

(Continued from page 28.)  
 myself was melted by that kind heart. Bellow me, my dear sir, your obedient servant,  
 ANCHIRALD GILMORE.

The third was also from a man, but this time a lad in rooms whom Trevor had seen at the house:

DEAR MR. TREVOR—You perhaps know that Mrs. Trevor allowed me to spend an hour with her of an evening when I felt downhearted or had any trouble, but no one will ever know how much she did for me. When I came up to London, my faith began to go, and I saw that in a short time I would be an agnostic. This did not trouble me so much on my own account as my mother's, who is dead, and made me promise something on her deathbed. So I bought books and heard sermons on unbelief till I was quite sick of the whole business. Mrs. Trevor took me to hear your own clergyman, who did not help me one bit, for he was too clerical and logical, but you remember I came home with you, and after you had gone to your study I told Mrs. Trevor my difficulties, and she did me more good than all the books. She never argued nor preached, but when I was with her one felt that religion was a reality, and that she knew more about it than any one I had met since I lost my mother. It is a shame to trouble you with my story when you are in such sorrow, and no one need tell you how noble a woman Mrs. Trevor was, but I could not help letting you know that her goodness has saved one young fellow at least from infidelity and worse. You will not mind my having sent a cross to put on the coffin. It was all I could do. Yours gratefully,  
 GEORGE BENSON.



Trevor's fortitude was failing fast.

There was neither beginning nor end to the fourth letter, but it was written in a lady's hand:

I am a clergyman's daughter, who left her father's house and went astray. I have been in the inferno and have seen what I read in Dante while I was innocent. One day the old rectory rose up before my eyes, the roses hanging over my bedroom window, the birds flying in and out the ivy, my father on the lawn, aged and broken through my sin, and I resolved that my womanhood should no longer be dragged in the mire. My home was closed years ago, I had no friends, so I went in my desperation to a certain institute and told my case to a matron. She was not unkindly, but the committee were awful, without either sympathy or manners, and when an unmarried woman wished to pry into the details of my degradation—but I can't tell a man the shame they would have put upon me—my heart turned to flint, and I left the place. I would have gone back to my life and perished had it not been for one woman who followed me out and asked me to go home with her for afternoon tea. Had she said one word about my past I had flung myself away, but because she spoke to me as if I were still in the rectory I could not refuse. Mrs. Trevor never once mentioned my sin, and she saved my soul. I am now a nurse in one of the hospitals, and full of peace. As long as I live I shall lay white flowers on her grave, who surely was the wisest and tenderest of women.

Trevor's fortitude was failing fast before this weight of unconscious condemnation, and he was only able to read one more, an amazing production, that had cost the writer great pains:

HONORED SIR—Bill says as it's tyking too much on the likes o' me to be addressing you on your misus' death, but it's not her husband that will despoil a pore working woman oo's lost her best friend. When Bill 'ad the rumatics and couldn't do no work, and Byby was a-growing that thin you could see thro' 'em. Mrs. Byles says to me, "Mrs. 'Awkes, you

goes to the Society For the Horganization of Female Toilers." Says I, "Wot is that?" and she declares, "It's a set of ladies oo wants to 'elp women to work, and they'll see you gets it." So I goes, and I saw a set of ladies sitting at a table, and they looks at me, and one with spectacles and a v'col like an 'andsaw asks me, "Wot's your name?" and "Ow old are you?" and "Ow many children have you?" and "Are your 'abits temperate?" and then she says, "If you pay a shilling, we 'ill put your nym down for work has an unskilled worker." "I 'avn't got a shilling, and Byby's dying for want of food." "This ain't a poor 'ouse," says she. "This is a Booro." When I was a-going down the stairs, a lady comes after me. "Don't cry, Mrs. 'Awkes," for she had picked up my name. "I've come charing for you, and we 'ill go to get something for Byby." If ever there was a haugel in a sealskin jacket and a plain little bonnet, but the true lady hall hover, 'er name was Mrs. Trevor. Bill, he looked up from that day and was on his keb in a week, and little Jim is the biggest Byby in the court. Mrs. Trevor never rested till I got three hollies to clean, to say nothing of 'elping at cleanings and parties in 'ouses. She was that kind too and free, when she'd come him with noos of some hollie. "We're horganizing you, Missus 'Awkes, just splendid," with the prettiest bit smile. Bill, he used to say, "Er 'usband's a proud man, for I never saw the like o' her for a downright lady in 'er wys," and 'e knows, does Bill, being a kelman. When I told 'im, he was that bad that 'e never put a match to pipe the 'ole night. "Marlar," 'e says to me, "you and me 'as seen somethink of her, but you bet nobody knew wot a saint she was 'cept 'er 'usband."

Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had been holden.

THE END.

## HARRY'S CORDIAL.

By HENRY HERMAN.

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 CHAPTER I.

A stupendous chaos of whites and browns, canopied by a boundless firmament of lead.

A Rocky mountain solitude majestic in its awesome desolation, with the icy wind howling, whistling, roaring through the gorges and the canyons and dashing itself with a frenzied fury against the mighty rocks that rose on all sides, sheer and steep and black, save where the flying snow had found a ledge or a tree stem on which to fasten its ghostly pall. A mountain torrent, flinging itself headlong into space from a dizzy height of hundreds of yards, had become a monstrous fantastic sheet of grayish ice, against which the patches of snow which it bore stood out a dazzling white. The forest giants bent and cracked beneath the force of the tempest, and their bare branches, left from the mother stems, whirled through the snow sodden air like huge uncanny ravens.

No sound or sign of man or beast or bird of the air in the midst of this ghastly, wailing, raving, storm monotony, save one figure that moved slowly and painfully through the blinding hurricane.

