er on a sleeping-car as one full of trials and his work as lackieration. All this is. enter into the duties nan," as the porters e that they are work poration, and there stem of discipline

among the orders are those to wear "stand-up" collars an uniforms. They rbidden to speak to unless first spoker as one of them put ted to dress like ct like them." reporter spent some alking to a few Pull-The men

sposed to enumerate rances. A railroad that it was because nfidence in the in-"They may think nt," he said. "Yes, hings that we are sary and not very porter on a vest 'but it would no and tell me if I did o get out and make

coln, of the oper the Wagner Sleeps interviewed. He the printed instrucers and conductors tical, section after the Pullman comonductor travels a his position," said mber and nature ked the applicant man. He write, to state his n, physical condi within five years sition with each and why he left the The applicant is you willing to go e you in debt?' 'Do liquors?' 'Do you nce for money or

These are sample when he is ac ies and supplied s and white jack mer and winter white vest. That in cold weather is at, which is but A white standare demanded of ke of having unihe shoes or boots and our company

slippers at any The Pullman engers have reat a waiting point. it-weight uniforms until October 1. to remove their or putt ig away other similar du ided with white mpany to be worn le doing this work must see that have a clean one no time while on d to play cards of like a startling he men are willey are employed to

stem of rewarding

consistently com-

best 'runs,' like the limited. We mmenced working go. They like the These porters the conductors. which very often porter. His berth in the smokingsmoking-room b e "upper 1." If the porter must or crawl up on the en the hours of m. the porter is He can lie with tch any number of they call loudly ever moves. It is and the conductor erths. It in Trees.

in trees or employ fuge are apt to be le specimens of the ir choice of a home that they are not t their enemies on illage recently disost remarkable that along while. Some the Veiburi tribe. lements all the vilenormous tree, on ing branches four ries each, had been platforms are built son which are piles rl at intrusive per d people are in pro-n by a powerful and most numerou The most numerous ave been found are ach of the Mangala ongo. The explorer last year says the poorest and most

s seen in Africa.



have camped out many a July in far less luxurious quarters,"

as not to enjoy alone.
for was uneasy. He should have

al his share of the rug laid upon elastic

"What is going on?"

information in return.

ree and become rhythmic

hor whined and beat the ground

In raising his own head from the

elding and soft rustling grasses, March

was like the ticking of a clock, or of

ile he listened it seemed to gather

Somebody was working a typewriter

er of Fairhill. Thor knew the in-

the sharp warning of the hell

end of each line pierced his ear

my's pet hallucination is of a wan

Will o' the Wisp'affair, which

evening. "He rushes down-

hief, doesn't prowl about the

wered to Thor to "trail."

d shone from the wide win-

iss the shallow garden he could

have been sorely interrupted in alpit-preparation, this week," Mr.

leave that night. "I fear the

burner. 'The labor we deligh sicks pain,' and, with me, take

lace of slumber, meat and drink."

pressed by an undefined sense of

March stood, his hand upon the

and inquire if aught were amiss

he cast about in his mind for

orm of words that might account

orward, and offered, with one

ther fingers from the type-writer raised her head, Mrs. Wayt put

iss to her lips, and, while she dictated a sentence from the har hand. In the breezeless

the July night a clause was and

has not heard the story of the

er-boy of Gettysburg?"
ck-click-clack! Click-click-clack!"
menced the noisy rattle.

ther gently, but the eyes of one riveted to the machine, those of

other never left the paper in her

h went back to his orchard camp,

closely-cloudy; the purple play

aing was whitening and concen-in less frequent lines and lances.

these came, it could be seen that

nder-heads were lifting themselves

the west. But the night remained

ndless, and the iterative click still

used the ears of the watcher. It was

Hetty's fingers flew, her sister

atrusion, Mrs. Wayt's figure

she held a paper. Without

nost decided to go up to the

selessly up the easy grade.

as in the wing of the par-

all hours of the evening to see

The

made his master

to be unprecedented.

