

are indeed no strangers to each other," she answered, slowly. "Often am I among the trees. Stanley, leaning languidly upon one elbow, looked after her until lost to view, then dropping back upon the grass, stretched himself, once more, full length, drew a long sigh, and muttered—

"A sweet, earnest little woman. But, oh dear! I'm too tired to even wonder who she is. How well she talks; yet how painfully her logic grates upon my weary sensibilities. Pshaw! I'll put her out of my thoughts at once, and forever. She is just the sort of a creature to march forever ahead of a fellow, shouting back 'Excelsior!' until he drop dead in his tracks. And after all, what is the spirit that animates and restrains her? What is the theory that falls in such beautiful shape from her guileless lips? Fallacy; nothing but fallacy; nothing—"

The words died away upon his lips, his eyes closed wearily, and he lay silent. A moment or two passed thus; then he started, and became conscious of some strange, intangible presence near him—a sweet, subtle, caressing presence, that soothed, even while it startled, him. Soft fingers lifted the hair from his throbbing temples, with a touch that sent thrills to the center of his being; a perfumed breath played upon his cheek; a sweet voice sounded in his ear: "You called me, and I am here. Arise, and come with me."

"Who are you?" he cried, starting up and gazing eagerly about.

No form was to be seen, but the thrilling fingers still toyed gently with his hair, and the same voice murmured in reply—

"I am she whom you have this day so earnestly invoked. I am the spirit of repose, come from my distant realm, in answer to your prayer. Poor, weary being, come, and I will give you rest."

A soft hand closed over his in a firm clasp, and yielding to an influence he

are indeed no strangers to each other," she answered, slowly. "Often am I among the trees. Stanley, leaning languidly upon one elbow, looked after her until lost to view, then dropping back upon the grass, stretched himself, once more, full length, drew a long sigh, and muttered—

"A sweet, earnest little woman. But, oh dear! I'm too tired to even wonder who she is. How well she talks; yet how painfully her logic grates upon my weary sensibilities. Pshaw! I'll put her out of my thoughts at once, and forever. She is just the sort of a creature to march forever ahead of a fellow, shouting back 'Excelsior!' until he drop dead in his tracks. And after all, what is the spirit that animates and restrains her? What is the theory that falls in such beautiful shape from her guileless lips? Fallacy; nothing but fallacy; nothing—"

The words died away upon his lips, his eyes closed wearily, and he lay silent. A moment or two passed thus; then he started, and became conscious of some strange, intangible presence near him—a sweet, subtle, caressing presence, that soothed, even while it startled, him. Soft fingers lifted the hair from his throbbing temples, with a touch that sent thrills to the center of his being; a perfumed breath played upon his cheek; a sweet voice sounded in his ear: "You called me, and I am here. Arise, and come with me."

"Who are you?" he cried, starting up and gazing eagerly about.

No form was to be seen, but the thrilling fingers still toyed gently with his hair, and the same voice murmured in reply—

"I am she whom you have this day so earnestly invoked. I am the spirit of repose, come from my distant realm, in answer to your prayer. Poor, weary being, come, and I will give you rest."

A soft hand closed over his in a firm clasp, and yielding to an influence he

With a smile that seemed to illuminate every feature of the dark, little