Flashed up in a flame From my heart to my checks Your arms hold me fast-Oh. your arms were so bold-Reart beat against hear In your passionate fold. Your clances seemed drawing My soul through my eyes As the sun draws the inist

From the seas to the skies Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in bliss They might never unclasp From the rapturous kiss You kissed me! My heart.

And my theath, and my will, In delitious joy,
For a montent stood still Life had for me then No temptations, no charma. No vision of happiness Cutside of Your arms And were I this instant An angel, possessed Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest, I would fling my white robes

Unrepentingly down Its beautiful crow. To aestle once more In that haven of rest Your lips upon mire My bean my on breast

You kissed me ! My soul le a bliss sectivine Rected an examined Like adruski n man boolish with the And I thought twere detreious To die there If death Would but come whilems lips Were yet most with your breath If my heart might grow cold While your arms clasped me round In their passionate fold And these are the questions lask day and night. Such exquisite delight !

Would you care if your breast Vere my shelter as then And if you were here. Would you kiss me again ? Josephine S. Hunt

A Tale of Country Life.

Chapter I.

"I thought it never would be over! I was ready to sank into the earth, when I stood up before them all And this is what they call lemency ' They might as well have said a thousand dollars at once; they would be just as likely to the suspicion of a sneer crossing his hp get it !

"Dear mother, don't cry so! They they had not taken our poverty into con- as you have often told me." sideration Mr. Gerard won't get his

"No, where can he? Where is all pose ? "Here is Tolver coming, mother!

Don't let him see what a trouble this is to us "He must know that, child, if he has

any thought at all Yes I don't wonder you're going, Sam, none of us will ever be able to face any of the Gerard's I love? For it is nothing less than peragain "

boy of fourteen, who has risen from a have liked to get off his land altoseat in a corner, where he has been half concealed, and who is now making his way to the door with a hurried slouch. mercy " "I'm not afraid!" he declares, stopping short. "I've nothing to be afraid Tolver You are all he has left; while of ; I never meant any harm."

"Nothing to be afraid of? Don't you understand that you'll have to go to catching her up sharply. I will never prison if we can't pay the money?

"Well, I don't care!" "No; you think nothing of the fact till we're both gray!" that your poor mother and sister will be disgraced for ever by it--you think nothing of the trouble you bring upon us through the mischief you get into

with your bad companions.' The boy flushes angrily. "How was I to tell what would hap-Jesse threw my cap into the brook, and I had no end of trouble in getting it out, I saw him going along with the horses, and just slung a stone at the of bother. How was I tell it would go

straight in its eye and kill it? It was Jesse I wanted to spite not the horse. "And if you had worked your will, it would most likely have been worse. mourns the mother. The horse would have trampled on the boy, and he would

have been killed instead. "Oh, I thought it couldn't be any worse!" he retorts, in angry sarcasm. "It would never have happened at all if you weren't so fond of ploughboys and such company," Mrs. Thirkeld is beginning querulously; but here her daughter interposes—a slender brownhaired girl, with her mother's delicate features and large, tender, black-lashed gray eyes, which must surely come from some other branch of the family, so entirely different are they in expression as well as in hue and shape, from Mrs. Thirkeld's pretty childish blue ones. She has been drawing the curtain a little lower over the latticed window that looks out upon the hillside towards the village and gathering together her mother's outdoor garments, strewn about on table and chair as if in unavailing effort to throw off her troubles

with them. "Never mind going over it all again, mother dear," the girl says, "it will be a lesson to Sam, no doubt. Let us be thankful it was not Jesse. This trouble is not to be compared to such a one as that would be."

H wonder you should take Sam's part begins the widow; but just then footsteps are heard on the little path. and the girl goes up the stone passage to meet the new comer.

Tolver! is all she says; and the young man has no answer but a silent class of both her hands in his, Beyond the Goorway and the little wides still of pld fashioned sweet; need until lately"—with another sug-

lies spread out under the June sun; birds are singing, bees are buzzing about the hives under the acacia tree. the south wind blows softly in and ruffles the girl's hair. But the joy of the summer seems to pass over the two who stand with clasped hands and anxious eves gazing each into the other's face. He is a brave-looking lad, with broad shoulders, honest eyes and bronzed

"Tolver, it is very kind of you to come." the girl goes on, after a few moments; "but I almost think you had better not come in just now Mother is upset; she is not fit to see anybody.

