OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like good old days-The days when we were youthful! When humankind were pure of mind And speech and deeds were truthful; Before a love for sordid gold Became man's ruling passion, And before each dame and maid be ame

There are no girls like the good old girls Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart and clean of heart As the Lord knew how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common sens And piety all supportin:

Slaves to the tyrant fashion!

They could bake and brew; and had taught

school, too. An they made the likeliest courtin'! There are no boys like the good old boys When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet

That dimpled the laughing heather: When the pewee sung to the summer dawn Of the bee in the billowy clover, Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love-The love that mother gave us! We are old, old men yet we pine again For that precious grace-God gave us! So we dream and dream of the good old times.

And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams

Of heaven away off yonder. -By Eugene Field.

BITTER BREAD.

parents nor anything that happened business trip to Portland with the illto him before the time Ethan Baines ness which caused his death already took him. His first memory was of upon him. The weather had alternatthe winter night when Ethan brought ed thawing with freezing. In order him from Portland to the farmhouse in the hills. This was extraordinarily vivid. He could feel the swaying motion of the train; see the wavering yellow light from the oil lamps; smell the mingled odor of overheated stove, dusty plush of the seats, and car- Andy rushed to him in a wave of sicksmoke. He could see the small boy ening fear. beside the big-framed man, sniffing furtively and wiping his nose on the back of a mittened hand. The bigframed man had a rugged face, lean nose, and black, twinkling eyes. His overcoat was of black, curly fur, and his valise was old and shapeless and broken at the corners. The boy was frightened and car-sick, and the man opened the old valise and found a big, shiny, red apple which he gave to the boy. He held it in his hands all the way, and it made him feel better.

He did not remember anything standing in the middle of a bare kitchen. "She" was looking him over with cold, china-blue eyes, and he dropped the red and and he dropped dropped the red apple and did not dare pick it up. He could hear her words and her thin, cackling, ill-natured laugh. "Kind of a runt, ain't least."

Tunt-down condition—sluggish liver—rheumatic symptoms—three times daily.' Land! All winter I been feeling real run-down and sluggish."

Kind of a runt! He was a grown father's shoulder, watching her. He man before he was able to think of felt the long shuddering of the chill himself as anything but a runt. And that shook him; his oddly mature a runt seemed the most hopeless, consense told him that his father was a a runt seemed the most hopeless, contemptible thing there was.

man "father," and the woman he call- room to the cupboard, got a teaspoon, ed "Aunt Ide." He knew, because she poured herself a dose, tilted her head told him so many times, that she wouldn't have had a boy like him around if she could have helped it; faction. that his own folks were no account trash, too shiftless to make a living; that all the work he could do wouldn't thin, tight mouth, the heartless, chinapay for his board and clothes: that he had no claim to food and shelter ex- hair, the blotch of pink on each cheekcept on charity; and that he was pindling and white-livered and hadn't the pretty woman, but at that moment gumption of a sick cat.

If he had not known his place in it from the two bread plates at meal time. There were always two. One was piled with neat slices from a left-over fragments. Father did not that it was hate. know, but the boy knew from which plate he must take his bread. The fresh slices, his mouth would water for them, Sometimes he emptied his left for the next meal and she would got." perforce have to feed him fresh, but up with the boy her brother had taken in spite of her.

low the farm. Sitting beside "her" in the wooden pew, he heard the pale The woman counted every penny, young minister preach of the "blessed bread of charity." The boy knew then with tenfold heat.

He was always trotting by the tall man's side. To have him bend and disposition.

