A Dream

There are times when a dream delicious Steals into a maxing hour. Like a face with love capricious That peeps from a woodland bower; And one dear scene comes changeless, A wooded hill and a river: And one dear scene comes changeless, A wooded hill and a river; I deep cool bend where the lilies end And the elm tree shadows quiver.

And I lie on the brink there dreaming That the life I live is a dream,
That the real is but the seeming,
And the true is the sun-flecked stream.
Beneath me the perch and the heaver sail by
In the dim cool depths of the river;
The struggling fly breaks the mirrored sky,
And the clim-tree shadows quiver.

There are voices of children away on the hill; There are bees thro' the fag flowers hun There are bees thro the rag nowers numming;
The lighterman calls to the clock, and the mill
On the farther side is drumming.
And I sink to sleep in my dream of a dream,
In the grass by the brink of the river,
Where the voices blend and the lilles end
And the elm tree shadows quiver.

Like a gift from the past is the kindly dream, For the sorrow and passion and pain Are adrift like the leaves on the breast or th

And the child life comes again.
O the sweet, sweet pain of a joy that died!
Of a pain that died is joy forever!
O the life that in the stormy tide -John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN UNCOMMON KIND OF GIRL.

By P. J. NEVEN.

"Would you please tell me where Mr. Wrayburn's office is?" asked a man with the unmistakable air of the

Right up those stairs, second door to the left," was the quick reply of the man of business, who pulled up short in his walk to answer the query, and then hurried on with increased speed through the surging crowd of pedestrians, as if to make up the precious time thus lost. The countryman looked after him for a few moments as though bewildered, then slowly turned toward the open doorway, examined it critically up and down on both sides in the manner of one unaccustomed to that and similar places, and, entering stumbled up the stairs, his heavy cowhide boots making as much noise as though a horse were trying to ascend the steps. He paused in front of a door with the sign E. Wrayburn, Barrister, etc., and gave a low un-certain knock. A strong, sharp voice certain knock. answered quickly, "Come in." He opened the door and found himself in an outer office occupied by three young ladies busily at work at as many type writers, and two clerks of the male Evidently it was one of the latter who had invited him to enter. "Is one of you gentlemen Mr. Wrayburn?" enquired the visitor.

No, sir," he was informed. "Mr Wrayburn is engaged inside present. If you will be seated for few minutes he will be ready to attend to you."

The man took the chair which the clerk had indicated with his pen, and sat on the edge of it, with his hat in his hand, as though he felt decidedly uncomfortable in the presence of so many strangers. In a short time, however, as nobody seemed to notice him, he became more at ease, and began look-ing around him curiously. Clearly he had never been in a lawyer's office The typewriters especially before. seemed to attract his attention, and he must have formed some strange ideas, if he formed any at all, about them and the purposes for which they were used. He seemed to be a man of about sixty. and apparently had had his share of worldly trouble, as his bent form, horny, leathery hands, and furrowed, care-worn face plainly showed tha years of anxious toil and almost hopeless struggling with adversity had been his portion.

waiting for about twenty After minutes he was told that burn was ready to receive him. He entered the inner office and found H himself in the presence of the most successful lawyer in the city. He was asked to take a seat and state his busi-Taking the chair nearest him he asked, "Are you Mr. Wrayburn?"

'That's my name. "I received a letter from you the other day concerning a mortage that's on my farm. 'Ah, indeed, what's your name

please? "James Ryan, sir."

The lawyer looked up quickly from a number of papers which he was busily sorting and arranging, while a peculiar look appeared for a moment on his face and then as rapidly disappeared. After looking keenly at his visitor for a short while he asked, "Who is the holder of the more gage?"
"John Harmon."

"Ah yes, I remember now, I wrote you the other day to notify you that the mortgage is due, and that we exbe prompt in paying the Mr. Harmon was-is-very strict in matters of that kind and likes people to be prompt—to be prompt," and Mr. Wrayburn leaned back in his rubbing his nose vigorously s hand. "He usually got—gets with his hand. -very impatient if people are not ready on the very day. Have you brought the money, Mr. Ryan.

Yes, sir," the farmer replied, with alacity pulling a blackened, well-worn bag from one of his capacious s. "Here it is, every cent, pockets. principal and interest.'

