CHAPTER X.

Miss Burram's visit to the School Board Miss Burram's visit to the School Board was known throughout Rentonville within forty-eight hours after its occurrence; not through her, nor her faithful henchman, Hardman, but through the trustess themselves, not one of whom but told his wife, except Russel, who was unmarried, and the wives told their neighbors; and when Mrs. Hubrey hear lit, which she did despite her seclusion, she immediately and completely recovered her strength; indeed, she seemed to rise from her bed a verifiable giant in the energy and decision with which she gave her orders, and in the able giant in the energy and decision with which she gave her crders, and in the vehemence with which she expressed her opinion of the School Board for having with such cowardliness so passively suf-fered Miss Burram's action. She went to fered Miss Barram's action. She went to the houses where she was accustomed to visit, and delivered herself there; she talked about it upon the streets with ac-quaintances; and meeting Herrick, she made such a sweeping and rapidly sarcatof men in general that tic denunciation of men in general that that clever and canny gentleman for the first time in his life had neither oppor-tunity nor words to answer. Ste actually

tunity nor words to answer. See actuary left him standing and staring at her. Mrs. Habrey had another object in her multitudinous talks about the Schoo Board then mere denunciation of their conduct; her real object was to divert the conduct; her leaf object was to divert the attention of the commonity—to ludicrously drawn to her own family—to the School Board; new that her husband was not a member of that Board, she could ascribe to it, without hesitation, unlimited asininity and cowardice. Her efforts suc asimity and cowardine. Hereins suc-ceded; everybody did tegin to talk about the last doings of the Board, to the neglect or forgetfainess of what, up to that time, had been almost the sole subject of con-versation—Hubrey's speech. The town began to range ittelf in sides; one side began to range ittelf in sides; one side sustaining the trustees in their decision to let the matter drop as, Miss Burram was a woman, and the other side strongly contending that Miss Burram ought to be forced into obedience to the rules. In the midst of this contention Mis, Hubrey regained quite her old spirits, and she enlightened her neighbors about her preparations for the sale of her property and her contemplated European residence. Hubcontemplated European residence. Hub-ley looked and goted as if he had lost all spirit; he seldom showed himself, and he did it was only in the wake c

when the Hubreys had finally gone when the Hubreys had finally gone and the wordy war regarding Miss Burram had somewhat subsided, the curiosity of Rentonville was aroused by the work being done on the Hubrey house in being done on the Hubrey house in preparation for occupancy by its new owner of whom no one seemed to have any definite information. Not a scul in the town appeared to know more than that Reation's agents had bought the property. But the extensive alterations and renovations betokened a proprietor of more than ordinary wealth and elegance. And when, even while the improvements wers in progress, a coule of carloads of wers in progress, a couple of carloads of books to the number of two thousand or

books to the number of two thousand or so, came down, consigned to the rew house, cur osity was more rife still.

Herrick gave it forth as his opinion that the new occupant was a bibliomaniac, and as Herrick had succeeded in getting Hubrey's place in the School Brard, his opinion had more weight with a good many people than it ever had before. From the moment of his appointment, he made up his mind to lose his Burram's entire patronage, but, as in his judgment, her patronage weighed little against a plate in the Board, he did not much care. On her very next visit to his store after On her very next visit to his store after his appointment, he alluded to it, pre-suming that she had heard of it, and urging, as a kind of spology for having accepted the office, his feet to affect the friends who had appointed him. To white Burram, without en ightening him as to whether she had any previous knowledge of his appointment, replied: kind of apology for having Any position in that Board, Mr. Herrick, requires so httle brains that your duties will be very light."

"Facetiously, but well said, Miss Bur-

"Facetionsty, "F hat the newcomer's rame

was Notner, that he was a tachelor and that he intenced to occupy the house, rvents. say, Miss Burram, is no acquisition to any community. As I said to Mrs. Herrick, 'Bessie,' said I, 'a man like that who refuses to have even female help, pu's a degrading mark on a woman."
"What is his age?" put in M ss Bur-

thirly - five, my informant

Umab l' replied Miss Barram. Sere enough, when the new occurant came down to take possession, he brought with him three middle-aged and very resrectable, grave looking men servants. He was much younger looking than thirty-five, but with the figure of an person of a bookworm; nor did le seem to shou attention, but on the centrery, to everybody's surprise, he smiled pleasantly to the tentlemen who happered to be in the depot when he alighted from the train, announced himself as Trebor Notner, the new resident, and strede away by his trio of servants, with ging elastic step that told of comer won the hearts of aspired to be in Rentonvil'e society. But society speedily d's-covered there was to be no closer acquaint-

