

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit. Worry—wave your hand to it—Kiss your fingers—tips and smile, it farewell a little while.

MIRIAM

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER. Copyright, 1939.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

At a glance she saw that it was for Miriam; doubtless the sender did not know that the Rest had changed hands. At any rate the letter was Miriam's, so upstairs sped Patty, wondering at a letter coming in this post-haste manner.

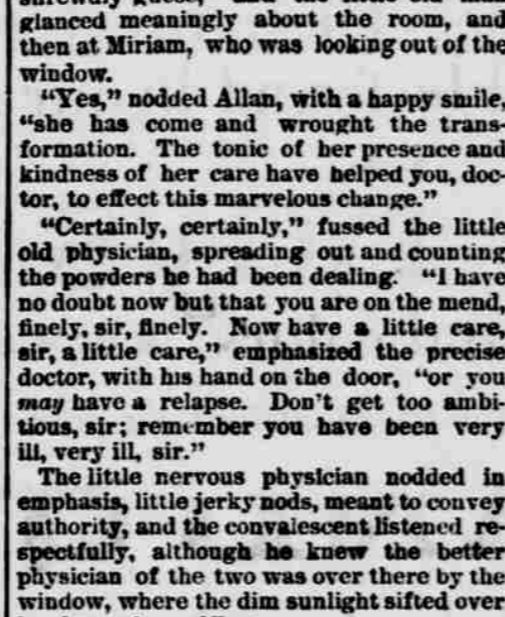
Between the drizzling rain and the foggy, smoky outlook, Miriam scarcely recognized the number and place, as described in the letter, when Hollis helped her up the steps of the second-rate establishment in middle London, with a shop on either side.



FRONTS ON A SICK BED HE LAY.

Without grieving to make it worse. Where did uncle die? she asked, changing the drift of conversation. "In Trouville, France; my mother, also, is buried there. After their demise I came back to London to be near you."

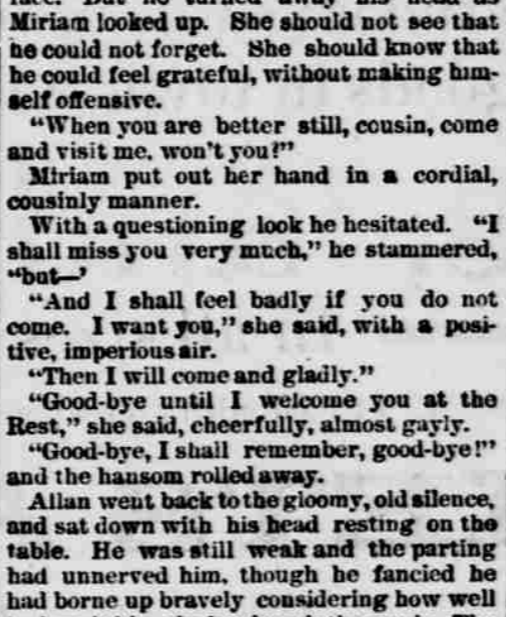
Within her bosom. If he only could live. She had wealth enough for both, and to spare. She would lighten any financial burden he might have and send him on his way rejoicing.



HE LAY ON A SICK BED.

"I believe you will recover," she made answer, assuringly, with a pleased expression came into her white face. "Only live, Cousin Allan, and we will at least have each other. We can each say 'I have a cousin,' which to me will be great happiness, knowing that we will always be friends."

gave him a powder in a little wine glass of Maderia. It will strengthen him, she thought. Then she drew her chair near him and sat down.



HE LAY ON A SICK BED.

"I know," he answered. "I will promise anything you desire; you will forgive and forget my speech of an hour ago if I grate on your heart, cousin. I—I am too lonely and desolate, and—well, you—I will forgive?"

IN THE OLD DAYS. Dear Grandmamma sighed. As she slowly untied the packets we found in the left: The paper was bluish. The words were too foolish. The sentiments, we thought, were soft.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

Reasons That Determined Me To Let It Be My Last.

"Go and buy a cigar." Mr. Nimon was a carpenter employed in building a warehouse for grain-shippers at Wyckles, a little station on the Wabash railway, in Central Illinois, and, as he spoke, he handed me a five-cent piece.

Then a terrible thought struck me: the cars could not move without motive power, where was the engine? There was about a foot of space between my body and the trucks of the cars, and I cautiously raised my head a trifle and glanced down along my body in the direction from which the cars were coming.