"And you are afraid she will reproach me." he breaks in. "You need not mind what she says, Eve; she can not make me feel it more than I do already; and if it would be a relief to her to revile any of our family

"Tolver! As if you could help it' It is really Sam's fault."

Yes, but my father is taking this opportulity to wreak his spite. He wouldn't have dragged young Villiers through a law court or one of Rice's boys He right have thrashed the boy - be might have made the father pay something; but he wouldn't have done this. It's it's because of you, Eve"

The girl meets his gaze in wistful I know, dear, and I think I am

almost sure at would be better for us to part. We have only brought you projectaring, and mother crying trouble and caused quarrels with your father Since this happened, and on a or twice before, I have wished for your sake only, that we had never come to Northeld

For my sake oidy, Eve? Not for you own at all? The fair brown he I is shaken with

gentle decision and then finds a restingplace on the young farmer's rough

Then you need never wish that, ful with a naughty boy who kills one Eve My life began when first I looked of his horses? upon your sweet face · But your father

It does not make him less cruel and malicious because he is my father." he interrupts, but without impatience . I am old enough to feel and to judge for myself. His prejudices can not be mine; and I must choose my way and my wife" with a tender closing of his clasp about her - without reference to them I might listen to sound sensible advice; but I must turn a deaf ear to for us unreasonable prejudice and avance

He would like you to have money with your when you -"Of course " he assents in herpause,

for a moment. · Don't, dear! He is your father,

could have made it much heavier, if and has always been very good to you, purpose.

hands to mould as he would that money to come from, do you sup. I haven't slept under the same roof with him since this affair "

"Tolver!" "Are you surprised at that? Do you think I could meet him at meals, and wish him 'Good night,' and come down in the morning into the same room with him, while he was persecuting the girl secution No: I've staved down at This to a fair haired, sullen looking the Three Beeches ever since. I should gether; but I won't go away from here yet. I won't leave you at his

· In-leed, I hope you will not go away. I well, there are mother and Sam.

"You mean you are going away?" , let you out of my arms until you promwe you won't even if we stand here

Their eyes meet, and they laugh irresistibly.

"You would be very tired of me by that time," she tells him, stroking his rough sleeve and looking up at him. "No." he returns, stoutly.

"But, dear Tolver, to be seriou. I pen?" he says impatiently. "After do think that, if once we can get this money paid, it will be the best thing for us to go away. Mother will never hold up her head again here after having to appear before the court, and Sam first to make it jump and give him a bit is being ruined by the companions he picks up. Those whose equal he sotually is -or, rather, was before father died and we were so poor look down upon him here because he goes to the village-school; and so there is no one for him to mix with but the boys he meets there; and-and he is sinking lower every day. We ought to go nearer town on his account, and yet not too near because of mother's health. But it is of no use looking so far forward; only don't add to our anxieties, dear, by falling out with your father. It will make us feel all the more to blame: and, you know, it can only em-

bitter your father against us." This closing argument she evidently considers a powerful one. But Tolver Gerard does not seem convinced. He

smiles slightly, holding her fast. "I shall take care of myself, and ou too. But now I want to speak to your mother, Eve. I have something to propose to her-a way out of the

difficulty." "Propose it to me, then," commands the girl, setting her pretty lips and receiving instant punishment upon them for her boldness. "You don't want to say anything to me ther that I am not to hear? Very well, then-tell me first.

"It's all your pride!" "Perhaps it is-partly." She raises her head a little at this.

"Nothing but pride!" "Well, go on, Tolver; though I'm

afraid I can guess. "You could pay me back, you know, at your leisure," urges the young fellow, beginning at the wrong end and reddening through his sunburn. "] won't take the credit for what I don't do, though. I tell you frankly that I haven't got two hundred dollars. I

her "Of course, I'e always looked to having all the three farms after my father, and the Three Beeches at any time; and so it comes about that I can't lay my hand on even that paltry sum, in these especial circumstances, since, of course, my father must know nothing about it. But I've a jolly old aunt in Boston who'll lend me enough to make it up, and never ask a ques-

"You would pay her back, and we should never repay you. We couldn't if we staved on here and went on in the same way. The work we do only just ekes out our money, and --- Oh, we could never take such a debt upon our-

· A great burden! he comments with an attempt at scorn . Two hundred dol-Why, it would not be missed if it was never paid!"

