

my faithful friend—had stuck to me through thick and thin—had trusted me with the inmost feelings of his too confiding nature,—and I had by my treachery and duplicity destroyed his faith in his fellow-men.

This, and much more, did Hop-

kins launch upon me in the hour of his downfall; but, I may say, I have no hard feelings towards him and do not blame him much, for surely if he sowed the wind, as somebody says, he reaped a blizzard.

But Hopkins has not visited me since.

DEBBY.

By Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

"My, the walkin' 's sloppy. I do hope Debby won't git her feet wet. It's a mile and a half of bad road 'tween here an' the post office."

Mrs. Martin peered from the small-paned window, started back, then bent eagerly forward.

"There she is now, pa, and Jack Hanner's with her. They're talking dreadful earnest as'—"

"Umph!" growled Robert Martin carelessly, but he came and stood at the window and looked out across the snowy garden at the two figures moving along beside the fence.

"I guess it's come at last, pa!"

Mrs. Martin's face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. Debby was their only child. She and Jack Hanner had been "keepin' comp'ny" for years, and the whole country-side approved of the match.

At the gate the couple stopped. Jack was angry and red-faced. "I s'posed it was all right," he said shortly. "Your father and mine were talkin' it over, an' father deeded me the south farm. I didn't think you'd say no to me—after all these years."

"I can't tell you why Jack—not yet, but I will, and it's just so's I can't marry you. Good-night."

She turned her white half-resolute, half-scared face towards the house, and Jack chagrined, angry and puzzled, stalked up the road.

"Why there's suthin' the matter," said Mrs. Martin. "She won't hev him—he's gone up the road without comin' in."

"Shy, I guess," was the farmer's interpretation, but he dug his hands into his pockets nervously.

Debby's pale face and sorry startled eyes told all the story.

"What's the matter with you and Jack Hanner," asked her father with a rough man's disregard for feeling.

"Nothing!"

"Oh, Debby," Mrs. Martin remonstrated, biting her lip and shaking her head sorrowfully.

"That's a lie. He asked you to marry him. His father said he was goin' to, to-day. There's this about, it too," he went on harshly, "if you've sent him off, you kin' go too."

"I can't marry him, father—you don't know what—"

"Ye don't want to, but what's that got to do with it? Why, I've raised ye to marry Jack Hanner. Me an' his father settled it the day you wuz born. Jack was five then.