ons on the part of the first ople who went to tender to bachelor the hospitality of est homes were thanked Notner by the eldest of tlemanly retainers, but indid their master give is; his doors remained as people in Rentonville as

what were the sources of his wealth, and what were his family connections, were subjects frequently discussed but never answered, and Mr. Notcer threatened to te as great a mystery as were Miss Burram and Miss Burram's Charge. Even greater, for Mr. Notner had not a Sarah Sinnott in his employment to make such disclosers as came within her power, and Mr. Notner's three servants were patterns of reserve and decorum. They made no more acquaintances than did their, master, and not feeling called upon to have his smiling, cheerful demeanor, they came and went upon the streets like attendants at a faneral.

CHAPTER XI.

Rachel's circumscribed life, with no out let for her strong affections but her cher-ished memury of "Tom" and her chais with Hardman, together with her ostran isbed memury of "Tom "and her chars with Hardman, tegether with her ostracism in school, began to tell upon her health. She was growing thin and pale, and there was a drooping silence about her that went to Hardman's heart and caused him to wonder if it might not be his duty to speak to Miss Burram about it. When the thought first came to him he shook his head as if against some one who had suggested it, and he said aloud, as if answering the suggestion:

"It would be out of my place, and likely as 10' Miss Burram'd get augry. I know "—a3 if in answer to auother remark from his imaginary adviser—" that Miss Burram has her good points, and maybe if she was tell how Miss Rachel won't do one thing that she, Miss Burram, didn't just tell her to do, and how they're a treating Miss Rachel in school,

won't do one thing that sne, hiss burram, didn't just tell her to do, and how they're a treating Miss Rachel in school, maybe she'd te touched to do different to the little creature. As I make it out now by Miss Rachel's own account, and by what Sarah saye, and by what my own eyes tell me, Miss Borram ain't got a mite of interest in the little girl more'n to clothe and to feed her. But I'm afeared it wouldn't do,'' shaking his head again, "Miss Burram'd think I was taking 'oo much on myself, and then maybe she'd Miss Rachel talking to me so much. No, I guess I'd better let things as concerns Miss Burram alone."

But as he saw Rachel growing paler and thinner the thought which troubled him so became more persistent, and at length he could bear it no longer.

"I'll speak to her this very day," he

length he could bear it no longer.

"I'll speak to her this very day," he said with a kind of grim determination, "even if it costs me my place. I wouldn't want to keep the place and feel I hadn't tried to do something to save the child from dying before my eyes; and as I have neither chick nor kin depending on me now, it won't be so hard if I should be out cf a situation."

be out of a situation."

And that very day, as soon as he returned from leaving Rachel at school, he prepared for his errand to his mistress.

"And as it's business that ain't an turned fro way connected with my work," he said, talking to himself, "I'll go about it different."
The "going about it different," con

sisted in putting on his Sunday clothes and applying for admission at the upper entrance. When Sarah saw him, her entrance. When Saran sanatejacu'a-amazement prevented her usual ejacu'a-tion for a moment; then it burst forth with startling vehemence:
"May I never be burned nor drowned

alive, but it's Jeem."
"Yes," said Jim gravely, "it's me,
Sarah, and I want to see Miss Burramif
it's convenient to her."

It's convenient to her."

Sarah's curiosity was at white heat.

"What is the matter, Jeem?"

"Just a trifle of business that concerns meself, and I'll be thankful to you, Sarah, if you'll take my message right away." away.

Sarah knew him too well to attempt to get anything more from him then; so she left him in the hall and went to her m'stress. Her mistress was in her pri-

vate sitting-room writing.
"Come in," she said to Sarah's knock without turning her head, nor did she without turning her head, nor did she turn her head, nor even suspend her writ-ing, till Sarah, with her usual tiptoe gait, had advanced to the middle of the apart-ment and was saying in her solemn

way:
"Jeem is at the hall door, mem, adressed in his best, and a-wantin' to see you."
"What is his business?" asked Miss

that Hardman was going to give up her service, and Miss Burram had too many evidences during the eight years of his stay with her of his faithfulness to her stay with her of his faithfulness to her intereste, to think of his leaving her with

out dismay.

