THE HALF

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER V.

These women are strange things.
"Tis something of the latest now to weep—
You should have wept when he was going

The danger and inconvenience of ex tremes, are, I believe, coeval with men's experience. Had Emily left Remmy to the guidance of his own natural share of prudence the great probability is that her letter would have reached its destination in perfect but the extreme vigilance which she induced him to exercise, greatly lessened the number of chances in its He certainly did not once cease thinking of it from the moment he left the house until he arrived at his master's door. He selected the short-est way—avoided the crowds—manfully refused two invitations to step in an take a moren' from different friends and kept his hand continually hovering about the pocket in which the important charge was deposited. His surprise, therefore, was extreme, when, just before he ventured to a waken the slumber ing echoes of the area and coal vault, he found on examination that the letter

Enigmatical as this may appear to the reader, it did not long continue so to Rommy, who discovered very speedily that amid all his great caution, while he had sewed up the pocket so securely he never once thought of putting the letter into it. Rapid as his progress was in advance, the rate at which he was in advance, the rate at retraced his steps was a great deal more expeditions; and he arrived with his face glowing in anxiety, and moist with perspiration, at Mr. O'Brien's house. He tapped at the window—rushed past Nelly, into the servant's hall - the wincow where he had laid it was still open—the letter had vanished. He asped his hands and uttered a groan, clasped his hands and uttered a groam, such as in the recesses of Warwick-lane, the sturdy bullock utters, after it has received the coup de grace, from the practised arm of the victualler.

"Nelly, we're done for !—I lost the letter. You wouldn't have it, would the wind the wind."

see it after me there upon the windy?"

"Fait an' I'm sure dat I didn't, Remmy.

Another groan. "An' after all the charges she gay, me about it. I wouldn't face her wit sech a story for the world, Lord direct them that tuk it, whoamsoever they wor, but they did great harm this mornen.

would be better say nott'n at all about it, my be Remmy."
"Who knows but it's true for you

I wouldn't tell herself such a foolish thing as that I lost it, for the world. I'll tell you how it is, Nelly. Better have it to 'emselves, eh?—Them bits o writen they do be senden one, one t another, is nothen, you see, but love letters, that way, and sure it's roloss what was in that scrap of paper when they'd be married shortly for life."

True for you, Remmy."

May be they wouldn't talk of it al all whin they'd meet, an' if they did itself, sure all that'll be about it is a scolden, the same as I'd get now af I tout it. Do you see now. Nelly, toult it. Do you see now, Nelly,

On iss, an' I think it stands wit raison what you say, Remmy. There'd be no ho wit her, sure, after given you the notes an' all," said Nelly, who felt herself in some degree implicated in the transaction by her adventurous and unhappily too enthusiastic estimation of the value of her lover's head. "I wouldn't face her after the notes, any

"May be to take 'em of from me she would, eh?' said Remmy, in additional

Oh she's too much of a lady for that, but indeed she would begridge that it was themselves wint in place o' de letter.'

I: was finally arranged between them nat Hamond should learn nothing of the letter from Remmy, and, if possible, that its miscarriage should be also kept secret from Miss Bury.

Notwithstanding the tone of his letter, which in reality he more than half believed. Hamond was not prepared to be taken so immediately at his word as Emily appeared by her silence to have The certainty of his fate, more was confirmed to him by the flourishing account Remmy gave of the jocund health and spirits in which he and left the young lady; the brogue footed Mercury conceiving that could not better supply the loss of the pleasing intelligence his own observaon or invention could furnish.

