THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

saying. "Why don't you do what I want you to?"

"If you'd like to go away from Brook ville, father, I will go with you. You need me!'

"That's where you're dead wrong, my girl: I don't need you. What I do need is freedom! You stifle me with your fussy attentions. Give me some money I'll go away and not bother you again.'

Whereat Lydia had cried out-a little hurt cry, which reached the ears of the watcher outside.

"Don't leave me, father! I have no one but you in all the world-no one.

"And you've never even told me how much money you have," the man went on in a whining voice. "There's daughter-ly affection for you! By rights it all ought to be mine. I've suffered enough, God knows, to deserve a little comfort now

"All that I have is yours, father. I want nothing for myself."

"Then hand it over-the control of it, I mean. I'll make you a handsome allowance; and I'll give you this place, too. I don't want to rot here. Marry that good-looking parson and settle down, if you like. I don't want to settle down: been settled in one cursed place long enough, by gad! I should think you could see that." could see that.

"But you wanted to come home to Brookville, father. Don't you remember you said-

"That was when I was back there in that hell-hole, and didn't know what I wanted. How could I? I only wanted to get out and way! If you weren't so damned selfish, you'd let me go. I hate a selfish woman!

Then it was that Jim Dodge, pressing closer to the long window, heard her say quite distinctly

"Very well, father; we will go. Only I must go with you. . You are not strong enough to go alone. We will go anywhere you like."

Andrew Bolton got nimbly out of his chair and stood glowering at her across its back. Then he burst into a prolonged fit of laughter mixed with coughing.

"Oh, so you'll go with father, will you?" he spluttered. "You insist—eh?"

And, still coughing and laughing mirthlessly, he went out of the room. Left to herself, the girl sat down quietly enough before the fire. Her serene face told no story of inward sorrow to the watchful eyes of the man who loved her. Over long she had concealed her feelings, even from herself. She seemed lost in revery, at once sad and profound. Had she foreseen this dire disappointment of all her hopes, he wondered

He stole away at last, half ashamed of spying upon her lonely vigil, yet withal curiously heartened. Wesley Elliot was right: Lydia Orr needed a friend. He resolved that he would be that friend. FOUNDED 1866

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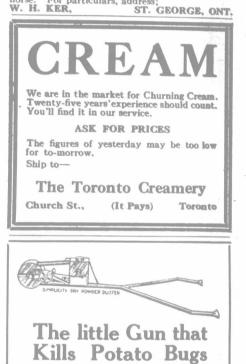
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