BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER IX

To Teresa those late winter and early spring months passed like a sweet, unbroken dream, which, if it did not exactly center around the Martins, was so associated with them that there was no part of it they did not influence. There were pleasure trips into the country, now glowing, with renewed life, with Preston Martins for her escort; carriage drives with his mother, social functions attended under her chaperonage, and more frequent visits to the beau-tiful white house where the Martins lived in princely splendor. As she was returning with Mrs. Martins one Saturday afternoon from a visit to Jonett's studio to examine the por-traits of the gallant Captain Martins and the Preston brothers, her friend

I want you to come home with me, Teresa, to stay over Sunday."
Teresa made a faint protest, but it
was sweetly overruled. "One must
spend a Sunday in the country every

year in May fully to appreciate the bounty and goodness of the Creator," continued Mrs. Martins. "The orchards are blooming, and the red buds and haw trees. The woods are full of violets and the fields are sunny with dandelions. I said to George this morning that the pastures, in the time of the dandelion's blooming make me think of the Evangelist's description of the streets of the New Jerusalem. I thought of you and said to him, 'I must bring Teresa home with me to day that she may

Who could resist such an invita tion!" exclaimed the girl, "though

tion!" exclaimed the girl, "though I fear I am putting your hospitality to the test," she added. "My third visit in one week!" and she held up three slender fingers playfully.

"You dropped in once to say 'how-do-you-do' when you were driving past the house, and you came out to a dinner party and had to hurry back to your pupils—do you term such brief calls visits? And aren't you finding your home very small, very finding your home very small, confined as Spring advances? Oh! I often ask myself how you, who always lived in God's broad country, with nothing to confine you except the sky and horizon, can endure one little room in a small house, in a Dear child I your life is cast in hard lines."

"Not since you have become my friend!" replied Teresa, her dark eyes shining. Mrs. Martins had time only to press her hand, for the carrionly to press her hand, for the carriage had stopped at Mrs. Halpin's door for Teresa to change her attire. She first sought Mrs. Halpin to announce her intention of accepting Mrs. Martins' invitation. The expression that overclouded Mrs. Halpin's face as she listened puzzled Teresa, and for a moment she decided to ask why the terms of the house had charged. for her since the beginning of her friendship with the Martins. she hegitated, then turned from the

sitting room and went up the stairs. Where is the harm in cultivating the society of nice people?" she asked herself as she tied the strings of her new hat under her chin, and, her toilet completed, turned from the room and passed down the narrow stairs. Instead of going to the carriage she again sought Mrs. Halpin.

"Mrs. Halpin," she began, "I do not think you are pleased at my going

out to Mrs. Martins'? I do not want to do anything that you disapprove of, but I really cannot see any reason for not accepting this invitation."

The perplexed expression had not left Mrs. Halpin's brow, and it deep-

ened at the girl's questioning. paused a moment, then thought:
"It is better to let her know the
whole truth!" So she said: "There is no very grave reason against your going, only people will have more to

"What can they say?" questioned she, in surprise. "Is it so unusual a thing for a lady to accept a friend's invitation to spend a day and a night with her in her home?'

There are circumstances in this particular case that make the accept-ance of such an invitation unusual,"

What are those circumstances Teresa's face was white now, and the fire was gathering into the dark eyes. "I do not want to give you pain, dear," began Mrs. Halpin, but Teresa

dear, began ars. haipin, but letess interrupted her. "I am not atraid of pain that truth gives," she said, "if there is any truth in what you have to say."

"People will not overlook the fact that your friend is the mother of a son who is heir to vast wealth. They will say, perhaps are already saying it, that you are throwing yourself at his head and will speculate on the result. Preston Martins could have his choice of the daughters of this land, and people are wondering what chance beauty alone has against beauty and wealth. My dear, when the good Mother at Loretto gave you into my charge, she asked me to car for you and guide you as I would my own daughter. If you were my daughter, I should forbid you to visit marked attention from their
If his intentions are serious, of
se, all will be well, and you will the Martins so frequently and I should not permit you to receive such marked attention from their course, all will be well, and you will have made the best match in the country; but if he is only amusing himself, after the fashion of idle young men, you have hurt yourself

Teresa's eyes were like a blaze and under their light the white face seemed to flash like snow beneath seemed to flash like snow beneath the rays of noon-day. For a full against me?"