Whatever Emily's feelings were on the receipt of Hamond's letter-how deep soever the regret and remorse which it awakened within her spirit; how flerce soever the struggle which she had to sustain against her roused up pride, it may readily be supposed that the apparently centemptuous sil-ence with which her last, gentle, tender, and (in her own judgment) humiliating confession was treated, was not calcul ated to alleviate the convulsion in her The first day passed over in anxious vigilance, the next in anger and deep offence, the third in wild alarm, the fourth in awe-struck, deadly certainty of misery—for proud and high-hearted as she was, the fate which she so unwittingly earned for herself was misery to her. A week passed away, but no Hamond, nor no indication of his exist ence arrived at her guardian's house.

it is perhaps one of the most costly charges attendant on the maintenance of pride that its votaries relinquish all claim to the comforts of human sym-When it happens moreover (as unfortunately was the case in the instance of Emily Bury) that this dearly the case in the in purchased folly is lodged in a bosom otherwise filled with gentle and soften ing affections, the cruel tyranny which exercises over them is sufficient to make life a pretracted sickness under any circumstances, and more especially so when the sufferer is compelled to be his own only comforter—to nourish the ionely smothering agony within his heart, and make it his sole care to con-fine the flame that is secretly making

ashes of his peace, so that it shall be evident through no clink or cleft in his demeanour. Both the pride and the affection of our heroine received a violent stimular family here. lent stimulus from this demele with he lover. When she stooped so low as to solicit his forgiveness in the terms which she used, she had not the remotest she used, she had not the remotest possible apprehension that her condes-cension could be unappreciated or in-effectual. If the question had ever occured to her mind by accident, it is not easy to conjecture whether the letter would ever have been forwarded. But she wrote in an interval of lucid kindness and natural g nerosity-love bounty was at the moment unchecked by the caution of her cold ruling pas sion-she wished to make Hamor ample compensation for the unkindness of which he complained. She pictured to her own heart the gushing rapture. the tears of love, of gratitude, and ecstacy which should for ever wash away the remembrance of that single blot in their affection—that unhappy jar, which, however, she, in the fe

onfidence of her sanguine love, taught her judgment to regard only as one of useful misunderstandings those make the hearts of lovers more closely acquainted than ever—a momentary shadow-a trimming of the lamp which would eventually serve only strengthen and purify its flame. Sh no fear that Hamond really intended to extinguish it-and when that fear did upon her heart, darkness

with it.

She had not even the consolation of her friend Martha's confidence; and the easy impenetrable indifference which the latter (though by no means dull of interence of apprehension) observed in all Emily's conduct, induced her to believe that in reality the circumstance did not clash in any degree with her inclinations. Still, however, she was totally at a loss to discover a motive for the conduct of her young friend. It was true that the latter, who would not permit a single inquiry or even remark at all verging on the subject, received the visits of the young Baron E.—, but she could not by this manæuvre hoodwink Martha so completely ss to prevent her seeing that it was a mere feint—a mask, under cover o which some concealed and lurking pas sion was laying the foundation of different fortune for its victim. So far was the haughty young Irish woman enabled to conquer her own nature

that she was much less frequently to be found alone than usual; she force herself into the glare and bustle society, for fear the slightest ground of suspicion might be afforded that she suspic could for a moment descend to the conciousness of a natural emotion; her smiles were showered around in great profusion than before; carmine and all the precious succedance of the period were anxiously made to tread in the steps of her departing bloom, and render its flight as secret and imperceptible as that of the peace of mind or which it had been nurtured; her mirth was louder (if loud it could be at any time) than before; and many even of ost intimate friends began to con gratulate her on her enfranchisement from what now appeared to have been a weary thraidom. Amid all this proud superiority of mind, however,

Emily was a more real object of compassion than the most yielding, and nelpless, and forsaken of her sex; and she could not have brought her spiri to bear its burthen so enduringly bu for the resentment which the positive injustice with which her letter had been treated by Hamond, excited in her mind, and to which she constantly referred her heart in moments of de-pression. When a little time rolled by, owever, and regret began to assur the mastery over anger, she found the task of dissimulation more burthensom than before. When she happened to be left for any time to the company of her own feelings, they would rush upon her as to quite subdue her resolution, and drag her down to the level of plain humanity, in her own despite. Her bosom would heave, her frame would tremble, and the pent-up sorrow swell and labor in her throat until the approach of some wandering inmate of of the mansion startled the sleeping drigon of |self-esteem-when her char acter would again assume its armourshe would repel by a violent effort the rising passion, press her hand; flat and close upon her neck, to stiffe the rebellious impulse of her woman's nature and like Lady Townley, in her gambling mood, "made a great gulp and

