RHODA'S

SECRET

By SYLVJA CHESTER

& A M M A M M M M A M A M "He brought it upon nimseit!"
M. Lefroy cried, bending over him.
He glanced at the face of the fallen man and read death there; and, before a hand could stop him he leaped the low hedge and rushed swiftly

One or two pursuers followed, but the Frenchman was a swift runner, and they soon gave up the chase. M. Lefroy got safely to the railway station and thence to London. Before the police could get upon his track, he was lost in the great city.

Mr. Dering was carried to the inn. No one knew him. He had left them a handsome gay young man; this worn, haggard, shabby stranger had no point of likeness to that gallant soldier they had known years before.

The doctor came to him straight from Dering, where they had sum-moned him for Millicent. He shook

his head at the sight of the wound.
"It is quite hopeless," he said to
the woman who had been called to act as nurse; "he cannot live through

The eyes of the dying man turned upon him.

'I did not hear what you said, Doctor, but I know what it means."
"I cannot withhold from you the fact that your state is very critical.' said the doctor gravely.

Mr. Dering reflected for a moment.

"You are known at Dering, of course?" he said, then, in a wonderfully clear voice.

"I have just come from there," replied the doctor.
"You are new since my time, but

"You are new since my time, but you will know my name; I am Arthur Bering. I want you to go up to Dering and bring my brother and his wife here. I must speak to them and bring my daughter to me."

"They are in great trouble," the doctor said gravely. "Miss Dering died this morning."

"My sister Millicent is dead! Ah, I shall soon join her! But go and tell ny brother and his wife that I wish to speak to them, Doctor." The doctor promised. He had

reached the door when the voice of his patient recalled him. "Let me write a line for you to

They propped him up, and he slowly and painfully wrote a few

"Give it to her yourself," he said ntly. "She will be sorry; she is the only person in the world who will not be glad." When the doctor reached Dering,

he asked for Mr. Adrian Dering and told him briefly what had happened. Adrian took the note.

"They shall go down at once," he said. "Go back and do all you can for him, Doctor. Tell him his daughter shall come instantly."

Adrian went slowly up to Rhoda's room and knocked. He heard voices within and he entered. Rhoda was within and he entered. Rhoda was standing facing her aunt, who was

standing facing her aint, who was talking in a hard bitter tone to her. "You have hidden all this from us; you have lived a lie all these months! Oh, your aunt should have honewa!" known!'

known!"
"I am going away," said Rhoda, in
a low tone. "I am giving up everything; you shall never hear of me
again! I know now how wrong I
have been; but I have done Molly no harm, aunt—I have not indeed!" Her voice died away as she caught

sight of Adrian.

sight of Adrian.
"Adrian," cried Mrs. Dering, "hear
what Rhoda has just told me!"
"I know all—all," he said emphatically; "I knew it this morning before I brought Rhoda in. Aunt say

more; there is sad news."

He approached Rhoda, who did not look at him.

Your father is in the village," he 'He has been hurt. He sends you this note."

Rhoda took it. The news seemed scarcely to affect her, but her whole frame trembled and her eyes filled

with tears as she read the note.
"Oh, take me to him!" she she said

turning to Adrian instinctively.
"I will take you at once," he an uncle George must come; he is

Without waiting to hear his aunt's reply, he hurried Rhoda away.

The carriage he had ordered was

waiting at the door, and he placed her in it. Neither look nor word was exchanged between them, but seated himself silently at her side. In perfect silence they reached the

inn.
"Go up," he said; "I will wait."
The doctor met Rhoda at the chamber door

"You are too late,' he said grave-ly. "He died as your carriage drove

when Mr. and Mrs. Dering rived, the found Rhoda kneeling by her dead father's side. She looked wildly up at them. "He is dead," she said—"dead,

and without a word to me!"
"Come home, dear," said Mrs.

"Home!" the girl repeated, in a tone of bitterness. "I have no home!"

The doctor drew Mrs. Dering

aside.

Miss Molly could come down-"I will go back to her and bring her at once," said Mrs. Dering. Adrian was waiting down stairs

when his aunt came down.
"I am going to fetch Molly," she said. "Rhoda looks as if the shock has turned her brain. I am alarmed about her."

about her."
"Stay with her," said Adrian quickly, "I will fetch Molly."
He went out and then came back.
"Be kind to her, Aunt Agnes," he

said earnestly.
"Have I not sent for Molly?" Mrs.
Dering turned. "I mean to be kind

to her."
Molly came, and persuaded Rhoda to go back to Dering.
"I must return to-morrow," she

"Yes, dear, you shall return to-morrow," returned Molly; "only come home with me now."