he pinch of a fine wire.

ion of the parsonage.

sat up and looked about him.

ommonly strenuous deathwatch.

ame aware of a sound, iterative and

floor, which was his usual bed,

of his big head, as March

an odd vigil, even for an anxious lover, to lie there, gazing into the black abysses of shade, seeing naught except by livid flashes that left deeper blackttered. "And this place is sathe mosquitoes began to hum ness, and knowing whose vital forces cars he lighted another eigar. were expended in the unseasonable toil. What could it mean? Did the overonce in awhile, that the young laden girl add copying for pay to the list of her labors? And could the sister or the wilting leaves had a peand not pleasant odor, as of some who seemed to love her, aid and abet essence that hung long in the phere. He had noticed it when the suicidal work? Where was Mr. Wayt? The play of questions took the measure and beat of the type-keys, unled down a branch to get the he had torn apart while May til he was wild with speculation and The air was full of foreign hearkening. nts to-night and this might be an actory imagination stwelve o'clock struck from the nearest

At half-past two the rattle ceased nervous restlessness, he sprang up and looked through the gap in the boughs. rch spire he was staring into the formows overhead and living over The light went out, and, at the same apple blossom week, the symphony instant, the delayed storm burst in roar nk and white. The young robins full fledged and had flitted from and rain. parent nest. The young hope, born what stood with him for all the

CHAPTER VI. Sunday, July 5, dawned gloriously, ry of his six and twenty years of clear and fresh after the thunder-storm, pread strong winds toward a future to which Fairhill people still refer pridefully, as the most violent known in thirty years. The gunpowder and Chinese paper taint was swept and ifortable as the mat upon the | washed out of the world. Mrs. Wayt, holding Fanny by the

rose to his haunches, once and hand, and followed decorously by the and, although at his master's twin boys in their Sunday clothes and or word, he lay down obediently, churchward-bound behavior, emerged from her gate as the Gilchrists gained make it out in the gloom, was it. In the white light of the forenoon, he eyes of the pastor's wife showed What is it, old boy," said he, presfaded; groups of fine wrinkles were at the corners, and bistre shadows under them. Yet she announced vivaciously his tail, both tentatively, as askthat all were in their usual health at ome, except for Mr. Wayt's headache, and nobody had been hurt yesterday.
"For which we should return special thanks, public and private," she went sing, that vexed the languid night. on to say, walking, with her little girl, abreast with Judge and Mrs. Gilchrist, the boys falling back with the young pecple. "At least, those of us who are he mothers of American boys. I can ('liek! click! clack. click! click! clack! breathe with tolerable freedom now uncketty click! clicketty, clicketty ark! click! click! click! click! clicketty til the next Fourth of July. What a fearful storm we had last night! My baby was awakened by it, and wanted to know if it was 'torpetoes or fire-

this stifling night, presumably by trackers?' Yet, since we owe our beauhunder and rain. we may be thankful for it; also, as for many other things that seem grievous in the endurance." "I hope Mr. Wayt's headache is not in consequence of having sat up until day-preak, as he threatened to do," the udge said, in a genial voice that reached his son's ears. March listened breathlessly for the

aperture in the foliage let through arle ray of light. It came from the eply.
"I think not. I did not ask him this rning at what time he left his study. t in the garden and orchard, e is not inclined to be communicative with regard to his sins of commission in duty to look after," Hester had hat respect, but I suspect he is an incorrigible offender. He attributes his headache-verbally-to the extraordiing it. I told him last night nary heat of yesterday. We all suffered lars were too clever to care to lergyman's house, but he can from it, more or less, and it increased, rather than diminished, after sunset." inced that somebody, bent "Is Mr. Wayt well enough to take the

ervice this morning?" yes!" quickly emphatical. "It ut three-fourths of his wits would be a severe indisposition indeed that would keep him out of the pulpit.

