"Fifty hearts as well as your own-

The son's tones seemed to impress the

cowed by the cold, clear-ringing tones

er came for him to own that, either.

The young woman in the background

leaned forward with clasped hands until

once more turned her eyes upon her book.

the father, in a different voice.

what unsuccessful.

"How do you live?"

"Have you made your fortune?" asked

"On the contrary, I have been some

"I write-a little," he added modestly.

"It is a long story, that would scarcely

"It would not interest me in the least."

There was another long pause, during

which the son, still at his ease, still singu-

ner, glanced round at the pictures on the

looked once more in the direction of the

he repressed all exhibition of surprise.

Suddenly the father said, with that sin-

"For how long?" asked the son, sur

"You can stay here if you like."

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99999999999999999999 Second Cousin Sarah

"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER." "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

| report, made me what I am? I would CHAPTER II.—(Continued.) Sedge Hill was a staring edifice of con- rather break my own heart than break

siderable proportions, with an aspect of my word. You know it," said the father newness about it that fourteen years had | boastfully. not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprie- yes, I know it," answered the other, with tor, who had made much money by cot- an unflinching gaze at his father, "and ton stockings, and had risen from twen- hence I come to you-not for assistance, ty shillings a week at the loom to the I don't want it; not for affection, I don't splendor of his present life. It was a expect it-but with the simple motive, new house to suit the new man who had which I hope that my letter conveyed to been lucky enough to get rich. There you last week, to see you, to express sorwere spacious grounds beyond, and there row for a long alienation, to feel glad was a big room at the side, that was new that you are well, to tell you that I am to Reuben Culwick since he had last not unhappy, and to go away again." stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to in- father, who subsided into his easy chair, spect before turning into the carriage from which he had leaned forward, as if

Then he went rapidly along the drive, of the voice which fell upon his ears, a drew up in front of the house, and step- voice which subdued him, and an arroped lightly and briskly from the trap, gance that had always been difficult to giving the reins to a rosy-faced young quell-which touched him, though he man in livery, who emerged from some never owned that-which made him even stabling in the rear, to be of service to prouder of his son, though the time nevthe newcomer

"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant. he caught her glance again, when she "Yes, sir. He's with Squire Black of

Holston." "And you reign in his stead. Well, we cannot all reign."

He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the while. Another new face—a smart young housemaid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and sallow, came to the door and admitted interest you.

"Is Mr. Culwick in?"

"Yes, sir, but he's engaged just now." "You will be kind enough to give him larly hard, despite his respectful manmy card?"

The maid servant took the card and walls, admired them even, secretly but departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the not enviously, wondered at their cost, and merest stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walk- lady, whose pensive face and quiet grace ed up and down the spacious hall with his he admired also, and at whose presence hands behind him, and his hat in his he wondered in a greater degree, though

Presently the servant reappeared. "Will you step this way, if you please, gular abruptness characteristic of the

Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity-the door of the new room, he was certain, prised at last out of his assumption of

The door was opened and his name an-

which were bright and rich with many

pictures, and the ceiling paneled and

massive, with ground glass in the panels,

for the proper transfusion of light on

Mr. Simon Culwick's "collection." When

he had taken to the "masters," ancient

and modern, and given them all the love

But it was not at the paintings which

enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick

gazed with so much of curious earnest-

ness, but at the big broad-faced man sit-

ting before the fire in a capacious leath-

ern chair, and who was looking curiously

and steadily at him. There was a pret-

sitting at the table in the recess of a bay

window, reading, and Reuben was con-

scious of her presence—that was all. She

ward him with a certain degree of curi-

osity as he advanced, and then turned

to the pages of her book as he held his

have you?" was rolled out in a gruff bass,

as a large, white gouty-looking hand was

"So I have come back at last," answer-

"So you have thought of me at last,

hand out to his father.

placed in that of his son

Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben

time his father refused to take it. "You have come out of your way to

give me a fresh wound, that's all," said the father, sullenly, "and you have done it effectually. I don't want you to trouble me again. You will not come here again at my invitation. I can't forgive you-why should I? I never forgave anybody. I never forgave your mother. Your two aunts offended me years ago, you know. Have I ever forgiven them? One died last summer, and I wouldn't go to see her-wouldn't go near her-and the other one is in St. Oswald's almshouses, blind as a bat, and living on eight shillings a week. Eight shillings a bwoken English," replied 3-year-old week, and those pictures there cost me

Worcester. I am glad to find you well.