But, when the morrow came, Rho-da lay unconscious of all around her,

in the first stages of brain fever.

Spring had passed, full summer had come, and the lime trees were in blossom when at last she was taken from her bedroom into the little sitting room. She lay on the couch by the open window, and Mrs. Dering sat by her side. All bitterness be-tween them was gone. Rhoda's thin hand was in her aunt's as she began to speak.

to speak.

"Have you written yet, aunt?"

"No, my dear," Mrs. Dering answered gently. "You could not leave us for a long time yet."

"But I should like it settled," the girl answered feverishly. "You will write soon, won't you?"

"Very soon," was Mrs. Dering's soothing answer.

soothing answer.

Since Rhoda had been able to think coherently, her idea had been to go away from Dering, as soon as she was well, to some home or insti-tution where she could get work to do among the sick and poor. She began to speak of it again.

"I shall be happier when I am at work, aunt. You have been very good to me and forgiven me, but I

cannot forgive myself."
"Here is Molly to talk to you,"
said her aunt. "We will speak about all this to-morrow, Rhoda. Well, Molly, so you have come back?" "Yes—here I am. Bill has come

to see Rhoda, and Jack has brought you these strawberries."

Mrs. Dering left the girls together. Molly seated herself at Rhoda's feet and called Bill to lie down upon the window-sill.

and called Bill to be down upon the window-sill.

"I wonder if Bill will know us again," she said meditatively, stroking his black head. "But Ulysses' dog knew him, and we shall not be gone so long as that."

"Where are you going?" said Rhoda, looking at her cousin.

"Jack and I are going to America for our wedding tour," replied Molly, with a blush and a smile. "It has all been settled, at last, and we are only waiting for—" Molly stopped and looked confused, then she took Rhoda's hand and kissed it. "Rhoda, I want you to promise me "Rhoda, I want you to promise me something."

'Anything I can promise," said

Anything I can promise, sake
Rhoda gently.
"Then will you see him?"
"Of course, I will," answered Rhoda at once.
"Him must mean Jack,
she thought.
"He is here, and I promised to find

out if you would see him. You are sure it will not be too much for you?"

"I shall be glad to see him," said

Rhoda.

Rhoda.

"Then he shall come up this moment," said Molly eagerly.

She ran away, and Rhoda waited, thinking with a tender little smile, of Molly's happiness. After a little while she heard her footsteps along the passage and also another firmer heavier step, which set her pulses heavier step, which set her puises beating rapidly. It was Adrian Molly had meant. She had not seen him since the day her father died. Molly opened the door and shut it softly after Adrian had entered.

"I am going to leave them alone, Bill," she said confidentially to her door. "Let us go away and leavethem

dog. "Let us go away and leavethem quite alone."

Adrian sat down by Rhoda's sofa.

"It is very good of you to let me come and see you," he said gently. "I thought Molly meant Jack," Rhoda answered faintly. "I did not

know you were here." 'I have been here for weeks."

said gravely.

He took up her thin left hand and looked at it, then he raised it to his lips, Rhoda drew it quickly away, but Adrian took it again in his clasp.

'Where is my ring?" he asked. Rhoda's lips quivered so that she

"I do not know—Mrs. Dering has it." "You must wear it again, Rhoda."

"Ah, no, Adrian! Do not speak like that to me. We must put the past quite away. I shall soon leave Dering, and you will forget me."
"Yes, we must put the past aw

but not all the past. Rhoda, nothing has altered our relations to each other; you are still my promised

Rhoda shook her head.

"It was a great, a bitter shock to me," he went on. "But I love you, Rhoda—I love you devotedly, I can-not do without you!"

"I could not find happines in love without respect," Rhoda answered; "and I have lost your respect, Adrian!"

He hesitated a moment, then he knelt down and took her hands in

"I believe in you still," he said. "I cannot hide from you the fact that it has been very hard to keep my be-"You must let her alone for the lief in you, but I cannot look into present," he said gravely. "The shock has been too much for her. If that you are worthy of my love! And

you must not speak of our being parted; it is your duty to keep your engagement. I love you; I cannot do without you!" He put his arm gently round her and bent and kissed her. "Let us put all the bitterness of the past away," he said, "and think only of our happy future!" ture!'

