



**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I.**—Richard Derring, returning from a winter in the woods to his mother's farm home, is overtaken by his uncle, accompanied by his eccentric wife, coming to pay a visit at the farm.

**CHAPTER II.**—Aunt Jerusha's questions about Emily Burton, supposed to be Richard's sweetheart, bring out the fact that she is to marry a merchant, Edwards.

**CHAPTER III.**—Derring's disappointment stimulates his ambition and under the advice of Seth Kinney, a hermit of the woods, he resolves to fit himself for college. Kinney promises to teach him Greek.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Derring tells his mother his resolve, and in his grandfather's old laboratory begins the study of Greek.

**CHAPTER V.**—Seth Kinney hears Richard's Greek recitation in the woods while he and Tom Bishop ply the cross-cut saw.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Derring learns that he can look indifferently upon the loss of Emily. He visits Aunt Jerusha, who volunteers to help him through college, making him a gift of \$100.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The Greek learned in the woods carries Richard triumphantly through entrance examinations, wins approval from the professor and insures his popularity among his fellows.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Four years in college obliterates the memory of Emily. Derring begins his journalistic work in Chicago.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Derring meets Helen Gordon in her studio, where he goes to fill an assignment.

**CHAPTER X.**—Derring's promotion to art critic on his paper makes him more secure financially. He makes rapid progress in comradeship with Helen. The discovery of an old love episode in her life reveals to him that he loves her.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Helen refuses to marry Richard and hamper his career and her own. They enter into a compact which permits only companionship with "no promises" on either side.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Both find happiness in the undefined relation. Helen finds Richard's suggestions very helpful in her work.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Helen suffers ill effects from sketching on the lake shore in January. A slight illness brings her into closer relations with Richard.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Richard discovers a

**CHAPTER XV.**

Derring found Seth watching for his coming, and saw at a glance that he was very ill. Even a less practiced eye could not have mistaken the signs. The hands that lay outside the faded patchwork cover were yellow and wrinkled; the veins stood out, a network of cords, across the backs. They were the hands of an old man. Richard noted their feebleness as they closed eagerly around his own strong, firm fingers. Seth seemed to him to have aged 20 years since he saw him last.

"I am glad you have come, Dick. I was afraid you would not get here. I wanted to see you again. My life has been a failure. It's hard to say that when you come to die," he rambled on. "Yours won't be a failure, Dick. And I helped to make it. I thought perhaps I should die easier if I could look at you again and see something that I had helped to do in the world."

After this first greeting he said no more of the comfort of Richard's presence. But it was evident in the glance of his eyes as they followed the young man about the room and in his restlessness when Richard was absent for a time.

Richard saw that his place was here as long as Seth needed him, and he quietly made arrangements to stay for an indefinite time. He established himself as caretaker and nurse. Young as he was, his experience of life had been deep enough for him to understand that it is not often that one man can do for another what his mere presence did for Seth.

The old man did not speak again of himself or of approaching death. But he questioned Richard eagerly about his work and the life he led. Every detail of it interested him. It was as if he were listening to the story of what his own life might have been. And Richard, understanding by a subtle sympathy what it meant to him, gave a minute account of the office and the men, the hurry and rush of the city, and the haste and true hospitality of the social life.

A stranger looking into the room would not have guessed that it was soon to be the chamber of death. Laughter often interrupted the recital. Richard had often fancied that when he came to die he should not want the humor of life taken from him. And the account of his Chicago life was not dehumorized for a dying man. Seth, listening, seemed to gain a quiet strength of soul as his physical strength failed.

The story of Helen and his love for her was too closely interwoven with the life of the year to be omitted, even had Richard cared to do so. Little by little he had told it all. Seth listened eagerly and questioned Dick closely. He made him describe her minutely—her personal appearance, her characteristics, her likes and dislikes, her work—everything that concerned her. As Richard talked of her, the older man would watch his face—seeking something. Then a smile of content would cross his face and he would close his eyes as if asleep. But

when Richard stopped he would say, "I'm listening."

One day when they had been talking of her he asked Richard to open a leather trunk that stood at the foot of the bed and hand him a box that he would find there.

As he lifted the lid of the trunk the young man knew that he was looking into the grave of Seth's love. It was filled with letters and old-fashioned trifles, evidently keepsakes. A long-winded glove and a riding whip lay across the top of a small box. Carefully Richard lifted it from its place and put it in Seth's hands. Then he turned away to the window and stood looking out while the old man opened it. Richard's eyes were full of tears for a love dead 50 years. But Seth's were clear and tender as he called him to his side.

"Here, Dick, I want her to have this. You must put it on her finger. Tell her it does not bind her to any promise"—for Richard had told him. "It is from me. She is a woman. She will understand that I should like her to wear it," he mused.

It was a diamond in an old-fashioned setting, the stone large and beautifully cut. Richard held it in his hand, surprised by its beauty.

"How dared you keep anything so valuable here?"

"There was no danger. No one would look for brilliants in such a setting." The words were marked by a quiet smile of irony and a glance at the room.

