HE GUILTY MAN

E had nerved herself to meet her father. She glanced in the mirror, and saw how pale she Her father would be pale, too, w different his pallor from her s pallor like none other in the

ver passed over her. Did she r father? But anger went out not her love. Her love was for nd he could never be anything Last night she had written to d told him the truth, and the ould separate them forever. She e daughter of a thief!

uselessness it had been for her to move hundreds of miles from home. It had been done for the d, not for the daughter. For the r there had been a half year's e in the new place, and a learn- ove a man whom she had last eclined to marry. Her father ought this unhappiness as he ought so much more.

grief had her father not t? The day he went to prison defalcation in the bank where been cashier and her mother's s manager, had not her mother's fallen dead? The world had e old banker could not stand the e. And what more? Had not ther's mother, always an invalid, ricken by her husband's death, ver been told of her son-in-law's There had been a mass of de- the poor, feeble woman being believe that her daughter's hus- whom she loved as a son, had away on business, and letters in his prison cell had been read and they told her of a great rty in the West, with a cheerful- at was appalling. Yes, the girl hated her father as she thought e events of the past four years. t would she have hated him save k?

pressed her hands fiercely to her

denly she started. There was a the stairs. Her mother was ng her father up to her. How t she meet him? Had it not been k she knew how she should have m. But her father had forced from her.

steps ascending the stairs

brary door. She knew the sharp ough. She used to fly to meet ther four years back when she that little cough in the hall in the ld home. Now she did not move the chair she sat in.

heard a voice outside the door— ther urging her father to enter om. Then the handle of the door and her mother led in a strange- d man.

girl arose. Her father stood be- er, expectancy written on his She went slowly to him and held rehead up to his lips. Her moth- ed angrily at her, but she went o her seat and caught up some

nie," said the mother sharply, "is e way to meet your father? D now that all that has occurred en more to me than to any one the world? And yet I forgive e I love. And you who have a

ve no lover," coldly interrupted rl. "I couldn't deceive him any I wrote him last night. I told e truth and that I would not him."

said the mother, "now I un- nd!" She turned to her husband. do not mind, dear. You have d I shall never fail you. Have I lled you? What is done is done. wiped away. It is only remem- y your daughter, not by me, and as much to me after all the mis- nd sufferings as the day when I y your side and vowed to be a and true wife till God should in death. We always spoke of other and I."

r mother," his dry lips said, is she?"

wife caught his hand.

r," she said, "can you bear a ore?"

oked at her.

ie," she said, sternly, "get me etters."

irl went and took from the book packet, which she brought to her

letters to your mother," the lips seemed to say; "and unop-

wife fondled his hand.

as only a few months ago," she "I could not tell you the truth re than I could tell her. The ould have made you unhappier. wished to tell you myself. She ou as she loved me. One morn- of your letters came, and until read it to her she asked me to hold it. An hour later we found th the letter held up to her heart e was very white and quiet. had been no struggle whatever, no pain. We laid her beside father, whom she never ceased grieving for and who had given her every comfort in life, even when I am sure he could hardly afford the extravagances ordered by her physicians. It is all over, and happily over for both of them, dear, and you were always kind and good to them."

A low, long sigh broke from the man. Then silence fell, the sound of tram bells in the street came distinctly to them, and the ticking of the clock on the mantle was strangely loud.

There was a movement on the part of Annie. She rose and came and kneeled beside her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must forgive me. I am not very happy. I do not mean to be hard, but I can't go back from my reasoning. You have not only mother, but you have me also. I will do what I can. I am sure you know that, and after a while you will not miss anything in me."

"Go back to your seat," commanded her mother. "Do you know that you are in the presence of a broken heart? Doesn't your father accuse himself of more than you accuse him of? Who are you, with your paltry love troubles, to come to him in a time like this?"

"Hush, Mary!" said her husband. "Hush!"

The silence fell again.

Annie sat alone. She was apart from everything. There was no love for her anymore. Her father had expiated his sin in the eyes of the world. In her heart the sin that had been his still lived. For there was Jack, and she had given him up because of her father's guilt. There was a narrowing of the radius. No matter for Jack if her father were only an innocent man. Love surely created a desire for purity, for, since she had learned to love Jack, her father's sin had grown and grown upon her, and before that the sin had been tempered by her pitying love and her prayers for heaven's forgiveness.

The daughter of a thief! Oh, why had she met Jack? Why had she allowed herself to care for him? Why had she let herself feel glad when she knew that he loved her? Why had she greatly desired that he should tell her that he had given his heart to her and demanded her own in return?

How many sadly confused questions did she put to herself as she sat there in the miserable silence, her mother and her father at a greater distance from her than they had ever been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart, and her daughterly affection of transgressing, even though Jack called through the silence that, but for her father's crime, she might have claimed woman's perfect happiness on earth.

Her mother and her father apparently failed to realize how much she was going through. It was only her lack of response to their love that touched them. Her adoration of a man who might have been her husband was merely a foolishness of hers and not to be placed in the same category with her duty as a daughter—the daughter of a thief! That miserable word, that disgraceful word, would come uppermost to her. But for Jack would this have been so? The daughter of a thief?