And you think I would take money from you to pay a debt we owe your father ? Your mother would see things more

sen ably," he tells her, with a little roughness. I tear she would see things dif-

Sensibly," he reiterates. "Well, what's your plan, then? Not to let Sam go to prison, I suppose ? · Or course not !

"Well as she does not continue · Lelver, I don't know yet | I have at been able to think, my head is it, a where That dreadful court, and the A smothered exclamation barsh to on the young man s his. He draws the

gur coset still close to his heart I don't believe even she, or you, could have felt worse than I did he

mutters. And to think my own fatter did it all, and I stood there like a tool and couldn't stop it " "Dear Tolver, don't! It was very bad of Sam-you know it was Can

you expect any man to be very merci-

That isn't it, Eve He'd pun h anybody, and so would I, but in a different way from this It's because his your brother because you are poor and friendless, and pretty enough to have attracted his only son, and he can't bear the idea of his money not being met by more money the old miser!

There I haven't any patience to think about it !"

I know, darling You've told me all about yourselves before now , and, if you hadn't, anybody would know at a glance that you had sprung from no common stock My father knows it all the time, only he chooses to affect doubt and mistrust to suit his own

But as to money, she goes on with the help of this needlework from the Boston firm, we have managed to keep out of debt up to now. I shouldn't money?" bring you a farthing, dear, as you know, and never shall; and I should be ashamed still more so after this. Dear Tolver, I am atraid it is of no use for us to think any more of each other

"It's of no use for me to attempt to leave off thinking of you," he asserts. It couldn't be done I don't know about you with a glance that is suddealy severe

I shall think of you wherever we go, Tolver

"Pon't let me hear another word of this now. If you don't want me to see your mother go in and tell her what I propose You'll tell her, won't you?" "I suppose I must if you say so, But I shall --"

"And think out a plan for paving the money yourself, if you can; and then tell it me say to-morrow afternoon, as reply. soon as I can get away for half an hour. I'll be at Crab Tree Corner about 4 o'clock.

"I have a plan now -a sort of one," declares the girl, her eves shining as she looks up at her lover.

"A sort of one!" he repeats quizzi-"Not a very good one," she i- fa' i to confess; "but better than going into

tions to-to you, of all persons!" She brings this out in a rush, after much hesitation, with crimsoning cheeks

debt, or being under -under obliga-

and drooped head. "I'll pass over that for the present," he says, magnanimously. "Your plan?"

go away, and --and "And live in bare rooms?"

"No. not that: but

"Furnished apartments are very dear, avoid this!" That would, indeed, be wasting your money. You can live here for less than ling Tolver's money when he's your half what it would cost you in that husband, child.'

worst of it!" "That I'm not! Ask your mother vou'll find she knows more of such

things than you, unwilling though you are to trust her judgment." "Oh, Tolver" -- she is unable to repress a smile at his tone - "you know it

have strength of mind to-" Of course she would be glad to save her son from disgrace and her family from hardships that they have not known yet, poor though they may be.

affection." "You want to make me out a monster, Tolver." "Not you, but your pride. Don't let

it devour you, Eve-not to speak of your mother and brother." They part a little coolly after this. each thinking the other in the wrong.

Chapter II.

Later on in the day, over the evening tea-table. Eve faithfully repeats to her mother Tolver Gerard's proposal to free them from their embarrassment; and Mrs. Thirkeld, as she expected, jumps at the idea and represents her daughter

bitterly for opposing it. "You'd rather see your brother in

prison, I suppose," she tells her queru

The poor little widow is not naturally peevish; but the hardships and privaions she has gone through since her husband's death, three years ago, have impaired her health and soured her emper somewhat, and this last trial is overwhelming It was for her sake that they came to Nutfield about a year ago, the doctor having warned them that she could not live much longer in the close city lodging to which they had removed on finding themselves almost destitute. They looked out for a quiet country village where living was cheap, and, taking a tiny cottage, they eked out their scanty substance with needlework for a Boston firm. Thus they have just kept starvation from the door, poor but neat clothing upon their backs, and Sam at the public school, where, if he did not learn much, they at least hoped he would be kept out of mischief. Beyoud this they have had no prospect, no hope, no joy, save that Mrs. Thirkeld's health has certainly improved in the country air, though she and Eve have to sit close to the work, and that a certain manly young farmer has looked hard and sweet at the graceful garl with the delicate features and wistful eves who is the light and center of the cottage home, the stay of her somewhat children mother, the idol of her rough awkward brother, though he is as apt as most hove at affecting a great scorn for the opinions and sentiments of his womankind.