Both his parents suffered intensely from nervous and sick headaches, so he e pastor's study on the first could hardly hope to escape. I have observed that people who are subject to excluded insects, and just within constitutional attacks of this kind, are a woman at a typewriter—seldom ill in any other way, particularly if the headaches are hereditary. How do you account for this. Judge Gilchrist that her hair was combed to the or, perhaps, you doubt the statement itself."

March did not trouble his brains with ere. Now that he was to the house he distinguished r voice, also a woman's, dictating, ling, as the flying fingers maniphie has been also as the flying fingers maniphie has been also as the flying fingers maniphies have a should be a second for the station of the large should be a second for the station of the the keys. Drawing out his re-he struck it. Half-past twelve! and terms would of itself have challenged attention. But what was her object in saying that she had not inhad informed Mrs. Gilchrist, on quired at what hour her husband left his study last night? Since she and her sister were in occupation of the room t will extinguish my midnight burner. The labor we delight from midnight—probably before that hour—until two in the morning, she certainly knew that he was not there and almost as surely where he was and how engaged during those hours. Where was the need of duplicity in the circumstances? Was she committed to uphold best pulpit preparation must be done glass of water to her sister. In ary must flow through lamp-wick or

by supererogatory diplomacy and sub-"How are the two Hesters to-day, Mrs. Wayt?" asked May, from the side of her puzzled brother.

"Hester is rather languid. The heat gain!" She looked over her shoulder to say it, and they could see how entirely the freshness had gone from eyes and complexion. Her very hair looked bleached and dry. "The weather will excuse every mishap and misdemeanor until the dog-days are over. Hetty stayed at home to watch over her. It is a source of regret to Mr. Wayt and my-self"—comprehensively to the four Gi-christs—"that my sister is so often debarred the privileges of the sanctuary in consequence of Hester's dependence up-

"I have remarked that she is frequently absent from church," Mrs. Gil-christ answered. Her dry tone annoyed her son. Yet rough draught. Of a certainty, here how could she, bred in luxury and living in affluence, enter into the exigencies and of Mrs. Wayt's equivocation! She of a position which combined the offices

of nurse, companion, housewife, seam-

cares. mother and bread-winner.

"Poor child! she hardly calls herself church-goer at all. But it is not her She thinks, and with reason that it is more important for me to attend service regularly-for the sake of the example, you understand-and we can not leave our dear, helpless child with the children or servants. She gets no Sabbath except as my sister gives it to her. I am anxious that the true state of the case should be understood by the church people. Hetty would grieve to think that her enforced absences are a imbling-block." Her solicitude was genuine and ob-

"We must have a telephone wire run from the pulpit to Miss Hester's room. I have known of such things. "I don't believe that Hester would

care to keep her room Sunday morning then!" whispered Perry, Venfant terrible of the Wayt family. "She says Tamily prayers are all she can stand. March, the recipient of the saucy 'aside," cast a warning look at the telltale. Inwardly he was amused by the unlucky revelation. Spoiled child as Hester was, she had marvelously keen perceptions, and shrewd judgment.

She saw through the jugglery that de-ceived the mass of Mr. Wayt's followgone in a moment," he whispered back, his lips contracting into a smile. He juggled rarely to-day. Even his Rather a sword in his heart. The light uddenly. Almost beside himself with ers, and rated correctly the worth of his voice partook of the spread-eagle ele-ment which interfused Divine services, as conducted by the popular preacher. The church was full to the doors, many

said, this very Sunday, as the skirts of ginning of their acquaintanceship.

the energy to argue, or even scold. 'Let Gon be true, and every man liar.' God forgive me. but I am ready. ometimes, to say that all men are! But

can't let Him go, dear!" Mr. Wayt gave out the opening hym n tones that would have been clarion nt for an occasional break into falset that brought to March's irreverent mi the wheezing drone of a bag-pipe

"We are living, we are dwelling In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Hark! what soundoth? 'Tis creation Groaning for its latter day!" His text was, as was his custom, start

jobbery, nepotism and chicanery; close would be sundered from the fishy trunk, and evil in every form be dominated by God's truth marching on.