She paused from her with some im patience the page of fcolscap on which the had thus far written only, "124 Es-sex St.," saying at the same time:

Sarah was farther puzzled; to be re quested to show Hardman up to her mis-tress' private sitting-room for the mere purpose of speaking to that lady—the purpose of speaking where Hardman had never gone except to clean the windows, and where, indeed, to Sarah's knowledge, no one had ever been invited, was too much for that peculiar woman. She was actually too much overcome bookworm; nor did le seem worted consolation, a burst of laughter

who ted consensing the heard has been ind her apron.

She returned to Hardman, who was just where she had left him—his shoulder forming an angle with the panel of the door, and his big feet spread at an immense angle with each other. She beckoned him to come up the stair, and both her motion and her own gait, as she turned to precede him, were exactly as if she were leading the way to the presence of the dead. And Hardman followed with like solemnity, and presence of the dead. And Hardman followed with like solemnity, and though he had gone up that same stair many times before, it seemed to have taken on an entirely new and strange character, and he actually found himself waiting a response to Sarah's knock as

wating a response to Salad to See were unknown to him.

The response came with s'artling shortness, and Sarah opened the door with an impact, that threatened to make it fly impetus that threatened to make it fly

from its hinges.
"Here's Jeem, mem." Jim alvanced, his hat in his hand, but though the bouse were unoccupied. Note that it is a liver to horse back, or walking, and he wore such a winning smile that even where he did not directly salute, he left a pleasant recollection with the persons he met.

Where he came from, what he was worth,

"Come in, Jim; I understand you want to see me on some business pertaining to yourself; be seated," and she left her own seat at her deek in order to take a chair nearer to him. But he only glanced at the open door and seemed to listen for Sarah's retreating steps. That puzzled woman had got to the end of the corridor, but no farther; there she remembered she had not shut the door, and, delighted with the excuse for another look at Miss Burram and Jim, she went back; but Jim was in the very act of closing the door then, and close it he did in Sarah's face, almost within an inch of grazing her nose; in-"Come in, Jim; I understand you within an inch of grazing her nose; in-deed she rubbed that organ as if it had

deed she rubbed that organ as it has suffered some bruise.

"Well, Jim, what is it?" and Miss Burram folded her hands in her lap and looked straight into Hardman's eyes. Nor did Hardman flinch; he had come to perform a duty, and his sturdy con-scientiousness gave him both will and

words.
"It's about your Charge, Miss Burram; about Miss Rachel—I didn't know as all the facts about her had come to your knowlodge—I didn't know as you knew the facts about her had come to your knowledge—I didn't know as you knew how they were a-treating her in the school—the girls don't have anything to say to her because they can't find out who she is—and Miss Rachel's got spirit enough to treat 'em all as if she was asayin, 'It's none of your business,' which I 'take it don't make 'em any better pleased—then I kind of thought you ought to know the way she minds your orders; she won't put a foot into a boat because you didn't say so—and she's a-pining under it all—she don't make no complaint; she just hears it as if she won'l n't yield on no account. And I made bold, Miss Burram, to bring this 'ere to show you," pulling from his pocket the little book in which he kept Rachel's sums.

"I didn't know as you knew how a smart she was in the matter of figgers."

He opened the book and spread it before her—"That's her own figgerin'; she makes 'em all out of her own head, and she's mighty quick at the addin.' I've made bold to tell you, Miss Burram, not knowing as you knew all the facts, and not knowing as you could have seen for yourself the way Miss Rachel is a-pining."

His mistress seemed to expect him to

His mistress seemed to expect him to say more, for she looked up from the little book of figures as if she were somewhat surprised at his silence. But Hardman surprised at his silence. But Hardma had said all that he thought to be necessary

had said all that he thought to be necessary. Miss Burram was also relieved; Hardman had not given notice.

"I don't think I understand all you have told me, Jim," she sa'd at length, "particularly that about the refusal of Miss Rachel to step into a boat."

"It's just this, Miss Burram; I took it on myself, when Miss Rachel wouldn't take a sail in your boat because you didn't tell her to do so, to have a little boat made for her; but she wouldn't put a foot into that either for fear it might be again your wishes."

gain your wishes."