Say, "Tired, sonny?" or "Want to go to the house sonny?" diminished hun-

working with heavy pail and longached. He took his turn with the hoe in the cornfield; he raked hay and learned to drive the hay wagon; he carried salt to the sheep in far pasing—she was April—she was violets tures; he cut paths through the snow and lugged water in winter; in applepicking time he was in the orchard wooden school-house because father

kind to the hard-working horses and around a bobolink's brood in the meadow. He learned to love the distant blue mountains, and the smell of the balsam spruce, and the note of the rare days when they two could follow ed into parched ground. the brook, twinkled if possible more Within two weeks, un

The affection between the two was a silent one. The boy knew without in hand, they walked up the hill in the being told that the woman must not dusk. know how father loved him nor how he loved father. He knew, too, that father was just as afraid as he was of the woman's tongue, that his peaceloving spirit was perpetually harried, and that he would go to any lengths to avoid arousing her acid temper. Over and over in his boyish soul he resolved to make it up to father and

to get even some day with "her." Bedtime was typical of their hidden relationship. He would sit waiting on the bed for father to come. The oig-framed man would sidle quietly through the half-open door, his eyes sparkling as if a tremendous joke were on hand. He would sit down beside the boy and take off his shoes: the big, gentle hands would fumble over buttons and straps and cotton nightshirt. They didn't talk much, they knew it was necessary to keep very quiet, but a good deal of suppressed chuckling went on, and the boy might be unexpectedly rolled over on the bed or tickled in the ribs. The man always tucked him in very slowly and carefully, smoothed the hair back from his face, blew out the lamp, and tiptoed from the room. In a warm, contented glow the boy would make her welcome." go to sleep.

Andy was fourteen when all the He could not remember his own from him. Ethan returned from a to spare his horse, Ethan walked up the hill through the slush. He entered the house soaked to the knees, wet with perspiration, shivering. Dropping his valise, he staggered speechlessly to the old rocker by the stove.

"Pa's got a chill!" he gasped. But the woman paid no heed to either of them. She was at the valise. "Awful careless business," she grumbled. "It'll be a mercy if my bottle ain't broke to smithers.'

Trying out a new patent medicine was the chief alleviation of her existence. Andy sought to pull off the waterlogged boots. Ethan groaned.

"Aunt Ide, pa's sick! Look here at pa!" he fairly screamed. But she was unwrapping a clumsy

The boy stood with his hand on his dying man. And Ida Baines did not He learned to call the big-framed look at him. She walked across the back and swallowed it, smacking her lips and saying "Thar!" with satis-

Andrew saw her with cruel charity as he had never seen her before; the blue eyes, the prim waves of light bone. He had heard her called a prettiness in a woman seemed the ugliest thing on earth, because it any other way, he would have known could cover so shriveled and selfish a soul.

Something besides the tears in his eyes burned; hate burned. He had felt the woman was speechless; her face fresh loaf, and the other had nothing it from the first night she looked at on it but dry ends and nondescript, him, but until now he had not known

So Ethan passed: a man with a heart big like his frame, and patient farmhouse food was meager and ill- as his own work-horses or as the sicooked; he had to eat bread in order lent hills; a man fun-loving, gentle, to satisfy his hunger, but he never generous, whose life had been thwartate from that pile of odds and ends ed and disappointed, but never embitwithout a detestation that turned his tered. He left to the boy the memory throat bitter. He would seem to be of him, a love of the things he had swallowing ashes; he would eye the loved—and the burden he had borne. "Stay by the farm, son," Ethan had

said with one of his last painful plate in the hope that none would be breaths, "and—her. You're all she's

Outwardly there were few changes dry bread was something she always in the life on the farm. Two instead seemed to keep on hand. Later he of three sat at the kitchen table and came to realize that to make him eat ate meals that were only a little it gave her pleasure; it was one of scanter, a little poorer in quality, than her small compensations for putting before; deeper silence on the boy's part, more querulous and unhappy in spite of her.