March listened for awhile, then ro erted to matters of more nearly person l interest. Last night's incident had eft a most disagreeable impression on is mind, which was confirmed by Mrs Vayt's demeanor. May's assertion of the Bohemian flavor recurred to him ore than once. No! the specious adocate of public reforms and private cobity did not "ring true." And proest as Hester might, with all the passion of a forceful nature, against he father's double ways, he was her father, and the ruler of his household. His wife, it was plain, believed in and imi-

tated him. Gazing at the pale, large-featured ace of the orator, now alive with hi heme, and glancing from this to the roned, faded lineaments of her whos eek eyes were raised to it from it stor's pew, he was distrustful of both e wished Hetty were not Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, or that he could marry h out of hand, and get his brother-in-law ice-removed, a call to-Alaska! Her. h never doubted. Their acquaintance had been brief, and scanty opportunities of improving it had been vouchsafed to im of late; yet she had fastened herelf too firmly upon affection and esteem to admit of the approach of dis-paraging suspicion. She might be a lave to her sister and her sister's chil dren. She could never be made a tool for the furtherance of unworthy ends. She would not have said: "I did no inquire at what hour Mr. Wayt left his study last night!" If she spoke, it would

be to tell the truth. At this point an idea entered his the professional flotion, which her husbrain, carrying a flood of light with it. band circulated vauntingly, that his many ministers' wives who eko out inwhen honest people are asleep in their beds—that the beaten oil of the sanctuary must flow that the beaten oil of the sanctuary must flow the sanctuary fl matter of moment-perhaps of ten dolary must flow through lamp-wick or gas-burners? What end was subserved and Hetty had taken it down in type-



"HETTY, DEAR HETTY!" SAID MARCH, GRASPING HER HAND. writing from her dictation and the

looked like a woman who would write over the signature of "Aunt Huldah" in the Children's Column, or "Theresa Trefoil" in the Woman's Work-table, and dread lest her identity with these worthies should be suspected by her usband's people, or by even "dear Percy" himself.

March experienced a blessed letting-down of the whole system—surcease from worrying thought, so sudden that a deep sigh escaped him that made his mother glance askance at him. Instead of admiring the brave industry o the true wife he had suffered a whimsical prejudice to poison his mind vious. Judge Gilchrist offered an as- against her. He despised himself as a midnight spy and gossip-hunter, in the ecollection of the orchard vigil. The patient, unseasonable toil of the sisters

came sublime.
"Who has not heard the story of the rummer-boy of Gettysburg?" thundered the preacher, raising eagle eyes from the manuscript laid between the Bible

March jumped as if the fulmination were chain-shot. Mrs. Gilchrist, looking full at him, saw his color flicker iolently, his fingers clinch hard upon the palms. Then he became so ghastly that she whispered:
"Are you ill?"
"A sharp pain in my side! It will be

within him was darkness. How foolish not to have solved the mean riddle at a glance! Mr. Wayt's sensational serions were composed by his clever wife, of the audience being strangers and and transcribed by her as elever sister!

Here was the secret of the sense of signt-seers. The number of transisients" increased weekly.

"He is like fly-paper," Hester had him in this man's presence from the beunreality and distrust that had haunted his well-fitting coat, elerically-cut and specious divine was a fraud out and out, closely-buttoned, cleared the front door. and through and through a cheap cheat "Out of the many that swarm and No wonder now, at the swift itinerancy uzz about him, some are sure to stick of his ministry! His talk of midnight buzz about him, some are sure to stick
—that is, take pews! That is the test
of spiritual husbandry. Hetty! I believe I'll be an infidel!"

or his ministry. His tail of himsing
study was a lie, his pretence of scholarship a trick so finnsy that a child
should have seen through it. He had "Don't be utterly absurd:" answered gone to bed, the evening before, and taken his rest in sleep, while his accom-

plices got up to order the patriotic vrotechnics for the next day. No wonder that Mrs. Wayt's eyes were furtive and anxious, that there were crowsfeet in the corners, and bistrerings about them after that July night's