Richard's glance followed his. The bare pine floor with its one strip of carpeting, the few rough chairs, the kitchen stove at one end of the room, and the bed, with its faded quilt, at the other. No, there had been no danger. Only the rows of books, piled two and three deep on the shelves, told that the occupant of the room was other than a rough farmer. A bowl of trailing partridge-berries that Richard had brought from the woods yesterday stood on the western sill. The setting sun fell across them and they lightened the room, giving it a touch of refinement. Otherwise it was unchanged from the room in which Richard had received the Greek grammar six years ago.

Then it had been to him a plain, rough room with a certain homely comfort. Now it was the picturesque setting of a lonely life. The furniture was rough; but the roughness had artistic charm. Seth must have had, consciously or unconsciously, an artist's appreciation of the beautiful. As Richard looked about the room, his sense of the pathos of the life that was passing away here deepened to a feeling of kinship and sympathy. The long years of loneliness that were drawing to a close were his own.

It was Seth who broke the silence—low and half-musingly. "You do well to love her, Dick. And she will be worthy of it. But if she is not—you must not stop loving. Love something—some one—any one. Never stop loving—for your soul's sake. That was my mistake. One woman refused to love me. I shut myself off from all love. That was my mistake. Mistake?" he said slowly. "I wonder if there are such things? Well, it spoiled my life. I didn't know then that the human heart must love—or die. He that would save his life must lose it—in loving."

The twilight settled down upon the room. The old man did not speak again. He lay with half-closed eyes looking across the shining red berries to the western sky.

Richard sat quietly by his side. He did not undress or lie down. He knew, by a subtle intuition, that a guest would come before the morning, and he waited for his coming. But so gentle was his step when he came across the floor in the early dawn that Richard only knew by a slight tremble of the thin fingers resting in his that he had come and gone, bearing with him an immortal soul.

Was it immortal? He stepped out into the cold light of the early morning. He turned to the east, where a faint flush of red was touching the gray sky. "He that would save his life must lose it—in loving," he repeated softly.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

Before Richard returned to Chicago it was found that Seth's liking for him had taken practical form. He had made a will giving to Richard all the property of which he died possessed. The fortune was not large, but enough to pay his college debt, raise the mortgage, and leave a comfortable sum for his mother—enough, indeed, to make her a woman of importance in the neighborhood.

She protested in a mild way when Richard proposed to settle the money on her. But he had grown too masterful for her. In the end she enjoyed the feeling of importance that an assured income gave her. She refused

to accompany him to Chicago. It was all "out west" to her and very far away.

Derring found himself speeding towards Chicago, wondering whether this unexpected turn of fortune would make marriage nearer for him. But when they met he did not ask her. They assumed the old easy relation as if there had been no separation. Life sped on with days too full of content to ask promises from the future.

When the time of parting came in June he found that he could let her go with less dread than he had thought possible. The time would not be long, and with the increased freedom that had come to him in money affairs he could run east during the vacation. If trouble came to her, or harm, he could be with her in a few hours. It was with light heart that he saw her go.

He had accompanied her to the train and provided her with all the comforts for the journey that love could suggest. Between the leaves of one of the books was tucked a letter. He had not told her it was there. She would find it. The train began to move. "Good-by," he said, hurriedly, "I shall come to you if you need me. In any case I shall see you soon."

He sat up late, working on an article for the next day. When at last, tired and exhausted, he threw himself on the bed, he fell at once into a sound sleep. He slept long and heavily. He started up with a sense of suffocation.—Where was he?—What was the matter?—Was the house on fire? Before he was fairly awake he knew that the room was quiet—so quiet that he could hear the ticking of his watch. Then an awful fear came upon him—she was in danger.

"Don't you want to see her, sir?" He looked at the woman blankly, stupidly. Without a word he turned towards the door she indicated. It closed behind him and they were alone together once more. He had not thought her face would be so peaceful—nor so far away. He could not understand how she could seem so far away. She was here, close beside him. He could touch her. He put out his hand and softly stroked her cheek. He did not bend to kiss the quiet face. She was too far away for kisses. "She would come back to him if she could—But if not—" Good God! How was he to bear it? He turned swiftly away. He could not stand there—near her—with that mocking, immeasurable distance between them.

He went straight from the house to the office of the superintendent and offered his services in caring for the injured. A surgeon was about to start on his rounds. Derring had been detailed to help him. The first pa-



**Did Not Speak Again of Himself or of Approaching Death.**

Great God, how the feeling mastered him! He sprang up and looked at his watch—three o'clock. He dressed quickly and went out-of-doors. He could not stay in the house. It suffocated him. He must move about or go insane.

Instinctively he turned towards the lake. A light, fresh breeze greeted him as he came to the breakwater. He lifted his face to meet it. It would blow these foolish notions out of his brain. He had been dreaming and had been frightened by his own fancies.

He slackened his pace, listening to the soft lapping of the water against the breakwater, and looking up to the stars. Then again fear took possession of him and he quickened his step until at last he broke into a run, driven by an awful, nameless dread.