"You know I wouldn't, couldn't," replied Teresa softly, the tears in ainute she looked on the won whose words seemed to pour down on her young life like a rain of fire The horses turned in at the gate on her young life he a rain to her, burning every hope, dream and aspiration; then she turned and left the room. She reascended the stairs and as she reached her own apartment, she closed the door and stood with her back to it, her face to the window, almost directly under which the window. Manting in her carriage

sat Mrs. Martins in her carriage Standing thus the pain of her fire

disillusion swept over her in all its humiliation and bitterness. While

she had seen in the conduct of Mr. Martins and his wife the friendliness

of a kind-hearted man and woman for a lonely girl, and in the atten-tions paid her by their son the courtesies a young man would give to a sister, the world was attributing to him a desire to amuse himself,—

amusing himself in devoting his attention to her. But what was the

young men of that period, until the proper time should come for him to choose a wife from the ranks of Ken-

heard the sound of the horses' im-

patient pawing and amid the wrench

ing pain she was experiencing in that moment, there came the recol-

went down to the waiting woman.

"I am sorry to have kept you so long," she said, as she entered the

carriage.
"I did not find waiting tedious,

Mrs. Martins," said Teresa,

am going to ask you, but please do

Teresa's eyes were turned on Mrs.

interested my husband from the hour he met you. He is not, as a rule, impressed by young girls, and when he spoke so often of you, I ad-

mit that I was a little surprised—until I came to know you. He said

a great liking for young girls, I en-tered heartily into his wishes. In a

very, very short time, I was thanking the good fortune that had brought me to know Teresa Martinez. If

God had given me a daughter, dear, l

"You did doubt it then?" asked

You know the world," she an

swered, with the first passion the woman had ever caught in her voice

one to drop the poison into our ear!

Mrs. Martins read much in that

answer, and perhaps understood more than the speaker had intended.

"Yes, Teresa, I know the world very well. It is a strange mixture,

not good, yet not wholly bad. You will be told that I am ambitious, that

my one aim in life is to reach the highest position and honor, and that,

or the attainment of this object. I

have sacrificed home and its peace

wealth, and my husband's cravings for an undisturbed life, free from

the very opposite is true. What could I gain in heart happiness, physical comfort, or intellectual en-

Now

political broil and bitterness.

Mrs. Martins.

she said :

that was trying the young soul.

that separated the long avenue from the turnpike. George Martins twas awaiting their coming, and as he handed her out of the carriage and escorted her into the stately white ouse, Teresa thought:
"But what was his motive for becoming interested in me and influencing her mind in the beginning?"

Suspicion had entered her soul and would not be thrust out. After supper, Mrs. Martins was called to the "Quarters" by the illness of one of the negro women. On leaving she remarked that, as the on leaving she remarked that, as the evening was mild, perhaps Teresa would enjoy spending an hour on the piazza. To the long, many pillared piazza, therefore, Mr. Martins escortto him a desire to amuse himself,—but what motives was it giving to the hospitality of the parents? She glanced around the small room and as she singled out the few objects that she could call her own, and her thoughts ran over the girls she knew, whose fathers counted their wealth by broad acres and hundreds of slaves, she realized then why people should say that Preston Martins was amusing himself in devoting his plazza, therefore, Mr. martins escotted their guest, his son following.
The moon was rising and as its light
fell on the original "clearing" made
by Gerald Martins, it brought into
sharp relief the tall cedar under
which he and his wife and the stranger's child were sleeping Teresa's chair faced the clearing After a moment's silence, she asked, turning her eyes to George Martins. "Is that enclosure over there the

burial ground?' He caught his breath, surprised out of himself by her question.
"It is. My cousin, Gerald Martins, is buried there, with his wife and

