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the Others—
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Me"



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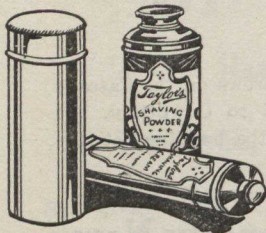
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Memories

(Concluded from page 8.)

that he was single, a bachelor for that memory's sake. "I,—my dear young lady, you had something else to tell me, I believe. Something of yourself," he added, to change the subject.

"I have," she said slowly. "I persuaded my brother to borrow the miserable hundred dollars he is short in his accounts, believing,—yes firmly believing I should secure the prize of that amount. I failed. I am to blame. Now, will you do as father wishes, and my mother implores?"

"What was the title of your story?" he asked sharply.

"Memories," the girl replied, and Mr. Jepson started. That very tale he had rejected, because the words had seemed a vivid relation of his own drab life, painted forcibly by one who possessed intimate knowledge of a most sacred subject. "Memories," she said again with a heavy sigh, "and mother said it must win, because it was so true."

"Too true," muttered the man. "Too true. I am sorry you did not win," he said aloud, very gently, and the girl seeing as she thought a sign of relenting on his creased forehead, came quickly to his side.

"Do not be sorry for me, it is my mother,—my dear mother. If my brother goes to prison,—it will kill her. Will you be her murderer?"

"Will you swear you prompted the,—I mean the borrowing?" he asked, and she laughed scornfully.

"Should I be here if what I have told you were not the truth? My brother was against the taking of the money from the commencement. Only after much persuasion on my part, would he do it," here she seized his arm, to shake it vehemently. "Are you of iron? Are you a man? Can you not see I am speaking the truth? I am guilty, for my mother's sake."

Mr. Jepson gently released his arm and left the room. Outside in the hall, the girl heard a conversation. A one-sided conversation it is true, because the man was giving instructions to some one to suppress—"kill" was the word he used—an article intended to appear on the front page of the next issue.

"Use anything you please," she heard him say gruffly. "Kill that stuff of mine. What? Yes, that will do. Run in the names of the prize winners. Take this name, as first, Miss Agnes Johnson. Got it?" Here followed a pause. "I know all about that," he continued harshly. "Do as I say, Miss Agnes Johnson, first. The others can stand. Be sure, now." Then followed the sharp click of the bell, and Mr. Jepson re-appeared.

"Now, Miss Johnson, you must have overheard me. You are the winner. Your brother is safe as far as I am concerned,—how the bank will look at the matter, is what I cannot tell."

"The manager told me he would reinstate my brother," she said quickly,—anything but gratefully. "I have told him all I have related to you. And he believed me," she ended sharply, rising from the chair.

"Please pay my respects to your mother. Please say that memory saved her son. I hope he will deserve his mother. Good-bye. I shall be glad to read more of your work."

"Thank you," the girl said proudly. "Thank you, Mr. Jepson. I trust your mother possessed as good a son as my poor brother."

Without one other word, she departed; gathered up her bundles in the hall, and the last he saw of her that evening, was when she half turned to close the iron gate shutting out the street from the lawn. With a sigh he turned to his desk. Tried to work at several sheets of manuscript. Threw them down, and picked up a book. Tossed that on one side and returned to the window, staring out to the fine falling rain that like a curtain hid the noisy thoroughfare.

"Memories," he muttered. "Memories, what cast iron rules they make men break,—and, oh, what fools men are, who can't forget."

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