No wonder that the less hardened and ess culpable sister-in-law shunned

hurch services! The sword was double-edged, and dug nd turned in his heart. For the girl who lent aid, willing or reluctant, to the liberate deception practiced in the NAME which is above all other rames, had a face as clear as the sun, and eyes nonest as Heaven, and he loved her! The main body of the audience could ot withdraw their eyes from the narator of the telli-Only the stump of Dagon was left to drummer-boy of Gettysburg. The story was new to all there, although l It was a political discourse, after the had assumed their familiarity with it manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," Government the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," Government the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," Government the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," Government the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled their laminarity with it. ruscated with self-devocion and patriot-

opporations, railway monopolies, multicipal contracts—each had its castigation; at each was hurled the prophecy of the day of doom when head and palms would be sundered from the fishy trunk, astful of the man and all his worksspected that it was an original inci ent, home-grown, homespun and homeoven. Write it not down as a sin gainst the popular pastor of the Fair-First Church that the Gettysburg ro was a twenty-four-year-old child speaker's brain. If the will of the ess, and the foundry of Tradition can not turn out illustrations numerou and pat enough to suit every subject and time, private enterprise must supply rsonal demand.

"I think young Gilchrist was ill in church to-day," observed Mr. Wayt this wife that afternoon, as she fed him with the dainty repast he could not go the table to eat. He lay on the settee in the wide, coo call, supported by linen covered cush ons. She had brought him, as a per cuasive first course, a cup of delicion couillon, ice-cold, and administered

him, spoonful by spoonful. "He changed color, and seemed to be great pain for an instant," he con inued. after another sip. "His mother booked very uneasy, and, apparently, ad sed him to go out. I judged from his luctuations of color that it was vertigo or a severe pain in the head. He would not leave until the services wer over. I have few more attentive hearers than March." Another sip. "If I should be the means of bringing him into the church, it would be a happy day for is pious mother. Should my headache abate in the course of an hour or so, I will look in and inquire how he is. It would only be courteous and neigh-

In the adjoining dining-room, the door of which the draught had opened a few inches, the family-circle of the sotous pastor heard every word of th mmunication, although his accents ere subdued by pain. Sharp-eared-and-eyed Perry winked a

"He won't find Mr. March Gilchrist, ne mouthed in a fashion invented beinself, to convey pert speeches only t he person for whom they were invente He went to New York, on the five clock train. I saw him. He said he was going to dine with a friend. I hear A man asked him. Another slice of beef, please, Hetty! Rare, and a bit of fat! Some gravy on my potatoes Hetty had shunned the orchard since

the day of the last sitting. Seated be hind the shutters of her chamber window, she had seen, almost every day, Thor bound across the grass in pursuit of a figure partially n pursuit of a ngure panidden by the lower branches. Sinc March frequented the spot, it was no resort for her. She had no time for play, she told Hester, gently, when sh leaded for a return to the pleasan unging and talk "under green-apple oughs. Homer could draw the carriage down the garden-walk and through the gate and leave the cripple there with books and color-box, whenever she

wanted to go. Hester often brought

say gravely, and replied civilly, as might as servant or governess. And, day by day, he marked the lessening round of cheek and chin, and the deepening of body. There was the glisten of tiny the plait between the brows. She could not know that he went away, each time pitying and loving her the more, and upon her time and strength. She could not have altered her behavior, unless to grow more formal, had she divined all.

would have had but a dull summ As it was, it was the happiest of her life. She actually gained flesh, and her checks had the delicate flush of a sweetpea blossom. She mellowed and mollified in the intercourse with the sound, bright natures of her new friends. Prosperity was teaching her unselfishness. Hetty had a proof of this after the Sunday dinner was eaten, and there still emained a long hour of sunful daylight.

never would

ister was adopted before she returned to the house from her ineffectual quest ne time (was it three minutes, or | die!" thirty?) she had wasted, leaning on the other and unexceptional girls feel-that she could have forgotten herself so ut-terly. She said—"so shamelessly."