motive of the parents? Was it to supply their son with the means of amusments, lure her to their home to keep him near them, wean him away from the exciting life of the reason was the total and the second was in the second with the second was in child." A silence followed. If he felt that

she naturally would think it strange that he let the dead, who had given him all he possessed, lie yonder, in stead of in the new and beautiful cemetery which Lexington had laid out for herdeparted children, he made no effort to excuse himself by any extenuating circumstances.
"Is that your cousin who was killed at Raisin?" she asked of

lection of what Mrs. Martins had said of the Blue Grass fields covered with dandelions, which she had likened to the streets of gold on which the ransomed shall walk. Then she unfastened the door and Preston.
"Yes," he replied. "Should you

"Very much," she returned, rising,
"Will you come, too, Mr. Martins?"
she inquired of the elder man, as Preston left to get a scarf for her.
"Will you be so kind as to excus-

"I did not find waiting tedious," replied Mrs. Martins, smiling. "I had a book, you see," and she lifted reverently a small copy of the New Testament, and then slipped it into her pocket. "It is a good companion to take with one," she finished, and Teresa, studying the noble, beautiful face before her, knew she had wronged her friend in her thoughts. "Mrs. Martins." said Teresa. "you me?" he asked, smiling at her with his impelling eyes. "I am not young, alae! and consequently must deny myself all the pleasures that have wet grass and night air for their setting. And my absence will afford you an

opportunity to enjoy a smoke," she said, with an auswering smile as Preston folded his mother's crimson may be surprised at the question I scarf about her head and shoulders.
"I shall not enjoy a smoke," he
corrected, "but I shall seek in my not think it impertinent. Will you tell me why you are so especially kind to me?" ipe compensation for what I am de Martins and gazing down into them, the woman read some of the pain the couple to the steps, and stood watching them until they had passed the veranda. Then he staggered into the house, and seeking the dining "For many reasons," replied she.

"But as I know you would wish me
to be candid with you in answering room filled out a glass of wine, which he drank, standing. But the hand that carried the beaker to his line your question, I will give you the first reason, first. You attracted and

in the light thrown out by the tall "Don't you think my father a queen man?" asked Preston as they crosse the lawn to the graves under the

shook and his face looked frightene

edar tree. "Not by any means," she replied. until came to know you. He sain that I ought to cultivate your acquaintance, make a friend of this beautiful little stranger who had wandered in among us, and as I have "Not by any means," she replied.
"That is because you do not know
him very well," returned the son.
"For a fact, he is queer in some
things. This refusing to have the
bodies of our cousins disinterred and buried in the new cemetery is one of those acts of his that strike me as being exceedingly peculiar.

"Perhaps he has some reason for his refusal, of which you know should have wanted her to be like you. Now," she finished, with a little laugh that sounded sweet and youthful, "have I answered your question satisfactorily, or, must I with the like a prophecy." Said

"He has a fancy, no reason," said a. "I suppose that you have heard pile reason upon reason to convince you of the sincerity of my affection?" of the tragic fate of Cousin Gerald's "That I doubted it even for one noment, forgive me !" cried the girl.

wife?'

"The husband selected that spot for her grave, built the wall that surrounds it and the tree, planted the violets, and wildrose bush. He used to spend hours in that place and often took his little girl there, too-

'Yes, on mornings when the sun was shining bright and the birds were singing in the cedar tree. And the child would gather the little blue flowers and talk to them, while the man sat at the grave, with his face in his hands."