Mother dear, I wouldn't see Sam in prison any more than you would," the gul says patiently, "but I want to find some other way. You know we could never pay it back, mother

· Well, and it wouldn't be much harm if we didn't to your husband that is to

And the son of the man to whom we owent. And, mother, he never will be mine. I don't see how it can ever be " noon. You haven't been foolish enough to give him up, I hope ""

Not vet, mother; but I think it must come to that. His father would never hear of it, you know, and he has all the money and power on his from Tolver, if he went against him. Could we bring all this upon Tolver, mother, and in addition take all he has and get him into debt with his aunt, "The rector of St Luke's could youch to free ourselves from poverty and

You take such extreme views of. Eve descends the hill toward the vilthings. Eve. The old man would come lage with a very thoughtful face, though, round in time. Tolver is his only son, when she meets any one, she endeavors and I've heard he adores him and the to drive the cloud from her blow and money would be paid and forgotten " give as bright a "Good morning" as

think, mother. But is it really proba- down with anxiety. Eye is proud al-

"Yes, as long as I was clay in his rather wearily, all I can say is that, Mrs Thirkeld. "And what are we to curiosity to see how they will get out of do if we refuse to accept Tolver's offer? It spurs her on to make a show of care-How would you set about getting the Just the question she could not an-

swer to her lover! time me time to think, mother, she

savs wearily. But the new day dawns upon faces unbrightened with any fresh hope. Eve is tired and heavy eved as she moves tearful sorrow and reproaches for him present perplexity their enemy and to eat -" now, which he bears a good deal more becomingly.

You haven't thought of anything, and in a general way, careless kindness of the cloquence of her broken story. Eve. Mrs. Thirkeld says, more as an of heart! His handsome healthy face assertion than as a question. Perhaps tells all this as he warks his big horse leave us much to put by for anything. the girl's dispirited look is a sufficient down the street, turning in the saddle she concludes wistfully, with a timid

"No, mother: I wish I could." women are clearing the table, the elder good natured that Eve takes heart as says, in lowered tones, lest Sam, sitting she hears it. outside on the garden seat, chipping away at a stick and trying to make beheve there is nothing the matter, should and trembling from head to foot, and overhear-

"Eve, I must speak to Tolver to-day. if you won't. They might be coming for Sam-who knows? Do you know how long they wait before-

"I shall see Tolver myself to-day. mother; I promised to meet him this I afternoon to talk further over it."

"That will do, if you are going to be reasonable. But I can't let my boy be "To sell our furniture and things and taken off to prison to gratify your pride." "Mother, do you think I would let

him go, either? But if I could only

"You won't be so nervous about hand-

"Mother, that's where it is! He "Oh, Tolver, von are making the never will be that; I will never take him to drag him down into poverty. His father has everything in his hands. and it would take Tolver years to get on if his father turned against him, as you know he would do if Tolver married me. We should take Tolver's money and get him into debt, and all is only that I fear she would hardly because one of our family injured one of his. We have been dealt with mercifully on account of our poverty and of your widowhood, mother; and it seems to me a mean thing to fall back upon the very family we have injured to That would be only showing a natural pay the money for us.

"That all sounds very well, Eve! But what are we to do?"

"Mother, I have racked my brain. Even if we were to sall our furniture I'm afraid it wouldn't bring in that sum."

"I'm sure it wouldn't." agrees the widow, glancing round upon the shabby tables and chairs. "And what should we do without it? We could get nothing so cheap as this cottage, I'm sure." "All our jewelry is gone?" Eve knew it before, but still she speaks interrogatively, as though hoping against

"Even my keeper," answers her mother, beginning to cry as she looks down upon the forlorn little wedding ring that shines all alone on her thin!

finger. "That was when Sam had that

bad sore throat." Eve puts the last things away in silence and gets out a large work basket, from which she takes a pile of strips of black net worked in varying patterns by their patient hands. When she has

made up a neat parcel, she says: "Is there anything we want at the shop? I must go to the post office before I do anything else."

