

down, Lena, and see what I am trying to do for our child."

He paused again and slowly wiped his forehead.

"Maybe I detain you too long, Mr. Rulofson, sir," he said.

"Go on," said Philip.

"When she was eighteen," the other continued, "she asked me if I could send her to college. She thought if she went, you see, that it would give her a better chance to teach—for she had set her heart on teaching. I sent her to the college of her choice, and there is no better in the land. It almost broke my heart to let her go—we had been together so long, but I knew it would be only a father's selfishness to keep her with me. Three years she has been in college, and three times she has come back to me—ah, those beautiful visits!"

He broke off abruptly and looked at Philip. "You see I'm getting old, Mr. Rulofson, sir. I talk so much."

"Go on," said the younger man.

"So my Anna has now less than a year to stay in the college," the other resumed. "And then she will be graduated with high honors. Then she will be a lady with all the accomplishments that money could find. She will teach, perhaps. Maybe she will marry some good man who is worthy of her. Her old father will not stand in the way. He will keep himself quite out of sight."

He paused once more and looked appealingly at the younger man.

"Maybe you see how it is," he timidly said.

"See what?" inquired the younger man.

"Ah!" cried the other, "I thought I had made it so plain. Don't you see that if I am discharged I cannot keep my Anna in the school? She will have to leave, she will get no diploma, she may not even have the chance to teach. Don't you see that she will not be a finished lady?"

He looked at the young man eagerly, and his lip trembled and the perspiration shone on his broad forehead.

"Mr. Jensen," said the younger man, kindly, "I have a favor to ask."

"I have been told this story before," Philip Rulofson went on, "but I was glad to hear it from your lips. It came to me the first time from your daughter Anna."

"My Anna!" murmured the other.

"Yes," said Philip Rulofson. He arose from his chair and stood before the old man. He spoke rapidly. "I met your daughter at a little gathering at the home of a friend in the college town. That was six months ago. I have met her many times since. Yesterday she told me of her father."

"Ah," murmured the old man; "she should not have done that. It was not necessary. Nobody needs to know."

"I had asked her to be my wife," said Philip Rulofson, "and she sent me to you."

"What is that?" cried the old man.

"Father Jensen," said Philip, "will you give me Anna?"

The old man arose. His legs trembled, his eyes were dim.

"God is good," he murmured, as he gripped the young man's white hand in his rough palm. "I gif her to you, son of my dead friend."

There was a little silence as the men stood with clasped hands.

Then a smile broke over the old man's rugged face.

"So I am not to be discharged?" he said.

"No," laughed Philip.

"Vell," said the old man, "I surely deserve to be. I've lost a full half hour of precious time. What will Peterson say? I must get back to my lathe. Good-bye, Philip."

"Good-bye, Father Jensen."

But the old man paused in the doorway. His face softened, his eyes grew moist, his voice trembled.

"You will be good to my Anna," he murmured.

"Our Anna," said Philip Rulofson.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News'.)

CHAPTER V.—MIRANDA THUNDER.

"Who entertains Mr. Cheer this time, Mr. Aylmer?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

Her voice broke in upon the short silence that followed some music. Muriel was teaching John Aylmer a temperance song, and she had promised to accompany him when he sang it, at the opening meeting of the mission. It was at her suggestion that he was about to attempt to sing in public and she had chosen his song. She laughingly asserted that she had made the discovery for him that he had a voice, and the young people were having a merry time. There were no secrets at present between John Aylmer and Muriel; all the family shared in the friendship that existed between them. The young lads looked up to the temperance secretary as a sort of model for themselves; while the children welcomed his presence because he had kind words for them, and now and then enjoyed a game of play only less than the youngsters themselves.

"It isn't decided, Mrs. Lawrence," answered the young man; "I have a home offered for him in Threlfall at Miss Thunder's; but I feel we ought not to give him such a long journey every evening. So I think I must get him a room at my quarters, and ask Mrs. Metford to make him comfortable."

"I am very sorry we cannot offer to take him as we did last time," said Mrs. Lawrence, regretfully.

"Oh, do have Mr. Cheer!" said the young people in chorus. "Why don't you, mother?"