ing mood, , swallow it." Nearly a fortnight had thus elapsed, when, as Emily was laying aside her dress (after an excursion to Howth with her friend Martha and some acquaint ances,) in order, to prepare for evening, her attendant, Nelly, entered the room as usual to give her assist Her mistress, who was not so guarded in the presence of the sou prette, as in that of her more sensitive and sharped eyed friends, and who fatigued in heart and soul from the toilsome pleasures of the forenoon, sat at the table, her arm leaning on the toilet cloth her hand supporting her forehead, and her eyes fixed in thought

ful melancholy upon the floor.
"Isn't it greatly Mr. Hamond wouldn't call before he went, Miss?" Nelly said timidly, as she passed softly young lady's chair.

Emily raised her head quickly and in strong interest—"Went! whither,

Sure, never a know do I know Miss, but to be walken down there, by Eden-quay, and to meet Remmy Lone, and he goen with a walise or a aind of a portmantle under his arm, our

For what purpose, did he say ?' asked Emily, endeavoring to subduct the cruel anxiety which began to still

with her bosom. "I'll tell you that, Miss. 'Good "I'll tell you that, Miss. "Good morrow, Remmy, says I. "Good morrow kindly, Nelly, says he, 'how is 'Pretty well, 'I'm' ses?' says she. 'Prett says I, 'considering.' Remmy, not goen to see you any more now, Nelly, says he. 'Why so?' says I. 'Wisha, then, I don't know,'' says he, 'but my master is for foreign parts, direct,' says he, so-"

"Abroad!—going abroad? leaving Ireland!" Emily explaimed, starting up in undisguised slarm.
"The very words I said meself, Miss. 'Wha:!' says I, 'goen abroad,' says I, 'laven Ireland,' says I. 'Iss, in trawt,' says he, 'the passage is tuk an' all, an' this,' says he, showen me the portmantle the same time, 'is the last thing that's not on board yet—himself is on the high seas by this time. or

self is on the high seas by this time, or will be before—"id
"" Good heaven, I was not prepared for this. This is too dreadful!" Emily repeated, half aloud, as if unconscious

repeated, half aloud, as if unconscious of an auditor.

"Me own very word to him, Miss.
It's dreadful, Remmy, says I, an you too, says I, that ought to have some sense, any way, goen after a bedlamite, says I. Sure you know, Nelly, says he, again, I can't help meself. 'He that's bound he must obey, while he that's free can run away,' meseif. 'He that's free can run away,' says he. 'I must do the master's bidden, Nelly—his hipsey dicksy is enough for me.' Ah, Miss Em'ly, sure it's often I heard that men was rovers, an it's now we both feels it to our cort.''

"I desire," said her mistress, less in a humor at present to be amused than to be annoyed, "that I may not be implicated in such ridiculous associa-tions." Then requires the train of Then resuming the train o her abstracted reflections, while Nelly submissively disavowed any intention to do so wicked a thing as to 'implikit' so good a 'Misses,' Emily again mur mured—' Gone!—Could it possibly solute came and abode there

have been anything—any new insult in my last letter, that—"
"I beg pard'n, Miss," said Nelly,
"but what was that you were sayen about a letter ?'

" I gave it you, Nelly, that morning "In dread, you are, that it is any

thing then, in that Mr. Hamond tuk offence at. Make your mind aisy on that head, Miss, for he couldn't do it." "How do you mean?"
Nelly, who thought concealment any

longer useless, and perhaps mischiev ous, replied to the last question, by giving her young mistress a detailed account of the transaction, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"And you knew of this, and said not a word of it to me!" "O then, heav'n forgive us all, Miss

can't say but I dia, indeed; an' sure if I knew it would be any hurt-Emily had listened to her first with astonishment—then anger—then utter horror; until at length, as the girl stantially unfolded her iniquity, the offence assumed a magnitude gigantic for any extremity of rage or of punishment. She grew pile, trembled—and at length sunk with a burst of ears in the attendant's arms, as she exclaimed—"My poor girl, did you not know what you were doing, but you have ruined your mistress."