It flashed into her mind how Rache It flashed into her mind now Kashed had refused to eat her dinner on the day of her visit to the city because she had not been told to do so; and it came to her to question why her Charge had not asked permission to use the boat; but she did permission to use the boat; but she did not; it was not recessary; she could divine the reason.

divine the reason.
"Well, Jim," she answered, "I did not know all that you have told me about Miss Rachel, and I want a little time to this," pointing to the little book of Rachel's figures. hink about it. I should also like to keep

Rachel's figures.

"Certainly, ma'am;" but the assent was given with a sinking heart for Jim was loath to part with the little book.

"Is there anything else you want to

speak to me about?"
The unwonted softness of her tones astonished Hardman; rever during his eight years of service had he heard her speak like that, and it disconcerted him so much that for a moment he could not reyly. Then he recovered himself enough

She nodded to him as he bowed, and when he had gone, with the door shut when he had gone, with the door shut securely behind him, she bent again to the little bock of figures. It was the counterpart of another book—a book that antedated this one by thirty years. Could it be an accidental coincidence that Hardman about he was preserved. Reshalfs man should have preserved Rachel's figures in the same manner as she, Miss Burram, had preserved the similarly

made figures of another?

With the figures of that other book were bound her lost faith in the gratitude or good of human nature, and her lost trust in the use of any sacrifice; from the trust in the use of any sacrifice; from the figures of this book stared the merciless sense of a wrong that made all humankind as one ingrate, and crushed every thought that might have wooed to forgiveness, or at least to a less revenge. She closed the book with a snap and leaned back in her chair, her eyes fixed intently upon the ceiling. The figures seemed to have transferred themselves there, both old and new figures interlacing each other and combining the old, tender, trusting times with the present hard, scornful, merci'ess ones, till Miss Burram, unable to bear it longer, started from her chair

to bear it longer, started from her chair and went to her desk.

"124 Essex St.," s'ared at her from the page of foolscap—stared with a strange boldners and connection with Bacnel that at another time would have seemed ludicrous; but in Miss Burram present disturbed state of mind it appeared to be neither strange nor impossible, and when the connection resolved itself into a sugon, she adopted it without a moment's nesitation.

CHAPTER XII. On the Saturday following his talk with

Miss Barram, when Hardman got an orde to have the carriage ready to take her and her Charge to the city, he felt as if his talk had accomplished something; though he had his doubts about the kind of he had his doubts about the kind of something; "for," he said to himself, "it won't be pleasant for Miss Rachel to go there. And it's nowhere else Miss Burram's going, as it's the first of the mouth."

It was the first of December and an unusually bright and mild day. To Rachel, to whom the invitation to accompany Miss Burram was as sudden and unexpany the refer to the her had been Miss Burram was as sudden and unexpected as the order to take her had been to Hardman, the sunshine seemed even brighter than it had been during the whole of the previous month; that, however, might have been due to the rise in her own spirits, for the prospect of a ride to the city even though the ride must be made in company with frigid Miss Burram, promised a delightful novelty. For the first time she almost danced up to her room and even while she was tying the strings of her bonnet she could hardly be still.

The waters of the bay were glistening The waters of the bay were glistening in the sun, and everywhere that her eyes turned there was such peace and brightness it isseemed to her like an omen of good to "Tom"; as if all nature were telling her he was well, and that he would surely come to her at the appointed time. "May I never be burned nor drowned alive." was Sarah's exclamation as she saw Rachel accompany Miss Burram into the carriage, and as the carriage drove off, she continued:

she continued:

"It's the first of the mouth, Mrs. McElvain, and Miss Burram's a takin' Miss
Rachel with her, and Jeem has the lockjaw so bad that he can't ever tell where
they go."

Mrs. McElvain made no reply, and
Sarah sat down the better to relieve her

Sarah sat down the better to relieve her

feelings.

"I can't understand Jeem; he's had me out sailin' three times, but he's got a grip on his mouth like a lobsier's claw; you couldn't pry it open with a hammer and chisel. Now, M's. McElvain, what do you think was his object in takin' me out sailin' three times?"

"I should say, Sarah, that it was because he cared a deal about you."

'I should say so too," returned Sarah with emphasis, "but why don't he come

to the pint, Mrs. McElvain? Why don't Mrs. McElvain shook her heal.