Thus he alternated between hope and fear until the first faint line of dawn appeared across the water. As he stood looking at it, longing for day to break, a sudden peace came upon him. He drew a quick breath as the tension gave way. She was safe once more. This time he did not question his mood. He knew with quiet certainty that all was well with her.

He turned away from the dawning sky and walked home. Throwing himself once more on the bed, he slept soundly until the breakfast hour. As he entered the dining-room, his heart gave a sudden leap and stood still. He thrust something far down below his consciousness. It was not a thought, it had no shape enough for that, it was formless, unrecognized.

The two young men bending eagerly over the morning paper looked up as he came in. "Have you seen the paper?—Awful accident—Miss Gordon's train."

He reached out his hand for the paper. They gave it to him and left the table. Their departure left him alone. But he gave no sign. He unfolded his napkin and spread it across his knees before he took up the paper. He opened it and glanced down the column.—He had known before he looked.—In the list of those killed—"Helen Gordon, Chicago."

He did not read the details of the accident. He merely noted the place where it occurred. Then he folded the paper and gave his order for breakfast. If he ate little, no one knew it. He took plenty of time for it. He listened to the discussion of the accident that went on as the boarders, one after another, came in to breakfast.

When he left the house he knew that he had exactly half an hour to report his absence at the office and catch the east-bound express. It was more than enough. He did not want to be alone and think. He saw before him long years in which he would have time to think. To-day he must go to her. He might be needed. He had said that he would come if she needed him, and that he should see her soon—"I shall see you soon." How the wheels caught up the words and tossed them back to him. They reiterated with clanking monotony—

"I shall see you soon—I shall see you soon." Underneath the rattle and roar, between the shrieks of the engine, in the midst of the conversation around him, he heard them with awful distinctness, and wondered vaguely if he should go mad before he reached her.

He found her after a short search. He was directed to a small house, a little distance from the scene of the wreck. When he announced his errand the woman of the house looked at him closely.

"If your name is Derring, I have something for you," she said. She disappeared for a moment and returned with a small parcel. She handed it to him.

He turned it over in his hand. There was no writing on it. "Are you sure it is for me?" he asked, doubtfully.

"She was not strong enough to direct it. But she told me your name just before she died at daybreak. She said you would be sure to come, and I must give it to you."

That he would be sure to come. Yes, she had known. He turned abruptly to the window and looked out across the flat, monotonous country. He could not trust himself to open it yet. He held it in his hand. "She was not able to direct it." The first tears filled his eyes.

When at last he undid the parcel Seth's ring flashed in the sunlight. Underneath it was a small folded slip of paper. His fingers trembled a little as they smoothed the crumpled lines: "Loved-One,—be brave. I would gladly have lived for you. But it was not to be. I shall come back to you if I can. But if not—" The last words straggled down the page and were lost.

"But if not." Derring crushed the paper in his hand and turned to leave the house.

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(To be Continued)

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If you need your cream separator repaired bring it to the Alliance Creamery, where is kept a full line of repairs for all makes of machines. 9-3t

I have 300 tons of good hay for sale.—J. D. Hagerty, Bridgeport, Neb. 8-ft

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Two houses for sale. Enquire of Mrs. S. J. Holdridge. 8-tf

**For Rent.**

80 acres farm land one mile from Alliance. O'Keefe Land Co.

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Gang stubble plow—used one season. Price, \$55.00.—Weinel Bros. 10-3t\*

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Lot 3, block 8, 612 Toluca Ave. East front. All fenced. Cement sidewalk and curbing. Inquire at Herald office or phone 556. 4-tf

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It has been rumored that I am no longer in the coal business. This is incorrect. Your order solicited. Phone 506 Blue. W. F. KNIGHT. 9tf

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Parties knowing themselves indebted to me will call at once and settle with me personally or with W. S. Ridgell. 8-3t M. O. NEW.

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The following blanks are for sale at The Herald office:

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- Real Estate Mortgage.
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- City Lease.
- Warranty Deed.
- Agreement for Warranty Deed.
- Warranty Deed—Corporation.
- Bond for Deed.
- General Bond.
- Quit Claim Deed.
- Agreement Sale of Real Estate.
- Contract for Real Estate.
- Exchange Contract.
- Articles of Agreement.
- Release of Real Estate Mortgage.
- Assignment of Mortgage.
- Affidavit of Identification.
- Coupon Note.
- Mechanic's Lien.
- Power of Attorney.
- Bill of Sale.
- Option.
- Short Will.
- Inventory and Appraisal of Property Attached.
- Appraisal.
- Dipping Certificate.
- Contest Notice.
- Affidavit and Order of Publication of Contest Notice.
- Meat Shipper's Certificate.
- Notice to Owners before Delivery of Tax Deed.
- Promissory Note.
- Receipts.
- Township Plats.
- Road Overseer of Highways Annual Settlement.
- Letters of Administration with Will Annexed.
- Notice to Appraiser.
- Letters of Guardianship.
- Affidavit and Undertaking for Order of Attachment.
- Venture Facias.
- Affidavit against Garnishes.
- Summons.
- Order of Attachment.

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