IN A NEW LIGHT.

(A Story of Confessed Love.) bored that summer afternoon as he lay in his invalid's chair under a wide spreading buckeye tree. He had experienced a great many varieties of boredom in the three weeks he had been in the country-before that he had been too ill even for ennut-and now considered himself an authority on the subject. Consequently he had no difficulty in classifying the specimen which was afflicting him as the most unpleasant known. There might be worse kinds undiscovered, but he doubted it. At all events, if there were, the discoverer would never live through them to tell the tale. The kind of en nul when you suspect that, while the ence are not agreeable, there may be others under which it would be more so, and when you can even think of special combinations of externals and internals that would produce the desired result is not so bad; but when there seems to be nothing in heaven or on earth worth the trouble of lifting your hand to get, when the dreams and wishes so dear to you in happier moods are as hopelessly unattractive as the reality around you, this is the genuine article, this is ennui. Lawrence wondered if he ever had

really believed this earthly existence a desirable thing. Vague recollections of foolish thoughts about the joy of living and the pleasure of merely drawing breath in a world where youth and strength and the trick of a smile brought such lavish returns, came into his head, but he banished them like remembrance of one's breaks. He did not even want this same strength Had there ever been moments when trees and running water and books and friends and music and love making, yes and even eating and drink-ing, had appealed to him? The evi-dence in favor was strong. What a fool he had been not to see the emptiness of it all.

Just here Lionel, who had given his victim a moment's peace, came back with his little freckled face daubed with jelly. At this moment nothing on earth could have made Lawrence believe that he had ever been attracted by children, or had ever thought this particular specimen endurable. He shut his eyes, a device that was sometimes effective-about once in every ten times -in warding off the enemy's attacks; but this was not the once.

"Say, where's your puppy dog?" de manded a shrill, piping voice. Lawrence made no reply. 'Say, where's your puppy dog?" the

voice repeated in a still higher key, Lawrence gave a sigh. The case was hopeless; no subterfuges would be of use, and the question would be repeated until he answered. "She is somewhere around; she was

here a moment ago," he replied indifferently; n . that the manner ever had the slightest effect on Lionel.
"Where is he gone to?" he demanded.
"I don't know," his victim replied re-

signedly. You don't know where your puppy dog has gone to?"

"No, I don't know." "My popper don't like pupy dogs," Lionel continued, in the tone of one giving an interesting piece of information, as he hung head downmost from branch of the big cherry tree opposite. Lawrence did not answer. "I say, popper don't like puppy dogs,"

continued the tormentor. The victim sighed and gave in.

sighed and gave in.
"Doesn't he?" he asked politely.
"He's afraid they'll climb the trees
and eat the cherries," explained Lionel
with wonderful distinctness, considering that he had stuffed four cherries into his mouth at once. Lawrence de-cided that the combination of cherry juice, jelly, dirt, etc., was not an im provement to the human face. I swallowed the stones. I always do,"

Lionel went on cheerfully. Seeing that a protest was expected. Lawrence checked the one that rose to his lips. "Lionel!" came a feminine voice 'rom the shrubbery, and Lionel went off as

fast as his little legs could carry him. He had had many a sad lesson as to the consequences of lingering when that voice called. "Mommer," was the one person of whom that young man stood

The victim breathed a sigh of relief There certainly was a slight distinction between the different conditions of this mortal life, and there was hope for If no Lionel seemed more attractive to him than Lionel, and it certainly did he was on the up grade. Perhaps something to eat would seem worth while in another hour or so,

He was shaken from this musing by a violent shaking of the high board fence which lay to the east of the buckeye tree. The vines that covered It swayed violently to and fro. Was it an earthquake, or was it Lionel again, coming over that way to surprise him. Lionel was fend of surprises. But there was no jelly on the face that appeared at the top of the fence-no jelly and no freckles. Hidden as he was by the low hanging boughs, the trespasser evidently did not suspect his near neighborhood, but swung herself lightly and easily over the fence and into the cherry tree, her short duck skirt and leather leggins seemingly designed for such exercises. She was evidently enjoying the cherries, which she ate one at a time, so thoroughly that Lawrence hesitated to interrupt her. She would probbe much embarrassed and would hate him ever afterwards, and she was too pretty for him to enjoy this prospect. Besides, how should be address her. His friend Lionel's "say" had its disadvantages. He had time for a leisurely survey of the girl, who was ap-parently about sixteen, though she might be younger, before his perplexity was ended for him by a short bark from Fly, who had just returned from some interesting little expedition of her own, and resented poaching on the famlly preserves. The intruder turned and saw the dog and her master. She colored and looked confused for half a second-half a second only-and then remarked calmly:

"Would you like some? They are very 'Very much" Lawrence answered as

calmly, suppressing with difficulty a desire to laugh. The young girl picked several fine bunches, and, swinging herself down from the tree, came over to his chair and handed them to him.

