

station, Charles Grafton finds himself in the midst of a crowd of gaping rustics and hears his new Dunlap the subject of the witticisms of several country beau. These slight annoyances produce but little effect upon his equanimity, for gazing beyond the crowd he espies an ancient buckboard and seated in it in marked contrast to the dull surroundings, a fresh blooming girl of eighteen. The face attracts his attention at once and striding quickly to her side he exclaims "Miss Saunders?"

"Yes, and you I presume are Cousin Charles."

"The same" he answered and then flashes upon him his deceit. Retreat is impossible,—he has committed himself and must continue his false part. Lightly leaping in, he takes the reins from her hands and starts old Barney down the road at a rambling gait. Swiftly the time flies in her presence and by the time they had arrived at their destination he realizes that that in her was the girl of his fondest dreams.

Honest John Saunders meets them at the bottom of the lane which leads to the ancient farm house.

"Welcome, my boy to the home of your ancestors" he exclaims as he grasps him heartily by the hand.

### CHAP. III

'Twas Christmas day. The old farm house had put on its holiday attire and was gaily decorated with evergreens by the united labor of the cousins. The turkey had been slaughtered, pudding cooled on the window and apparently happiness reigned supreme. Never before had Charles made himself so agreeable or had his addresses been so well received. "To-night," he thought "will decide."

Dinner is announced. Gaily they seat themselves around the table. Not until then does Grafton see that another guest is evidently expected by his host for he frequently casts an inquiring eye toward the hall door.

"And is not the strange gentleman who has shooting hereabouts arrived yet?" he inquired of the servant then by way of explanation he said to Grafton "being taken by his gentlemanly bearing

I have asked him to dine, though our acquaintance has been of such short duration that I do not know his name."

Hardly were the last words out of his mouth before three heavy raps were given on the door, and in walked the expected sportsman—a tall young man of excellent proportions, which showed to good advantage in the hunting suit which he wore.

Saunders welcomed the guest with a hearty shake of the hand, and leading him to the table, inquired his name, prior to introducing him to his daughter and Grafton.

"Charles Grafton," replied the stranger, and then became dumbfounded at the change his answer had wrought, for Miss Saunders shrieked, her father stood speechless with amazement and the ghost at the table, slunk towards the door.

"Explain this," exclaimed Mr. Saunders, as he looked hastily from one guest to the other. "Which is my rightful nephew?"

"I," said the sportsman, "and is it possible, that this man has deceived you? I was sent here by my mother to hunt you out and to seek to reconcile you to her. She prays pardon for all ill thoughts against you and requires a return of love for the love which she has retained for you all these years. Uncle, look at me and tell me that you believe me your nephew."

Saunders looks and sees what he has failed to notice before, that there is a striking resemblance between mother and son.

"And so I have been deceived; Where is the wretch who has deceived me? Gone? 'Tis well, and may he never be seen in the neighborhood again.

'Twas true. The man had taken the first train to New York with a heavy heart. It was not his lot to partake of a Christmas dinner.

Two months after while looking over a New York paper in his apartments the unfortunate man Mr. Grafton, No. 2, noticed the announcement of the marriage of Charles Grafton, of Fifth Ave N. Y. to Miss Saunders of Jamestown.

RADIATOR.