

in' in quick, ain't it? Just listen."

We did not need to listen. The roar of water dashing over rocks, sucking up through chasms, and pounding on ledges was plain enough to hear. It was now nearly 6 o'clock.

"He ain't known me sence the first half-day I was here. Then he told me he was much obleeged to me for comin' and 'twas more'n he expected. I'd know's I've done right a-separatin' from him."

She looked off again to the ocean. Then she cried out piercingly, "But God knows I couldn't help it! He knows I sh'd have to do the same thing over again! I should! I should!" She struck her hands to together. Her hollow eyes flamed. She was remembering her life with the man who was dying.

"Hush!" we said.

My friend put her hand on the woman's clasped bony fingers.

She felt the touch and looked down on Carlos, her gaze softening in a strange, sudden way that dimmed my eyes. It was almost as though she had never felt a touch so gentle and so kind.

"Come in," she said a moment after, in a faint voice.

And we went in. We knew that we should not leave her again that night.

It was the most lonesome room I had ever seen. The desks had been removed, but the floor remained as it had been in the old time, when a country schoolhouse floor was made slanting from the back of the building down to the front, where the teacher's desk was placed on a platform about six inches high. This platform was still there and on this, as the only level place, Mr. Rankin had his bed, which was a substantial four-posted one.

The windows were high and small. Mr. Rankin had evidently disposed of a good deal of his first wife's furniture, which he had taken when the separation occurred between him and his present wife.

The cook stove was rusted irreparably, which is a thing which happens quickly here by the salt water. On top of it was a small kerosene-lamp stove, whose flame was heating something in a tin dish covered with a blue saucer. There were three chairs of black walnut and haircloth, very dusty and dabbled

The figure on the bed was perfectly still and breathing deeply.

Mrs. Rankin sat down beside him and began mechanically to move a fan over the ghastly face on the pillow. We sat down silently, each on a haircloth chair. All the windows were open, and through them and the door the salt air came in damply and strongly. The broad flame in the lamp wavered and smoked. The sound of the swift, incoming tide pervaded the place. I had not sat there five minutes before I was absorbed in listening to that tide, and almost counting the distinct sounds that the large waves made as they broke on the rough beach below us.

My friend rose and took the fan from Randy's hand, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy sat rigid. She was watching the man's face.

At last there was a change in the sound of the rollers—an indefinite softening. We knew that the tide had begun to go out.

In uncontrollable, but silent, excitement I rose, standing still. A quarter of an hour must have passed. Then I saw the sick man open his eyes and look at his wife.

"Randy," he said, in what seemed a perfectly natural voice, "I guess we won't have the Tree of Death hung up in the sett'n-room any longer, sence you kinder don't like it."

He turned his head more comfortably on his pillow and closed his eyes again.

The Lord has given Randy Rankin her freedom.—*New York Tribune.*

STRUGGLE WITH PRIDE.

If I were single, and had your opportunities, in less than six months I should be Mrs. Chesney!"

And Mrs. Vane's musical laugh rang out as she watched the lovely face of her sister flushing and paling so painfully under her steady gaze.

"I wish you would not speak in that way, Clara. It is worse than heartless!" cried Rita passionately.

Clara Vane leaned further back on the luxurious cushion, entirely unmoved by her sister's indignation.

"My dear Rita, to succeed in this world you should do away with all heart, and——"

Rita rose to her feet. All the bright color had died out of her face.