"The worm on the earth may look up the star," if it fancies that method of spending an ignoble life, but star-gaz ing and presumptuous longing for a mil-lion centuries would bring planets and orms no nearer together. Hetty was very humble in imagining the figure. ne people must live on the shady side of the street, where rents are low, and green mold gathers upon stones, and snails crawl in areas. If the wretches who pune and pale in the alaria-breeding damps would not go mad, they must not look too often across the way where flowers and people bloom. If they do, they must apport the consequences.

This misguided girl had looked. She

the path and under the trees. There was no one in sight. The grounds wer

peremptorily posted, and no vagrant ever crossed them. She took in the situation at once. March had gone to New York in the five o'clock train; the dog, wandering aimlessly about and missing his master, had espied her, and ccepted her as a substitute. She knelt own and clasped her arms about his head; laid her check to his burly muzzle.
"O! Thor! Thor! you would help me f you could." Just as she had fondled in those far-away, blissful days. ler hand was tangled in his coat when ooking across his huge bulk, she had net March Gilchrist's eyes. True eyes-

read her soul again.
"Thor! dear Thor!" She cried it out in a passion of tears.

The faithful fellow moaned a little in

nly confidante; and 1 do believe you nderstand-a little."

back stories of chats and readings and stooping boughs. Arrows of greenishpainting-lessons with the brother or sister—sometimes with both. Occasion-ally, flarch came to the parsonage with a message from his eister to the effect that she had taken Hestas home with leaves and taken Hestas home with leaves and some strong of the leaves the second of the leaves the leaves the second of the leaves the second of the leaves the leaves the second of the leaves the second of the leaves the leaves the second of the leaves the leaves the second of th inessage from his sistor to the effect that she had taken Hester home with her for the day or evening, and would return her in good order. He was apt to insist upon leaving the message with Hetty, if Mary Ann or one of the children answered his ring. Mr. Wayt's wife sister would obey the summons in person, but she did not invite the bearer in.

She ran down in her simple morning gown, or almost as plain afternoon dress, without waiting to remove her sewing-apron, heard what he had to say gravely, and replied civilly, as might

s at the cruelty of the demands

But for the orchard outings Hester

"I have a charming book which Miss May lent me yesterday," she said, as her custodian inquired what she should do sobbed aloud, and Thor moved upossible pell, my poor dear. You are bleaching

Hetty yielded-the more, it would seem, because she had not the strength or resist love-pleadings than from any have lost the dog had she not wound by Hester. Taking shawl and cushion with her, she passed down the gardenwith her, she passed down the gardenalley to the gate. There was a broad track through the orchard, worn by the wheeled chair and Hester's attendants. It led straight to the king apple tree. Stung her eyes to watering. In pass-From this bourne, another track, not so listinctly marked, diverged to the white boomed like the sea. picket fence shutting in the Gilchrist Miles and miles away an orange sungarden. Hetty's feet had never trodden this, she reflected with a pang, after she had settled herself against the brown floating figure, moving majestically on-

or Homer and the parsley. She was her set teeth, to herself and to Thor, illed with wonder, in looking back to "I will follow until I overtake him or

was now suffering. That she merited what she had to bear did not make the Unwittingly she had spread her shaw where March had laid his rug last night. The rough bark of the tree-bole hur her presently. Her gown was thin, and her flesh less firm than it had been six weeks ago. She slid down upon the shawl, her head on the cushion, and reached out, in idle misery, to pick up some withered leaves and small, unripe ples scattered on the grass. March ad dropped them while hearkening to his sister's criticism of the Bohemian household. She was as idly—and as miserably—tearing apart the leaves toughened by the heat of the day, when heard a joyous rush behind her and felt the panting of hot breath upon her neck, and Thor was kissing her face and licking her hands. She sprang to her feet and cast a wild glance along

and bonny and true! which must neve

sympathy. The more eloquent than human longing to comfort the sorrowng, never seen except in a dog's eyes, illed and rounded his. "I wouldn't cry if I could help it, ear," said Hetty, her arch smile striking through the rain. "And nobody else hould see me shed a tear. You are my