The shrill scream which Nelly set up at seeing the condition of her mistress the latter, brought Miss O'Brien in the room, who was shocked and terrified by the condition in which she found her friend. She hastened to match her from the arms of her waiting maid, to support her upon her bosom, and endeavor, by caresses and the most tender attentions, to restore

O'Brien. "What, in the name wonder, can have happened, Enily O'Brien. she added, as the weeping and repent ant girl obeyed her. "What does this

"It means, Martha, that I have been practising a fatal cheat upon you on my own heart. Hamond has left the country, and under the conviction that I have acted a false and

"I was not prepared to hear that he was gone," said Martha, a little puz

make you think so. I had did not come, and I was anxious to save myself from the contempt which a knowledge of the degrading slight mus necessarily occasion. But I now find some awkwardness of our servants that letter was never received by him and here I have been the dupe o my own folly, while he believes him self to have been treated with coldness

all shall be well in a few weeks."

Fate, however, seemed disposed to make the lovers more deeply sensible of their mutual folly, by falsifying this consoling prediction. An accident which had intervened confirmed Hamond in his resolution of relinquishing his passion, if possible—at all events, of separating himself from its

bject forever. He had lingered, in the unacknowl frequency of Lord E-

had dispatched his servant to secure him a place in the packet, which was to sail on the following morning, "now, farewell high life and happiness, for ever! Farewell the sweet anxietle and mortifying kindnesses of patron to the unfriended mendicant for fash-ion "—he stamped violently and set his teeth as the degrading epithet sug-

gested itself to his mind. "Welcome now the wide world, with all its changes of clime, condition, and fortune! Wel-come my own vulgar station. Its oarseness is but the wholesome blustering of nature's own elements, which may be much more easily provided against than the secret, withering may be much more easily provided against than the secret, withering mildew that is silently showered upon the heart, amid all the sunshine and summer kindness of high born hypocisy. Farewell, love! and welcome toil, travel and extremity! Farewell, Emily! let pride and honor make good to your hampiness all the devoted Emily! let pride and honor make good to your happiness all the devoted tenderness which you have rejected, and I will myself say that you are

wealthy in your loss!"

He repeated his farewell with a deep er and drearier feeling, however, the following morning, when he stood on the packet, and cast his eyes with a fondness over the distant hills of ow, that separated him from his old Munster home. The morning was a still and beautiful one, and the face of the bay, agitated only by the bulk of its own waters into a leaping undula-tion which we cannot describe other wise than by referring the reader it defiance of the imputation of a common place affectation, to Claude Lorraine's embarkation pictures, looked clear and The pier was crowded glassy-green. with passengers who were waiting to see their effects safely stowed before they took their own places in the veswith clamorous jinglemen ragged half-starved porters : member the exiled parliament made up for the winter campaign; and venturers every description, who devoutly be lieved that gold and fame grew lik blackberries upon hedges everywhere

but in poor Ireland, and who, if they did not actually suppose that the houses in London were tiled with pan-cakes, and the streets paved with w yet would have staked their existence hat something very good must be had there, or so many peop'e would not be constantly going and never returning; and lulled their hearts with the delicious promise of a delusion quite as vain, if not so palpably about as that above alluded to of poor Whittington. They saw not—and Hamond saw not then though if after experience brought the picture in all its reality before his eyes—they saw not the thousand causes of that never—that eternal absence of those who trod be fore them the path which they were then treading, and had never retract their steps. They heard only of the fortunes of those who lived and prospered—they knew not—they asked not of the fate of the many who failed and perished, and whose tale remained untold. They beheld not, in the blindness of their sanguine hearts, the host of evils which counterbalance the lonely and fortuitous good fortune of th single adventurer. They saw not the

politician burying himself in the gloom

of his lonely apartment, after having squandered a life in earning for him

self the curses of his own people and the contempt of those among whom he

sojourned—they saw him not as he drew the last, long sigh, and looked the long, last look towards the window