"It shall be as you will," Rhoda whispered. "I love you dearly, and my whole life shall be spent in showing you that I deserve your trust."
THE END.

CALEB CONOVER. RAILROADER.

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BEAVERS INSPIRE RESPECT.

A Professor Who Was Afraid to Kill So Knowing an Animal.

"I have yet to meet the man who can walk for the first time through a beaver works, as the range of a colony of beavers is called, and not feel something of the sentiment of human association," says a writer in Baily's

"It is a sensation very similar to what we feel when we come out unexpectedly into a woodland clearing after a long day spent in the unbrok-en solitudes.

"I once stood with a learned professor of Columbia College on the bank of a stream in eastern Canada and looked down on a freshly made beaver struction that I had ever seen. It was indeed a really stupendous affair for a beaver to have made. Built of alder poles and brush, weighted with mud and small stones, it was fifty feet long, six feet high and raised the level of the water by about sixty

"Seen from the upstream side it presented the appearance of a more or less evenly disposed array of short sticks protruding from a long mound of mud just level with the surface of the restrained water; from below the brushwood supporting the dam proper was plainly visible and the ingenu-ity of its placing at once apparent. "There was of course none of that

'pile driving' or 'basket weaving' which at one time played so large a part in the picturesque descriptions by fanciful writers, but despite its roughness it was a really remarkable piece of animal engineering. My companion inspected it for several min-utes in impressed silence.
"I should be afraid to kill such

a thing that knew so much,' he said thoughtfully."

++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ POETRY WORTH READING

After All.

After death, what?-Cesare Lom-

After you and I have ceased to care
The April winds will blow across
the hill,
The rose will spread its fragrance on

the air,
The swallows twitter round the chimney still;
The brook will wind its leisure way

along
And right will still be right and wrong be wrong.

After you and I have ceased to fret Because our planning sometimes comes to naught
The foolish still will foolishly regret

When home the spite they vented has been brought; They will be needed most who give

delight And wrong will still be wrong and right be right.

After you and I have ceased to toil It may be that we shall with joy ar-

rive
Where none shall be undone and none

despoil, Where no one for another's gain

shall strive;
But here the wise men still shall be the strong,
And right will still be right and wrong be wrong.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herender.

A Plea for Patience.

Be careful as you go your way; the stranger in the shabby dress, For all you know, may be a man the world will call a great success. Perhaps you will regret your sneer, and wish to goodness you had

smiled, For he may be a hero big who hadn't yet his records filed.

You cannot know what regions vast have been alone explored by him,

Nor that he spent his two weeks' rest last summer climbing mountains grim.

tains grim.

To-day he may not show a sign of all
his prowess and his daring.

But bear in mind it may be that his
records he is now preparing. Be not too quick to judge, I pray, for men to topmost heights may

climb. The great deed done some years ago
may yet be told to us in time.
And some, who now unworthy seem and drink from sorrow's bitter

cup, May famous be, if they can find the time to write their records up. -Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free

The Return. When Johnnie went away to school He rigidly conformed to rule.

At first he joined a college frat, And lost an arm and leg in that.

And then he made the Delta Phis, Who gouged out one of Johnnie's eyes.

A "rush" that launched the college Deprived him of a useful ear.

He was so good, and glad to please, That Johnnie made the team with He left a hand at Cleveland, O .-

A kneecap at St. Louis, Mo.; His sternum cracked at Baltimore-Interred his nose at Portland, Ore.;

at every contest, win or yield,

He left a portion on the field Thus gradually he was bereft Till little of the boy was left.

We got his baggage home by rail-The rest of Johnnie came by mail.

—John D. Wells in Buffalo News.

I know as my life grows older And mine eyes have a clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, some-

where There lies the root of right. That each sorrow has its purpose By the sorrowing unguessed, And as sure as the sun brings morning

Whatever is, is best.

know that each sinful action As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, sometime, punished, Though the hour be long delayed, know that my soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means oft to suffer, But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors In the great eternal plan; That all things work together For the final good of man. And I know as my soul speeds onward

On its grand eternal quest

Till the call of Light.

shall say, as I look back earthward "Whatever is, is best." The Dreaming. Sweet is the dreamin In the lonesome night, Of the far, fair country Where the light shines bright Wake not the dream

-Atlanta Constitution

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