A POINT OF HONOR.

By E. Everett-Green.

i going away to-morrow.

It to London."
ondon?" asked eight, with wide-open eyes, at sturdy Tom, the cor
already beginning to

"London is a great big immense place," answered Tom, spreading out his arms as if to express immensity, if it were set down here, Molly, it would cover all this moor and miles and miles more. It's all hoves and streets and shops. You've never lived anywhere but at the farm yender."
"But why must you go back there, Tom?"

"But why must you go back there, Tonn?"
"Why, because my father lives there, to be sure. He sent me away up to the manse to Uncle Modillister because there was fever in our part, and he had to go everywhere among it (he's a dector, you know, and I'm going to be one, too, when I grow up), but it's all over now, and school term will be beginning directly. I missed the summer term, but I mustn't miss the Michalemas one, too; so I'm going away to-morrow. We got the letter this morning. It ought to have come two days ago, but Sandy forgot to leave it. We've got to say good-bye, Moily, for I've such lots of things to day."

"They ro yours now, didn't you hear me say I'd endowed you with them?" Tom spoke bravely, but his oyer rested wistfully upon the best knife, and Molly was woman enough to note it.

"I'll give you them back—all of them, Tom, dean," she cried; and then with a diplomacy worthy of riper years, she added: "You'd better take care of them for me. I've only one pecket, and it's often got a hole in it, and mammy doesn't like m) having a knife."

and mammy doesn't like m; having a knife,"
Tom's scruples were overcome and he bundled back his treasures into his sown pooket, only insisting that Molly should have the little case of chalks.
"You might write me a letter with them or draw me a pleture," he said, and Molly thought perhaps she would, when she learnt how. But there was still something more to do.
"Come along," said Tom, taking her by the hand, and leading her towaids the spot where the old shepherd, Donald, with his boy, Sandy, sat watching the lock, with the old cellie beside them.

dingling in our years, and it seems a tace for life or death. Tom had strength of musele, and the trained eye and hand so essential to one in his profession, as well as the iron nerve which had helped him to his present pestition. Springing, slipping, running, failing, but never looking his hold on something, never growing dizzy or failing to take advantage of the nature of the treacherous cliff wherever an advantage was to be gained from it, he reached the bottom with nothing woise than a wenched shoulder and a rent coat, and started off at full speed across the strands to warn the rider, who was still sweeping along. Plainly her horse was giving her trouble, but plainly also she had not been seeking seriously to check him till the shouts and gestures of the running figure and the signals of the man on the cliffs—little more than a speek to her—warned her that she was in sorie unknown peril. She pulled hard at her relias. She got the hore's head partly round toward Tom, and two minutes later, through the change of direction, he was able to seize the creature's bridle, and assist her in bringing him to a standstill.

When the hattle had sinded and he looked up, it was to encounter a glance of such radiance and sweet archness and confusion that his heart leaped within him, as it often does at the sight of some unexpected and brilliant beauty. He was looking at the loveliest girl he had every seen in his life, and his heart gave a sudden bound as though some strange thing had happened to it.

In a few minutes he explained the danger she had been in, and her face green pale as she listened and looked.

"Oh, I did not know. I had never been here before. I am trying a new

may be the case to the farm yearder.

"When he bears my "fasher a vivo the control of the contro



R. THURSDAY, MAY

R. J. HESSER, LOS. LOS.

The street of the control William and the control with the contro