IT is not money, it is not rank that ennobles. It is character. -J. M. Studebaker.

The Delayed Courtship

By Lulu Moody.

(From Farm and Fireside.)

SENSE of humor might have eased the situation. The haste A sense of numor lings have eased the situation. The haste of Cowden, who was grimly bent on catching the northbound train Bent on catching the northbound train due in an hours time to pass a town ten miles away: the undisturbed tran-quility of whom the training the training to who had left his work to drave the strange from one town to the other than the training training the training the training the of many training the training the training the training the training the training the training training the training training the training tra the old nag, ambling along, insensible to all urgings—made up a combination not without the elements of humor, but Cowden was essentially a serious-

but Cowden was easehman; nimded young man. The business which brought him The business which South on a flying trip dispatched to his satisfaction, he felt obliged to get satisfaction, he felt obliged to get back to the firm immediately with his high part of the firm immediately with his back to the firm immediately with his high part of the back to the firm immediately with his report, and to work sgain. It was al-ways work with Cowden. His father, now dead some years, had often re-marked with pride that there was no foolishness about Henry. His young sister, from her feminine standpoing, declared with indignation that he was the only man she ever knew who could bury himself in a lot of dry books when the house was full of pretty girls. But the girls, poor things, had

girls. But the girls, poor trius, man never been of more interest to him than so many playful kittens. Jogging along through the dust and heat, Cowden, in the midst of his disheat, Cowden, in the midst of ris un-comfort, became gradually conscious of an exceeding thirst. He knew they had no time to spare and, moistening his dry lips, braced himself to bear his sufferings like a man; but presently the sight of a farmhouse near by

tempted him beyond endurance.
"My friend," he said, "I am dead for

"My friend," he said, "I am dead for a drink of water. Do you suppose I could get one three!" "Yep," said Jake: "somebody"l be around: but don't furgit," he admon-ished as Cowden hurried off, 'don't turgit that you ain't got no time to appare if you ketch that train." Cowden clumbed the hill one the

spare if you ketch that train."
Cowden climbed the hill on the run, coming at a turn in the lane upon the house, which is found surrounded a garden bright with old-fashioned a garden bright with old-fashioned flowers. The verands was covered with fragant honeysuckle, and he believed to the same that same house that the same house that same that same house house that same house house that same house hous came aware at once that somebody was sitting behind the vines. A steady thud and splash reached his ears, and coming nearer he saw a girl in a blue print gown at a churn. On seeing him she sprang to her feet and came to the steps. The sleeves of her dress, which was fresh and spotless, were rolled above the elbows, reveal ing a pair of round white arms. ling a pair of round white arms. A large apron was tied snugly about her slim waist. A pair of very kind bright eyes looked straight into his, seeming both to question and sympathize with him in the stress of the moment, while him in the stress of the moment, white her cheeks grew pink. Piled high above a smooth and innocent brow of milky whiteness, her ruddy hair rleamed like a coronet. Her nose, Cowden could never quite recall afterwards, except that it was small and dear; but the mouth, so sensitive and

sweet, smiling nervously one moment sweet, smiling nervously one moment to change to a demure gravity the next—he never forgot her mouth. "I beg your pardon," he gasped, re-moving hs hat and unconsciously star-

ing at the vision before him, "but could you give me a glass of water I am in a great hurry, and if you would

be so kind
"Water!" she exclaimed pleasantly.
"Of course. I shall be back in a moment." She turned away and with a ment. She turned away and with a little run disappeared in the house, re-turning in a twinkling, a tumbler of sparkling water in one hand and one milk in the other.
"I brought some milk too," she

to hurry." By this time he had reached the turn of the lane, where he paused and looked back. She stood as he had left her, sweetly smiling. Lifting his hat again, he ran rapidly down the hill

"By George," he said 'to himself,
"what a pretty girl! And I had to
rush off like a beast." He groaned
aloud. "If I nly had a little time or decent horse!"
He climbed into the buggy like a

"Well," said Jake, "took you some me. Did you get it!" "What?" asked Cowden absently. The other stared,

Why, the water."

"Why, the water,"
"The water! Oh, yes, yes. Certain"I'm water! Oh, yes, yes. Certain"I'm water." They jogged
along in silence for a while; then,
"Who I list in that house," asked
Cowdon of Back there? Old Major
Townlow! Jake wate with datheador.

"Who? Back there? Old Major Townley," Jake spat with deliberation and exactness. "Who'd you see?"/

"A young lady gave me the water."
"Umph-hump! That was Sairy. She
lives there with her pa. A good lookwasn't she?"

Cowden stiffened "She was a very handsome young

woman."
"That was Sairy. They don't none of them beat her for looks. She's well disposed too."
Well disposed! Heavenly kind, Cowden called it.

"Didn't see her pa, did you?"

Jake chuckled, and then shook his

head gravely.
"I reckon Sairy has a pretty hard time. Old Major used to own all this



One of the Old-style, Rambling Stone Houses which speak of Large Family Circles and Good Times in the Old Days.

laughed breathlessly. "Which will you But for answer he only reached for

the water, raising it eagerly to his The girl watched him smilingly

he drained the glass and returned it with a deep breath of satisfaction and a word of thanks.

"You were thirsty!" she exclaimed.