He extended his hand again, but this

eighty thousand pounds." "A good investment," said Reuben Culwick, coolly, and critically looking round time all good little boys were in bed." the walls; "they will increase in value

year by year, sir." As he looked round he became aware. for the first time, that the lady in the bay window had disappeared. She had passed from the room silently, through a second door at the extremity of the picture "And I never gave her a penny in my

life," added Mr. Culwick, senic "Poor old Sarah-blind is she? and in the almshouse, too! I am sorry. I liked

boy, and when you were not rich. But I am detaining you, and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good by again." When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reu- day to-morrow will be? Johnny-Yes. ben paused and turned.

made my will, and that you will never our schoolhouse burn down. be a penny the better for it. It is all left -all," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay window was stepping back from the big fleecy mat at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise. "Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him: "don't give

up-don't leave him like that-it's your last chance.' "You have been listening," said Reu-

ben, coldly. "To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything-do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged

"No, I can't go back." "You are as hard as he is," she cried: 'as if it mattered what you said to him regain your position here!"

Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze. Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone. "Who are you?"

"Only the housekeeper, sir," she said. ed, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in

"The housekeeper-yes-butsaid wonderingly, and without regarding her strange taunts. "I was not aware

"Why should you be aware of anything about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old

man to his senses.' "And interfere with your chance," said paper is bent under. Reuben, lightly. He was in better spir-

young lady interested him. "I have no chance," she answered, "or shown in the illustrations. should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish-I should try and keep you away, being as

fond of money as your father is." "I hardly believe this." "Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he A Rather Pathetic Discussion of the felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and

disappeared. (To be continued.)

What They Said. Penelope-Charley called last night.

Penelope-Yes. Justine-I suppose he'll come three times in the next week? Penelope-That's what my brother

Justine-And six times the next? Penelope-That's what aunty says. Justine-And seven times the next? Penelope-That's what papa says.

Justine-And then what? Penelope-Then we'll get married; that's what everybody says. Justine-And then what?

more of an evening; that's what mamma says.—Baltimore Sun.

Mildly Rebuked. "Didn't you say that it was going to

rain to-day?" "I did." answered prophet. "But there hasn't been a sign

moisture." "I am perfectly aware of the fact. All could do was to offer the best opinion on the subject that I could arrive at. If of the marriage of a poor servant lad I could accurately foretell events, I and lass "that was only a marriage

So Thoughtful. She-There, dear, haven't I been thoughtful of you and unselfish?

make a fortune in the stock market."-

He-How? "Why, I kept all these bills of mine way from you until the middle of the

To see what is right, and not to do it.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Said by Children. "Is your new nurse French or Ger- tury, with little if any variation.

man?" asked the visitor. "I fink her's Margie.

"Come, Harry," said his mother, "it's "But, mamma," rejoined the little fellow, "you said I was naughty to-day, so that lets me out."

"Mamma," queried little 4-year-old Mabel, "was papa related to us before he married into our family?" "Certainly not, dear," was the reply. "Oh, then we just adopted him, didn't we mamma?" continued the small miss.

Little Dorothy was visiting in the country last summer and, seeing a old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one black, red and white calf in the barn, of the few friends I had when I was a she ran to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma, come out to the barn and see the cute little cow with a calico skin."

Mamma-Johnny, do you know what mamma; my birthday. Mamma-And "I am not deceitful," said the father, what would you like for the occasion? "and I may as well tell you that I have Johnny (after a pause)—I'd like to see

> To Make Miniature Toys. With scissors for tools and paper and toothpicks to take the place of

********************** peat the old rhymes century after cen-

> Blind man's buff, for examplesurvival of the rites peculiar to the worship of Odin, the sightless deityis played to-day exactly as it was played 2,000 years ago.