that opened on the west, ere he put to its fatal use the weapon that was for-

ever to shut out the sight and sound

of the ruin he had made from the

not the young, acutely sensitive, and fine-principled enthusiast, whom the

folly of friends or the consciousness of

merit forced abroad upon the world

the cruel reality which displaced the facry splendors of his own fond imagination, or curbing his high spirit down

to the mean and crawling use of a hire-ling and a time-server—bartering his youthful principle for bread, or, per-

haps, sternly preserving it, and turning aside from the wonder, the scorn, the

aside from the wonder, the scorn, the indifference of the world, to die in want

gloom of a pauper's grave, unthought

barren and listless humor which the

difficulty in recognizing as the obnox

sink and sicken, as he leaned against

of object or interest occasioned with his soul, was tenfold increased by the

apparent anxiety and bustle of those around him. H felt, as he turned aside from the painful testimony, which

his own eyes afforded him of his mis tress's falsehood—and as he gazed

upon the crowd of basy faces that were

flitting about his own, as if he were among beings of another world, in whose proceedings he could take no

possible interest—or as if he had re turned from the grave, to look, with

The dreariness which his own want

While Hamond sat indulging

utter ruin of his own hopes had

shrinking in disgust

of and unpitied.

the country,

the mast of the vessel.

Irish hills estranged from the careless simplicity of his turfen hearth, and driving a miserable trade amid the vile and stifling recesses of St. Giles and Saffron-hill; with some bits of old checked almost instantly by cord, a knife brick, a few heads of greens, a trace of onions, a bushel of coals, a mangling machine, and a few pounds of potatoes for his whole stock : or hurrying to its close the wasting flame of a miserable life amid the abomher to some degree of composure.
"Nelly, leave the room," said Misson inations of a London night-house. They saw not the wretched basket woman of Covent-garden market, whom the demon of discontent had found living in the happy ignorance of her own wants, the grace and blooming ornament of some mountain hamlet in her native land. They saw not the baffled

elfish part towards him." zled, "but I declare, Enily, I thought from your conduct this time past that

"I know it. It was my wish to a note, full of penitence, and requesting to see him here as soon as possible. He lot the young, acutely sensitive, and "It is most inconcernative for me to be a soon as possible." and ingratitude. O Martha, I wish I had taken your advice, when last we spoke on the subject. You knew him etter than I.

Be comforted, Emily. It is for tunate that you have learned the cir cumstance in time to effect an explana tion. If he has gone, we cannot find it difficult, either through his banker o some other channel, to procure a clue to his probable residence abroad—and

sight of a small vessel, which was rapidly gliding by them in the direc-tion of the hill of Howth. The distance was not so great as to prevent his fully distinguishing the persons and features of its crew; and when he had done so, his heart bounded within his bosom, as if it would have deserted its mansion. Miss O'Brien, and Emily Bury were seated near the stern,

edged hope of receiving some induce ment to a reconciliation, at his old residence, for about a fortnight after he had sent the letter above mentioned. In the midst of his wavering and iresolute humours, however, he received an account from Remmy of the in visits. This circumstance, combined Emily's silence, completely untake ground (for love's hope requires but light footing) on the barren pos sibility of a misconception.

"And now," said Hamond, after he age—the chance courtesies—the elee-mosynary smiles that are flung in pity

the fall knowledge of the utter vanity of all earthly pursuits, upon the dry and common toil of his unseeing species. Presently a fellow struck up some popular air, on a clarionet, upon the deck of the packet that lay near. The well known sound produced an instant bustle among the passengers. They threw by their cloaks, and the country fellows cautious y keeping their bundles in their hands, casionally wheeling their sticks and occasionally wheeling their sticks, in an impulse of ecstatic delight, with a "hoop whishk!" above their heads, kept up a pattering heel-and-toe measure, apon the boards. Many of those on board were about to revisit the cenes of their early youth - some few perhaps, returning crowned with wealth and success after a long life of toil and trial, were enjoying, in anticipation, the delight of pouring into the lap of an impoverished parent, and bringing peace and joy into the bosom of a sorrowing household. Another, perhaps was about to feel once more upon his cheek the tears of a devoted wife, and the innocent kisses of the children from whom he had been torn by the tyranny of circumstances—another might be re-turning to the house and the affections of a forsaken and forgiving father. other, yet, had a first love to meet, and even he, the most desolate among them, who had no such immediate friends to welcome him to the home he had left-