The boy went every Sunday to the white-spired church in the valley bewhite-spired church in the valley beually disappeared; life was whittled down to the bare bone of necessity. spent only when necessary, and then

with bitter lamenting. that old crusts and dry ends that no one wanted were "bread of charity," out joy and without hope; a sober boy and his hatred of the word burned always, now he never smiled and rarely spoke. He came to have the rep-utation of reliability but surliness of

When he met the girl he married, ger and fatigue and made bearable one and hadn't been a day away from even the picking up of rocks from a the farm. And Jessie—what can destony field. The gayest, gallant-He helped feed and water the stock, est little bark that ever rode a wave with flag flying! A solt bit of girl fork until his skinny arms creature, who scattered kindnessess and laughter like tossing flowersing-she was April-she was violets

-she was youth! How tell her effect on Andy Baines—the boy who had eaten bitter bread, trees all day. He went to the little who knew no tenderness, who was said it was a good thing to do, but he made no mates and always hurried heart and for dreams fashioned ugly husband, who would have worked his home as fast as possible. He was ways of retaliation.

| Andy's demonstration of the made a faithful husband, who would have worked his fingers raw for wife and babies; he ways of retaliation.

They met by the roadside: the tired the woolly lambs because father was litle stenographer from the city, drivkind; he never destroyed a bird's nest ing an old white horse in a buggy, because he had seen father mow and the rough farmer boy with the wood thrush at sunset, because father loved them; and his idea of utter and in the air—magic of the earth—magic absolute bliss was to go fishing with of the spring. And into Andy's need a companion whose black eyes, on the ran Jessie's tenderness as dew is suck-

Within two weeks, unknown to Ida Baines, they were married at the parsonage in the village. And then, hand

"Dear old Sobersides!" Jessie whispered. "There was never any one like you! I don't know why I love you, Andy, but-I do!"

"I know why I love you!" His voice shook. "And God knows-I do -I do !" When they entered the yard, the

lamplight was streaming from the windows. "It looks so home-like," Jessie said softly. "I've always wanted to live

in a house with green blinds, Andy." He groaned and put his arms around her hungrily. "One kiss, Jess—for luck!—before we go in!"

''O n e?'' She laughed her gay laugh. "One apiece! And one for poor Aunt Ide. She's old, Andy-and she hasn't anybody!"

The woman stood by the stove, stirring a kettle of chicken mash. The angular arm stopped as they came in; she slowly turned her lean, sallow, sour countenance and looked at them. Andrew pressed Jessie closer. His

voice was hoarse. "This is my wife, Aunt Ide. We were married down to the minister's this afternoon. I want you should

The woman's cold eyes moved over the girl; her pinched mouth grew cruel. The minutes lengthened. Andy's eyes burned in his white face. He took a step forward. "I want you should make her welcome!" he repeated menacingly. "Aunt Ide!"

"I ain't deef," she snapped; raked the girl once more with a sneering survey; turned to her kettle, began stirring. "You kin take out your

trash, Andy."

The quick color flooded Jessie's face. "Andy, let's go!"

"No!" violently. "No!" Striding forward, he seized the woman's arm. "What d'you mean, Aunt Ide? Ain't this my home? Where sh'd I bring my wife but here? Ain't I earned something better'n this? Ain't I worked for you-give you my wages -run the farm's good as a man could! Ain't you meant to do right by me? I ask you-Aunt Ide! Here I come 'n' bring you my wife-you ain't never seen anybody so sweet as Jessie—anl you—you—" His mouth worked

uncontrollably. She glared at him; the color on her cheeks was blotched and ugly. "Shut your mouth, Andy Baines! I got jest one word to say, and you young fools kin stand there and hear it!

"You come into my brother's care Andrew Baines, a pauper youngclothes to yore back no more. so you leave. See them overalls?" lean finger pointed to a corner. "Them's your'n. Take 'em and git out!"

Her eyes fixed him with an implacable glint.

Andrew threw up his arms; his face was livid, his voice convulsed. In that room a dark pit became uncovered; the air seemed full of horrible shapes, of beating wings. Before the torrent of words that poured forth Jessie shrank back appalled.

The festered bitterness of years had rein. Every wrong of his childhood he flung at her; every injustice, every heartless thing that was done to him. Epithet after epithet he hurled. He cursed her and vowed to curse her until she died.

"You ain't fit to live!" he screeched. "Your soul ain't so big as a hazelnut! May you suffer like the damned before you die! I could see you hung and laugh!" "Andy-Andy!" Jessie wailed, but

went gray, her eyes were glassy. When Jessie pulled him backward with her whole weight toward the door, Ida Baines was there before her.