He was not an indifferent consoler. appeared, for in fifteen minutes both of them were asleep, their heads upon the same cushion. The sunset sea breeze rustled the



OH, THOR, THOR!" SHE CRIED IN A PAS

sustedian inquired what she should do for her entertainment. "And now, that mamma has set the children to studying their Sundar-school lessons for the began to beat his tail gently their Sundar-school lessons for the week, you ought to have a breathingnot offer to lift his head. Hetty patted too fast to please me. You can't plead it in her sleep, and left her hand there. She and Thor were walking over a She and Thor were walking over a are to me?" wilderness prairie. The coarse gras

her fingers in his hair. Such a long

trunk. It was most probable that she ward. A mantle blew back in the bitter wind until she could almost touch the Her one little dream was dead, and she was too practical a business-woman to masked the head and shoulders; the consistent plan of face was set steadfastly westward, and by his vehemence, Hetty was the first avoiding March Gilchrist, and abjuring kept away from her. At long intervals, the painful sweet of association with his foldings and beckoned her to follow. "And follow I will!" she said, betwee

And all the while the blasting wind gate, enveloped in lilac perfume as in a viewless mantle, and daring to feel as and bleeding; her limbs failed under her; her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth with dryness; her heart beat

faint—
Hark! At the upward fling of her leader's arm music rained down from Heaven, and the earth made joyous response; strong, exultant strains, like an organ peal, and such vibrant melodious chimes as Bunyan heard when all the bells of the holy city rang together for joy. The majestic, floating figure turne to lean toward her with outstretche arms, and eyes that gazed into hers as

again. 'O! I knew it must be you!" She said it aloud, in her rapturous dream. "It could be nobody else! Thank Goo

Thank Gon!" Thor bounded from under her hand \* \* \* March Gilchrist's New York friend was a bachelor cousin, who was always delighted to have "a good fellow" drop in upon him on Sunday evening. March, in the uneasy wretchedness that beset him, honestly intended to visit him when he look the five o'clock train. He wanted to get away from the place for a few hours, he said; away from tormenting associations and pos-sible catechists, and think calmly of the next step to be taken. By the time h reached Jersey City he had discovered that he was trying to get away from himself and not from his home; more-over, that he wanted neither dinner nor the society of the genial celibate. He stepped from the train, turned into the station restaurant, sat down at the table he had occupied on the day he landed from the City of Rome and missed the noon train, and ordered at random something to eat.

The longer table built about the post n the middle of the room was surcounded by a party of men and women The men wore full black beards and a great deal of waistcoat, crossed by gold ropes. The women had round, black eyes, high-bridged noses and pronounced implexions. March tried not to se them and tried to eat what was set be fore him. It made him sick to observ that Hetty's place was filled by an ove blown young lady whose bang made a definite downward peak between her plack brows, and who had ten rings of he left hand and five on the right. He caught the six-thirty train back t He had made up his sensible mind to talk over his family to a project marvelously-well developed when one remembers that the inception was not an hour old when he swung himself off upon the platform of the Fairhill staion. He would set out next week for he Adirondacks, set up a forest studio and begin "serious work." The phrase jumped with his mood. Nothing els would draw the inflammation out of the wound. He meant to bear up like man under the blow he had received, t forget disappointment in labor for worthy end, love, in ambition. He took the orchard in his walk hom

rom the station. It was quite out of his way, and he was not guilty of the reakness of denying this. He wen there deliberately and with purpose vaulting the fence from the quiet stree

sleeper about, his face framed in an opening of the foliage, as Hetty, aroused by Thor's bound fro raised her eye-lids and closed them again with a smile of dreamy delight apon eyes swimming in luminous tears. "I thought it was you!" she repeated in a thrilling whisper, and again, and more drowsily—"Thank God!"