"There's nobody else coming, is there?" asked Tom; "and there's that spare bed doing no good, I should think you'd be sure to have Mr. Cheer."

It was impossible to help laughing at Tom's reason for offering hospitality, but Mrs. Lawrence did not second Tom's words.

"Father will be too busy," she said.

"Why, that wouldn't matter," said lively Tom; "Mr. Cheer says he likes to be quiet sometimes, and we could entertain him when he wanted to be entertained. Muriel could, I mean," added the boy, coloring at the mirth his words excited in his brothers.

"I suppose you have not asked Mr. Adair," said Mrs. Lawrence to John Aylmer.

"No, his interest is so weak in temperance matters—at all events, in total abstinence—that I would rather not. It would be awkward for Mr. Cheer to be entertained at a house where his host would not consent to act as his chairman, for even one of his meetings."

"Won't Miss Thunder be offended," suggested Muriel, "if her offer is refused? Perhaps she would have a carriage for him; she is rich enough, isn't she, mother? He would be in splendid quarters there, ever so much better than our spare room, Tom."

"Oh, I don't believe Mr. Cheer cares to be grand," said the boy; "he told me once what he liked was quiet comfort."

Again Tom was met with a merry peal of

laughter. "And so he liked to stay in a Methodist minister's house, who had eight children, mostly boys," said Frank. "Tom, you are too rich."

Muriel's remark about Miss Thunder had set John Aylmer thinking. Perhaps it was not wise to refuse her hospitality. She was an extremely kind woman, but noisy and somewhat vulgar; and he had not any pleasure in her society. But these were not good reasons for running the risk of offending her. She lived in a showy house in Threlfall, on property left to her by her father, who had made money easily on the Stock Exchange. He was a man that was very punctual in attendance at chapel, very ready to give liberally to all schemes of benevolence, and no one troubled to inquire as to the character of his acquisitions. He had enjoyed making money, and he had also enjoyed spending it lavishly. The style of his residence and its furnishing was a reflex of the man, showy, gaudy, tasteless, but imposing to a certain degree by the profusion and abundance of matter and material. The few really elegant articles in his rooms had come into them more by accident than design. Miss Thunder, Miranda by name, was about forty years of age; a large, starchy woman, who always dressed in the fashion, however inappropriate that fashion might be to her massive proportions. She was hearty in her hatred of strong drink, and loud in her denunciations of drinkers, with small sympathy for a temptation to which she had never been exposed, and scant mercy on those who relapsed after signing the total abstinence pledge.

Mr. Cheer, of course, knew her well; she was almost as punctual in attending all the meetings as if her life depended on their observance. Her loud masculine voice joined emphatically in the hymns and melodies that were sung, and she was 'en evidence' whenever a blue ribbon was to be pinned on, or a plate to be handed round, or a waverer to be induced to sign the pledge. She was a handsome subscriber to the funds for temperance work; she gave pounds where others gave shillings; and John Aylmer began to wonder at himself for so carelessly passing over Miss Thunder's offer of entertainment for Mr. Cheer.

"Muriel," he said; "I believe you are right. I should at once have accepted Miss Thunder's kindness. If you see her, you might suggest that she should have a carriage for Mr. Cheer; you are such a favorite of hers, you know."

Muriel laughed a sweet, loving laugh that softened her words.

"I am not quite sure that is a compliment, Mr. Aylmer. Poor Miss Thunder," she added, "I wouldn't exchange my life for hers for anything."

"I should think not," said the young man, earnestly; "But Edward Lawrence exclaimed:

"I know I shouldn't object to be a favorite of Miss Thunder's. It would be a jolly good thing for me if I was. I should have a chance of some nice things now and then; she is always giving to some people."

"I must not stay longer if I go to Threlfall," said John Aylmer. "You must give me two more practices if possible, Muriel, or else I shall be afraid of a breakdown."

"You need not be; you are getting on famously," said the young girl, as they bade each other good-night.

Miss Thunder was quite pleased to find that Mr. Aylmer accepted her offer on behalf of Mr. Cheer. She received the lecturer a few days after, in her gorgeous drawing-room, laden with the contents that might have stocked an upholsterer's shop, into which