

His longing to read and write increased, and as the days passed he made rapid progress. Mr. Westmore loved to have the boy by his side and would often read to him, and Dan would always listen with deep wonder. New fields of knowledge were being gradually opened of which he knew nothing.

"When I grow to be a big man will I know all about those things?" he one day asked, when Mr. Westmore had been reading to him from an interesting book of History.

"That all rests with yourself, Dan," was the reply. "If you want to know, you can. But it will mean hard work. There is no royal road to learning."

"Then I'm going to learn," Dan emphatically responded, and from that day Mr. Westmore began to plan for the boy's future as he had never done before.

One evening about sundown, several weeks later, Nellie and her father were sitting on the veranda. It was a sultry night, and far in the distance faint rumblings of thunder could be heard.

"A storm is coming," Nellie remarked. "I hope Mr. Larkins will get back from the office before it reaches us."

Hardly had she spoken ere a step sounded upon the gravel walk and Mr. Larkins appeared.

"We were just speaking about you," Nellie exclaimed, and now you are here."

"You know the old saying," he laughingly replied.

"Have a seat, do," and Mr. Westmore pushed forward a rustic chair.