Again the lawyer rubbed his nose volently, then arose, went to the safe, opened it and disappeared within its He shortly reappeared with two documents in his hand, resumed his seat, placed one of the papers on the table, and slowly unfolded the other with a strangely embarrassed air utterly foreign to his accustomed sharp, decisive manner. He made a motion as if to pass the paper to his visitor, then hesitated, changed his mind, sat

many of the most celebrated trials and law-suits in the country; he had consequently come in contact with human nature in all its phases, had made a nature in all its phases, had made a study of it, and had done so success-He had acquired a power of instant and intuitive perception of the individual weaknesses of character in the people with whom he met, and had cultivated the talent of readily adapting himself to, and taking advantage of, those weaknesses in order to further his own or his client's interest. He was possessed, therefore, of such an int of self-confidence and a conse quent ease of manner that it was very difficult to disconcert him. Yet here he was in the presence of an awkward farmer hemming and haing without any apparent reason and nervously folding and unfolding the paper he had brought from the safe, seemingly in a painful state of indecision.

By this time Mr. Ryan had the money counted out on the table. " Fourteer hundred and eighty-seven dollars and thirty-six cents, principal and interest, I believe you said in your letter, Mr. Wrayburn. Well, here it is, every cent of it;" and an honest pride lighted up his weather-beaten face as he pushed it towards the lawyer; "and I would be much obliged if you'd give me the

nortgage and a receipt in full."

Instead of taking the money the law yer only glanced at it and said, "Par-don me, Mr. Ryan, before we go any further would you object to telling me the circumstances which forced you to

mortgage your farm?"
The farmer looked at him surprised It struck him as being rather a strange and unnecessary question under the circumstances, and he had a mind to tell the lawyer that it was his humble opinion that he was over - inquisitive, but he refrained from doing so although he asked, "Isn't everything

Quite so, sir, but I assure you it is not idle curiosity that prompts me to inquire into your affairs, and I am satisfied that after a while you will not plame me for asking about them.'

Something in the tone of the lawyer's voice and a kind look in his eye appeased and reassured the old man, and encouraged him to speak. For a few moments he leaned his head on his hand while an expression of sadness passed over his face and a far-away look came into his eyes. He seemed to be recalling a sorrowful past. After silence he looked up a few moment's with a sigh and began his story. "It is not by any means a funny

story I have to tell you, sir, but one which calls up many sad memories. Nellie—God bless her true heart—is the only child I've left now, and had it not been for her I'd never have managed to scrape that money together. Eleven years ago she was only ten years old and a prettier child you never saw with her dancing, bright blue evesher poor mother's eyes-and her ros cheeks. My work usen't to seem hal as hard after she'd come dancing across the fields like a sunbeam, in her little pink sunbonnet to give he old father a kiss before trudging off to school. And I used to think when I'd see her starting off down the road with her little dinner-pail in one hand and her book and slate in the other what a fine education I'd give her. I'd send her to the best institutions in the coun try and make her a great and nobl woman : for I believe, sir, that the best legacy a parent can leave his child is a good moral and intellectua training, the best the country can afford, if it is in his power to take advantage of it. But this was not neces-sary to bring out the nobility of my child'scharacter, as after events proved She was a very clever little girl, and if the misfortunes had not occurred which I am about to relate to you am certain that the plans I had laid out for her future would have been realized. I know a parent is prone t exaggerate when dwelling on the good qualities of his own child," said Mr. Ryan with a smile, "but I feel assured that she deserves all the praise I am giving her. She was her teacher's darling, and besides she endeared herself to all her playmates for her lovable qualities.

"I had two sons, Tom and William one twenty-three, the other twenty two fine, strapping young fellows, who could do more work than any othe three men in the whole country-side : ah, sir, they were good boys and the pride of their mother's heart; and they were so kind to her! They'd milk the cows, churn the butter, haul in the wood and water, and they would even scrub the floor and make the beds if she would let them. It used to do me good when she'd be scolding them for working, as she thought, too hard, to see Tom catch her up in his big, brawny arms as easily as if she were a baby and stop her mouth with a big, smack ing kiss, while William would look on and give that ringing, hearty laugh of his which I can still hear. used to please the mother so much that I believe she used often to scold them purposely in order to make Tom shut her mouth in the way I've spoken of. It used to tickle Nellie a great deal too, for she would clap her hands and laugh at her, and dance around the two of them. Many a time Molly—that was my wife's name-and I knelt together and thanked our good God in the fulness of our hearts for blessing us with

