Mattie's story was simple enough. The orphan girl of a former servant in a wealthy family, Mattie had shared the lessons and the play of the younger daughter of the house, until a time came when it was convenient to turn the humble companion adrift to work for herself.

It may have been a piece of ill-luck his neighbors ascribed to Drew, that it should have been to his farm the girl came as help to his sister, or it may have been a piece of his good nature that made him agree to take under his roof this pretty lass, untrained for service and educated far above her station.

Drew's widowed sister, Mrs. Banks who lived with him, and whose child it was Mattie had come to nurse, amongst other duties too numerous to mention, for there was but one servant kept-Drew's sister exclaimed in despair when the farmer brought home the young, ladylike, delicate-looking girl:

"We want a strong, hard-working lass! This one doesn't know her right hand from her left. She is as good as a lady, or as bad, and has never milked a cow in her life! What were you thinking of to bring her here?"

"Ah! that's my luck; well, we must do the best we can with her. If the steward had never mentioned her to me now -but then he did mention her, and here she is."

There she was, and there she stayed, apt to learn, willing to be taught, grateful for the real kindness she met with. Mattie was soon the best band at milking for miles around, and soon devoted to baby. Three years passed quietly, and then came the romance of Mattie's

She was twenty that summer. Adam Armitage, a grave man, was fully ten years her senior. A great traveler, a member of the world-renowned scientific society, a student and a discoverer-he was between two scientific expeditions, refreshing heart and brain by a walking tour through the home countries.

Adam's walking tour ended at the farm Drew had taken only a year before, and the dwelling-house it had been found more convenient to inhabit than the smaller building on the old land close to the road. Mr. Armitage found the pure of the more refined society among which her youth had been passed. Little Harry followed his new friend wherever he went. Harry's mother called him a right down pleasant gentleman. The farmer called him a good man.

They all missed him when he went summer found him there again, a welcome old friend this time, and no

Drew, a keen observer of all that went on around him, was not so much taken by surprise as his sister was when one day toward the end of this second visit, Adam and Mattie were both mysteriously missing. A strong-armed lass made her appearance before night. She was the bearer of a note from Mattie confesssupply her place, so that no one would be inconvenienced.

Drew might shake his head and look thoughtful, but Mr. Armitage was his own master, and it was not the first time a gentleman had married a country lass. Besides the deed was done and past respecial license. Adam had taken a lodg- farmer. ing for his bride, and there they passed one brief, bright week of happiness.then one morning they walked quietly back together, Mattie blushing and smiling, and looking so lovely and ladylike in a simple dress that she used to wear before she came to the farm that they hardly

knew her. Adam explained that he meant to leave his wife for two days-no more-in care of her old friend, at the end of that time ters miscarried. Sometimes she has imagine how it came to be where it was he would return and fetch her. There | thought you were dead, Mr. Armitage, were arrangements to make with regard | but never-" Drew broke off and held to the scientific expedition about to start immediately. It would sail without him now, but it behooved him to do his best that his place should be as well filled as it might be. There was also, his mother to see, and prepare for receiving Mattie.

Mattie walked a little way with her husband and the farmer, along the breezy uplands, and then Adam sent her back, and hastened his own steps in the direction of the little station at the foot of the downs. When he came age in, he said, laughing, it would be from Broad leading to the farm.

Mattie's path. It was an idyl, a poem, tale as we go."

On the third day they might look for little difference." Adam to return, but that day passed and many another, until the days were weeks | help will make all the difference between came nor wrote. Mattie remembered fallen on all alike." how when she had turned to look back for the last time upon that homeward walk she had seen his figure distinct next lost it entirely as he passed out of as they went. sight over the swelling lines of hills. Just so she seemed to have lost him in ceased to watch for his coming again.

ments, or prompted to it by his own interval, however, he opened his eyes sense of what was due to Mattie, not and recovered consciousness, and, only took pains to ascertain that the as he did so—slowly at first, but after a marriage was real enough, but the fur- time more fully—the astounding discov ther pains of searching for and finding by was made that his memory was enthe address of Adam Armitage of Lon- tirely gone. don. It was strange how this girl and However, this state was one from her former master both trusted Adam in | which, so said his friends, science could the face of his inexplicable silence; in at will recall him, and the operation the face of even a more ominous discov-ery that he had never mentioned Mattie's deferred only until his health permitted name to his mother, or alluded to Mattie of its being attended by a minimum at all. As for Adam, Mrs. Armitage had | risk.

THE STORY OF AN ORPHAN GIRL. she could not give an address that would above described that Drew had seen Mrs.

spoken to her. winter, Mattie's health seemed to fail.
The deep melancholy that oppressed her threatened to break the springs of life.
In order to escape Mrs. Banks the girl took to lonely wanderings over the downs; wanderings that ended always at she did not hesitate to deceive the un-Stonedene; until, with the instinct of a wounded animal that seeks to bear its pain alone, or from the ever-recollection of the last words of Adam, when he said that it was by way of Stonedene that he

house and allow her to take her place. of absence and the mystery of silence, and Mattie, on this foggy day had al- his wife. ready lived at Stonedene, on the watch always for the coming of Adam.