"Oh! I see that you have made the acquaintance of Aunt Dilsey, and that she has told you the story in

detail." he said. Teresa did not contradict the statement, for though she had not seen Aunt Dilsey nor heard from her lips the sad story, yet clearly and sharply memory had limned the picture of the grave yard and its visitors on the Sunday mornings of joyments, by being the mistress of the Frankfort mansion, or ruling in long ago; nor she could not the long ago; nor she could not thrust aside a sense of familiarity as she crossed the stone steps and entered the little enclosure. The moon was mounting high in the east, and as it threw its unobstructed light on the place, Teresa could distinguish the letters on the stones at the head of some fashionable establishment in Washington? Nothing, but I should add to my already heavy burden of social duties and household cares. Yet for the sake of my husband and son, I would be willing to assume those new duties and cares. I am ambitious for them. Yet I am not graves; she could even see the violets in the grass and the lilies of the valley that covered the baby's narrow mound. She folded her hands over her breast and looked, so ambitious for my boy's worldly advancement as I am anxious to hands over her breast and looked, first on the grave-yard and its one sentinel tree, then back to the white house that had been built on the ruins of the humble home of these lowly sleepers. The scarf had fallen back from her head and lay a broad time to allow against the gray of her noment, then, looking at the girl, " Because the world thinks that it is impossible for the flower of sweet. sincere affection for you to spring up and blossom among the worldly hopes and ambitions it attributes to

man, and there passed over him a sensation he could not define. Her vivid imagination, aided by memory, had recalled the scene enacted here years before, and her mind had communicated its emotions to his; but this he did not know, and finding no head fallen like an icy hand upon his heart, as he met her glance across the graves, he stooped abruptly and lifted, with tender fingers, the fragile heads of the flowers at his feet,

"Yet," he began, after a time, raising himself, "I should miss the graves, if ever the dead are removed, I tended them as a child and as a man. It was I who planted the lilies-of-the-valley on little Amy's grave. In April it is like—Oh! give me a pretty simile!" he broke off.

"A shower of pearls on a hed of

"A shower of pearls on a bed of emeralds?" suggested she.
"It is pretty if not quite exact," he answered. "But I have waged a continual fight with the violets to keep them from encreables on the liles." them from encroaching on the lilies place. The violets," he continued, looking on the graves of his cousins. unhappy destiny. They, to me, typi-fied the fate of my cousin and his wife, but not little Amy's whose lot l

rather envy."
"Envy?" asked Teresa, in surprise
for Preston Martins had ever apeared to her passionately fond of

"Yes, envy," he repeated with a sigh that was sincere. "Come away!" he said, "You are tired."

They re-crossed the stone fence by its well-placed, firm steps, but out-side, they paused. She leaned against the wall and her eyes went admiringly over the moonlight scene, while his glance rested, not less ad-

miringly, on her face. After a silence, he said:
"When I was a boy, I used to cry because Amy had died. I never knew her, never saw her, but I mourned her with honest grief. I wished that she had lived for me to love; then, I should grow tall, so I might have little grave by her side. Now, I know that I was very selfish in desir-ing that Amy's life had been prolonged past the days of childhood."
"I cannot understand your dislike
of life," she said.

"It is not exactly dislike," he returned, "wearines would be a better word, perhaps. No matter how smooth are the grooves in which our wheels run, we cannot escape the pain of weariness caused by the journey. Then look at all the suffering men and women are called upon to bear, suffering of every description. It leaves its footprin face as well as heart, so that even that great change we call death, cannot wipe them out. I believe that this experience becomes such a part of the soul that it continues in it even after it is drawn up from the cage of

"If so, it will be a mark of greatness, of holiness, distinguishing those souls from the untried ones," she

True, but compare such a soul with one translated with the dew of pristine innocence still clinging to

t," he interposed.
"It is beautiful, I admit. But which to you is dearer: the rose at early dawn, fresh from night's cool hours, or the rose at mid-day, spill-ing out its heart's fragrancy for you

"The rose at early dawn," he an-vered, promptly. "That is why I swered, promptly. "That is why I have ceased mourning for little Amy. And somehow I feel that I shall see this early gathered human flower when, at length, my road leads to the everlasting garden, and that she, who was withheld from me here, shall there be given to my love and Ign't that a fr

"Yes, but you are a fanciful person."
"Thank you! I should rather possess fancy than imagination." Why?" she questioned.

