

MORNING-GLORY

puted moral sway over the whole village, but his head was not in the least turned. He bore all his honors with the magnificent ease and unconcern of one born to a crown.

The year after Alexander graduated Amanda Doane came to live in the village. Her father was a rich manufacturer, who bought out the little factory, and established a gigantic plant, which might in time convert the small town into a city. His daughter was a beauty of a coarse, emphatic type. Not a line wavered, not a color was indeterminate. Her loud, clear voice never faltered in the expression of her opinions. Alexander lost his heart to her at once. The village people quite approved of the match, but Madam Bemis hesitated. For the first time a doubt as to whether the king could not do wrong seized her. When her son told her of his engagement, she looked at him uncertainly.

"Why, what is the matter, mother?" Alexander asked, with wonder.

"She is not like the women of our family," Madam Bemis replied, falteringly.

Alexander laughed. "She is a lady at heart," he replied, "and as for the rest, she