She flung it wide. "Git that crazy man outer here!" For a moment Jessie's eyes clung to hers; then, dragging Andy after her, she stumbled over the doorstone, and the door slammed behind them. The shades were drawn with a rapid hand, and the darkness of the yard was made complete.

Jessie clung hard to Andy's arm,

but they were half-way down the hill

before she spoke. "Andy, I love you—I love you dear-ly! I'll stick by you—I'll go any-where—do anything—be your faithful wife—only, Andy, only—" her shaking voice broke into sobs—"you must never look-you must never talk like that again—never, never! Or you will break my heart!"

He made no answer; his feet dragly he sank to the roadside, violently ill. For a long time had ged like a drunken man's. Presentill. For a long time he lay with his head in Jessie's lap, while she pressed his cold forehead with tender

"I—am—so tired," he murmured feebly. "What ails me, Jess?" Out of wells of infinite wisdom

A kind neighbor in the village gave them refuge for the night. Andy awoke in the morning, he seemed to be himeslf, but he was in truth not the same man. That hideous de-bauch of anger left irreparable traces. Some heretofore healthy fiber seemed disintegrated; a dulling hand passed over energies natively alert and strong. The poison in his veins robbed even his love of its sweetness. He nursed the memory of the wrong done him; he did not allow himself to forget. With the world before him, with health and youth and a staunch companioned by poverty, acrimony, companion, Andrew Baines was yet a his face, but something in Jessie's overwork; who carried hate in bia' gloomy man. He made a faithful heart beat stronger than her fear of

was courageous in adapting himself to a town life, he whose love of earth was bred in the bone; he was conscientious and devoted, surrounding Jessie with tender worship. He could give her all this, but not the gift of a light heart and unclouded brow.

As soon as he could scrape dollars enough together for railroad fare, Anstuck. A man out of his element goes so far and no farther. With the reyearning in Andy's eyes. He would put her hands to her face, weeping talk then of the day when they might softly. go to the country and Jessie would | But that did not end the matter as have her white farmhouse with green she thought. In the night following, blinds, and Jessie would listen brave- as they lay side by side, each know-

They grew very close, sharing hardships, sharing joys, but Jessie knew there were times when she was far from him. She would wistfully study him, her very fingers longing to get at the lines in his face: to erace the ful!" unhappy ones, mold the sullen mouth, bring light into the brooding eyes. They could do so much, those active, clever fingers of hers-shape a bit of wire and straw into a hat, set cunning patches on garments, whisk light see it right off; you sorter got n crust over the filling of a pie, drive mixed up, Jess."

nails, unholster chairs, do a thousand He made as if to turn over. Jess skilful, loving things; but Andy's face held him; fear gripped her heart. they had no power to change. Here

was an enemy in the dark. Her buoyancy, somewhat crushed by the hard early struggle, revived when her first little girl was born. And Andy must be made to smile with her; must tell her that his heart sang,

"Dorry will be such a comfort to you!" she would cry. "Andy, why do rible to Jessie. you look so sober, dear? Why aren't "Andy, you o you glad, too?"

She stung him, finally. "Glad! Glad! It makes me sick! I never wanted one; and now we've got one, I shan't pretend. Pretty father I am! I should think you'd won't either—not till you put the hate me, Jess. The only comfort is wicked thought out of your heart."

—"he gave his words full weight—"It's been there too long—say, I be lonesome without it! Why, Jest of the company of the c

Jessie, more puzzled than offended, looked at him curiously. "What difference can that make?" she asked equably. "You'll have to do more for a girl, Andy. Girls are greedy little pests."

He smiled, his rare, slow smile that came for Jessie only. "That's not worrying me. The more I got to do, the better. It's only—oh, I can't tell you, Jess! Anyway Dorry's safe—a girl 'ull take after her ma."

"Old silly!" She could not believe him to be in earnest; but when, two years after, the Midget arrived, most adorable of small ones, rather in a hurry as she was always after, and Andrew, summoned in haste but reaching Jessie's side only in time for announcement of the event, knelt to get from her the first word, "Boy!" she lied in fun to him, and was pierced to the heart by the leaping misery in his eyes.