so good a family. "The years glided swiftly on, and times prospered with us; Nellie was winning laurels at school and advancing rapidly from one class to another. She had passed the examination for entrance to the High Schools and we the document. For many years her into the city to attend the Colle. Shake it off. He struggled with it for man had been accustomed to giate Institute. The little girl herself dear life, but the more he struggled

worrying witnesses and haranguing juries; he had been connected with said, 'who would help mother if I I'll never forget the awful look of desmany of the most celebrated trials and went away?' She was thirteen at the pair that came into his face when he time, and a fine, healthy girl—as straight as a rush. She was able to give her mother great assistance in the housework. We thought her too willing to work, for she would often try to do things beyond her strength, if we would let her. "We had a neat little farm of a hun-

dred acres, and we were thinking about buying neighbor Graham's place, as he wanted to sell, and Tom had his mind made up to settle down for himself and marry neighbor Graham's daughter who had agreed to become his housekeeper. It was then that the first blow struck us - Nellie caught the fever. At first we thought was nothing serious, only a little passing sickness which young people often get, until she took to her bed and began to wander in her mind. Then we sent in a hurry for the doctor. When he came and saw her he shook his head, said it was a bad case of typhoid fever, and held out very little hope for her recovery. That set us all wild, for Nellie was the pet of the house, and her mother was nigh distracted None of us could rest : each one was anxious to take care of her; but Molly would not hear of any one nursing her but herself. Many a time we coaxed her when she was ready to drop from fatigue, and tried to get her off to bed to take some sleep. But it was all of no use. She would not leave the room, and the only sleep she got was a short nap now and then in the rocking-chair by the bedside. For days we didn't know whether the child was going to leave or stay. For days she trembled on the verge of eternity, and one time we thought she had crossed border-land and joined the angels who were eagerly waiting to receive her and bear her to the bosom of the Eternal Father, but God heard our prayers and decided in His mercy no to take her from us this time. Slowly she rallied. Day by day, by almost imperceptible degrees, her hold on life became stronger and firmer, and one day her eyes opened with the light of reason in them. She smiled as she recognized us standing round the bed then she closed her eyes again wearily and slept a long time. After that sh grew better rapidly until at last the doctor pronounced her out of danger You can imagine, sir, the joy we felt when we were told this, that our dear little girl, the pet of us all and the light of the house, was not going to leave us. Her vigorous constitution stood her in good stead and it seemed

no time until she was her merry self again. "Matters were going on about as they were before: we had settled down to the old routine, and we felt happy in the thought that this dark cloud which had appeared for a time in our sky had been dispelled. But all the sickening anxiety and dread returned when poor Molly was suddenly seized with the disease. We had great reason to be anxious in this case, for she was ill prepared to cope with it, as vet recovered her usual she had not strength, which had been well exhausted by her attending on the little girl. Our worst fears were real-She lasted only five days zed. During all that time she moaned and ossed with the burning fever until just before the final summons, when she became quiet. Then she sank rapidly until she ceased to breathe. We hardly knew when she died the end was so calm."

Here the old man paused, seemingly overcome by his emotion, while the awyer preserved a sympa

"She was a good wife to me, a kind, devoted wife, and a good mother to her children. No matter what happened she was alway cheerful and uncom plaining. But I'll say no more about that, sir, I'll not weary you but hasten on, for I know your time is valuable Her grave was hardly covered when Tom, my oldest boy, the mainstay of the family, the pride of us all for his and kindly, loving manly strength nature, was stricken with the fever We all thought his strong, robust constitution would bear the strain and bring him through safely; and a noble fight he made for his life. He would have conquered had he not got a The crisis was passed and he relapse. was recovering fast. We were congratulating ourselves on the fact that he was out of danger, and that with a little care he would soon be up and around again, when one morning he horrified us by appearing in the kitchen with his every-day clothes on and telling us that he felt well enough to go to work. With difficulty we persuaded him to go back again to bed, but that exertion cost him his life. In three days he was stiff and cold in death." The look of agony that came into the old man's face smote the lawyer's

heart "And your other son -?" "Ah, yes, sir, I understand what ou were going to ask. For days we watched each other, wondering which of us would be the next. Something of us would be the next told us that the grave was not yet satisfied, that it was yawning for another victim. Oh how I prayed that William would not be cut down in the glory and strength of his young man hood at a time when life is so sweet and so hard to give up, and that I would be called instead—I who was weary of life and who longed to be laid to rest by my wife in the silence and peace of the tomb! But it was not to be. My poor lad had to go. For a long time when he felt it coming on he fought against it and tried to keep Nellie and me from knowing that it had attacked

came in from the field and told me he had to go to bed. If, when he first felt it he had attended to it properly instead of working on in desperation hoping to drive it off he might have come round all right, but no, it was not to be, and it was not long before the grave closed over him too. Al Heaven, my boys, my poor boys, why were you snatched away so young, and I left here, a useless old hulk!"