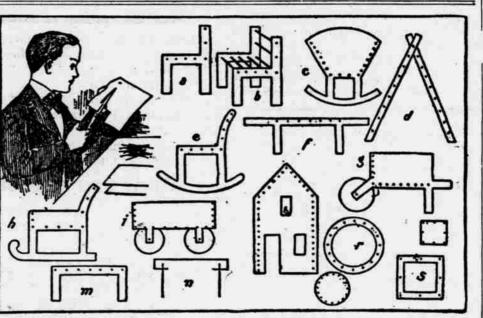
> So, too, is "tag," which was originally a fragment of a sacred pantomime, or miracle play, portraying the old, old story of Diana and her nymphs.

In "London Bridge is broken down" we are treated to the entire ritual of the foundation sacrifice, that widespread, hideous custom, which decreed that a living child must be sacrificed to the god of the structure ere it could ricultural science in order to fit thembe expected to stand firm.

First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London Bridge is broken down," cry hands clasped, so as to form an arch, race, as if in dread.

"Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply.

"Bricks and mortar will mold away." watch all day-set a dog to bark all pelled. lumber and beams, boys and girls can night," and the rest of it.



MADE OF PAPER AND TOOTHPICKS.

Where the design is marked by dots. wick-and in your place. You should the extreme ends to stick out, and the hate me as a usurper already," she add- chair is ready (b). The same way you can make a cradle (c).

A double Jadder (d), a rocking-chair (e), a stretcher (f), a push-cart (g), a sleigh (h), a wagon (i), a house (k), a To get each morning out of bed? bench (m), can be made by the same simple means.

A table (n) is made by bending square piece of cardboard, as shown in the picture, and inserting four toothpicks into the two places where the

A basket is made out of a round ring its already, and the odd manner of this or a square (r and s) and a smaller round or square piece of cardboard, as

Children are instinctive conserva-

tives. They play the old games and re-

POETS IN THE POORHOUSE.

Worth of Rival Verse Makers.

In no country is there among the poorest and least educated a greater love of poetry than in Ireland; nowhere are the poets of the people held longer or more fervently in remembrance. Lady Gregory tells a charac-Justine-That's twice in a week, isn't teristic anecdote of a discussion which she heard between two of the aged.

toil-worn, poverty-stricken inmates of

Gort Workhouse concerning the rival

merits of two peasant bards of sixty years ago-Raftery and Callinan. The partizan of Callinan declared that he had been a more respectable kind of man, owning a little farm of his own and his own cattle; moreover, that he had more settled and respectable ways; also, that he was more goodnatured, and did not lash his neighbors with satire; finally, that he was a better poet, anyway, and that Raftery, Penelope-Then I sha'n't see him any the blind, wandering rimester, admit-

ted it by avoiding any encounter with him, and once wept with chagrin when some satiric verses on his rival were answered to overwhelming effect by the rival's brother, also a poet. The aged champion of Raftery (really the more gifted poet of the two) reluctantly admitted that he "would

run people down, and was someways bitter"; but he, too, was kind at heart: and she instanced the pretty incident should quit working for a salary and and not a wedding till Raftery chanced to come in; and he made it one, composing a grand song descriptive of a noble feast, calling in the neighbors to hear it, turning the occasion into a festival, and finally taking up a contribution from each guest, and bestowing the generous result on the happy and astonished pair.

But the partizan of Callinan was not silenced. "I tell you," said she, emphatically. "Callinan was a nice man and a nice neighbor. Raftery wasn't talk the encyclopedia would have to fit to put beside him. Callinan was a retire from business.

Then, lastly, the hands are unclaspthe players-preferably a little girlin its mock descent, after which all the children shout in unison. "Hurrah! bore small holes and stick the ends of Hurrah! Now 'twill last for ave and a quaintly; "keeping house for Simon Cul- toothpicks through them, allowing only day, with a fair lady."-Pearson's

Little Sleepy- Head. Oh, please, will some wise person say Which is the really proper way For mother's little sleepy-head,

For often when I cry and pout, As sister combs my tangles out She says "Oh, Rose," and shakes her

head. "You've got the wrong way out of bed! I've tried both right and left foot first,

I'm not quite sure which is the worst; But was it not unkind of Ned To bid me "fall out on my head?"