"Forgive me, dear! I shouldn't have it's a girl. But don't you really

a boy into the world—to be like me,

her a glimpse into that black room and then she broke her ankle, and wherein he dwelt alone. A door seemed opened to a rush of unwholesome air; she saw horrid things she wanted to believe were dead. In her weak- home, and you tended her, and you ness she could not face it; she could

only turn away.

"Never mind," she said, pale lips trying to smile. "Won't you look at your new daughter, father Andy? She's a darling tiny thing! Did you ever see such hair?" They did not touch the subject

The letter came at the end of a hard winter, when the little girls had been sick, there had been a cut in Andrew's wages, and Jessie was expecting her third child. Jessie drooped with the children in their dark rooms, and Andrew carried an aching, discouraged heart. It was from the she heard again that terrible sound president of the town bank where Ida of mirth, and shuddered. Baines deposited her savings, a hard headed, laconic, upright man, deacon in the church. It stated briefly that Ida Baines had been "ill unto death," but was now thought to be recovering, and that the writer wished to see Andrew on an urgent matter of business concerning her property.

"It don't matter," he answered curtly. "I shan't go-not a step." And from that determination it did not seem possible that she could move

That 'ud hurt her worse'n time. Mebangry, Andy. You must never get so ed her sometimes out of a nickel!"

"But Andy." Jessie spoke slowly a "But Andy," Jessie spoke slowly as

> wouldn't you go?" If he could have shown anger to contorted grin.
>
> So! His father had made a will; he Jess he would have shown it then. "You oughter know better than to ask that, Jess! Not in a thousand Baines. dear to me, but there ain't money her there. Why'd you want to stir

this up? Curse that letter!" The black look she dreaded was on

"But-for the children! Wouldn't sister and give her a home and care

you go back-if you had the chancefor the children, Andy?"

He sprang up with a violent move-ment. She kept her eyes on her work; she didn't want to see his look; it was bad enough to hear his breathing, hear his voice.

"Have it then-have it! For Midge and Dorry I'd go into Hell! But that drew took Jessie to a manufacturing would be worse than Hell. You can city where they spent ten monotonous ask most anything of me, Jess—I years. He advanced to a foreman's know what I'm owing you—but you position in a shoe factory and there can't ask that. You ain't got the right—God Almighty ain't got the right!"

turn of every spring there was a sick | He flung out of the room. Jessie softly.

ing that the other did not sleep, Andrew spoke out suddenly. "I'll go, Jess. I'll see what 'tis old

"Oh, Andy, Andy!" Jessie put her hands on his breast. "I'm so thank-

He did not move under her touch. "You needn't be," he said grimly. "It's not the way you think. It come over me just now, I might be missing my chance. "Don't know why I didn't see it right off; you sorter got me

He made as if to turn over. Jessie "What do you mean by your chance?"

"Chance to do her a bad turn-what I've prayed for since I was a kidserve her like she served me. She might want to beg something of mechance to laugh in her face! 'Urgent!' Nothing could be urgenter than that!" He chuckled. The sound was ter-

"Andy, you don't mean it that way -say you don't mean it!' "I mean it all right, all right. But we won't talk about it if you'd rather

Go to sleep, Jess." "No, I won't go to sleep. And you won't either-not till you put that "It's been there too long—say, I'd be lonesome without it! Why, Jess, when things are bad, seems like all I "What got to hope for is that! Seems like, sometimes, I live just for that-just for the time when I can make her pay. I've waited a long time; I got a hunch now I got to the end of waiting-it's better'n money in the bank."

> no glee in it, but now Jessie was able to speak calmly.
> "You wouldn't hurt any human being in the world, Andy dear."

Again the gleeful chuckle that had

"One human being I would." "No, not one. You couldn't Andy." "Couldn't? You don't know me then, Jess."

"Yes, Andy, I do know you-know you better than you know yourself." He was silent. She gathered up her strength; she gathered what long endurance had given her.