The old man's mental anguish was clenched his hands above his head for a few seconds while the memory of his great sorrow seemed to tear and rend his heart; then he let them fall heavily at his side. After a long pause he succeeded in mastering his grief, resumed his seat, and with a trembling

voice went on with his story. "I have but an indistinct recolled tion of the time that immediately ucceeded the death of my second boy. I have a confused remembrance of crowds of people, kind, pitying faces coming and going, and then a long blank silence when I seemed benumber and devoid of all feeling. The first thing that I can remember clearly is awakening one morning to find my-self in bed. The room door stood open and I could see Nellie in the kitcher busily preparing the breakfast. I felt very drowsy, and went off to sleep again before I could carry out my intention of getting up. I awoke with a start, sprang out of bed with an odd sensation of having slept a long time. I hastily put on my clothes and went out into the kitchen, where I saw Nellie sitting in the chair by the window knitting. She arose as soon as she heard me enter the room, came towards me, but stopped short when she caught face. It struck me at the sight of my time that there was some change in her appearance which I could not dis cern. From her my eyes went to the table, which was set for breakfast for

only two. "'Why, is this,' I said, 'you haven' set places for mother and the boys. Where are they?'

"She gave a low cry when she heard my voice, then darted forward, and put her arms about my neck.

"Hush, father, don't ask any ques tions, that's a good dear, but sit down and eat your breakfast.

"She almost pulled me over to the table. I sat down wondering at her strange behavior. Now and then noticed her stealing a glance at me as if terribly apprehensive of something. Her hand trembled so much that she spilt the tea in pouring it out. times I had to refuse the biscuits which she nervously passed to me Her agitation became so great that at became anxious for her.

"'Why child,' I said, 'what's the matter with you?'

"'Nothing, father, nothing;' she said, making a mighty effort to control herself. 'Let me help you to some

more steak. " 'There is no more on the platter, said, looking at her in amazement.

"She was now so pervous that she eemed actually crying. A sudden dread seized me that something was wrong and that she was endeavoring to conceal it from me, Naturally, I connected it with the absence of the others. I had been under the impression that, as I slept late, they had had their breakfast and gone to the fields and that the mother was about the house somewhere. Every moment I had expected to see her enter the room and hear her rallying me good-humhe sam became conscious moment strange air of silence and loneliness that seemed to pervade everything, and it oppressed me heavily. just going to ask her where her mother was when with a rush the memory of everything came back. Ah, God, I shall never forget the feeling I experienced at that moment! It seemed as though I had received a blow physically. For a moment I was dazed. grew white and rigid as marble. Then I rushed bareheaded into the air and ran like mad towards the barn, calling on Tom and William and Molly. For a time I was out of my mind and did not know what I was doing. Nellie told me afterward that she will never forget to her dying day the awful despair and grief that was in my voice when I was calling them I looked everywhere for them, and at last found myself in the cemetery. remember nothing between the time was rushing through the fields and when I threw myself on their graves. No sound now escaped my lips except long quivering moans. I thought I should have died under the awful sense of desolation which filled my heart, and oh how glad I would have been to go and lie there with them and quell the grief that was killing me. I was crushed to the earth by the weight of my great sorrow and I felt and wished that might never rise again. I at last be came conscious of somebody's presence and looking up I saw Nellie standing near me with streaming eyes. She told me afterward that she had been there a long time before she could at tract my attention. She called me and even shook me, and I paid no heed. The poor child became very anxious for me and didn't know what to do. I sprang up, caught her in my arms and strained her to my breast, as though I were afraid I'd lose her too. Ah, my little Nellie,' I groaned, 'we've only each other now—we've only each other.' She reached up, put her arm round my neck, and kissed me. And then the tempest of my sorrow broke, the long pent-up grief burst forth in tears, and I swayed to and fro as the storm swept over my pany, for he would have shown friend-

