

tion, before he hurried from the church, rushed home to his father's house, and then seizing his friendly broom repaired to the barn to find the usual relief for his troubled mind in the delightful occupation of sweeping. At last after his agitated spirit had become somewhat quieted under the soothing application of the broom to the barn-floor, he stopped his rapid career of industry, wiped his brow, and gradually his face became overspread with a look of determination that was really unusual and interesting to see. "Yes, sir," said he bringing down his broom with great emphasis upon the floor, "to think of all us fellows being fooled Sunday after Sunday by that Theo Brown, just because we haven't spunk enough to do anything. Yes, sir, I've made up my mind there's one as won't stand it another day. I don't care what the rest of 'em may be going to do, but I'm bound to find out this very night what's to be expected, and I guess that the son of Deacon Smith will stand as good a sight as any of 'em."

Here the emotions of our Napoleon found expression in that peculiar display of agility which we have mentioned as striking in a Deacon's son upon the Sabbath day. He set his broom on end and danced around it with much apparent pleasure for above a minute, and when at last he closed his exhibition with an ecstatic fling with either foot and still further proved the strength of his new-born resolve by throwing his broom to the further end of the barn, no wonder it produced mild excitement in the row of sober cattle that stood chewing their cuds close by.

The day closed with unusual beauty. The sun went down behind a shoulder of the mountains in a burst of evening splendor and the billowy masses of cloud extending all the way to the zenith were rich with gold, amethyst and opal; yet later the evening set in somewhat cool, and the breeze rustled a little ominously in the alders beside the road as our Napoleon passed through the hollow on his way toward the solitary light that streamed from the kitchen windows upon the hill. But nothing could disturb the brave heart of Napoleon at this time. His mind was too intent upon his single purpose, and when he gained his destination, and after a hasty survey through the window over the porch, saw that just as he expected, Theo was at home and alone, for the Deacon and Mrs. Brown always went to evening meeting, he knocked with great confidence at the door and was admitted. Theo received him with a smile of apparently