The Gunmaker

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"Hold!" cried Buri, starting to his feet, his handsome face flushed and his bright eye burning. "Speak not thus—to least not now. I cannot say thus, but it stirs a soul as pure and a heart as noble as any in the land. Madam, as I am, my hope is as high, my ambition as true to real greatness and try will as firm as any of them. If honest the locus of a true and the protection of loyal friends and determined success, then I dare not to place myself by the side of any actor in the land; but if she seeks immediate wealth and the glitter of some round nothing titles, then—ah, I know she does not. But let it pass now, I will see her.

Claudia would not oppose the wishes of her son, and she said no more upon the subject. For awhile nothing further was said, and the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson just remarked upon the increasing force of the storm.

"Hard!" uttered his mother, bowing her head in a listening attitude.

"Was that a knock upon our door?"

"Surely no one is out on such a night that could seek shelter here," returned Buri. "You must have!"

The youth did not finish the sentence, for at that moment the house was again opened, and the next sound which was heard was the footsteps of a man entering. Eagerly the youth approached the door, and the moment the door was opened, he caught a glimpse of a boy, shivering with cold, and looking at him, with the most resolute expression, he seemed to know of something that was in the air, something that was about to happen.

"Is there any one here?" the gunmaker asked in a low voice, and as his eye fell upon the boy, his words were spoken with a moment's hesitation, as if he had been frightened, for a moment, by some renewed fear.

"Yes," returned a voice from the

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