## by mary b, p. hatch.

## CHAPTER I.

One of the most fortunate men in the world is my friend, Stewart Hutchinsun, who lives on Commonwealth Avenue, which everybody knows is in Boston. The owner of a fine fortune, the husband of a lovely wife, the possessor of talents of no mean order, honorable, gal. said enough to make you agree with my first statement?
I sometimes spend a few days with this friend of mine, for Mrs.
Hutchinson did not insist upon his cutting bis old acquaintances some ladies do at the outset of their matrimonial venture, and one morning we sat smoking together in his library. A fine apartment; one object struck me as being slightly out of place a mong the otherwise elegant appointments, and now, as usual, my eyes roved toward the figure of a stuffed fowl, in other words, an old white hen, perched in the place of honor, the central object on the top of a fine cabinet. quiring gaze on my friend, who nodded, placidly replying to m look:
ree you wonder at Biddy. my friends do. Thus far I main unsatisfied. But I've half a mind to make an exception in your case.'
"Do," said I, scenting a story in the way he vacantly contemplated the various objects. myself included, off the ashes from his cigar.
betrusted. But fellows are not to Just change names and dates. Nobody will mistrust" " ecting if the truth were known, pecting if the truth were known, to
care about writing it up, so few of the stories thrust into our faces are worth the while.

## look wouldn't think now,

 my life, that to Biddy I owe who you do not need to be wife value much more highly " to that homely fowl. Impossible. Stay! Was there not a knowing turn to the head, a sphinx-like cast to the "glittering eyes," that some-how emphasized my friend's statement? Assuredly. "I am beginniug "Go on," 1 said, "I am beginning
to beleve you."
"Thanks. Well, it bappened in "Thanks. Wefl, it happened in The month of July, 1888 . I had
been spending several weeks at the White Mountains, when, being an enthusiastic wheelman, I decided Lancaster, a village some dozen miles distant. I reached the place at sunset, and a wore idvllic sun et I never witnessed. The village ba veritable kem in a setting of cireling hills of wondrous beauty
I decided to remain there for few days, taking short trips to ad jacenneticut valley icd along the nounced in my next letter to my mother, sitting there on the ver anda of the Lancaster House, the very tight of my arrival. Mothe was spending the reason on the Hudson, as usual. She rephied a ance. Her letters are usually
marvels of good sense and uncommonly readable, but on this
casion I own to being vexed. have it in $m y$ vest pocket now. was showing it to my wife yester day; fished it out of my drawers:
My Dear Boy:-I am glad to hear you are at Lancaster, and propose visiting other places of interest peak mate, Jane sid friend and schoolGuild, which I find by consulting tum
mvatlas is just across the river from L-, probably but a few miles. Now, my dear boy, 1 wish vou to look her un [she is married o a farmer] and tell her abou forgotten her, although somebo our correspondence has lagged in the last few years. In short, be your own gentlemanly self. I want her to see my son. I want her to
see my son. I had great respect and affection for Jane in the old days.
"My mother is a great word hunt , and she drove her subject to rdent the present instance in an "You know mother, and that she emphatically the head family. She has brought us all a in the most wholesome respect o her desires opinions, which are veritable commands to us. There her request to visit ane evadin who I pictured as a tall, antiquay female in a checked sunbonnet had seen many such on my way to Lanchester, and pretty young girls, too, in the same occupation. but different head gear I had
great respect for country people. They were, no doubt, the nerve and Hampshire people are, and New in their way. But it was, I con sidered, extremely embarrassing to on your hist, ready to rush in upon you at the most inconvenient season family the young ladias of the family, who expect you to escort them to meeting, as they tran it Charlie Redwing had My friend this way for years. Many's the time I had met him walking with] John Roberts, a reckle-faced oouth, in checked paitaloons and a steel watch chain, or with Miss Annie,
in a flowered silk, or Mill Julia, in a dress very short in front and verv loger the rear. At such tumes 1 mercifully protended not to seel
him. And now, my excellent, but mistaken mother, wished to place me in the same predicament. sons, and, worse still, daughters To make myelf agreatle to Jane Seavey was to do the same by ber whole family fur mor mothers, I reasoned, are alike the world over, no matter how different mor weets. Well, my moth dut be abeyed, but 1 decided briefly indeed. I would take th first pleasant day, bowl leisurely along the delightful country roads, ringed with blue gentians, goldenrod and daises, and when I reachiny bicycle and rap at the doer (there would be no bell, of course,) and ask for a drink of milk. Then I would aunounce my name, tell hiem of mother, deliver her mes-
gentlemanly way for a quarter of nhour or 8,1 would take my house; upon that point my mind was clearly made up. For ta enter was to break bread, to break bread was to proffer hospitality in return when any of the family came to the city; and to do this was to hean upn mv devoted head the same trials hich my friend solemnly protestwere making him old before his "
"But man purposes. Youknow the rest.
Tuesday, July 15th, was all that could be wished for my purpose, and I set out with good heart and arage for the undertaking. Since much clearness and decision, the seemed to lose their frowning as
"I trundled along, cheerily, for some miles, 'mid many pleasant sounds; the whir of the grasshop the meadows, the songs of the birds, the droning of the bees. Who would not live in the country-a part of the year? And the country What is more entrancing, more nokling than hill, sky and river in breath of the flowers and than the mown hay?
"I see your impatience; but jlet me linger a minute, for the contrast reached the home of Jane Seavey at last I had inquired my way at intervals, the last time of a little girl, with a tin pail, who had hidonly peeping out to answer me in awed manner as she glanced fearfully at my wheel; and now I saw house, with broad verandas running a round three sides of it. Situated on a slight eminence, it fronted a roomy barn, while back of it, an old-fashioned well, with sweep
pointing skyward, and clumps of maples and spruces, gave it a rustic tinish, quite Areadian and charming, I said to myself. to be continued.




Dacyetlan \& Co., Agts., SI9 MONTG JMERY ST., S. F., CAL.

##   Folla Ntringes thiveciven your Rusilan Gut 

## BUCKS! BUCKS!!

W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grades and Thoroughbred Bucks.

Will sell Grades from $\$ 3.50$ to $\$ 6$ per head. Thoroughbreds $\$ 6$ to $\$ 10$.

## A UETh GENUWM CTRAME

## A Newspaper Han Relates a Mar vellous Story.

In Interesting Chatter in His Own Life-Some, Ve Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.