"Plenty of things we want," retorts her mother, half in impatience, "but nothing we can afford to have."

"Mother, you're blaming me for everything now because I have opposed you in this.'

"I don't know what's to become of Sam, I'm sure !"-and the widow weeps. "Often I have sat and thought and worried over it. He is doing no good at that school -it is fit only for ploughboys and who will take him, and what will he be fit for, urless for such work as that ?"

"Dear mother, don't look too far ahead; one trouble at a time is

enough.' Eve goes and kisses the poor little woman; but, with all her strong love, she is powerless to shield her from life's bitter blasts. She realizes this, as she en leavors to comfort her, with a miserable sense of helplessness For herself she would not care, she would hive on a crust, and work all day and half the night and save the money by degrees, if their creditor would give them time But she can not deprive her mother of anothing more than she has already been deprived of. They have now only the barest necessaries of life, and there 1- not a penny to be screwed out, turn which way they will.

"Eve, do you expect to see Tolver now?" ber mother inquires, when the girl reappears, with her hat and mended cotton gloves, and takes up the parcel ter carry to the post.

"No, mother, not until this after-

"But you might chance to meet him "Not at all likely, mother. But, if it will ease your mind at all, I will ject until I have spoken to you again "It will ease my mind. If you met side and could leave everything away him, and rejected his offer in the decided way you have sometimes, Eve, where should we be then?"

> "Where is Sam, mother?" "Out somewhere. He won't go to school any more, I think, after this, What is to become of him?"

That is what we should like to though her heart were not weighed ways, and the knowledge that the vil-Just as much as the other," insists lage is alive with their trouble and with than that to live on, Mr Gerard." from feeling

broad shouldered and sunburned farpersecutor a fine, bluff, good-humored When the meal is over and the two ing a chat. His deep voice sounds so ample collar.

An idea springs up in her mind. She pause. runs into the postoffice suddenly, hot deposits her parcel. He has not seen her. She slipped into the shop while his head was turned the other way after his friend the miller. When she comes out again he is in view in the distance. making his way leisurely in the direction of Fairfield, the largest farm of the three that he owns, and on which he was born and many of the family before him. She turns down the lane, breaking into a run as she leaves the street. From there she takes to the fields. making short cuts until she gains the. road at another point, at some distance did not dare to take a business; we from the village and well on the way to knew nothing of trade, and could not Fairfield. Looking eagerly up and down she at first fears that she has missed her object, but the next moment the thud of a horse's hoofs reaches her ears, followed shortly by the appearance of the burly farmer and his big

horse over the brow of the hill. Her haste in the postoffice and her run across country have given her no time to think; now, as she stands awaiting the near approach of man and horse her heart fails her. What can she say, how can she plead with this stiff-necked man who is bitterly prejudiced against them and who would destroy them all without scruple to save his son from them? But then her mother and Sam, what are they to do how can she bearto look on at their privations and not do all she can for them?

Her face is pale, her heart is beating rapidly; the farmer is quite close now, and pretending not to see that she is there. He has almost passed by before she can command her voice.

"Mr. Gerard." It is a weak, uncertain call : perhaps he does not hear it through the tramp of his horse's hoofs; at any rate, he does not turn.

"Mr. Gerard."

his hat as he speaks.

The voice is louder now, as if in desperation. There is no further excuse for him. He turns, only half checking his horse, however. "Miss Thirkeld, I believe?" he says.

with strained politeness, and touches

"Mr. Gerard, I want to speak to von," she begins breathlessly, and then stops because words fail her.

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The farmer waits with a show of unconcern while she collects her thoughts. "I want you to wait for the money," she hursts out at last, unable to frame her prayer in the choice and fitting words that she might have selected in calmer moments. "Do wait for the

money, Mr. Gerard! You know we can not pay it all at once !" "Not pay it !" he echoes, in apparent surprise. "Why, it's but a trifle; not the worth of the horse. That was the best horse I had. You're let off very

easy, I can tell von! But there is a certain half-hidden note of triumph in his voice that tells her he is fully aware of their perplexity and is not above enjoying it.

