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### 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 Euton, 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 obliterate 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. An slight illness brings her into closer relations with Richard.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Richard discovers a sixth sense which warns him of any danger or discomfort to Helen. He is called home by the illness of Seth Kinney and determines to test the strength of this peculiar sense of communication.

**CHAPTER XV.**—Seth Kinney is dying, and Richard resolves to remain to the end. Seth hears the story of Richard's western experience and reveals the story of his own wasted life.

**CHAPTER XVI.**—Dying in the spring, Seth leaves Derring a small fortune, which enables him to place his mother in comfortable circumstances. He returns to Chicago. Helen starts on a visit to her home in the east and is killed in a railway accident. She leaves a message for Richard, saying: "I shall come back to you if I can. But if not—"

**CHAPTER XVII.**—Derring throws himself into his work to find forgetfulness, passing through the phases of cynicism and bitter despair, finally finding peace in ministering to others, with no hope of happiness for himself.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**—After the passage of ten years Derring seems suddenly to find "heaven restored to earth" and exercises his strong magnetism to draw to his own high plane of living young men in need of a helping hand.

**CHAPTER XIX.**—Conway, a young poet, comes to Derring in perplexity to ask advice.

**CHAPTER XX.**—Derring waiting for the time of the appointment with Conway, feels a strong impression of some presence near, and raising his eyes to the window, sees Helen's face smiling at him. He stretches out his hands and the face fades, but he hears the words in her voice: "You are coming—coming—"

**CHAPTER XXI.**—Derring finds Conway waiting, and tells him to keep love in his life—to let all else go—that the heart must love if one would live. As they turn from the breakwater to return to the city he learns the meaning of his vision of Helen.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Derring had found Conway waiting for him at the breakwater. They

paced up and down, watching the path of light across the water.

The poet broke the silence. "You don't know her." The tone was defensive.

Derring smiled a little. "Tell me."

The poet waited. He threw out his hand with a quick gesture. "She is everything! When I am with her, I can think—feel—be. I am fluid. She makes me free."

When he paused the water, lapping at the breakwater, sounded softly. The moonlight lay about them.

Derring's face, in the light, held a rapt look. "That is love," he said.

The other looked at him. "You mean it is really in me—that she—Lucille—gives nothing?" His hand made the quick gesture again. "You don't understand."

"Tell me," said Derring.

"She makes me see things—not what she says. She doesn't say poetical things—"

"Or do them?" suggested Derring.

The poet gave a short laugh. "She has an athletic school for girls—a training-school. I think that's really what they object to," he added—"my friends."

"Do they?"

"Everyone—unless it's you."

"No—I don't object."

The poet turned to him eagerly. "You have seen her?"

"The other night—at the play."

"She is glorious!" His eyes questioned Derring's face.

"Perhaps. She reminded me of someone—"

"I know—George Sand?"

"Yes."

"She is like her."

"Yes."

There was a long silence between them. The breeze from the lake had freshened. Little ripples scudded in the moonlight. Paint clouds drifted above them.

"I should not mind being Chopin," said the poet. His eyes were on the lake.

"No."

"He had his life. His heart was freed."

"Yes—and broke."

"I know. I can't say it—yet. But somehow I feel it. He had all that life could give—even death—because of love."

"And because he held it," said Derring.

The other started. "You advise me—"

Derring shook his head, smiling. "Don't put it on me. You know—better than I can. I only know that without love there is nothing. It is what life means—love—great or small. Out of the heart of it we came and to it we shall return. The heart must love if it would live. If a man turns from it, puts it away, is afraid of it—loses it—"

He stopped suddenly. A picture of the wood-road flashed before him and Seth Olney's bent figure, short and stolid. That was what had happened to Seth. He had shut his heart. He ceased to live.

In a few words Derring sketched the story of Seth's life. "That's what I mean," he said. "He let love go. His life shriveled."

The poet's eyes glowed. "I shall hold it," he said, quietly, "and if she falls me—"

"You will still have love."

"Yes."

"You will love some one—some thing—"

"Like Shelley?" The poet stole a smile at him, half-humorous.

"Like Shelley, if you will," said Derring. "Or like Dante. The true and the fickle drink at the same spring. All that is good in Shelley came from his fickleness. It is the soul that is dissolved—freed by love—that makes glad the world. When love goes, the soul grows hard, compact—useless—except to fight with."

"Except to fight with?" said the poet. "I am no fighter."

They had turned again and were walking to the north. Clouds obscured the moon. The dusk was faintly luminous. Far up the distant road a pair of crimson eyes glowed through it, from an approaching vehicle.

With one accord they turned to watch the lake. A summer storm was gathering. Lightning played here and there, in open flashes, on the dark water. Deep mutters of thunder followed it challengingly. The wind had lulled. A silence held the air, fluttering with light. Upon it, in the distance, sounded the faint purr of the crimson-eyed vehicle. It resolved itself into the puffing approach of an automobile. For a moment the moon strove to reassert itself. A silver shimmer came in the darkness. The striking of the clock boomed through it. They counted the strokes.

"Ten o'clock," said Derring. "They will be waiting for us."

"Just a minute," pleaded the poet.

The hush of darkness gathered itself. Through it sounded swift, whirling puffs of the automobile—louder and noisier—with hurrying, clanging bell.

Derring glanced over his shoulder. They were racing with the storm. Then he saw. The thing was past control—rushing upon them madly. It had left the roadway. It whirred

swiftly. The face of the chauffeur glared, fixed and white. With a swift turn of his arm Derring seized the poet. He thrust him—straight across the path of the thing—out of danger. He lay, face down, his arms still outspread to save his friend.

The rain fell in torrents when they lifted him. It fell on his upturned face and relaxed hands. The face, beneath the rain, was strangely sweet, as if a hand of love had touched it.

THE END.

350 Years of Labor.

A shingle firm of cutlery manufacturers at Sheffield, England, has in its employ six workmen who have been with the firm continuously for a total of 350 years. This means an average of almost sixty years of continuous work for each employe.

Two of these men are 76, two are 75, one is 74 and one 73. A picture of the group published in the Iron Age shows a sturdy looking set of men. That they must be, as they are still at work. Three of them are cutters and three grinders.

The same firm has people of three generations at the bench in its employ—from grandparents to their grandchildren. These workers began as children, according to custom, and have been continuously with the house ever since as piece workers.



He Lay, Face Down.

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### LEGAL NOTICE

In District Court Box Butte County, Nebraska. In Matter of the Petition of W. F. Hanley, Administrator, for License to Sell Real Estate.

Now on this 1st day of March 1910, this cause came on for hearing upon the petition of W. F. Hanley, administrator, of the estate of A. D. Haas, deceased, praying for license to sell the following described real estate of the said A. D. Haas, to-wit:

Lot Eight, Block Eleven in town of Hemmingford, Box Butte County, Nebraska, or a sufficient amount thereof to bring the sum of \$750.00 for the payment of debts allowed against said estate and allowances and costs of administration, for the reason that there is not a sufficient amount of personal property in the possession of said administrator belonging to said estate to pay said debts, allowances and costs.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at Chambers in the City of Rushville, Sheridan County, Nebraska, on the 14th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. to show cause, if any there be, why a license should not be granted to said W. F. Hanley, administrator, to sell so much of the above described real estate of said decedent as shall be necessary to pay said debts and expenses. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon all persons interested in said estate by causing the same to be published once each week for four successive weeks in The Alliance Herald, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Box Butte.

W. H. WESTOVER,  
Judge of the District Court.

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