felt his spirit mount, and his heart make healthful music within him, while he thought of laying him down " To husband out life's taper at the close among the wild hills and "pleasant places," where he had spent the happi-est years (it is an old thing to say, but staleness may be pardoned for its truth), that heaven accords to man, in a world where no positive happiness can exist; but where life runs on between regret for the past-want for the - and hope for the future Hamond, on the contrary, was leaving land, which was and was not, his home where he had filled a nameless place in society, without stamp or sta

tion, possessing claims to various conditions, and properly belonging to none.
A light wind shortly sprung up, and
the vessel left the land. Hamond again caught a distant glimpse of Emily's little pleasure boat, as it glided swiftly on its course. The morning sun, falling on the slate roofs along the shore, and on the tarred and patched mainsails of the macks which were used for the destruc tion of the famous Dublin bay herrings a staple article of fast fare, as popular in their Irish metropolis nowned John Dory at Billingsgate), gave an appearance of gaudy animation to the scene. Onward still the vessel went, and the receding music over the waters like a farewell. pleasure boat became invisible in the naze of the morning sunshine, and Hamond plunged into the gloom of his cabin an estranged and altered man.

PAYING THE PIPER.

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON. Light green house with dark green and a north tower, the man This must be the place, though I didn't 'spose Amelia could afford so fine a house," mused the sturdy, middle aged man who paused, grip hand, before a spotlessly new cottage set in a square of vividly green lawn intersected by a triangle of white, sand ed walk. He was very substantially but unfashionably dressed, and his travelling bag bore the marks of age and usage, but his general appearance was distinctly pleasing.

Being a careful soul, he did not

mount the front steps, which had been newly washed, but went to the side entrance, where he paused again to wipe his dusty shoes close cut sward and while thus employed fragments of feminine conversation drifted from an upper chamber.

"We'll simply have to make the best of our dilemma," said a voice which the listener recognized at once Uncle Rob here while the Wrays are

"Oh, don't let that consideration worry you for an instant," said a younger, fresher voice, "for I have already obviated all unpleasantness by telling Arthur Wray that we are ex pecting an old country acquaintance— a friend of Grandpa's whom we call uncle because he likes to be humored in that way. That little prevarication will not only smooth the way all around, but impress the Wrays favorably in our and solitude, and hide his brilliant qualities of heart and mind in the behalf, for the fact of our treating a humble, unfashionable old acquaintance as considerately as we always treat Uncle Rob reflects positive credit upon us, you see.

Oh, Roberta!" chided the first voice with a hint of amusement, "thisn't quite fair to Uncle Rob, is it?" upon him, his eye was attracted by the "I not only consider it fair but crictly just," the brisk, young voice strictly just," the brisk, young answered, "for it will avert no end of unpleasantness for us all. We can't put off his visit on any account for fear of offending him, so we will do the next best thing, which is what I have already done. At any other time we might have risked a slight delay, but just now it wouldn't do at all, especian elegant young man, whom he had no ally as he referred to the event of my twenty-first birthday, which must mean ious E —, was seated near the latter. He was apparently describing to her that he intends to remember me partic ularly. I do hope he means to do the same thing by me as he did by Cousin the effect of some particular scenery in Robert on his coming of age-send me quently pointed towards the Wicklow \$1,000 automobile, for that's what I want more than anything else in the hills, and Emily often smiled and bowed her head as in assent. Hamond world. felt his frame tremble, and his heart

" As Uncle Rob has always treated you two with rigid impartiality it is not likely that he will slight you in this case," the older voice rejoined.
"But, Roberta, hadn't you rather have the money, dear? Think of how far a \$1,000 would go in the way of a summer wardrobe!

