

If you will look in the black leather wallet in the inside coat pocket you will find it and I ask that you will make any use of it that you see necessary. It has never been away from my possession since the day I received it, and has never been seen by anybody not a member of my immediate family.

“From Denver my original intention was to go to Chicago and then hasten home in order to make one trip around my usual route before my vacation. I wrote the firm and they extended my time two weeks that I might visit the Southern States before my return. My tour was twice lengthened and I arrived home six weeks after the time originally set. I was glad, and yet sorry. I would have liked to forever have remained away from that once so delighted spot. It was not so to be.

“My little brother met me at the station and, as I kissed him, I noticed his eyes were full of tears. In his childish way he had always believed that Alice and I belonged to each other. My old mother was at the gate to meet me as we drove up the lane and almost before I was out of the wagon she had her arms about me. As I stooped to return her kiss she said, “Poor boy! Poor boy! It must be so hard! How we all pity you!” Father was a man of few words and he only clasped my hands and then turned and led the horse to the barn but I noticed the absence of his usual cheery whistle as he unhitched.

“Mother and I went into the house together and I handed her the letter I had received from Mr. Narley, saying it was all that I knew and I wanted her motherly counsel. She suggested our waiting for father and we both relapsed into silence, each busy with our own thoughts. When father came in mother gave him the letter and asked him to read it aloud.

*(To Be Continued.)*