


## "Was there nony mail. Ebiben ?" Avd leanng over the litue weket




dernuly for him. I suppoese you are
saxious to get astay from the old place,
Mise Barbars ?\%"
 down at histul brown eyeses the dimpled hande
 gripped his beart at that moment of
what fhe owold be at the farm with-
 fright, to know how much depended
on this proud, spoiled teanty, whose dream now was to get away from snch
at he-the oommon tolks around Iar
borongh
Barliars at eighteen had a great long

 the phace sit the crumbling headstonees
in the ifite graverard on the hill,
inter
 capaecities as 8 financier, and at turn
mancelinery. Agreat many at the
lage lad dropped into the thabit of
 called his workshop, where, at oda
 and potered over hie numerous inve
tions and thonght of what great poes been born tomething beeter then Mrt hr
Leighones term hand. Ho realized
 Bat hist beneficictor had died and lett na yourg Hextora to unravel, and giris - Barberr and Theo. It wo
not have been right or manly. Thit mero going gtraight now, however, the kept the wheels woving which Eben remsinied on the farm while the eeascon
waxed and waned, and the girrse
were growing into five, tall young women, Iban was to be had A: Larborough He He had expeoted that a girlise preuty Ing so drill a phace, bul foll a wild when hie learned that $a$ leter had been
 arjoged the advantagee of a finithing





