

THE OLD BARN.

A thousand miles divide us, and full twenty years have fled Since my eyes last rested on the roof that sheltered my young head...

BROTHER ALEC.

"Come, brother Alec, come ter yerself. I'm a-holdin' the bowl an' the soap fer ye. Come now, an' wash yer hands. I shed think ye was old enough ter wash yer own hands."

their supernatural sensibility, make welcome a belated traveller after nature has denied him, had no place for him either. Especially hard did it seem to the beauty-nourished young artist, who had been taught to see the body as the visible soul, who had learned, after long loving study, to watch the living spirit of man shine through nervous limbs, and the yearning heart of woman weave itself into the plastic curves of neck and torso.

As the days went by, brother Alec and the young artist grew to be warm friends, except during the intervals when he forgot who she was. The painful shock that his forlorn decrepitude had at first caused her was wearing away. The old man seemed to find genuine pleasure in talking to her, and his dim intelligence appeared to brighten a trifle under the influence of tact and courtesy.

licking wind blew here and there and round and round, and out the wildest capers with the red leaves from the maples, and came and went, and rushed up to her every now and then, slapping her in the face for very jollity, and then jumping back to hide like the arches on April-fool day. Then she pulled the boat up on the shore and went to walk.

convulsively over a torn and blood-stained sheet of paper; and oh, Clare, what do you suppose it was he had thrown himself in front of the train for? That wretched melancholy snuset sketch I made the day after I got here. It must have blown out of the sketch-book that lay on the seat beside him.

the door. "Nothing!" he answered. "Then what are you jumping around so for? I thought you'd shake the chandeliers down!"