"A man's ways is past understanding cmetimes—and the less you let a man ee you care for him, the better: and I'll re you an advice, Sarah; if you'll take it's one that me grandmother gave." "I'd like to hear it, Mrs. McElvain."

"I'd like to hear it, are, menyam,
"Well, it's just this; appear to fall in
with a man's whims whatever they are
—when he don't feel like taking, make -when he don't leet like taking, make him think that nothing pleases you be-ter than his silence; and when he has anything that he seems to be trying to keep from you—don't touch on that at all on no account—and when he sees you acting this way, depend upon it, Sarah, he'll come round, and there'll be times when you'll take him unawares, you'll get snything out of him you wan

"No, you won't," said the disgusted Sand the disguster of the control of with strange contradiction of her preced-ing assertion—"when a man takes a woman out sailin' three times, it's time that woman was told what that man's in

Mrs. McElvain offered no further ad

vice.

The long ride to the city seemed comparatively short to Rachel, despite the fact that Miss Burram never once opened her lipe; from the first that lady had discovered for the back seat in a reclination. her lips; from the first that hay had one posed herself on the back seat in a reclin-ing position, with her eyes closed, and while she opened them sufficiently to watch Rachel much of the time, when-ever the latter looked Miss Burram's

eyes always seemed to be shut.

The child fain would have asked some

leyes always seemed to be shut.

The child fain would have asked some of the innumerable questions which sprang to her lips, about the places they were passing, the vegetation that roused her curiosity; but one look at the still, cold face opposite seemed to freeze the words before she could speak them; if she only could have been with Hardman on the box, but she comforted herself by thinking of the opportunity she would make on the next day for talking to him.

They were in the city at last: Rachel knew that without being told, by the people and the vehicles, and after a short ride through the crowded business part they turned into an elegant side streat and stopped before the private entrance of a large, handrome hotel. Miss Burram teemed to be well and favorably known to the attaches of the place, for the moment of her entrance was a signal for obsequious attention from clerks and porter. Even the manager, catching sight of her, came forward to greet her and to assure her that he had not forgotten the date. A special o greet her and to assure not forgotten the date. A special

her.
Miss Burram bowed slightly and drew

Miss Barram bowe signify and design Rachel forward.

"This is my Charge, Mr. Burleigh, Miss Rachel Minturn, and I would like a word with you if you will have Miss Minturn conducted to our dining-room." It seemed very strange to Rachel to be called "Miss Minturn," and the broad elegantly carpeted stair with ferns and paims at the side of almost every step, and the white-and-gold room into which she was ushered, and where a glittering table service was already laid, seemed the property of a dream that west hardly dislike part of a dream that was hardly dis-sipated by Miss Borram's entrance. But the novelty of her feelings did not impair her appetite, which was keener than usual because of the long ride, and she ats with a relish that Miss Burram fully observed without seeming at all to notice

When they got into the carriage again, Hardman, without receiving any direction, drove to a very different part of the city—a part where most of the streets were lived with tall, dirty, weatherwere lined with tall, dirty, weather beaten buildings, about which seemed to swarm dirty tattered women and chil-dren. Before one of these high houses the carriage stopped, and it immediately became an object of attention to every ody en the block.

Miss Burram instantly alighted, tell

Miss Burram instantly alighted, telling Rachel to follow, and when Rachel reached the sidewalk she seemed to be in the center of a crowd, every eye of which was turned upon her much more then upon Miss Burram. Miss Burram, clutching her trailing skirt with one hand, said briefly to her Charge:

"Follow me!" and stro le into the wideopen door of the house. Rachel ventured to look up at Hardman, but his entire attention was given to his horses and

tire attention was given to his horses a to keeping off the little street urchins. She followed Miss Burram, the crowd making a passage and then closing making a passage and then closing up behind her, closing up to the very threshold beyond which stretched a long, narrow, dirty hall. stretched a long, narrow, dir Never had Rachel seen so much dirty hall. fore, never had she smelled such cdors, and she felt like putting her hand to her nose; but something in the white, pinched faces that had looked at her pre-

vented her.
Miss Burrem knocked at a door at the right of the nall; in a moment it was answered by a little woman with a little, and very thin, baby in her arms.