"You think you would do a wrong thing, but a man doesn't-all of a sudden like that. You've been good and kind all your life, Andy. Don't I know

didn't you, Andy? Because she needdo?" Indescribable triumph sang in Jessie's voice. "You stayed right at and icy cold. waited on her all summer long, cooking and doing the farm work, too—that's what you did, Andy Baines!"
"She hadn't turned you out of the

house then. Jessie." She hated to have you marry and not welcome home.

tell her. I didn't care about that!"
"I cared." Andrew's voice was low, but carried a stern note that told Jessie plainer than any words that her pleadings

fell on deaf ears. She said no more for the tears that choked her but lay awake till dawn, while Andrew slept. Once in his sleep

After closing the deacon's door behind him, Andrew Baines stood still outside for a few moments, taking long, full, quivering breaths like a man who has come out of deep waters. It was a clear April night, with a sharp chill in the air mingled with the earthy scent of growing things. "You'll go, of course," said Jessie ern sky over a dark line of spruce woods. The buds had barely begun to swell on the trees, but frogs were singing in damp hollows.

Andrew turned, passed rapidly down the village street under the bare branches of the elms, and made his "She wants something out of me—
d'you think I'll give it?" he asked
morosely. "Likely the farm's been
running down, and she's losing money.

"She wants something out of me—
way toward the hill road. As strong
wine is to the drinker, so were the
country air and familiar scene to
running down, and she's losing money.

Andy Baitely she that the steep grew slower as he left the clustered houses behind. be she's heard how we ain't rolling in Now he paused to look through a riches, and she thinks she can get me break in the evergreens by the road back—to work like a dog to put mon-ey in her pocket like I did before. Or mebbe"—he laughed sourly—"she where a cool and aromatic breath Jessie answered him. "You got too thinks she's found out where I cheat- rushed out from the ferny growth around a hidden spring. He took off his hat and lifted his face to the sky; if feeling her way, "if it was that she wanted you back—to run the farm— him in a grip of iron was loosed. He and she would treat you fair- could have leaped and sung. His lips drew back from his teeth in a strange,

was the legally adopted son of Ethan The farm had been left to years—not in ten thousand! There him; his the right to say whether the ain't a stone on the old place but's sister of Ethan should have it for her home. What were the words? They enough in the world to hire me-with came back to him in the deacon's measured tones.

"I give him the house and the land outright, because I want him to come after me and raise a family and keep the old place in the Baines name. I trust him to do the right thing by my

so long as she lives. He's a good boy; he's done his duty by me; he will by her.'

That yellowed document, with the ruled lines, written in Ethan's careful, untutored hand, was safe in his inner pocket. He felt it in his farthest nerve as if it had been a sentient throbbing thing. He saw Ida Baines' fingers on it; he saw her face as it must have looked as she read it after her brother's death. her brother's death. He saw the tight mouth grow tighter. The pious deacon thought that in the end she meant to do him justice; Andrew knew there was no justice in her. Not in the hour when she had believed she was facing Judgment had his name passed her lips; she would have gone down to death clutching her dirty pennies.

If he had been asked what further satisfaction life had to offer him, he would have answered, "Nothing." The cup out of which he drank was full to overflowing. For this night, he told himself, he would have lived through more-much more: deeper poverty, bitterer injustice, blacker despair, harsher outrage. He rejoiced in the debt life owed him. Without that debt, there were no opportunity to write—Paid in Full.

Penniless? Fleeced by quacks of her own money as well as what had rightfully belonged to him? Straighter the road to the grim goal of the poorhouse.

Sick? So much the better. One feels hardship when one is sick.
Clung to the old home, had she? The more to suffer when she left it! Dependent on his charity, the charity of Andy Baines! So he had been told that night. He thanked the deacon for giving him that word. How it could be made to stink! He who had swallowed its bitter meaning would now ram it down her throat.

