

And before he could say another word she had swept away, leaving him dazed and surprised.

Two days later a letter came to Helen Kenworthy from Della. There was a postscript of a few sentences which served to make clear to her many of her brother's strange actions since her friend's departure. It ran,—

“Oh, Helen, I don't know what you must think of me for refusing Jack. But I heard what he called me when I arrived and I resolved to be revenged. Yet, somehow, my revenge is not so sweet as I thought it would be. I believe I have made a terrible mistake. I know I would not have done such a thing in my normal state of mind. It was because my wild spirit got the better of me.”

Perhaps it was only by accident that Helen dropped that last page of Della's letter in the hallway. Be that as it may, Jack found it there, and, being of a naturally inquisitive nature, he read it. It had a wondrous effect upon him. But it was no surprise to his sister when, at breakfast next morning, he announced his intention of taking a little pleasure trip up the country, to get rid of the hot, dusty city, as he said. The result of that trip explained itself in one sentence of a letter from Della to Helen, the morning after Jack's departure. That one sentence read,—

“Helen; I truly believe you showed Jack that postscript, or else read it to him, for he was here to-night, and—well, Helen, I wasn't as foolish as last time.”

HARVEST HYMN.

The God of harvest hail !
 All hail the bounteous one
 Who heaps the wain
 With fruit and grain
 Beneath the Autumn sun.
 The stacks and barns are full,
 The bins are bursting o'er,
 Yet fruit and corn
 From plenteous horn
 Still pours its golden store.
 Let times be what they may,
 Let tyrants work their will,
 God's bounteous soil
 Requites our toil,
 Our hearts are joyous still.