There came a tap on the door, and it sounded on her ear like thunder.

Her mother went to the door and opened it.

"Mark," she said to her husband, "it is cook. She wishes to speak to me about dinner. We are going to have all the things you used to—all the things you like. Of course the servants know nothing, dear. You have been West, you know. The servants have only been with us since we moved here. Would you like to come downstairs, or will you stay here in the library?"

"I will stay here," he said, in his hushed way, "Here."

"Very well," returned his wife. "I shan't be gone long. See, here is all the old furniture, all your books, just as you used to like them, and the pictures."

She leaned over and kissed him before she went out and closed the door behind her.

Annie was alone with her father. She heard him moving carefully around, taking up a book, only to lay it down again. Before the last picture he lingered, making no sound, but looking at the face of the old bank manager who had fallen dead the day his trusted cashier and his only daughter's husband had gone to serve a sentence in prison. Annie could not see him, but she knew all that her father did. Her back was toward him, as she leaned over her sewing, and her heart beat fast when he turned from the picture at last and swiftly crossed the carpet.

When his hand was laid upon her arm, she almost shrieked aloud.

"Annie!" said her father's voice. It was a grim voice now, no quaver of doubt in it, and it forced her like a command she dared not disobey.

She rose from her seat and faced him.

Despite the physical changes in him she saw before her his old self—strong, not unbrave, not disloyal, not a criminal.

"You have given up your lover," he went on rapidly. "You have given him up because of me. Pay attention to me. I will tell you what I had hoped never to tell a living soul on earth. And I must speak before your mother comes back, for she must never know. But you must know, and the man who asked you to be his wife, and whom you refused on account of me, I will go to him and I will tell him as I tell you, that I have wrecked no life, that I have not wrecked my daughter's happiness. Do you hear me, I have not interfered with your right to be happy with the man you love. I have been adjudged a criminal. I have served a criminal's sentence. But I am an innocent man, and"—he turned and pointed to the picture of his wife's father—"that man knew it. I sacrificed not your mother, not you, but my own standing in society and the minds of men for the sake of my wife's father and his invalid wife."

She gasped. She understood him, and she trembled from head to foot.

"I would never have told you," he went on, "only that you gave up your life's happiness because of my disgrace. Your forfeited love for me would never have brought this confession, for what I did was done to save an old man and an old woman, who had been as a mother to me. If nature could not make your love surmount my shame, that love is of little account. Your mother's father's sin made me a prisoner. It was he who took the money and I the blame. I have proofs of all this, and I am glad I never destroyed them, for I must show these proofs to the daughter whose lack of love makes my word of no account."

"Father!"

There was a quality in her cry that told him more than many words. She sprang to his arms, her heart held closely to his. He was innocent; he was innocent; and though her life's greatest love might be over and done, the man who asked her to marry him had not loved the daughter of a thief.

There was some one in the room, though neither of them heeded till the girl's name was spoken by the newcomer.

"Jack!" she cried out, and clung the closer to her father. "Jack!"

"You did not hear me knock," said he, "I came to tell you that I refuse to obey your note. You love me as I love you, and you will be my wife. And, coming in here, I have heard what your father said to you. Your father—will he not let me call him mine?"

Her father's head was raised, and he looked deeply into the young man's eyes.

"Well, well!" said the bustling voice of the wife coming into the library. "And Jack here! Mark, my dear. Annie—Mark, is this the happy end of all your sadness and pain?"

"Yes," said the "guilty man," as he placed the hand of his daughter into that of the lover. "Yes."—Spare Moments.

"A Poor Relation."

John Kellerd, well known to dramatic fame, was once playing an engagement with the late Sol Smith Russell in "The Tale of a Coat." In the play Kellerd had occasion to wear a handsome frock coat which for its cloth and cut was the admiration of the company, including the star-manager.

Soon afterward Russell made a revival of "A Poor Relation," and about that time occurred the death of Boucicault, the writer. Russell was invited to be one of the pallbearers at the funeral, and as he happened not to have a suitable coat for the occasion with him, and there was not sufficient time to have one made, he sent a note to Kellerd explaining his need and asking for the use of his frock coat. A postscript to the request read: "By the way, you needn't mention the fact that I'm wearing your coat."

Kellerd's coat served its purpose, and was returned to the owner the following day with a quaint note of thanks, which ended: "And please don't tell the Tale of your Coat. (Signed) Sol Smith Russell—A Poor Relation."—New York Clipper.

She Had Seen "Him."

"By dear, how well and happy you look; your very walk is an exaltation of youth and health and happiness."

"Is it?" smiled the girl. "Well, it ought to be; I have just seen him."

"But I thought Arthur was now in Portland," said the first speaker, referring to the girl's affianced.

"Arthur is in Portland," returned the girl. "My wild spirits and exuberant youth are due to another man's influence on me—no, don't look shocked. If you ever wore tight patent leather ties, you'd know that there's a certain brand of joy that only a chiropodist can measure out."—New York Evening Sun.

There is always some one in every crowd who remains just quiet enough to be able to tell afterwards what fools the others made of themselves.

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