means raised Harry Clifford's spirits, and notwithstanding his recent good fortune he went to his room with a disturbed mind.

CHAPTER II.

Harry Clifford was tall and well-formed, though rather slight. His hair was of a dark chesnut brown, luxuriant and soft; his features regular and handsome. There was a firmness about his mouth and an expression on his countenance very grave for one so young, that doubtless was attributed to his close attention to business from an early age. His eye would have been a merry one and his laugh ringing and boisterous had his young life not been spent in constant toil without the relaxation necessary to youth.

Not many weeks after his promotion he was commissioned by his employers to visit New York State on important business, and was given permission to spend a day, while on the way, at his mother's cottage, which was not far from the direct road. It would be impossible to describe his feelings as he neared the little block cottage; the meeting with his little sister Susie, who would insist on going part of the way to be the first to welcome him, and who ran on ahead to carry the news to his mother and Alice; Alice's joyous congratulations, which banished at once the feelings aroused by Teddy's news concerning Seth Wheeler, and the thankful welcome of his mother, who lay on her couch in her neatly furnished room. Her cup of pleasure was brimming, even though her son could spend but one day with her. She could now look forward to his visits being more frequent,