So, please, if some one really knows, Just send a line my name is Rose, At mother's house I always stay, And our old postman knows the way.

man that would go out his own back

would stand in the snow to listen to But just then, Lady Gregory records,

the last word was for him, after all." Big Task to Sweep Floor.

It is enough to blister one's hands just to contemplate the job that confronted the men who swept the floor of the mammoth palace of agriculture at the St. Louis world's fair. When the contractors finished their work all that remained to be done was to sweep the floor. It never dawned on anyone how great the task was. Caldwell & Drake, the contractors, ordered a dozen brooms and set twelve men to work. When night came their inroads on the twenty-three acres of floor space were scarcely noticeable. They increased the force next day to forty men and ordered 100 brooms. These forty men worked ten days before the big floor was thoroughly swept.

Sometimes. Sunday School Teacher - Bobby, where do good people go when they

Bobby (glibly)-To heaven. Sunday School Teacher-Yes, that is right. And if a person who is wicked all the way through dies, where does Bobby-To the police station.-

Woman's Home Companion. A man who boasts of being able to accomplish more in one day than any other man can in a week never has

occasion to do it. If some men knew as much as they

Women as Farm Owners. where they are welcomed. Secretary anew? Wilson so far approves of women as classes in the Columbia Normal School, Washington, where there are forty ture, or the first principles of the science, will soon be a part of the curriculum in every rural school, and this will mean that thousands of women will have to take normal courses in ag-

selves for teachers. In Western schools and colleges of agriculture are many girls who have inherited, or expect to inherit, large the two leaders, standing from an arch, farms, which they will manage themselves. Others study special branches beneath which the other little players of farming, such as dairying, small fruit growing, market gardening, etc. Women are well fitted for these branches, and have made them profitable in so many parts of the country "Build it up with penny loaves- that all doubt of the wisdom of this with gold and silver—set a man to choice of a profession seems to be dis-

A new kind of special farming has recently engaged the attention of women in the Eastern States. At the fruit and flower shows given each autumn in New York much interest has attached to experiments in growing cultivated varieties of chestnuts, pecans, walnuts, etc. Larger tracts of lands in Southern New Jersey have been planted with choice nut trees, the Italian and Japanese giant chestnut chief among them. One young woman went into partnership with her brother in planting twenty acres of land owned by them, and a few years later resigned a well-paying position in a New York law office to attend to the growing business of their nut farm. She looks after every detail of the work-the gathering and shipping of the crop, and the correspondence, and will probably one day become the sole owner of the property.-New York Evening Post.

The Dressing-Sack Woman. There is a popular delusion to the effect that household tasks require slipshod garments and unkempt hair. Let the frowsy ones contemplate the trained nurse in her spotless uniform. with her snowy cap and apron and her shining hair. Let the doubting ones go to a cooking school and see a neat young woman in a blue gingham gown and a white apron prepare an eightcourse dinner, and emerge spotless from the ordeal.

The woman who puts on an apron over her dressing sack by that act openly proclaims that the thing would be better if it was belted in. Then why not a shirt waist? Does one ever see a trained nurse in a dressing sack, even when she does heavier work than any other woman is ever called upon to do? If a woman in the uniform of trained nurse can do the manifold things assigned to her calling, surely the laundress and the cook do not need a dressing sack.

There is a cynical adage that runs thus: "Strangers for help, friends for advice and relatives for nothing." Few of us will be bold enough to say there is no truth in it, and the reason is not far to seek. Who should help us if not those who always see our best door and make a poem about the four side? Strangers think us charming, quarters of the earth. I tell you, you friends admit but pardon our faults, and relatives fight with us.

We make our houses spotless for a stranger, but friends can take us as bed-ridden old woman, who had not we are. For a new acquaintance there ioined in the discussion at all, "sud- is purple and fine linen, while we offer denly sat up in bed and began to sing our friends cold potatoes and remnants Raftery's love song, 'Bridget Vesach' of pie. The solid silver and dainty em-(Courteous Bridget). This she contin- broideries are put away for the stranued as long as her breath lasted; so ger, while one's husband, who, in a way, is a relative by marriage, eats left-overs out of nicked dishes, and contemplates a dressing sack between mouthfuls.—The Pilgrim.