"Got the rent, Mrs. Rendey?" asked
Miss Burram sharply, without noticing
the woman's meek "Good morning!"

the woman's meek "Good morning!"
For answer, Mrs. Readey brought from a closet nine dirty one-dollar bills, and counted them out to M'ss Burram, still holding the baby, and while she did so

most entirely bare of furniture, and when most entirely bare of furniture, and when she turned to go out it seemed to her as if the little thin white baby was outlined on the smutty wall of the hallway. Miss Burram preceded up the stair; they were rickety steps, each one creaking, and several of the balustrades were broken; but the lady went on, her cold haughty bearing never relaxing, and her Charge followed. From the second hall opened the apartments of four families, and at the door of each the same demand was made for rent. In every instance it was given, but with more pitifol adjuncts about the giving than there had been the first time. Up again and at four more was given, but with more pitiful adjuncts about the giving than there had been the first time. Up again and at four more doors Miss Burram made her demand; but this time she was met with counter demands for repairs of leaking waterpipes, decayed floors, broken windows, and in two cases dilapidated ceilings. Her answer was short, sharp and decisive: there had been no agreement to make repairs; and the rent was again brought forth and given as if it were so many lifedrops of the giver. On the fourth floor there was no money, the bread-winners of the four families having been out of work. But the landlady was inexorable; the only grace she would give was till the middle of the next week, then eviction, and Rachel turned from the despair in one woman's face. But it haunted her to the next story where Miss Burram collected but half her dues and in return bestowed the same grudging grace and left the same threat as she had done on the floor below.

The sixth story and the last wa The sixth story and the last was reached. Rachel was as white as the collar about Miss Burram's neck, and well-nigh ill, but the hard bearing of that lady to her distressed tenants made her choke back her feelings. It would ner choke back her reelings. It would soon be over; there were only two families on this floor, as the rear, which in other cases was occupied by apartments, opened upon the roof now filled with the tardy washing of some of the tenants. The first door at which Miss Burram knocked was door at which Miss Burram knocked was opened by a tall, emaciated girl whese "Good afternoor, Miss Burram," was broken by a hard dry cough. But she smiled and added with surprising sweetess and refinement :

" Please come in Miss Burram and her Charge went in Miss Burram and her Charge went in, and the latter's aitention was instantly riveted on a black-haired, slender girl at work by a little table near a window. The table was covered with guaze-like material of various colors, and in a box at the girl's side there seemed to be flowers made of the same material. But the girl never raised her eyes, and Rachel, as if she were fascinated, watched the rapid motion of the long slender fingers. She who had opened the door would have placed the two sole chairs that the room placed the two sole chairs that the room contained for the strangers, but Miss Buram waved them away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOING HOMB.

The Man's Dream of Early Days an

E CRAYTON'S M'CANTS.

Down in the Southern country there a little winding railway that connects two widely parallel systems Starting from the great trunk lines at C—it passes in and out among the skirts the level land along the rivers, touches at sleepy, old-fashioned villages and, leisurely climbing the easy grades, arrives at last at G ready to take up the crumbs of traffic that fall to it from the well-filled table

of the Piedmont Line. The trains on the C. & G. are small and mean when compared with the aggregations of palace cars and sleep ers with which they connect at Gand their motion, individualized always by overtones of jolts and jars seems more erratic still to one who has just resigned the smooth and stead rolling of the "East Bound Vestibuled. one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches, watching the red, rain washed hills glide past the narrow windows, defects were not apparent. Amid the rich upholstery and the plate glass of the Piedmont sleeper that he had left at the station yonder, and among the pre occupied business like men and women that it contained, it had been as if he were still far away in a strange land : but here it was different.

For forty years little dingy cars like these had daily passed his door; for forty years, as occasion required, he had bought the little unchanging pasteboard tickets of the line and jour leyed to and fro among the quiet vilages that it serves. He could even re ber when it was building, and what a stir there was when the rains passed over it. How fine they thought the cars were, and how well ne remembered the excursion that the people of his village took for the pure pleasure of riding in them! He and Mary quarrelled that day-they were young then and unmarried-b of Sam Moore, but they "made it up before they got home, and that night under the old lilacs by her father's gate she kissed him for the first time. smiled now when he thought of how jealous he used to be of Sam. Poor Sam! for a long time a good neighbor, and now long since dead and gone.

Along this same road and in cars like these he and Mary had taken their wedding journey. How proud he was of her then, and how strong and happy and hopeful he was when they had re turned and he had taken her home to the old house in the edge of the hills where his father and his father's father had lived before him.

