

man said to himself, as he looked out over the fields of sprouting grain on his way home, or caught a whiff of perfume from the wood-violets, clustered in a shady nook by the roadside "it clean beats my time, why anyone should deliberately leave a fine farm like the Ruthven's to go to the hot dusty city. I can understand of course poor city bodies who never knew anything better, taking a delight in tramping up and down hard pavements, or being satisfied with a narrow back-yard view of life, but I would think that a healthy boy like Norman Scott would feel like smothering, if he could not range through the old cherry woods once in a while and get a good clear breath of air. I really think he must have got slightly daft over his trouble with Holly. But if they bring him home, he shant get away again, I'll look out for that." Thus resolved, old Donald turned the team up the long lane they knew so well, and soon had them bedded down and ready for the night.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven reached New York, they were amazed at the change in the city since they passed through it so many years before. Then they were able to understand directions, but now the bigness of the city, the roar of its traffic, the seemingly unending din of street noises almost stunned them. They wished themselves back at the old farm again, perhaps too the fact that they were no longer young had something to do with it. Then they had the zest and eagerness of young lives, impatient to do battle with the world and its dragons, now the most they could look forward to were a few short years of quietness and peace till the final call came. But they found that Norman had made every provision for their comfort during his absence, and the first few days were very pleasantly spent in sight-seeing, a pleasure which came to a sudden and sensational end.

The third morning after their arrival in the city, Mr. Ruthven was taken to see the Exchange where the brokers meet to buy and sell the different stocks, whilst Mrs. Ruthven not feeling very well remained at home. His guide expected that the honest old farmer would be much interested in seeing this collection of wealthy men in the midst of business, but he was not. "Looks too much like a swarm of hungry dogs quarrelling over some bones, to suit me" the old man said as he moved away. "Let us go down the bay for a sail, I want to get a sniff of the old salt sea breeze again before I die" All at once he gripped the guide's arm so tightly that he almost cried out with pain. "Stay one moment!" he muttered hoarsely "who is that man yonder?" He pointed as he spoke towards a figure lounging in an easy chair among