"Fancy is the tail of the mind's kite; imagination, the string, without which it could not soar, yet which holds it to the earth. On fancy the shadow of pain never falls, while suffering and imagination walk together. Coming to personalities, there would not be that perturbed expression on your face this evening if your vivid imagination were not making some grief more poignant, some fancied grief, real."

His remark brought back to her His remark brought back to her mind, with a shock, the words that Mrs. Halpin had spoken. Was he amusing himself? Her eyes were on his face and she studied it in the moonlight. It was his mother's face, set in a stronger cast. There was not a trace on it of the father's delicate features and dark, almost womanish, beauty; nor was there a likeness in the figure, which was taller, with a commanding air that harmonized with the lofty brow and fearless blue eyes. To think of him as one who would amuse himself by pay ing court to a young girl was al as insulting as to accuse his mother of unworthy motives; and yet—He interrupted her thoughts by reaching out his hand and breaking a leaf from the wild rose bush, and, as he fingered the green stem, he said, returning to a subject on which it was evident he pondered deeply:

"There is one difficulty no flight of fancy can carry me over, and which always presents itself when I think of Amy. Why did my cousin take her away in the dead of the night and keep her whereabouts such a profound secret, even though startng on so hazardous an expedition as line of color against the gray of her a march into the enemy's country? dress; her white neck rose from the scarlet folds like marble, and the face above looked like a statue under mon sense; hence he must have had mon sense; hence he must have had not sense. a march into the enemy's country the moon's ray. The eyes came back a reason, and a grave one, for his slowly and met the eyes of the young action. What was that reason?"

He paused, not in expectation of an answer, but to muse on the unsolvable problem : then he continued :

"Why did he not place Amy under my father's guardianship? He must have known that she would be re-ceived with open arms. Miss Mar-tinez," he broke off, "I want to ask you a question, for you are a Catho-lic. Do you think that my cousin Gerald passed over my father, who would have reared the child in a manner befitting her birth, and gave her to the keeping of a poor woman because he feared that she would no be brought up in the faith into which she had been baptized?"

"That may have been his reason

Do you think that his acting on such a reason was just to the child?" I think it is a sacred duty for parent to guard the faith of his child," she replied.
"Do you think that his acting on

such a reason was just to my mother?" he asked in a low, remother?" he asked in a low, re-strained voice. Teresa was silent, "Miss Martinez," began the young man, "the world social misjudges

my mother; so does the world re-ligious. In the latter, we might expect to see that judgment suspended till the case were examined; but it is not. Your Church has condemned her because I have not been brought up a Catholic; her own censures her because she has failed to bring me into the Episcopal fold. But I do not choose that you shall misjudge my mother with the rest of the world. You are the one person on earth, after myself, whom I would have to know my mother as she really is, a woman who could no more bend her soul to even the shadow of wrong doing than that moon can send down its light in curved world, social and religious, regarding her actions made me resentful. I hated people for their perversity or despised them for their blindness. Now I have learned to endure it with indifference, as she bears it with patience and forgiveness. But you must know her as I know her!"

His voice had gained in intensity, his face glowed under the pale light, and his eyes met hers with thrilling eloquence. He did not appear in that hour as a young man who was seeking her society simply for amusement.
"My father is a Catholic in name

only, if indeed he can lay claim to even the name. True he has never repudiated his early faith, but it is doubtful if there is any merit in the fact that he has not done so, since its renunciation has never been asked of him. Had my mother ever expressed the desire to see him one with her in creed, as they are one in heart and mind, I have no hesitancy in expressing the belief that he would be to day one of the pillars of the Episcopal church. But we Ken-tuckians want no renegade, religious or political, among us. If a man come over to our side from honest conviction, we receive him with that regard a man deserves who has the courage to follow where his convictions lead. With me it was different. I was a child, and to a woman of such deep religious feeling as my mother, one so thoroughly convince of the truth of the creed which she professes, I know that to see me growing up without religion, apart rom her religion, was to her soul as ather gives the salvation of his own oul no thought; it is not to be ex pected that he is, or ever was, con-perned about the salvation of mine. Under these circumstances, I be-lieve that no Christian would have blamed my mother if she had con-cluded that the needs of her child's oul demanded her absolution from her promise. But a promise made, come good, come ill, cannot be broken by the honorably-minded. She taught me the general principles of religion, the truths of Christianity that are accepted as the ground-work of all believers in the divinity of Christ; further than that she did not go. A child's mind is formed lmost entirely by the life daily lived before him. % I contrasted my parents the one living a life without thought of God, the other living out her re ligion in every action of her life and I drew the necessary conclusion