A plain, honest old house it was

like the plain, honest men and women that it sheltered; not at all to be com pared to the houses of to-day, but good enough for Mary and for him. There they had lived and loved and labored together, going on Saturdays into the village and on Sundays to the little church a short half mile beyond; and there Tom had been born. It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago, only so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come ruch ing to meet him to day, the morning holding the baby, and while she did so glory vines were dead, no doubt, and It was much cleaner than the hall, but al. the rocking chair where she used to

eit would be very still man choked a little and wiped his with his cotton handkerchief.

Yes, he was getting home there was no doubt about that. did not know the individual per who got on and off at the stations, he knew their kind. Their very voice had a familiar sound, and no burring r's rasped his ears as they had been

yonder.

He had not known what all the meant to him until he had left it—the careless, drawling speech, the field, the birds and the old gray house that stood beneath the oak trees at the edge

stood beneath the tak trees at the edge of the hills.

But first Tom had gone away and married and become a great lawyer in the far-off Western city; then Mary had grown tired and had gone, too-by the little churchyard—to wait until h Tom had persuaded him; and he had thought that it would be better to po and live with Tom. And so he had locked up the house-the furniture, his and hers, the old worn out rocker and Tom's cradle, wasn't worth moving Tom said—and had gone away wi

But it was all so strange in this ner place, so little like he had pictured it The broad stretch of the prairie with never a hill to break its monoton evel, the restless stir of the city, and this great man of whom he felt rather afraid, differed so from the broker country-side, the quiet life, and the boy riding the horses home from the loughing or making whistles under the hickories in the woods pasture.

He said nothing. They were kind

to him, and he must not seem ungrate ful; indeed, he was not. But seemed to him that Tom's wife-his Tom's-should be sitting in Mary place on the old porch erooning to he babies and listening as Mary used to listen, to her husband's voice calling to his horses as they ploughed in the cornland.

Instead a nurse tended the children and Tom rode to his office in a carriage and talked of suits and non and pleas and arguments, while his father listened, even with the whizing of the trolleys in his ears, for the cowbells and the field cricket chirping. So the old man was dazed, and when he thought of the little church and the gray graves beneat the trees it seemed to him as if the Tom whom he had known were there

He would not admit even to himself that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent and white and still that presently a physician was called who came and went, but there was no change. How could the doctor know that his patient's heart was breaking pecause he could not see the red hills an old, worn rocker and a grave? But the son watching his father wistful face thought of many things and his heart was touched. aid he, "am I not your son? Te

And the old man answered humbly ' Tom I am old, and getting childis I think, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else-befor

and-and-she's there, Tom. Then the lawyer forgetting his case, put his arms about his father's next and kissed him. "You shall go," said, and went out quickly, eyes were full and he was ashamed. But his father was happy, so happy that he was almost willing to stay, for he knew now that his son also remembered.

to the hills and the trees, back to hi old house and his graves, back where she had left him to wait until she called-and the journey was almo done. The hurrying, rushing, busy life was left behind, the drawling spec of his people was in the ear and the beauty of his homeland was before his eyes. He rested his head on the back of his seat and covered his face with his handkerchief. How good it all was !

The sunshine crept across the car and the noise of voices grew lower and lower; a blue bottle fly drummed mor otonously against the window, the train lurched back and forth and whistled drowsily at the country crossings. And then, somehow, it was evening and he was coming home down th long lanes between the fields. A dov was cooing in the woodland, the setting sun was kissing the hills goodnight and the shadows stole out silently into the valleys. He could see the house the green vines draping the gray old porches and the yellow sunflower nodding in the yard. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells as the cattle came home to the milking; here, run ning to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking l face and his fingers ; and there by gate, the lovelight as strong in h eyes as on the day they were marrie stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

He went on quickly to meet her. "I am late, sweetheart," he said, and very tired. Have you grown yeary of waiting ?"

It was strange how tired he was She put her cool hand up to his face and drew it down to hers.
"Come," she said, "you can r

now. It is only a step more, "and-a long, quavering sigh of relief-and he

And the little rough train went jolt ing along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer. - Delineator.

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AWAITING THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK. An Idyll in Clerical Life.