"I know," she replies "I know it was worth more; but, all the same, two hundred dollars is more than we can possibly pay, except by slow degrees. "You should keep your brother out of

mischief, Miss Thirkeld. "We should," she answers, "if we knew what to do with him But we are too poor to send him to the town Academy or to pay a premium for him to any tradesman, and no one will take him without."

Tradesman?" repeated the farmer. pretending to joke. Why what would you make of him? A cheesemonger? I thought you reckoned yourselves fine We should be glad to get him into

any respectable business, she replies,

passing over the sneer, though tears

come into her eyes. The farmer surveys her at his leisnie from his elevation on Butterfly's fack. He is a comely man of about fifty, and has been a widower far more than ten years. All the over blown spinsters held up their heads like roses after a shower when the rich farmer was a free man again; but he seemed not to fancy the women of his own neigh-

borhood. How soon do you reckon you could pay the money?" he inquires, in his promise not to talk to him on that sub- most business-like tones. "And in instalments of what amount?"

"Oh, I don't know" says the girl. piteously. "I haven't reck oned; I haven t thought I saw you in the street, and I came to ask, to see if- --She stops, partly because of the rising lump in her throat, partly because of the bitter hardship of pleading with this man, who can look on and relish her distress and feel no pity for the

toring widow and her children. "Could you pay five dollars a week,

The twinkle in his eyes betrays a fore-

knowledge of their heiplessness. "Five dollars a week ' Eve looks up with a start "We have little more "Fih? What? Little more than

that?" The farmer is dismayed too less cheerfulness which she is very far for a moment, but he quickly recovers himself, and looks with hard and unbe-But her courage breaks down at the lieving gaze down into the sweet pitesight of a burly figure on horseback our face. How much more, now? Be in the village High street that of a frank, and I'll see what is to be done "Never more than four dollars."

mer bearing an odd vague resemblance answers the girl, between sobs which to young Tolver Gerard a resemblance can no longer be restrained. "It varthat is striking for a moment, and then ier from two or three to four, acabout the little rooms, sweeping and fades away altogether as he assumes a cording to the work that mother and I dusting and setting in order against different attitude or as his face changes can get done. If it were always four, her mother's appearance. Three sad expression. Tolver's father, the owner it wouldn't be so bad for the present; faces gather round the frugal breakfast of the fine cart horse that Sam killed the cottage is only fifty cents a week; table. The widow has repented of her with one thoughtless movement of his and we grow our own vegetables, and anger against her son, and has only muchievous hand, the cause of all their mother and I don't want so very much

The farmer here interrupts with a looking man, with much sense and spirit loud cough. Eve has not the least idea "But you must see that it does not

to shout some concluding remark after upright glance, which shows her very the miller with whom he has been hav- red face above the well-fitting coat and "Was it that which brought you here

-to live cheap?" he inquires, after a

"Yes—that and mother's health; the fresh air has done her a great deal of good, but she has to sit too close to work. I do all I can, but we could not manage without her help. "Been a widow long?"

"Three years. She never knew what

it was to work for her living until then.'

"Your father had nothing to leave her, then ?" "He would have had, but he speculated and lost it all, and the shock killed him; and, when everything was settled, there was a bare two thousand five hundred dollars left for us. We risk our money; we invested it as well as we could, and took in needlework. We are depending chiefly on the interest of it in the present, and it may do

for Sam some day, if -- if we can manage to keep it untouched." "What do you mean to do without it.

then? Marry my son?" "I was not thinking of that, Mr. Gerard." The blood rushes all over her face now: she stands up straight, indignant, but yet with a hunted expression in her large piteous eyes.

That is all over now, I think." "It is? Would you promise that it should be all over if I forgive you the debt?"

He looks curiously at the girl as he says this. "Oh, I could not!" She clasps her

hands as if in a sudden spasm of pain. Why, what difference can it make when you say of your own accord that it is all over?" "It would be one thing to part because there seemed nothing else to do, and—and because we would scorn to

bring—to be the cause of further vexa-

tion to you, sir, after what has already

happened; and quite another to give a solemn promise never to meet again, no matter what happened." "Oh, you're looking forward to my death, are you?" the farmer chuckles. eveing the delicate face under the shabby hat. "But I'm not 51 till next Octo-

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