"No, thank you," said Cowden be ginning to move away. "I wish might," he replied, "but I must catch train. I haven't a moment." But he slood quite still and looked at her. She made a picture for a man to carry in his heart for many a day, standing in the sunlight. A kind of good comradeship beamed from her clear blue eyes, and there was a hint of friendlieyes, and there was a hint of friendliness, sympathy, and a quick intelligence in the humorous little smile which curved her lips—a sweet and

which curved her lips—a sweet and wholesome woman if one ever lived in a small hand, half extended, she held the glass of milk invitingly. "I must hurry," faltered Cowden as he moved away, "You are very kind. Thank you a tiousand times." Then he repeated like an imbecile, "I have

land around hyar, but run it through. They got some swell kin, but they don't none of 'em bother with the Major. Sairy takes care of her pa. Major. Sairy takes care the sairy takes care with the old man's pretty cranky. Git-up!"

What an infernal shame, and what

wowan she was! "If I were

What an Diferral shame, and what a sweet woman she was! "If I were ever to marry," thought Cowden, "I should like just such a wife." He longed to know more of her, but could not bring himself to question the not bring himself to question the countryman. How extremely sensible, for instance, it would be to ask, say, if she were engaged! He smiled grim-by and was silent.

To his amazement the old nag proved To his amazement the old hag proved to have staying qualities, and though she never altered her shambling sait, or perhaps because of that fact, cow-den was enabled to swing onto the last sleeper just as the train was pull-ing out. He sait is work at once a tudy. iast sleeper just as the trail was pulling out. He set to work at once studying the notes of an important case, but all the while a blue-eyed girl thrust herself distractingly before his eyes. Later, when snugly in his berth, he found himself repeating, "Sarah! Sarah Townley! I shall come back for her—that is, if I ever

The next day he was home again,

and his flying trip South seemed like a dream. Serious work, on which he focused his every mental faculty, ab-sorbed his time and thought for sev-Occasionally, though, like a rift of sunshine or a burst of sweet usic, there would come the thought of the cottage on the hill far away where lived the sweetest little wo in the world. After a while it all be came unreal, somehow, a pleasant thing to think of in idle moments, like an air castle one might build for the pleasure of its and not because it because it ever come true. weightier matters called for his every weightier matters called for his every thought. He was making wonderful strides in his profession. His am-bition beckoned him on like a beacon light, and in its pursuit he was ent satisfied.

Weeks and then months went by and he would not think of Townley. Finally he forgot her think of

It was ten years after that Henry Cowden, sitting one day at his desk in his private office, gazed idly and moodily at the sunlight which stream. moodily at the sunlight which stream-ed in at the west window. His hair had grown gray on the temples, and there was about him the calm of one whose part it has often been to wring whose part it has often been to wring victory from defeat. He was, in fact, as the world agreed, a successful man

But for weeks past, now, he had felt restless and dissatisfied, and found it restless and dissatisfied, and found it hard to concentrate his mind upon his work, which failed to interest him. Though never introspective, he had suddenly begun to think of himself as suddenly begun to think of minself as a being with needs and emotions rather than a kind of intellectual ma-chine to be brought to highest perfec-tion of workmanship. His mother had died some years before, and his young sister having married abroad, the old sister naving married abroad, the old home was empty, with boards barring the doors and windows. Having reached the longed-for heights, some how to-day he found them cold and

> WATCH FOR NEW SERIAL. UR serial "God's Country and the Woman," which and the woman, which was completed in our issue of last week, has been followed with interest and many favorable comments have come to us from Our Folks. It is our in-tention to see to it that our next serial will be just as interesting. We are not yet in a position to announce the title of our next our next story, but anticipate that the first instalment will appear in an early issue. Watch for it.

'After all," he reflected, "of what good is success when there is no one but yourself? Is it worth while?" He thought of his connections and acthought of his connections and ac-quaintances almost without number. "Yet none of them really care a ray for me; and that is not the worst it." he thought with unconscious pathos, "there is no one for me to care for. I want assumptions and don't tare for. I want something and don't know what it is," and he sighed deeply. "I what it is," and he signed deep, 'I suppose I am tired out and need to get away from this hot place, but I can't think of anywhere I care to go."

And it was then that a strange thing And it was then that a strange thing pappened. As Cowden gazed unhap-plity and with unseeing eyes through the sunny window, suddenly a vision came to him through the midst of the past. In a flash there quickened from the deaths of measures, again her past. In a final there quickened from the depths of memory a scene lose forgotten. "Garah" he heard hisself asying. "Garah Townies!" A sw.d. face smiled at him across the years; i slender girl stood on the vinceb-powered waranda and offered him a bowered vers

For Cowden the door of his mist had opened to let in a shart of light On the instant his heart was the heart of a boy. Life was worth living (Continued on page 16.)

The Up

November 23.

"The S F oR God, who shined in ou light of the know God in the face Cor. 4.6 I was much inte

ing of the badge, t

India. This is on butes to Christian the woman of tha many ages they such pitiful ignore The badge is a symbol suggesting tian women must Gospel Light into of their sisters, w and duty, to see th ing for our home

those far away, i Their motto: "La a grand reminder of of responsibility, a Christian. If we burden, we are no Manter

Whatever our for us we must ask mean through the ever give more of possesses, it is a s obligation and we crease in love a knowledge. In this more of Him to give The college colors

the wet season's lux of the dry sun baked the pure flame of the bining all three colo India and Pritain pressive of the gra feels to the other cou her the Gospel. Bu most to them was thalways turns its fac ust Christians ever to Him for light and spiration.-I. H. N.

> Amuser Conducted by MAF

Fun for Old a 8 autumn glides lengthened sha shorter days ngs, when the has a kindly warmth given to hospitality inviting their neighbor evening. Immediately of some form of an for all capacities— which the old may ec young, the weak with Game of Canadia A game called "His

which young and old Any number of person Having seated thems large table or with be on which to place it writing, they take the write in five minutes a men prominent in C that they can remei with the letter. One p as leader and judge grothe time is up and the the largest list of name ber five put to his credi

person mis-spells to