"Yes, but I want the auto above everything, even summer gowns, and nave no hopes of getting one except through Uncle Rob, for papa takes fright at the mere thought of such extravagance now that he has the cottage on hand for the sammer. I suppose it sounds vulgarly cold-blood to put my expectations into words, but since

Uncle Rob has always been rather generous in the matter of birthdays, it can't be so very heinous to make an effort to please him particularly on this occasion which I intend to do. And mamma, be sure and nail my little fib fast in your mind, so that you won't make any embarassing slips—that Uncle Rob is an old friend of grandpa's whom we delight to honor and humor on account of old associations, and all that sort of thing. It is so delightfully simple that it can't fail to fill require. ments. I intend to go down to meet him this evening, while you keep Arthur interested at home, for I wouldn't risk having tim around at the first meeting. Uncle Rob's pretty ex-"I shall feel uneasy for fear some

thing will happen to spoil your clever invention, Roberta, for when these things are found out they usually make more trouble than the bald truth, how-

ever unpleasant."

4 I'll take good care not to let any.

Roberta laughed. over Uncle Rob, who isn't at all a bad sort. He has no business making us ridiculous by appearing among modish friends in the same an array that he wears about his back.
woods farm. If he is too stingy to pay
for style I wish he would beg, borrow
or steal a decent warrobe. I'd be glad enough to see him and even entertain him if he were half way presentable, but as he is, he can't pass as a relative of mine. Why I wouldn't introduce him as a near relative to Arthur Wray for-well, for an automobile, which saying a great deal."

"What a blamed cad Arthur Wray must be!" the listener remarked under his breath, with considerable heat. He picked up his grip and walked softly but rapidly down the path to the broad, dusty highway leading to the station, not even glancing back until he reached a pleasant shaded grove well out of sight of the niece's cottage, where he seated himself on a conveni ent stone and mopped his moist, ruddy face with great vigor. He had the habit so common to middle aged people who live much alone of thinking alond. Just then he thought very rapidly and

emphatically."
"So that's the way Roberta's been brought up," he mused. "I was afraid of it. Thinks I ought to make a fool of myself to please a conceited duffer that happens to have a smattering of style. She wants all the benefits she style. She wants all the benefits she can get, of course. Well, that's natural, seeing that she's been trained that way. Tainks I ought to change my way of living to please her. I've a great mind to give her what she wants this time. Yes, by gum, I'll do it!" Having reachel a definite conclusion

he immediately resumed his walk to the station, where he wired the following message to his nephew in Denver. whom he had not seen since the forme wore kilts:

"Start for New York at once. Have a pleasant vacation job for you. Uncle Robert.

That evening Mrs. Creig received word that her uncle had been unex-pectedly delayed in New York, where would be obliged to spend a week or so before paying his promised visit, but she was far from guessing the near nature of the business which filled every waking hour of his stay in the metropolis. There were visits to the best tailors, saunterings through crowled parks and crowded thoroughfares in quest of unspoken information, confabs with floor-walkers of men's turnishing emporiums, and lastly, a close and unexhaustive study of the latest fashion guides. He made a few unimportant purchases on his own account while awaiting his nephew's arrival, but left the really significant details to the young man's up-to-date judgment, and meanwhile imbibed what he could of the modish whims of the

Exactly one week after his unsuspected morning arrival at his niece's cottage, Uncle Robert again presented himself-this time under such vastly different circumstances that not, at first, recognized. He timed his arrival most opportunely when the family and their guests were enjoying the late afternoon coolness on the wide vineshaded veranda, where Roberta had court over three young fellows in white flannels, while her mother enter tained a group of fashionably clad matrons in the foreground, "How like Uncle Rob that gentle-man is!" Mrs. Creig murmured under

her breath, as a smart red automobile stopped before the white sanded walk and a quietly dressed young man helped an elderly gentleman alight, but she did not recognize the elegant person who made his way toward her until he stood at arm's length, hat in hand. He wore a long English automobile coat closely buttoned to the waist, light gray trousers, under which his dove-colored spats showed to the best ad-vantage, and carried a gold headed cane in one jauntily gloved hand.