I pleaded with my mother to take me to her church, but she always re-fused me. She told me that when I was old enough to act for myself, her responsibility would be removed and then I should be at liberty to make my own choice. When that time came I had no faith in any of the religions men have made out of

the teachings of Christ."

"I thought you were an unbeliever," she said, in surprise. "I believe that is what they called Christ," he said, sententiously; then knowing she could not comprehend his views nor sympathize with them and shrinking from this knowledge, he said, anxious to terminate the

Yes, I am an unbeliever in the That is because you nothing of the teaching and doctrine of your church," replied she de-

cisively.
"My Church?" he repeated. "You mean your Church, don't you?"
"Your Church and my Church!"
she returned. "We belong to our

him, as if to wring the consenting answer. In that moment, if the demand had been made upon her, she would have sacrificed her very life to bring this straying soul into her loved Church. Her interest would live. One grows tired, somehow,

have been flattering to another man; but Preston Martins had not lived with a religious mother all his years not to realize that this interest was felt not for Preston Martins but for a soul. Nor was his a mind to be turned aside by the dictates of his heart. Had he yielded to his feelings, he would have said to her, in that moment, "I am yours. Do with me what you will!" But the intelligent will was not to be thus over-

thrown.
"I cannot promise you that," he replied, his soft, slow voice making "You can, at least, promise not to renounce that allegiance until you have examined her teachings and doctrines. That is a reasonable re-

quest, is it not?" "It is." he said. "I can promise you that."
"And I need not ask you to prom-

ise me that you will go about it in an honest, earnest way?" she added. No," he said, smiling down upon her, "there is no need to exact that promise. I am obliged to be as hon-est with myself as with my neigh-

She drew the scarf over her head and they turned from the grave yard to the white house. Mr. Martins was waiting for them on the piazza. You have been a long time out in the night air and dampness," he said, solicitously, to Teresa. "Preston, if Miss Martinez take cold from this exposure, the blame will fall

upon you The fault is entirely mine," re turned his son. "Miss Martinez and I were talking on religion, and we or I rather—forgot the lateness of the hour, and that she had no pro tection against the night's chill and dew. That, sir, is a fault of which your son should not have to plead guilty.

So you have been talking relig ion to my boy?" said Mr. Martins laying the girl's hand on his arm and leading her across the piazza to the library, "Perhaps you will make good his father's neglect, and, who knows?" he added, as if in selfcommunion, "you may bring his father, too, to realize his spiritual dangers before it is too late.

The words haunted the girl. She dering over them, her ready imagin tion opening up hitherto unsuspec ed possibilities for the accomplish ment of good. Mrs. Halpin's words were forgotten, or if remembrance of them flashed across her mind, it was dismissed as a portion of the blind ness and perversity of which Pres ton Martins had complained. If she could bring back this erring father and unbelieving son to the faith of their ancestors, she had not lived

TO BE CONTINUED

WHY MOTHER DID NOT DIE

The windows of the great house were darkened, the doorbell muffled and the pavement in front strew with rushes, while the physician's carriage waited long outside. In the hushed chamber Mrs. Allison

lay still with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministration, but the expression of th wan features never altered, and be youd a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question no words came from the pallid lips The watchers exchanged significant

"I will be back in an hour." said the doctor, glancing at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall a waiting figure came forward to meet him. I could never go back to college at "How is she now, doctor?"
The doctor shook his head.