The fog increased instead of diminish- | claimed. ed with the approach of evening. Drew could not see his own house until he was was confided, and with that exclamation "Well, how is she?"

mad as she is-or any one might think of it he set out alone for England. from the way you go on.'

butter dish was set on the table with a tioned that no letter had reached Mattie, vehemence that made the tea cups rattle. Adam was at a loss to understand the husband so harsh a name."

air of the downs good for him. He made I've no patience with him; nor you ajar; evening had closed in now, and the friends with all the family. To Mattie either. As if it were not a common tale chilly fog was still abroad, but the figure it was delightful to meet once more enough! It would be better to persuade at the gate was dimly discernible. some one with all the tricks and manner | the girl to come home and get to work | again, than to encourage her in her fancies, while you pay another servant the suddenness of it might turn her here—and times so hard as they are." brain," cried Drew, laying a detaining

"I was thinking to-day," the farmer went on, softly passing his broad palm over the blonde head of the child upon his knee, "I was thinking a thinking a triangle of the child upon the arm of his companion.

Adam gently shook him off.

"Suddenness." he reported his knee, "I was thinking as I came away, Mattie most of all; but the next along as how it stands written; 'He that for me and Mattie whose thoughts are loveth not his brother whom he hath day and night and night and day, full seen, how can he love God whom he of each other, how can it be sudden?" hath not seen."

> some one going to the front door passed and Mattie turned her head to see him the window against which the fog pressed | standing at her side. closely. Drew sat little Harry on his his sister ask what ailed him.

> opened with a suddenness that caused-Mrs. Banks to drop the plates upon the brick floor. For Adam Armitage stood upon the threshold. Adam pale and | that blinded Drew, so that for a moment worn, a shadow of his former self, but or two he saw neither of them.

himself unmistakably. Adam looked around the room as call. They had gone quietly to one of though seeking some one, smiled in his ant. It is newly done up and prettily the churches in the town, and from old-fashioned way at Harry, gave a half-finished now; Mr. and Mrs. Armitage whence the sound of bells floated up to curious, half-indifferent glance to come down here once or twice a year the farm, and had been married by Eliza Banks, as she turned toward the

"Drew," said he simply, "where is my

"Mrs. Armitage is waiting for you at Stonedene, sir. There was some talk of your coming back that way."

with a passionate gesture. "What can she have thought?" "She has thought you were gone, after all, upon that voyage, and that your let-

out his hand. "We knew you could exal

Adam drew his hand across his eyes in the way a man might do who has been lately aroused from a bad dream, and has some trouble to collect his

"That has happened," he said, "which if it had not befallen me, myself, and become a part of my own experience, I should find it difficult to find it possible. A strange thing has happened"-here the old smile they remembered so well station, and that he would drive in a fly | broke the light over his face-"and yet through the Stonedene gate along the a thing not more strange, as the world track, the only approach to a carriage goes, than that you-I say nothing of Mattie-but that you should have trusted Mattie went away smiling, as ne meant she should do, and only paused now and then to look after the two men as long as they remained in sight. It was now. They called mine a rare case, friend; that she should feel a little afraid friend; they might say the same of your lactory, 6 washington street. Portland, Or. The reliable establishment. Tiptop for good work.

But—Stonedene, did you Blank books with posted headings made a specialty.

as true a love story as the world has | "This evening, and in this mist, and seen, had written itself here in this out- you looking far from well, began Eliza of the way spot on the lonely Sussex | Banks. "Mattie has waited so long already that one night more will make but

"One night, one hour more than I can -the weeks months, and he neither | willful wrong and a misfortune that has

He would not be dissuaded from setting out at once, and in another minute the two men were pursuing their way against the sky for an instant, and in the through the driving mist, Adam talking

After parting from Mattie he had taken a train to London, where, arriving one instant of her life. And yet she in due course, he drove in a cab to his never lost faith and trust in him-never mother's house in Grosvenor street, within a few yards of which his cab over-Drew, after a time, either goaded to turned, and Adam was thrown out, fallthe step by his sister's loud-voiced argu- ing heavily on his head. After a long

declared he was not with her then, that 'It was while Adam was in the state

find him, an assertion that confirmed | Armitage. A proud woman, she was ill-Mattie in the idea that he had so often | pleased to hear that he had married a farm-servant; for that was the one fact As autumn passed and the evenings that, stripped of Drew's panegyries grew chill with the breath of the coming upon Mattie's superior education and

welcome visitor. Change of scene had been ordered for the patient, and before Drew called at the house in Grosvenor street for the second time, Adam and his mother were gone. It was in Paris, would return, she besought the farmer months after that, that the operation was to send away the woman in charge of the finally successfully performed, and the first word of Adam was Mattie's name. Drew yielded to the wish of the wife The first effort of his newly recovered whose heart was breaking with the pain powers was to relate to his mother the history of his marriage, and to write to