> Young girls who belong to the same social set are much on an equal plane

between the ages of 12 and 18; whether they are rich or poor, plain or pretty, does not then particulary count. as they have similar pursuits and interests, and are practically on an equality. It is after their social debut that the great differences becomes apparent and that friends are more or less separated through inevitable circumstances. The social success of some young women is a foregone conclusion. The prominence and wealth of their families, combined with a certain amount of attraction, render any exertion quite unnecessary. They have only to take graciously and sweetly the goods that the gods provide, to be very popular. With the rank and file of maidens, however, it is quite different, and depends upon themselves whether they become persona grata in society or gradually drop out of the running with former associates. Unluckily for the majority, it is only experience that sharpens their wits and perceptions, and that can only be acquired by failures and knowledge of the world. If young people could only get experience without experiencing, or if they would only be content to take what their elders have acquired at considerable

and how much more assured would The number of women in the United be their success! If in mental progress States who are studying agriculture one is willing to take for granted what grows larger every year. Nearly all others have discovered, and begin agricultural departments of Western where they leave off, why is it in matuniversities and colleges admit wom- ters that are personally more importen on equal terms with men, and there ant that human nature always refuses are a number of Eastern institutions to be guided and invariably begins

"I know exactly what would make farmers that he frequently addresses my girls have a good time in society." said a woman of experience, "but they will not take my advice. They woman pupils, and elsewhere. It is will see some day that I am right, and Secretary Wilson's hope that agriculthey are wrong, but, then, unfortunately, it will be too late."-New York Tribune.

> The Blessing of Educated Wifes. So long as women were absolutely

ignorant, men could pass as wise on small capital; but the growing mind of woman lifts the mind of man with two great forces-heredity and sex-attraction. Large-brained mothers make better men, and the sweetheart who is wise as well as kind can do wonders with her lover.

Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son s clear on this point. He strongly urges him to marry a woman who is wise as well as rich, handsome and well-born; "for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than

The Greeks would not have educated wives, owing to prejudice, tradition and general error; but, as they grew capable of more pleasure than the primitive sex-relation allows, they sought it outside of marriage.

It is wonderful how long a piece of idiocy will stick in the human brain. Never was a more splendid development of some mental qualities than in Athens, yet there this antique ignorance remained bedded in the fertile intellectual soil like a bowlder in a gar-

They would have slavery, and they would have ignorant wives, and—they

To-day, with our new knowledge of the laws of nature, with our great advance in freedom of thought and action, there is still less excuse for us, We know now that a nation is best measured by the position of its women. -Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Success.

She bought a hat-plain, prim and flat-With feathers trained on wiltingly; It hid her eyes like a disguise And touched one ear tiptiltingly:

A homely thing of straw and string, And yet she proudly flaunted it. 'Twas all made clear by her "Oh, dear? Another woman wanted it!" She wears a dress-it cost no less

Than ninety-five simoleons; It's faded tan, and looser than That great coat of Napoleon's: It puckers so, and flares as though Some dismal spirit haunted it: It has no style-but she will smilet Another woman wanted it!"

Of bric-a-brac she has no lack. And still she's always buying more! Weird wall designs and ugly steins: Strange foods-she's always trying

Once to her flat she brought a cat-A fake Maltese. We taunted her. She sighed: "I know I'm beat, but, oh, Another woman wanted her!"

Her married life is naught but strife-But what's the use to moralize? 'He" has an awe inspiring jaw And "I-delight-to-quarrel" eyes, Threats of divorce or shows of force Have never even daunted him. And she'll confess: "Well, I said 'Yes'-Another woman wanted him!' -W. D. Nesbit in Life.

Do Not Urge Your Child. If your child cannot concentrate its mind or commit to memory without great difficulty, or if it seems backward, do not urge it to study. No development which is forced is natural or normal. The mind may be developing unevenly. When the brain cells are more fully developed and the nerve cells more mature, the faculties will balance and the child will become normal, evenly developed. But he must be encouraged instead of being discouraged, for otherwise the result may be disastrous. It is cruel to keep telling a child that he is dull or stupid. or that he is not like other children. The discouraging pictures thus impressed upon his plastic mind will cling to it and become indelible in the brain of the man and handicap him for life.