soul. Nellie made no effort to stop it, liness and been responsive to her but allowed it to continue, knowing that it would do me good in softening, breaking up, and carrying away that awful weight on my heart that was crazing me. At last I grew more calm, and she gently asked me to go home. Without replying I took her by the hand, turned toward the graves of my lost loved ones, looked long and lingeringly at them, and then suffered er to lead me away. "Every evening after that we went

together to visit them, and poured out our souls in prayer for their eternal Nothing gave us more comrepose. ort than this, the thought that pernaps we could be of assistance to them. Sometimes we went in the afternoon and spent hours On occasions we would have long talks about them and the happy past. It was then that the present would fade away, the years roll back, and our dear ones be with us again. Again I'd see Tom catch up his mother to stop her mouth with a kiss, and hear William's loud, ringing laugh, and then I would smile, and Nellie almost leab her head in her old childish way. clap her hands in her old childish way felt so much better from these visit that by degrees I began to grow accus-tomed to their absence and gradually brought my mind to bear on our tem poral concerns. The first thing noticed was that Nellie seemed to have grown quite large and womanly. A soon as I observed it I looked and looked at her, and the more I looked the more I wondered that I had not noticed it before. Then when I began to try to solve the enigma my wonder changed to amazement. " 'Child, I said to her, 'come here.

"She came over and sat beside me "'What has made the change in you? It seems to me that you have grown wonderfully tall these last tw weeks.

She grew pale and agitated at once but tried to hide her nervousness from me. Instead of answering my quesshe said it was time for tion customary visit to the cemetery. put all other thoughts off my mind. I went and got my hat and we started out. Shortly after that I recurred to the matter again and it seemed to move her so much that my wonder was redoubled, and I insisted on her giving me an explanation.

"She astounded me by asking, What year is this, father? " 'What !

"'What year is this?'

"'Why, 1882,' I said, staring at her. A dreadful suspicion came over that her mind was weakening. She looked long and wistfully at me then got up without saying a word and went into the house-we had been sitting outside the front door enjoying the calm evening. In a few moments she returned with a newspaper in her hand. She put it into mine, and pointed to the date. I looked blankly at it, for there before me I saw June 20th, 1885! I rubbed my eyes and looked again : I turned the paper over and looked at the other side, but the same date met my eyes on every side. I looked at Nellie and saw her watching me with a face as white as snow, The and then I realized the truth. last three years of my life had been a blank to me! My mental powers had been suspended by the awful affliction which had met me, and I had lived and moved without knowing it. Instead of being dead only two weeks. my wife and mouldering in their graves for three years. Thrice had the seasons come and gone, thrice had the flowers bloomed and withered on their breasts. I leaned back in my chair, giddy and aint at the discovery. I was silent for a long time endeavoring to be come accustomed to the idea that three years had dropped out of my life with out my being conscious of it. Nellic sat on a low chair at my feet waiting for me to speak. Then a sudden fear seized me, 'Was I violent, Nellie' Did they put me in the asylum?'

'Oh, no, father, you were quiet all the time, and you never went away from home. Indeed, you were too quiet, for you never spoke a word after William's death until two weeks ago when you came to life again. went about with soawfully vacant a look in your eyes that it makes me shudder to think of it. I tried every means in my power to have you cured; I got the doctors obtainable to treat you, without success, and I had my mind nade up that you would never get better when you came to yourself. The doctors wanted me to let them send you to an asylum, but I would not listen to it, as I was determined to keep you to myself and take care of you, and now I have you and you are your old self again, are you not, dear?' And she threw her arms impulsively round my neck and kissed me. 'I was terrible afraid for you, 'she continued, morning at breakfast when I spilt the tea on the tablecloth. I thought when the memory of our loss would comback again that you would lose your reason again; and I think you did lose it for a while —with a sad smile.

