

gently at home, and at the age of twenty, with the assistance of a kind old professor, who lived in the town, he was far in advance of most of the young men in Wapakoneta. Tom had an incentive to labor—Amy's love. He hoped, some day, to make her his wife, and to be worthy of her.

How often are the day dreams of our lives ruthlessly destroyed, just as we are about to realize them? It was thus with these two young people. Their fondest dreams were destined, for a time, to be dashed to pieces against an inexorable parent's will. Not that Colonel Harrington did not think well of Tom; on the contrary, he regarded him as an exemplary young man; but when it came to marrying his daughter, his beautiful Amy, for whom he had hoped so much, why, that was another thing altogether.

Colonel Harrington had represented his district in congress for several years, and on one occasion he had taken Amy to Washington with him, to see the capitol during the sessions of our national legislature. She was only fifteen then, but even at that age, she created quite a sensation in Washington society, with her beautiful young face, turning the heads of many of the young men she met in that gay city. And after all this success, for her to think of marrying a poor, nameless boy, with neither wealth nor position—it was not to be thought of. Not so Amy. She could, and did, think of such an event taking place. Had she not promised, years ago, to be Tom's wife when she became a woman?

About six months previous to the opening of our story, Tom, with the consent of Amy, had spoken to Colonel Harrington about his love for Amy, and how they had loved each other from childhood—

"I do not care to wed your daughter at present, Colonel Harrington, but I feel that it is due you to know the relation we bear toward each other. Should I, in the future, prove myself worthy of her, I shall then ask her hand of you. You have known our family for a long time—before I was born, I believe—and you have seen me grow up to manhood, and, although poor, I know you have found me honorable in all things."

The colonel was taken entirely by surprise. He never, for a moment, supposed that his daughter entertained any other than friendly feelings for young Norwood, and when Tom informed him that Amy returned his love, he was dumbfounded. He was obliged to admit all that Tom had said. He had known the Norwoods for thirty years, and during all that time he had never known either father or son to do a dishonorable act; furthermore, he had spoken of Tom in his family as a promising young man, but did not think of him as a son—the husband of his only

child. No, no, that could never be. His daughter must marry some great man, some man of wealth and position. He told Tom so, in a kind, but firm, way, which left no doubt in his mind as regards the colonel's feelings in the matter, and there could be no mistaking his meaning when Tom was informed that the intimacy existing between Amy and himself must cease.

"Grant me one more interview with Amy," said Tom, "and if it be the wish of your daughter, as well as yourself, I assure you that my visits to your house will cease."

The colonel knew that Tom was the soul of honor, therefore did not hesitate to grant this request. That night Tom was to have his interview with Amy, and as he knew she would do nothing her father would not sanction, it was with a heavy heart and sad countenance that he bade the colonel good-day.

Colonel Harrington was very severe in his bearing toward those whom he considered beneath him. Pride was one of his worst faults—a trait of character not possessed by his daughter. That afternoon Amy received a summons from her father to appear in the parlor. Her heart told her what was coming, for Tom had said that he would speak to her father that very day. She knew he would oppose her marriage with Tom, but she relied on his great love for her to overcome any and all opposition he might entertain to her marriage with the one of her selection. As she entered the room, she saw at a glance that something unusual had occurred to her father. Going up and kissing him, as was her custom on meeting, she drew up a chair and seated herself by his side.

"My daughter, young Norwood called to see me to-day, about matters wherein you are interested. Need I say in what way?"

While her father was speaking, Amy sat looking out of the window; but when he ceased, she turned those soft, blue eyes toward him, and said—

"Papa, if he told you we loved each other very much, and have for a long time, he spoke only the truth."

If Tom could have seen her that moment, as she confessed her love for him, I fear his resolution to abide by the decision of Colonel Harrington would have been somewhat shaken.

Amy hung her head a moment; not in shame, however, but to hide her blushes, then broke out with—

"Oh, papa, forgive me if I have done anything wrong; I thought you knew; you have always spoken well of Tom, and we have known each other so long."

"My child, I can not give my consent to your marriage to a man so far beneath you. No, child,