"God grant the suspense has neither killed nor driven her mad," he ex-

close to it; as he had remarked, the mys- | ringing in her ears, Mrs. Armitage stood tery of Mattie's affairs was not more im- beside the brazier filled with charcoal penetrable than the veil hiding all nat- and burning in the ante-room of their ural objects just then. When he had apartment in the Champs Elysees. She put up the horse and gone in to tea, Mrs. was not a bad woman, but the temptation Banks, as she bustled about, preparing was too great to allow this affair to unthe meal which Mattie's deft little ravel itself, and what would turn up? If fingers had been wont to set with so the girl were dead, why no harm has much quietness as well as celerity, did nbeen doe, and the terrible mistake of not fail to greet him with the question: the son's was rectified at once. If the other alternatives were to prove true, and "She" had come to mean Mattie in the Mattie had lost her senses, Adam would vocabulary of the farmer and his sister. be free from her, or measures could be "About as usual in health," Drew re- taken to insure so desirable a result. plied, lifting the now five-year old Harry to his knee, "but troubled in mind—though to be sure, that is as usual, to."
"She is out of her mind," exclaimed Mrs. Banks, irritably. "Every one but yourself knows that; and if you did not know it, it is only because you are as might think.

Such was the story. When Drew told "Nay, nay," said Drew gently, as the of his efforts to seek Adam, and had men-"There are no signs of madness about part his mother had played. But he Mattie-unless you call her trust in her | never spoke of it then or at any future | time.

"Husband! A pretty husband, indeed | The house door at Stonedene stood Adam hastened his footsteps.

"For heaven's sake, sir, be careful;

is sudden to you-and to Mrs. Banks, but Drew stood still, and Adam went on At that moment the shadowy form of alone until his footsteps became audible,

Adam had been right. No fear was feet, and rose slowly, listening with in- there for Mattie's brain. All excitement, tentness and a surprising look that made | all surprise and wonder came afterward; at the first supreme moment, and with a the bearer of a note from Mattie confessing that she and Mr. Armitage were marby the mercy of heaven, it is the man all it wants, Mattie held out her arms to himself!" cried Drew, as the door him with one word satisfied sigh, as of a child who has got

."Husband!" As Adam drew her to him it was not only the mist or the darkening evening

People say Drew's luck has turned. From that day Stonedene found a tenwith their children for a breath of fresh air and to visit old friends.

An oak whose rings showed it to be one bundred and twenty years old was cut down in Buckspor, Me., recently, and imbedded at the eightieth ring, a "Waiting?" Adam threw up his hands point which was at the surface forty years ago, the wood chopper found to his amazement, a diamond pin containing twenty-four brilliants in a silver setting. Nobody knows whose it was, or can found.-Chicago Times.

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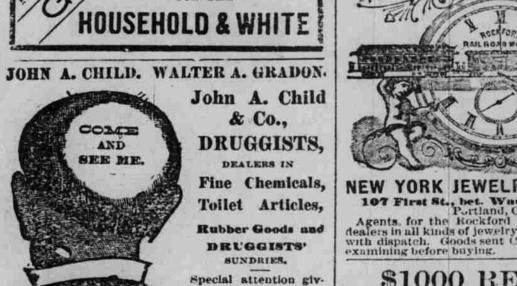


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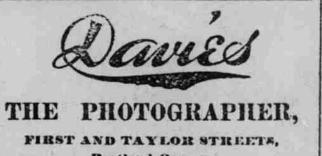
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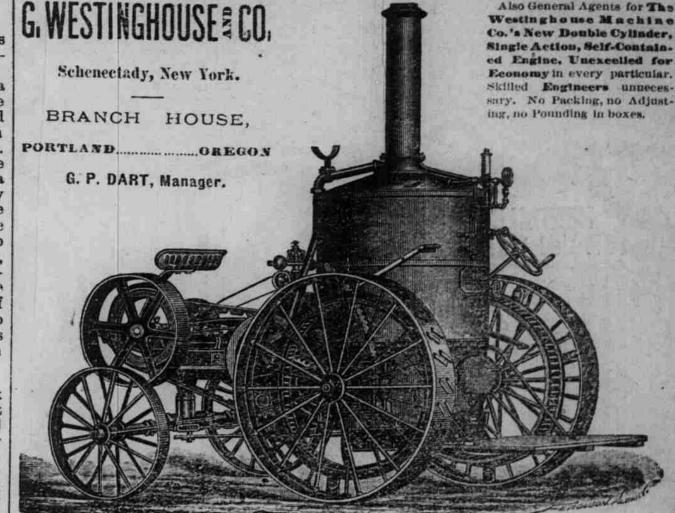
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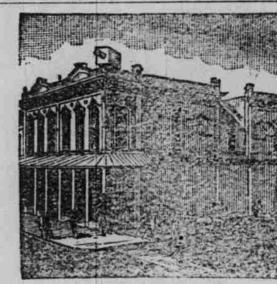
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