How long a time should he give her? What things allow her to take? He reminded himself of how she nad pointed to his overalls the night she turned him and Jessie out of the house. Ah, he was glad she had turned them out—glad she had pointed to his overalls! He would make her remember that at that moment the will which gave him everything was hidden in her old desk and would still be hidden had the deacon not found it in her sickness and need.

He revolved in his mind the ways in which he should best tell her; rolled under his tongue the sneering phrase, the biting word. They tasted sweet; they made the road short.

Before he was aware, he reached the rise in the road which marked a boundary of the Baines property. He neared the house; through the light border of trees along the wall he could see a lamp shining. He had only to pass through the gate—follow the path— step over the doorstone (his doorstone now)-knock at the door (his door)—enter—

He must know exactly what he intended to do; he must have everything well thought out before he knocked and entered. He decided to wait, to walk around a bit and think.

There was no moon; only in the open spaces came a silvery gleam -don't Midge and Dorry know! It from the stars. It mattered little to want a son? Other men do. It hurts would hurt you too much to be mean. Andy; even in this soft darkness he want a son? Other men do. It hurts would hurt you too much to be mean. Andy; even in this soft darkness he me, Andy, that you don't."

Why, you don't know how, dear—you knew his way as he knew the bed-couldn't if you tried! Remember, room at home. He circled the house talk about it. It's better not. You back on the farm—didn't you work for won't understand—you can't. I was a boy—I know what misery can make your father asked you to do? You the young trees he and Ethan had set of one. There's been-mur- could've run away when he died, like were grown and the clear spaces under in me, Jess! To know I'd brought you wanted, and you didn't. Why der them. There had been no neglect. He did not linger long even here maybe—to know the risk—I couldn't ed you, and you wouldn't leave her where plans for the future mingled bear it, Jess—it 'ud drive me mad—" alone! You told me, once when you with thoughts of the past, but with His stammered, broken sentences. were sixteen, how you thought you eager stride followed the slope of the his eyes fixed hopelessly on hers in couldn't stand it any longer, and you old pasture toward the black mass of appeal he knew not how to voice, gave planned to run off and enlist maybe; woods on the farther side. His tense ears caught the sound of the brook in stead of running away, what did you the dark. It had been a winter with much snow—the pools would be deep

> Leaping the wall at the foot of the pasture he found himself among the thick growth of the evergreens. The loved balsam fragrance greeted him as he brushed past, and the babble of the water grew louder, the music he "Why, that wasn't anything, dear. had pined to hear. This-this was

> > The fallen log where he used to cross with Ethan was close at hand.
> > Andrew stretched himself out, face down, and drank from the clear, cool shallows. No sweeter water in the world. For an instant he had an odd fancy that by this act of drinking a fever long burning in his veins was cooled. He lay still for more moments than he knew, and the gentle voice of the brook, the scent from the rich woods earth, and the bending bough above had their way with him.

pasture slowly. And as his feet trod the familiar way, he went uncompanioned no longer. There was another with him, a tall, lean man whose eyes were very kind; nay, a third, a sober little boy who trotted at his heels. Here was where they used to dig for bait; here they had mended a

He rose at last and returned to the

length of fence. Andy had smashed his thumb that day, and father had given him a nickel. Here was the big rock, looming palely in the dark, where Ethan had leaned one sunny Sunday afternoon and expounded to enthralled young ears his own quaint notions on the matter of Creation.

The granite of the rock seemed to hold the warmth of sunlit hours; in its shelter the very wind was stilled. Andrew sat down with his back against it and gave himself to revery. Never since he died had Ethan's image been so clear, the warmth of his genial presence so intimate and real. Andrew could fairly see the black eyes twinkle and feel the pressure of that rough but tender hand. Did his spirit linger near, called back by love of the old scenes? There was nothing disquieting in the thought; it brought peace to Andrew, where there had been no peace, and the old, comforted glow in which a little boy was used to go to sleep. So would that big and kindly heart have comforted any living lonely thing. Thus Andrew's

thoughts went on. Just when it came to Andy that the act he contemplated was a wild and feverish dream, utterly divorced from reality, he could not have told. A vision opened of himself that filled him with horror. It showed him alienat-

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)