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1901i

It was Monday morning. On the Saturday previous a letter—a begging letter, of course—in his most fascinatletter, of course—in his in the Catholic ing manner appeared in the Catholic ing manners. He was on the tip toe of newspapers. He was on the tip toe of expectation, for it was the postman's expectation, for it was the postman's hour. Presently the beli rang. "Ah! here they come," smiled he, for there was a shoal of money orders in his expectant mind, and his smile accordingly was in the plural. After a knock as the door Bridget entered. "Please e door Bridget entered. Pather, a gentleman wants to see you. "Ah!" was the musing reply, the postman, but evidently somebody quite as good." Then audibly, and with an effort to look unconcerned: w him into the waiting-room,

and I'll be down directly."

After a diplomatic wait of a few seconds his reverence stepped down to seconds from the waiting room. "Good morning, the waiting room. "Good morning, reverend Father; glad to make your acquaintance," was the free and easy greeting of the stranger in the blandest manner possible.

He was baggy at the knees and limp

in the shirt front. Indeed, he looked quite the shady side of respectable. "Not the likeliest person for a five-pound note," thought Father Joseph (Joseph was the name he had taken in

confirmation, though few knew it) But being a man with strong faith in his own begging letter, he added : "But these moneyed people are some-times so odd, you know." So he returned the stranger's greeting quite cordially.

Very fine weather we're having, said the stranger.
"Yes, indeed," said the priest.

"Large parish?" asked the stranger "Very large," said the priest.
"You don't work it all yourself?" said the stranger. "Not quite," modestly replied the

"Very hard work all the same?" opined the stranger.

Father Joseph began to grow restive and looked at his watch. "Excellent schools, too, I under-

stand," pursued the stranger. now he is coming to business," thought the priest, whose mind was fixed upon the school children's excursion, about which the begging letter was concerned. So he replied

in his most engaging way: Exceedingly excellent, I assure

Very glad indeed to hear it," replied the stranger.

There now ensued a hiatus, and Father Joseph's heart was throbbing He felt so embarrassed by violently. the pause that he began opening his watch to look at the works when the stranger said :

Well, Father, 1 often see your name in the papers, and being a paper man myself—a paperhanger, to wit— and out of work, and a bli hard up, I thought that, prompted by a fellow-

feeling, you know-Bridget cannot be got to teil what happened at this point. And that is known for certain is that Father Joseph was in his chair again a few minutes afterwards awaiting the postman's

ENTER MRS. JONES - AND OTHERS. After an hour Bridget entered again. Mrs. Jones wants to see you,

He had not heard of Mrs. Jones in his own parish, so she must be somebody. He saw her, and she hoped he was quite well. He thanked her. She saw his appeal, she said (his heart thump ed), and she meant to help him (his heart thumped louder); indeed, a nicer appeal she never read (his heart bin nearly choked him). Her annunity uni was due next month (he begins to get his breath again), when she would be sure to call upon him again (the beats grow calmer). In the meantime could he let her have a trifle—say £5—as she had not fetched her purse and was due at Father Robinson's bazaar at 2 (his breath is again normal)
Father Joseph offered to give her

letter explaining her embarrassing position to Father Robinson, but when you ask him if he gave the £5 he looks enigmatical. Anyhow, he was in his chair again very soon after with his ear upon the knocker.

Before the postman actually came

Father Joseph got through a sample his ordinary daily experience Several tramps, some of them decent-looking hungry men, called for the price of a dinner or night's lodging. nnessy came to say his wife was making a holy show of herself (this language is Hennessy's own), and for the children's sake would the priest come down and pacify her. Dalaney, with her compliments, and would the parish priest, who she knew had a "dale of influence," recommend her a couple of dacint young men for lodgers. Madame de Stingue wanted a nice, steady girl for a servant, and thought C— was a likely place to find one. Jem Smith was smashing the furniture, and his young wife-pretty Mary O'Shea that was a short year ago-was in tears waiting for such consolation as Father Joseph could afford her. She was paying the penalty now, poor girl, of having penalty now, poor girl, of having married against his advice and the wishes of her parents; but her over trustfulness in her worthless lover had been her only sin, if sin it was, and she was none the less to be pitied now for having deserved a better fate
Then the Doyle girls—lately over good looking, large, innocent, pious, intelligent and awkward, would like nice situations, and would Father Joseph, whom they read so much about in the papers, tell them where