The church-bells, chiming the halfhour notice of evening service, went on with the music of her dream. Thor, enacting, a second time, ole of Deus ex machina, thought this an auspicious moment for thrusting his

old nose against her cheek With a stifled scream, she attempted to rise, and catching her foot in the shawl, would have fallen, had not March rushed forward to her help. Hav ing taken her hands to restore her to er balance, he continued to hold them. She struggled to free them-but fee bly. Surprise and confusion had robbed her of strength and self-possession. "I thought—they said—that is, Perry saw you take the train for New York!"

she managed to articulate. "Hetty!"—imploringly, while the owed hers with loving light-"why do you shun me so persistently? Are you determined never to hear how dear you

CHAPTER VII. This, then, was the outcome of March ilchrist's iron-clad resolve to forget in erious work one who could never make

him or his family happy! Verily, the ways and variations of a man in love are past finding out by or-dinary means and every-day reasoning. Our sensible swain could only plead with his sister in defense of rown passion, that the girl "suited him." Having decided within eight hours that no alliance could be more unsuitable than one with Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, he had cast himself head for declaration of a devotion the many waters of doubt could not drown, or the

fires of opposition destroy. egain the firm ground of reason. He had seated her, with gentle respect, upon the cushion that had pillowed her head, and, dropping on one knee, the "true, bonny eyes" alight with eageress poured out the story whose outlines we know. Earnestness took the tinge of happiness as he was suf-fered to proceed; the deep tones shook under the weight of emotion. Not until she made a resolute effort to disengage her hands, and he saw the burning blushes fade into dusky pallor and her eyes grow set and troubled-did his heart begin to sink. Then, the gallant, knightly soul forbore importunity that might be persecution. If his suit dis ssed her for any cause whatsoever, he would await her disposition to hearken

to the rest. Releasing her, he arose and stood a little space away, respectfully attending

pon her pleasure. "I did not mean to impose all this upon reluctant ears," he said, when she did not speak. Her face was averted, her hands pressed hard together. The rust-brown bandeaux, ruffled by the pressure of her head upon the pillow gleamed in the dying sunlight like a imbus. The slight, girlish figure was not a Madonna's. It might be a Mary at the tomb in Bethany before the "Come forth!" was spoken.

To be Continued. MYLORD'S MINK FARM.

How a Young Irish Lawyer Victimized B Lord Wynford, an English nobleman, topped at North Platte, Neb., during is tour of the prairies, says the Chicago Tribune. He seemed greatly pleased with the wild West, and intimated that he would like to invest some money in something good. There was a smart young Irish lawyer in the town, whose parents had had some unpleasant dealings with Lord Wynford in the old country. This young lawyer had lived in North Platte about two years. He came there to examine a claim he had pur chased on paper. To his disappo

his farm was nothing but a prairie-dog You could not raise even sage brush on the claim so close together were the burrows of the little animals. He had bout given up all hopes of disposing of is land when he learned that Lord Wynford was looking for a good investment. Then he called upon the wealthy foreigner and offered for sale what he called "the most profitable industry in America." He told the British lord that he had been ten years establishing a mink farm, and just as the enterprise was beginning to coin money he was obliged to go South on account of his poor health. He explained how the minks were rais how their skins were disposed of, and the great demand for mink fur in this country. The young Irishman pledged Lord Wynford to say nothing of the deal, as his mink farm was only known to a few who were in similar enterprises. Then he drove his guest out to the prai-

ie-dog farm. Here an extensive tract of land destitute of trees and alive with little animals that burrowed in the ground and barked like small dogs was thoroughly inspected. The possibilities of furnishing the West with mink fur in the auumn delighted Lord Wynford, and returning to the city he gave \$500 for the dog town. He owns it now, and the good-for-nothing place is called "the Lord's mink farm."