Safe Way to Clean Carpets, An experienced chemist says the following recipe is warranted to remove soil and spots from the most

delicate carpets without injuring

Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fullers' earth to this until the consistency of thin cream is secured. Have plenty of clean drying cloth, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip a brush in it; brush a small piece of the car; pet with this; then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge, and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean; then let it dry.-Chicago

Misunderstood, Grace-Miss Olde says she is after a man with money.

Barbara-Well, that may be a successful way, but I'd hate to think I cost how many years they might gain had bribed a man to be my husband.

ed Reuben Culwick. "You can sit down," said the father. "Thank you," said the son. This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that the

stock of the other without any particular reserve. "I got your letter," said the father,

did not like now, although he had come

to it of his own free will. There was

a pause, during which each man took

you had it not rained so much." "The horses might have caught cold instead of me," said the son dryly; "but I was with her when she died." didn't want the carriage. I was glad that I had not further to go last night than

He looked toward the lady in the bay window at this juncture, and his father noticed the wandering gaze, and paid no bitterly. attention to the hint which it conveyed. "Well, what have you been doing? What do you propose doing now that you are here? I suppose, after all that has passed, you have no intention of sitting down in the house and waiting complacently for my death and my money?" the father inquired.

"You told me that I should never have a penny of your money, if you remember, sir. I have never expected it after that that it would be as well to sink your day," said Reuben Culwick.

'Why should you?" said Mr. Culwick in a loud tone of voice, and yet without betraying any passion. "Have I been known in all my life to break my word?

"WHO ARE YOU?" DEMANDED REUBEN.

from his old remembrance of the house, I stoical composure, "Till we disagree again," said the fathnounced, and he felt that he was passing er, with a short, forced laugh; "that will into a spacious apartment, the walls of

> take parted us, and we are laying the foundation of another already, unless I explain the first." "Go on."

> me to marry your friend's daughter." "You would have been rich-you would have been respected—it would have been

"I refused to entertain the proposal, if you remember.' father, turning pale with anger; "do you ty, fair-haired young woman, in gray silk. rake this up again to insult me?"

> CHAPTER III. with his two large hands clenched, and his face of a deep purplish hue, and glared at his son in speechless wrath. Then he sank slowly and heavily into his seat again, and panted for awhile. The black brows retained their lower curves over the eyes, and the mouth was hard and fixed, until the lips parted slightly to

son had never liked, and that he felt he that you were in league with your moth-"Yes," answered Reuben, politely. was a willful lad who had not been brought up well or looked after carefully, and I had been only taught to fear you. My mother, who had been separated from "and I might have sent the carriage for you for some years, I was learning to respect then. When we quarreled, I went

to take care of her as well as I could. I ing mother-how she hated me. Why do you tell me that you sided with her, when it would be so much the better policy to

"Because I am not afraid of you any longer-because I see now where you "And you expect me to forgive this deceit, as old men do at the end of a play?" "Or toward the end of their lives," added Reuben.

"Don't talk to me of the end of my life," he cried; "I dare say you have thought enough of it-have considered cursed pride and your curseder temper, and come here in prodigal-son fashion But it won't do; I'm not a man to be hoodwinked in that way."

not be many days, I suppose?" "One moment, sir," said Reuben Culwick, with grave politeness. "A mis-

"I was hardly twenty-one-a rash and foolish young fellow-when you wanted

"Remember! remember it!" cried the "No, to enlighten you," said the other:

"at that period, Mr. Gulwick, I had promised my mother that I would not marry

rose not at his entrance, only looked to- the lady." The effect of Reuben Culwick's announcement upon his father was remarkable. The big man rose from his chair dark coloring left the face, but the bushy

> allow a few words to escape. "And this is the first time you tell me

> "You know how I hated your play-actkeep this to yourself?" said the father,

"I am not sorry to have seen you, fath-Has not sticking to my word, through er," said Reuben, rising; "I came out of thick and thin, in evil report and good my way-a long way out of it-to reach | Courucius,