Where the rough, snow covered plateau inclined prairieward and the mountain wilderness seemed to stretch gigantic arms toward the vast plains that lay like a white sea at its feet, barely perceptible through the thick, snowy haze, a tall man climbed across the dangerous broken ground. The snow lay a yard deep everywhere, and every now and then a treacherous chasm between the uneven boulders threatened a terrible death. The hidden tangle of uneven creepers, stripped of all foliage, and the naked briery network of the underbrush mingled in snaring pitfalls beneath the covering snow, like a vast web of prick covered whip cord, ready to punish each unwary step.

The man appeared to be accustomed

to the dangers which would have affrighted many a staunch and stout heart. He seemed to be fashioned of iron, with a face of glass, against which the whirling snowflakes dashed harmlessly. His long hair clung to his neck and shoulder like a wave of snow, with here and there a patch of black in the midst of the white powdering foam. His beard resembled the frozen waterfall for its grotesque covering of icicles, and his brown buckskin clothing was covered with brittle patches of glassy gray. There was naught visible of his face save his shining black eyes, for he had tied a red cotton handkerchief across his nose and mouth, and it had become a frozen sheet like the rest of his clothing.

The man climbed on down hill undaunted. Many a time he slipped and staggered and fell, but rose again, punting and now and then suppressing a low moan that surged to his throat in spite of him. The rags which he had tied over his hands showed broad red stains through their dingy frozen folds, and he limped more and more painfully as he proceeded on his awful journey, but not a sound escaped him. He might have been a suffering dumb creature struggling for life against the murderous fury of the elements.

At last the ground sloped more evenly, the fiendish webwork of naked briar and creeper ceased to impede the foot, and, save for the sheet of snow, a yard deep, through which the man had to wade, progress was easy and unobstructed.

At a sudden turn of the mountain, nestled against a towering spur of the foothill which sheltered it from the fury of the wind and surrounded by some threescore of leafless cottonwoods, the traveler espied the low, snow covered roof of a human habitation. The smoke curled away lustily from its clay chimneys, and the warmth of the fire beneath had melted the white shroud which covered the rest of its slopes, and thus revealed the brownish yellow layer of clay and prairie grass which had served for tiles in its construction.

The man strode on, as with a new heart, as the near proximity of life and warmth strengthened his stiffening nerves. His failing sight grew keener, and he even thought that a sensation of existing presence, painful, yet reassuring, returned to his nearly frozen hands and arms. The huge projecting hillside deepened to him the blast of the tempest, which still raged and rioted overhead, to waste its now victimless fury until, in its widening sweep, it touched the barre, rolling plain far inland.

The desperate journeyer had reached level ground, and some 300 or 400 strides brought him to the log hut that lay so snugly enscoured in the protecting shadow of the mountain. The wind had piled a small hillock of snow against its side, and no window or opening of any kind was visible. The man plodded his weary way around the back of the house where the warmth of the chimneys had transformed the snowy covering of the plain into a swamp of freezing slush, and, again turning the corner, reached the side where the thickly clustered cottonwoods had afforded a staunch screen against the drifting flakes. Here the rough bark covered logs and the clay filled crovices were still in pristine greenish brown, save for a few white ridges and lines. The wailing wind was denied its play ground here. The daring pioneer had so cunningly planned and constructed his house that he defied the elements to bar ingress or egress to or from his wild home.

The rough plank door was open when the shivering traveler at last reached it.

On the threshold stood a tall and lean old man, his grayish, pale face surrounded by a long gray beard and with a veil of sparse silvery hair straggling behind him. On the wrinkled brow and cheeks the skin lay in flabby streaks, and the eyes shone with a hungry lustre.

When the old man saw the wanderer, he stared at him for a few heart beats' space with feverishly flashing eyes, and then a strange little peal of sickly laughter rang faintly between his bared teeth. He stretched out a white and bony hand of welcome, but the newcomer held up his blood stained rags and swiftly entered the house, flinging his frozen coverings from him as he walked. Broad red streaks revealed themselves upon his hands and face as he unwrapped them, like ugly, deep, newly cut gashes. The skin where it was visible was of a deep purple blue, like dull tempered steel. The old pioneer, having rapidly closed the door, beckoned him to take a seat by the fire which crackled cheerily



"Go!"

in the clay chimney at the farther end of the room, but the young man shook his head.

"Give me a minnit," he said. "I guess I've got to thaw a bit afore I can say another word."

The old man placed a three legged stool by the fireside and sat there for a few moments in a trembling silence. Then he rose, writhing his arms in the air, as if unable longer to bear the nervous strain.

"Whar are the others?" he cried.

"Dead!" was the hard reply.

"What! Joe an Firo Headed Dick an French Bill, all gone under?" He clutched his thin hair as if in mortal agony, and his bosom heaved up, with lips parted, he awaited the answer.

"All gone under."

"All?"

"Yes, all. They're lyin in the snow on the Wambdazoua, fruz to death."

"All! My poor boy with 'em," wailed the old man. "An yow?" he asked.

"Have yew brought anything to eat?"

"Thar's nuthin that flies or walks alive on the mount'in. I've brought nuthin but this."

With that he painfully removed the leather satchel which hung from its strap across his shoulder. It was heavy, and it fell on the deal table with a dull thud. The old man leaped toward it and tore it open greedily. A number of uneven glittering yellow lumps rolled on the board.

"What's this?" yelled the old man.

"What, in the name of God, is this?"

"It's gold, Daddy Hays, gold!" was the even toned reply.

The old frontier man raised his bony arms heavenward.

(To be continued.)

COCOAUTS come from the East Indies, the West Indies, and the islands of the Pacific near the Equator.