

Shortly after he settled there, he married May Merton. Her friends were influential, and he at once secured a good practice; and now the current of his life glides smoothly along, undisturbed by remorse for the act which sent his only brother to a drunkard's grave. He excuses himself by saying, "He ought to have held his appetite in check. Even so, since the world began, have men asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

One morning's mail brought to John Earle the intelligence that Mr. Graham and party were homeward bound; the next day found him in the city awaiting their arrival.

It was with a strange feeling of mingled pride and humility that he stood on the dock, watching the ship come in which was freighted with his life's hopes. His gaze was fixed on a slight girl-woman, clad in deep mourning, who stood on the deck looking down on the crowd below.

"She does not see me yet, I am sure," he was saying to himself, when she bent eagerly forward, her pale face flushed, and such a light in those luminous blue eyes as he had never seen there before. A moment more and he held her hand in a close, warm clasp.

"Franc!" "John!" Nothing more was said until they were driving homeward; then John said,

"Franc, can you trust me now?"

"Entirely, John."

"I am going home one week from to-day. Will you go with me? I need you, little girl."

One swift look into his eyes, bent so lovingly upon her, and she put her hand in his, saying simply,

"I will go with you, John."

He lifted her hand to his lips, that was all; but it well expressed his thanks.

And so one bright June morning, they were quietly married in church. She laid aside her mourning for pure white, and never had she looked lovelier—so thought John Earle, and so thought Mr. Graham, when he gave her away.

"Who ever heard of a wedding before without wine!" said Mr. Graham to one of the guests at breakfast; "but it was one of Franc's whims, and had to be indulged. She was determined to be married on temperance principles."

When they reached the old farmhouse Kate met them with a very merry face. The world was dealing kindly with her just then, and child-like, she had thrown care to the winds.

"Such a wedding! got up at a week's notice," she said, as between hugs and kisses, she was taking off Franc's hat and making her generally comfortable. "I'm going to have six bride's-maids, and be married in an orthodox way. Shall deliver over the keys to you this very day, and give myself up to preparations."

"How soon is it to be?" asked Franc, smoothing down the tangled mass of curls, in a motherly way.

"All depends on when I get ready. I've promised to try and do it within a month. O Franc!" she said, suddenly becoming serious, "I am so glad to leave you here with John when I go away. I've been uneasy about him, do you know?"

"John is safe now, Kate, because he has been to the Fountain-head for strength." Kate looked up with eyes full of tears, but made no reply, and the subject was never again mentioned between them.

Fred Landon was there, and before they separated for the night, they entered into a solemn covenant to spend their lives in fighting the giant evil Intemperance.