

REST.

We are so tired, my heart and I, Of all things here beneath the sky...

We are so tired; we ask no more Than just to slip out by life's door...

Once it seemed well to run on too With their important fevered crew...

But we are tired. At life's crude hands, We ask no gift she understands...

ESTHER BARR.

One hot afternoon in August the sun threw its slanting rays upon the porch where Dorothy Barr was sitting...

Dorothy Barr sat this afternoon in the old rocking chair, with her hands idly folded in her lap, looking out over the hills...

"How beautiful the sky looks, Mrs. Barr, doesn't it? I always fancy so many things when I see clouds like that..."

"Of heaven? Yes, child, yes, many a time. There is rest there; child, so the good book says. There all strife is ended and peace is found..."

Annie Weston raised one pretty, soft hand and placed it on the hard, wrinkled old ones in Dorothy's lap, and said: "Dear Mrs. Barr, you said once you had a child, a girl, and that I made you think of her..."

Mrs. Barr stroked the white hand and said: "Nay, miss, it's not a story for such as you. Your life will be smooth, and why hear my story, dear?"

"You said you would miss me when I am gone; you said I brought back to you years when your child was with you..."

"She was beautiful, too beautiful to be our child, though John when he was young was a powerful smart looking man..."

"Yes, child, well, there was a man at our house then, a young painter, and as likely a looking chap as I ever saw..."

"Ay, child, I'm comin to that. One night they'd been up to me and Esther and I noticed she never done back before..."

his name, stayed on the porch, miss, and talked a while, but Esther went straight in. As he left to go to bed he said: "Good night, Mr. and Mrs. Barr. I can't thank you enough for all your kindness..."

Old Dorothy clasped her hands tightly and gazed out over the hills to the setting sun. Annie patted tenderly the brown old hands, the hands that had worked for a life time, in storm and shine...

"Dreadful child? Yes, it was dreadful a bit after she'd went away. Me and John would sit and look at each other, but we never said a word. Night after night John read his Bible and I sewed, and Esther's chair stood in its old place, but we never spoke of her..."

"One night some four weeks after she came home, after we had gone to our room I went to Esther's room to see if she wanted anything, but stopped as I got to the door..."

"Mother, some day I will tell you when I can. I went down and smoothed back the pretty hair and eyes: 'Yes, some day when you want to. And remember little one, you and me will love you and honor you above the world...'"

"Call me Annie," broke in that young person. "Very well, Annie. One mornin', as I was sayin', after I had finished my work and John was over to the Ridge..."

"It is to this line of work that the zoologist intends to direct his efforts, offering to all who are interested, information how best to prevent these losses, or to check the foe when it has already appeared..."

"This is a large sum and it would seem impossible, if it were not that it has always occurred, and a year without it has never been known..."

"The government has decided upon an important point in connection with the administration of the Yukon territory, says the Canadian Trade Review, Dawson city is the centre of attraction just now..."

"The bicycle gaiter, high shoe or ankle conceiver of any kind has disappeared so far as women are concerned..."

"The ancient practice of looking on marriage as the sole aim and end of a girl's existence has of necessity been given up..."

"Annie, I knelt by her pa and could not sleep. Her pa groaned, but only held her closer, our innocent little baby girl! But I must finish, Esther went on: 'The next day I left him. I believed in him and I loved him so that it broke my heart...'"

"Dorothy ceased speaking. Annie felt crushed with the grief of that young life. Dorothy said at last: 'That is all, Annie. Two weeks from that night she died. Died, Annie, so young, so tender! Oh, I think, child, our hearts broke that night, but it was God's will...'"

"Every one here expects a great 'loom' in the spring, and we have acquired, and are still acquiring, some valuable mineral lands. We are working one of our claims, but we have only gotten down about twelve feet..."

"The last letter I wrote, I sent out by a private party, who left here on January 20th. I am hopeful that it will reach you by the first of this month..."

"Father and I have both gained very much in flesh. My clothes are all too small except some that I bought too large, because I could not get smaller..."

"Feb. 17, 1898.—Father and I have just returned from a thirty-two mile tramp up Bonanza creek. Two days ago two miners from the very rich strike on the benches of 'Skookum Gulch'..."

"Feb. 26, 1898.—To-day I was at Dawson, and heard the oft-repeated rumor that the mail was 'between here and Stewart.' For some time I have paid no attention to these reports..."

"March 3, 1898.—To-day father and I stood for two hours in front of the post office. There was a big crowd and we paid \$5 for advance places in line..."

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