Shall we go into the next room, Allison?" said he. "I will speak Mr. Allison ?" said he.

with freedom there." The two men sat down facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of the chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn and drops stood on his forehead. ' May I venture to ask you a deli-

cate question, Mr. Allison?" said the physician. "Can it be that some physician. "Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?

Secret, grief—anxiety? Certainly not! My dear doctor how could you imagine such a thing?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as the remotest possibility. The facts of the case are these. The force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken and she is absolutely without fever, yet she shows no sign of rallying. On the contrary she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical There ase to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, includ-ing her recovery. Unless this condition be speedlly changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drifting away from us, while we stand powerless to hold her back."

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician rose and after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile in the sickroom the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There Church as to our country, so long as was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the You have not done this." Her great eyes were fastened on no suspicion that behind the shut him, as if to wring the consenting eyelids and apathetic features mind

after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying and—let go! I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord under-stands! The children will miss me stands! The children will miss me for a while—poor dears!—but sorrow isn't natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now —it is different! Helen has her lover—Roger is a good man, and they will be going into a home of their will be going into a home of their own before long; and Dorothy—so beautiful and such a favorite—her beautiful and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her; and the boys—somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I ought suppose, as boys grow into men. It will be hard for their father, but he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned years ago when we were first married. How happy we were list married. Now happy we were—so long ago—in the little house on Carlton street, where Helen was born! Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might be proud to be his wife. Some way I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him."

-loved him!" The air of the room had grown heavy and the nurse set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached her ear, and she glanced anxiously toward the bed, but the sick woman showed no signs of con-

"I need not close the door," she said to herself. "She hears nothing." Once more skill and training were at fault. That which in the nurse's ears was only an indistinct murmur to the nerve-sense sharpened by illness slowly separated itself into words which made their way in the consciousness awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some visible telephone line of the spirit.

"Oh, Helen!" Could it be Dor "No hope! Did the doctor say that?"
"No hope! Did the doctor say that?"
"None unless her condition changes — those were his words, father told me." The words dropped drearily like the trickling of water in

"But she was better yesterday!" That was Rob, the handsome young collegian, who had been summoned

home when his mother's illness caused apprehension. " So it seemed; but she does not

rally-she takes no notice.' "But she can't be going—to dieand leave us! She wouldn't do such

a thing-mother !" The tones of sixteen year old, Rupert were smitten through with in-

credulous horror. "I really don't understand it," answered the older sister. "She is 'drifting away,' the doctor says. Oh Dorothy! Oh, boys!" she said in a low, intense voice, "we haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for us. I have peen miserably selfish since—since I had Roger-I didn't mean it, but I

"You haven't been one-half so selfish as I," sobbed Dorothy. "Here I have been rushing here and there. evening after evening, and she often sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As, if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth so much to me as mamma's little

finger!"
"And I've been so careless about writing her regularly." There was a break in Rob's voice. "There was always something or other going on out of study hours, and I didn't realize. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind; and now—why girls

letters from mother !" 'I haven't kissed her good-night for ever so long," said Rupert. "I'd got a fool notion that it was babyish, I always used to think I couldn't go to bed without it. I wonder if she ever missed it. I've seen her look at me sometimes when I started up. stairs. What sort of a place would this be without mother? I could never stand it-never! I should want to run away—or drown myself!"
The door of the sick room opened a little wider and Mr. Allison entered

"Is there any change ?" he said. "Apparently none, Mr. Allison. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor.'

How long "-the strong man choking left the question unfinished.
"It is hard to say," answered the nurse, pitifully; "but she has lost within the last twenty-four hours." The husband knelt at the foot of the bed, behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick wo-man's face from the light and rested

his head upon the coverlet.

"My little Nellie!" he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. "The mother of my children, spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! her not—"
" Mr. Allison!"

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitsment in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid features illuminated. One wasted hand moved feebly toward him across the white counter-pane. He fell again on his knees and pressed the thin fingers to his

lips.

"Henry — darling" — the faint, thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—"don't grieve—any more! I am going—to get well!"

Long afterward the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall to-