

eyes; on his face was a look that would have been strange to most of his neighbors.

'There is more in Richard Macon,' muttered Lew, 'than in all the rest of us fellows put together. He might have said good-by.'

Luther Macon was not a prosperous man. If, as Mrs. Charlton hinted, there ever was a time when he had been, it was so long past that it must have seemed shadowy and unreal even to himself. He and the child that he had brought to the village with him a dozen years before had always lived poorly. How they lived at all was a riddle that no one had tried to guess except Clorinda Charlton, and, oddly enough, Lew Emmett.

While Lew sat with his moody gaze on the horse-chestnut, Luther Macon was alone in the two-roomed, tumble-down cabin to which he and Richard had made their last and worst move. Dust and disorder were thick about him. At his elbow, on a table, from which untoward fortune had rubbed much of its successive layers of paint, lay a bundle of manuscripts and a book or two.

'I promised the lad,' said Luther Macon to himself, 'and,' with a laugh that had no laughter in it, 'I thought I meant it. I really thought that when all the comfort I had was gone and the only one that could give me any sort of courage was away, I would hold up and be a man.'

He rose to his feet unsteadily.

'I was a fool. It has been three days since he went. Only the devil and the good Lord and men like me know how long three days can be!'

Mrs. Charlton, stepping over to the store for cornstarch, and Mrs. Emmett, shaking a mat on the front steps, and Lew Emmett, glancing down through the spreading branches by his window, saw Luther Macon disappear behind the swinging side door of the Eagle Hotel.

On a Saturday half holiday, Richard Macon was carefully hanging back from the heels of a little group of his classmates, who spread themselves thoroughly over the walk in front of him, after the manner of college students. Richard was not one of them.

'It will probably be so always,' he reflected, grimly. 'I shall walk after them through life.'

But even as the thought came, his lips tightened, and with all his might he meant to be a false prophet. Instinctively he quickened his step and passed the rollicking group with a comprehensive nod.

'Who is that fellow?' asked Jerry Moulton, when Richard was out of hearing. 'I forget.'

'Macon,' answered Alonzo Brown. He knew the name of everybody. It was one of Brown's ways.

'Lots of hair,' commented Jerry, and returned to the discussion of football.

Richard had been in college for two weeks. He knew who the men were whom he wished to know. Also he knew that he was about as much to any of them as one of the many leaves that blew about the campus paths. His first choice was Trevor Gale. Gale was agent for a particular line of shoes and agent for many other things besides; and he recited Greek and mathematics so as to draw the faculty to him as the magnet draws steel.

Next to Gale, Richard put Alonzo Brown and the circle of which he was the centre—that is to say, the inmost circle; for, to tell the truth, Alonzo was already fast becoming what he was to remain throughout the four years and afterwards, the most popular man in the class.

'If Gale or any of them,' thought Richard as he hurried on, 'heard that I aspired to their

company, how amused they would be! But never mind; everything has not happened, yet!'

When Richard reached his room, he found a letter from his father. He was very grave when he had read it through. The college hopes and strivings, which but a moment before had seemed so warm and vital, sank far away from him.

'Ought I to have left father? Was it a mistake, after all, to come? I tried hard to judge wisely. I wished to do what was right. But I don't know whether I have done it. I don't know.'

He stopped in front of the rough bookshelves, which held his books, and his hand sought a worn little leather volume. It was the Bible which his poor young mother had learned to read in the fierce furnace of disappointment and sorrow.

'As far back as I can remember, the one purpose to which father held always was his purpose that I should be educated. Poor father, he let everything else go; he flung it away. But he kept to this through it all. He would work and save for it when he would for nothing else. It is a fearful risk to let him stay alone. But—but it is the last hope. If it fails—O God, if it fails!'

He flung himself down beside the table with his head on his outstretched arms. The Bible was still in his hand. He had not attempted to open it.

Richard Macon's mother had taught him his prayers when she had learned to pray. He never omitted them. They and her Bible were everything tangible that remained of her sweet faint memory. He could not recall her face. His father never spoke of her; even in his most helpless moments no mention of her name passed his lips.

To-day, with the old fear yet more heavy at his heart, with despair very near, Richard caught gropingly at the comfort of prayer.

The September sunshine was grown mellow with the coming sunset, the distant shouts of the ball-players had ceased, the first of the three triple strokes from the church tower had been broken in on by the clash of the college bell, when Richard lifted his head. He was worn, he had found no answer to his doubts and questions, but in his aspect there was something like peace.

'I can understand,' said Richard Macon to himself, 'I can begin to understand how there might be communion between men and God.'

One afternoon the store-keeper brought out a letter to Lew Emmett, lounging on the store steps.

Lew looked at the address; he did not know the writing. Then he looked at the postmark and his fresh color deepened to the roots of his hair. In haste he carried the letter to his own room and shut himself up with it.

On the same afternoon, at the littered table in his squalid kitchen, Luther Macon was supposing himself to be at work. He heard only vaguely a knock at the door, which was twice repeated. Then the latch lifted and Lew Emmett walked in.

'Good afternoon, Mr. Macon,' said Lew, cheerfully.

A mumble answered him.

Lew glanced at the inert figure lurching half out of its chair. Then he walked up to the table and frankly examined its contents. Two thick piles of papers occupied a large part of it.

'Examination papers!' said Lew, after turning over the leaves of the topmost one. 'What on earth is he doing with them?'

An open letter had fallen at Mr. Macon's feet. Lew picked it up and read it. He felt no scruples. None occurred to him.

The letter made the situation clearer.

'Richard had obtained work for his father at the college. This is from one of the professors to tell him that if he doesn't go ahead faster he'll lose his job. Being a professor,' scoffed Lew, 'he uses a good many more words than he needs to. But after you pick the idea out of them, that's it. If Luth Macon doesn't send these papers back by "the evening of the sixteenth," he'll be discharged. When is the sixteenth?'

Lew calculated with a wrinkled brow.

'Whew! It's to-morrow!'

He made another inspection of the table.

'One pile he's done, I guess. The other he hasn't touched. And,' with a passing glance at his prostrate host, 'he isn't much likely to touch it in time for the evening of the sixteenth. The ten o'clock to-morrow morning will be his last mail.'

Lew drew a chair to the table and sat down moodily.

'It's too bad for the smash-up to come just at the very time when Richard had asked me to try to do something. It was going a long way for him to write what he did; it was going an awfully long way.'

(To be continued.)

Six Little Words.

We all use them, every day and many times a day, but we do not often stop to think of their full meaning. The Rev. Jas. Learmont, in the 'Examiner,' quotes the following verses, bringing out something of their force:—

'Six little words arrest me night and day:

'Ought," "must," and "can," "will," "like" and lastly, "may."

I "ought"—God's finger points the destined goal,

The law divine writ in the human soul.

I "must"—'tis Fate's behest, whose changeless word

By Man and Nature is unceasing heard.

I "can"—not all enslaved to Fate's decree,

Man has a power that makes for liberty.

I "will"—it is the Sovereign Spirit's call,

That makes us free and crowns us lords of all.

I "like"—'tis thus that nobler impulse quells

The darker will that in each bosom dwells.

I "may"—'tis like a bolt to Freedom's door

That limits human action evermore.

These six—"ought," "must," and "can," "will," "like," and "may"—

Attend my wand'ring footsteps, night and day.

Then teach me, Lord, while I have breath, to know

The solemn truths that from these words do flow.'

The Supper-sense of Animals

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up im-