It was then that I faintly realized the treasure I had in my daughter. During those years she had devoted herself entirely to me, prompted by a love and sense of duty amounting to utter self-forgetfulness. She had denied herself every little pleasure which young people prize so much, to take care of me. She might have let them take me away to an asylum and been free, but she preferred remaining at home in the lonely house in the company of a silent old man who moved and breathed, but who was mentally dead and not even aware of her pres ence. I had accepted her ministrations without the slightest acknowledgment. She spoke to me and I did not answer. A dog would have been better com

caresses, while I was heavy, silent, passionless. My heart swelled with compassion as I thought of her suffering when she was obliged to bear her grief alone. What dreary days and nights she must have spent in the silent, lonely house which formerly was so pleasant and cheerful when we were all there! I kissed her hand reverently and humbled myself in the presence of that pure, unselfish devotion : I drew her to my arms and held her there trembling lest something should happen that I should lose her. I raised my eyes, filled with tears of gratitude throne of Divine Mercy and blessed the Giver of all good gifts fo this inestimable treasure.

" 'And how did we get along all that time, Nellie? "'Why, you and I,' she said, smiling brightly at me, 'as well as we could. You did exactly as I said, you were a good, obedient boy. You would go and plough when I bade you and do everything else I'd tell you. believe you would have tried to jump over the moon if I told you. But sometimes I had to go and tell you to stop for you'd work away all night and plough the field over again if I'd let you; and she laughed merrily.
"But did I do all the work?

Didn't you have a hired man?'
"'Oh, in the very busy season we used to have a man for a few days, but the rest of the year you and I managed well. You did the heavy work, and I the easier: I can drive a team now first rate.'

"I looked and saw that her hands were browned and hard from work and

exposure to the sun.
"" 'My poor child, you surely did not work out of doors like a farm laborer? Of course; why not? It did me good; I am strong and healthy. I took my time, and did not work too hard, and then, as I said, I did the lighter work, such as harrowing, lriving the horse-rake and building loads and so on, while you did the heavier. The outdoor exercise was all the better for me. And now, she said to prevent me from speaking, 'let us go and have some

supper.

Well, sir, you can readily under stand working under circumstances such as these did not tend to make us wealthy. Nellie was only thirteen at the time my reason was dethroned and I was rendered incapable of acting intelligently. Everything then was left in her hands, and naturally matters did not progress as well as they otherwise would owing to her lack of experi ence, judgment and physical strength. Considering the herculean task she undertook to perform, it was marvellous she was able to'accomplish anything at all. As it was, the farm was in rather a poor condition, although it was re-markable it was not much worse. I can ascribe that fact only to the courage and tireless energy of my little girl. who, I found out afterwards from the neighbors, worked much harder than she led me to believe. The expense of re-improving the farm and the settling of the numerous doctor's bills which poured in on me together with many other accounts which it is unneces sary for me to particularize, compelled me to come to Mr. Harmon. It is now five years since I mortgaged the farm. and I am glad to say that we have suc ceeded in scraping the money together which you see on the table and which gives us back our little place again, clear and without a cent on it. we' because fully half of that money represents the toil of my daughter, who would not hear of my hiring labor, but came into the fields herself. houldn't L'she said 'haven't outside these last three years? grow rusty now if I shut myself up in the house. I had to yield to her wishes, and there's the result." and the farmer pointed with an air of pride to the oney; "most of that's her's, sir."
"I think it's all her's," said the

"What do you mean?" inquired the

farmer, staring.
"Your daughter is of age, is she not?" was the lawyer's queer answer Yes, sir, she was twenty-one last month," said a farmer, wondering still more; "but what of that?"

Without replying Mr. Wrayburn stood up, handed him one of the papers he had brought from the safe and asked him to read a certain paragraph which he indicated. Mr. Ryan pulled from his pocket a battered tin case, took out a pair of spectacles, wiped them with an enormous red handkerchief which he pulled from another pocket, and then put the glasses on his nose. These were securely kept in place by a piece of yarn passing round the back of his head. He took the paper in his hand, turned it over, examined it critically, and then looked inquiringly at the barrister.

"This is not the mortgage, sir." "Oh no, did you think it was? That's the last will and testament of the late Mr. Harmon.

"What! is he dead?" Why, didn't you know? Yes, he died two weeks ago. "Is that so? I am very sorry to hear

He was a good man and a gentle man in every sense of the word-a good man and a gentleman"- he repeated partly to himself, "who was always very kind to me and never pushed me for the interest. I must tell Nellie, so that we can remember him every day in our prayers. But," he said, referring to the will, which he held in his hand, "what have I to do with this? "If you will kindly read what I showed you, you will understand," re-

plied Mr. Wrayburn.

The farmer turned the paper over, found the paragraph, and began to read it, while the lawyer sat back in his

chair, and watched his face closely There was a deep silence for a few