LORNA DOONE

B. R. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XLIII

When I started on my road across the when I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining, and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open

lands. She leaped at it as a starving might at least desery whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining, and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homes stead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the remaining and the view of the country, far beyond the sheltered homes stead, and in the full brunt of the wind, and the mighty breadth of sumon cliff and the sumon cliff and the mighty breadth of sumon cliff and the sumon cliff and the

to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna.

And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, relieved to the struck me all three weeks, relieved to the surprise of the struck me all three weeks, relieved to the struck me all three weeks.

took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift hanging far adown the clift, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash in the early summer-time. Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now

or started some story assumed the lifted story as a story assumed the lifted story as a story as a

cooking."
And then I showed my great mince-

perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would, and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, that seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns would gooff in this state of the weather, and knowing that no man could catch me up (except with shoes like mine), I even resolved to slide the cliffs, and bravely go to Lorna. It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. Therefore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, sofar as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift hanging far adown the cliff, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, three myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beauti-

"Us be shut in here, and starving, and durstn't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee,"

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" naving never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it as a starving dog leaps at the sight of his supper, leading and she set her teeth in it, and then with lead she set her teeth in it, and then with leading and she set her teeth in it, and then with leading and she set her teeth in it, and then with leading the she set her teeth in it, and then with smith of this supper, and durstn't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee,"

I was the Counselor who had ordered after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until ste would ave por food until ste would have no food until ste fire went up very merrily, blazing red and white and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light doed not snow, drifts with a misty lilac hue. I was anothised at its burning in such mighty depths of snow, but the searly in the world come back for her, if she could not walk the snow, I ran the world come back for her, if she down the had been three days hard work, clearing, and even who mand then house, taking turns with a leaped on different things. And the light down different things writage of the light and given a great thump, and one, between the house, taking turns with a mistry leader (as now with it; in the first place, because the house, taking turns with a mistry limit the wall on with the world with the nove, taking turns

sgain required all the eyes of love, so late of the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp cut vase of green) now was beenowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plumpuddings. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree; all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow, if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was And now it struck me all at once that

hease wretches, the only way of escape quet lite and happiness, that, like all warm and the property of the paper that yrough the main Doone-tate. For though I might climb the warm and the statistic through the lovely spears and hands. I durst not try to fetch Lormis will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how too to it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times like that, and that, and the your higher before it has it may the ringer bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little what is thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three in gore; and has bend them, and her little wards thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three in the short is possible track; I slipped along the snowy moors and hills. When I is part being long, and dark, and difficult, that is so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer, low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer low through the lovely wards and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer low the longer low time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer low the longer low that the she was been done and the light was thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her to the way of snow more and hills. When I should have the she was the shade the proposed that the light before the longer low that let in the she was before the long that the she was the long that the should

took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling

laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer; and then, as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Cloak of Toleration IT MUST COVER THE FAULTS OF FRIENDS We must not expect to find the counterpart of our great ideas of moral excellence in daily life. He who seeks perfection in a friend will never find one. He who has found a friend must take him with all his flaws and faults, or lose him forever. And day by day, and every day, he must throw the cloak of toleration over many things which, if they are to be pardonable in himself, he must strive to regard as vernal in others. All this means the pain of clasping shadows, the torture of undeception, the We must not expect to find the counof finding beneath the fairy death's-head, and beneath the domino a death's-head, and beneath the purple and fine linen of a Dives a skel-eton that hides everywhere. But life is only tolerable by such delu-

Matt, "the maid of all w called himself, put it well v to Father Tom:
"Sure, a genius is only so does one thing terrible well,

THE GIFT

By Louise M. Whale

does one thing terrible well,
do everything else under trible bad, and that same
Ricardo. Sure, any one we
was a genius, even if they
him at all, at all; but sure
Spanish, he's not to blame."
Matt put his pipe ba
mouth. He had spoken, at
the question was settled feterrity.

An amused look spread
Father Tom's strong, glad f

An amused look spread Father Tom's strong, glad fa "And I suppose I am not ish," he laughed, "even t Ricardo's brother?"
"Well, sure your rever God help ye, ye'er no geninain't. No one could throw

ain't. No one could throy
ye Father, no one, and Go
yone would want to," he
afterthought and complii
knows no house is large en
two geniuses. Sure, no he
enough to hold one."
Matt was right. Ricard Matt was right. Relate was a genius.

God had stooped down if Heaven and breathed m soul. The only world the the boy was the world o sweet sounds. Seated a Ricardo O'Donovan forgot He forgot that he was look odd six-pence, as a foreign odd six-pence, as a foreign own people. His world with strange dream-fo mother. Tom never had beautiful music stories he piano. But why should h was different, quite differe

Ricardo inherited the of his Irish father and the of his Spanish mother. Father Tom, the matterious one, worried over erious one, worried over to fathom where it wo great love for only one that no good could come of it. all probability, go crazy all probability, go crazy some day; and in the would be driving every wild. He often talked it mother. He had even s ing up the piano. But think of it, even for a mor "My little Ricardo, h she cried. The dulcet to Spanish would cling to h they gave it a quaint a

Spanish would cling to he they gave it a quaint a would kill him to keep the piano! It is his life, my son, I beg of you, lea I understands me. He ithrough and through, my He is of my race. But child, you are of your fat "And I lost in the rand in the laugh that ac and in the laugh that ac

mark none would have

remark none would have
the slightest tinge of bit
He was looking at Ma
was full of Ricardo. I
walked toward the cool
his mother was sewing i
poor. She looked up
with a welcoming smile.
a vacant chair. "Sit de
teem thy madre compan a vacant chair. "Sit de keep thy madre compan "Here comes Ricardo the road. It does me g take a little exercise o A boy of sixteen and on the house bending ove that I wish were at th sea! I wish I could se " Madre, madre!"

springing up three steps "Madre, look! look! "Madre, look! look!
Anzelone, the great Aldo you think? What
He's going to educate
Berlin. Oh, you will h
will? You will, madre
The smile died on the The smile died on the She turned very wh jumped up as though he electric shock. He was an instant. Ricardo Instinctively she turne one. Tom clasped her his big, bronzed ones.

"Mother," he cried a significant was a significant with significant si

voice, "you will not le will not! Oh, mother him go!"

" My baby to go aw cried, "away from mo mio, you would not! do it. I can not!"
Ricardo looked up ricardo looked ap-brother.

"If I do not go, it v It is Tom, madre, wh you against me. It is stands between me a sobbed. "Yes, you-do her to lock up the pian want to keep me aw

want to keep me aw want to keep me away madre, don't refuse m "Ricardo mio," she "Reardo mlo," she not." She disengag Tom's grasp and tu She stroked his wavy with her hand. "I can not. "I can not." me anything else. A You can go up to Chithere. But Berlin! me! I can not do it,

But she did. He paid no attenti the great world of Et intently for his eve quite used to it. It and struggling so stopped their sensele they wanted to hear He was looking di

distance. Many a audience flattered he burden of his t caressed the ivory k Now it seemed as would die away in ow, rich tones were dying on the perfum It was strange tha his mind lately. At face was the only ther face looked so different than when