"Evidently you did not receive last wire, Amelia," said he to his wildered niece, who had risen with partially extended hand, "I was unexpectedly delayed on my way down here. Ah, Roberta, my dear, you are just like your mother at your age. I should have known you anywhere. How do you do?"

Roberta's greeting was a shade less constrained than her mother's, for she was rather better schooled in worldly tactics, but was at her wit's end for a plausible explanation of her uncle's amazing transformation. telt that her story to Arthur Wray and others demanded elucidation. She introduced him to her guests with credible ease while her mother made haste to counteract her distraction by running commentary on the incomplete ness of the telegraph service which had delayed the important matter of announcing Uncle Robert's arrival.

"I hope I'm not intruding upon your hospitality by bringing my valet with me," said Uncle Rob pleasantlywith me," said Uncle Rob pleasanty,
"He is such a resourceful, reliable
young man that I have grown to really
depend upon him."
"We can very easily accommodate you

both," Mrs. Creig assured him cordi-ally, wondering in her heart what

miracle had transformed he country relative to a fashio country relative to a fashio of the world. She resolved to give up her private apa-her uncle's use and "double Roberta, since the cecasion to be such an eventful one be such an eventual one ably Uncle Rob had made "scoop" but neither she nethought best to display thei curiosity, and Uncle Rob s inclined to enlighten them not been twenty four hours niece's roof before he had that she was living up to limit of her income, if not but being a wise man he did with what did not concern Thanks to Robert Hol

ervices as valet Uncle It to keep up his role withou mental exertion, for he no him intimately posed as to attire for all functions of the drilled him faithfully. but drilled him faithfully important details of up-to d for Roberta and her mo themselves on a strict of themselves on a strict of all the conventions of po Uncle Rob had always been ing talker, and what is for asympathetic listener, and English was exceedingly sometimes even slightly u it never descended to so manners were plain and w his goodness of heart ma every quarter. In fine acquaintance" soon beca with Roberta's guests as incidental friends who dr subsequently invited Unc or that fashionable fur young men transferred the from Roberta to the genia man who took so hearty a their sports and pleasure received a formal invita with a notable family, mate acquaintance Rob mother had vainly aspire "Now, what am I to he asked, when he had pleasant seculsion of hi

his nephew sat smoking Evidently this thing portance since Roberta are so set up about it. attended a really swell life. What a pity you to keep me straight." 'Dh, you'll get on a Robert comfortingly. your eye on the host nch as he does.

"Hadn't you better d For instance, what's the pected of me?" Why, you take in

course, and keep her bu you get the hang of go through the whole ess of appetite or i when you get fairly s dinner launch into some yarn; about times up Anything that you kno ground will do. Your ness and it takes like company like that who screwed up to the hartificiality. Just swi

Uncle Rob dressed w that night in conve attire, which he wore simplicity that made figure look very digni vell-preserved man wit gray hair and well i with the tired, hara that evening around t He came out victor a prophesied, for after nalm of indecision h imself wholly to the his neighbor, who see appy as the occasion cheer captivated all it had won the hearts

whose games and me "Well, by George, ting my money's wor morning as they sysmart red automobi secretly coveted.

myself so much in for these last two v not have carried ou without you. You h

hand, and you shall the fun later."
"I'm having it e laughed. "I wonde will say when the tr

"If she has any ought to enjoy the Roberta should be having the tables were," said Uncle
"You have had a
quainted with your
way, Robert."

It was the day birthday festivity suddenly announce leaving. "Busine can look after," wa "But you can s

one day in hone Roberta pleaded. 'I'm sorry, my d on the early morni the most delightfu which I thank you now, Roberta, ab present of an auto sent your cousin birthday, as your fact that you had Nothing coul

Roberta broke in "So your moth stand." He pau vest pocket two paper which he s tween his firm br 'Robert's mach he went on deli out a check to you might like to mobile. Most

Well, Roberts, I