

before his eyes comes the laughing face of a beautiful girl, and over and over again he hears the words, "Turn back."

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In another, distant city, on this spring morning, a young woman sits in church and tries to listen to the sermon, but her thoughts wander and she finds herself thinking of a little church out in the country. She has become utterly weary of the perpetual noise and tumult of the city, and she finds herself wishing that she could be at the old home again where all is quiet and peaceful. But there are sad memories as well as sweet ones connected with the old home; perhaps it would not be as pleasant there now, for many people have gone away—people whom she used to know long ago; and before her eyes gathers a mist that is not brought by any words of the preacher. "I did not think I cared then, but—he might not have gone away so soon. Well, I will forget, though it takes a long time."

But memories that will not die after six years of effort to banish them are not easily driven away, and on her way from church she finds herself wishing again for the old home.

Then suddenly a fire alarm rings and she counts the strokes: one—two, then a pause, then one—two—three. There is a longer pause and then the number is repeated, but before the bells stop ringing there is a rattle and a clang down the street and the first wagon of the fire department rushes by; and just behind comes the heavier apparatus, the big steamer with its three powerful, gray horses, tearing along the pavement, gong sounding, and smoke and sparks pouring from its funnel; the trucks and hose carriages, supply wagons and police patrol all add their clatter. Then down another street comes the apparatus from another station. The woman starts to cross the street when some one shouts, "Back! Back! Go back!" and she stops just as a belated truck dashes around the corner and whirls by with a clang. Bicycle bells jingle, dogs bark, children scream, men shout, everything is noise and confusion, and she goes on her way with the cry ringing in her ears, "Go back."

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A man walks slowly up the road by the little old church. "Yes, it is just the same. There is the cracked pane in the window up in the end, the swallows are playing in and out of the old tower just as they did years ago; and, yes, there is an