You used to give us lectures about breaking off the spurs-isn't that what you call them?-with the cherries, but perhaps you don't mind such things "I gave you a lecture?" Lawrence

exclaimed, in surprise. "Yes, Uncle Lawrence, you,"

"Uncle Lawrence?" he exclaimed, still more mystified. "It is unkind of you to forget your niaces so easily, even when they are only adopted ones," the young girl returned, seating herself on a low hung, horizontal limb of the buckeye, and swinging herself gently to and fro by touching the ground with the end of her foot. But a light had begun to

dawn on Lawrence. "I verily believe," he remarked de-liberately-"I verily believe you are that little girl who spent the summer with the Osbornes so many years ago." fascinating that he canot understand to me, are you?"

"Yes, I am the same little devil," the girl returned calmly, taking small bites out of a cherry with evident apprecia-"I saw Florence in town a couple of months ago," she went on, in the same easy, unembarrassed manner, "and she told me about your accident. She didn't tell me you were coming here, though. It was very strange, for I told her I was," she add-

ed renectively. 'She didn't know it. It was decided in a hurry. The tenants gave us the place unexpectedly, so I thought it was as good a place as any to patch myself up in. And so you are Betty Reynolds?" he went on. "I see the resemblance now, though I never should have known you. You and Florence used to seem about of an age, Betty, but she is quite grown up and out in society now, while you, I suppose, have all that still to look forward to. Let me see how old are you? Now that I

think of it, I remember that there was a year or two's difference in your ages. There is just two years and a half." remarked Betty, giving herself another swing. There was a mischievous little gleam in the depths of her eyes that he found very attractive.

'And Florence is nearly twenty, so you must be seventeen. You will soon be in long dresses now, I suppose?" "There is no hurry, for, you see, Uncle Lawrence, I look young for my age and I might as well keep so. You don't mind my calling you 'uncle,' do you? It is so much less formal than 'Mr. Bargroft,' and it reminds me of old times. You know Florence and I always used to share our relatives. She calls my grandmother Osborne 'grand-

mother' to this day.' "It makes me feel old to have such grown up looking nieces," Lawrence remarked, with a laugh.

"Well, you are getting along, aren't you?" Miss Betty remarked, frankly, 'Let me see, you must be about 30.'
"I am twenty-seven," he answered, trying to keep the indignation out of

his voice. "Oh, well, I knew it was somewhere around there!" Betty returned caimly. I know you used to seem a patriarch in those days. You didn't know I adored you?" she went on, with a question in her voice. Lawrence sat up a little, the only change of position could make unaided. The conversation was growing decidedly interesting.

"I should never have suspected it. You took queer ways of showing it." he exclaimed, with recollections of apple pied beds and favorite possessions midden in undiscoverable places crowding into his

What a little imp of Satan she had been! Florence had been older, and a head and shoulders taller, and yet it had been Betty who had been the moving spirit in all schemes of mischief. He wondered now that he had not recognized his visitor at once, in spite of certain decided changes for the better in her appearance.

The Betty of ten years before had been small and abnormally thin-"skinny' was the only word for it. This Betty was still small, considering the difference in age, but all the old angles were filled out into curves. An impudent little recollection now thrust itself into his mind, and he gave an involuntary glance at the trim galters, but they told no tales, for the short blue duck skirt was pulled decorously down over them. Florence had confided to him that Betty's pipe stem legs were a source of deep mortification to her. and that she always wore three pairs of stockings when she went to a party, with a view to hiding their deficiencies. Did she still do it, or was it, perhaps,

no longer necessary? "Yes," she went on, swinging gently back and forth on her buckeye bough, "It would have given me great pleasure to let you use me for a door mat, but I would have died rather than have

you suspect it." "I certainly didn't," said Lawrence.
"I remember I made overtures of friend ship towards you, but you were very scornful. Do you remember the time I kissed you as a punishment because you took my new tennis racket to bat stones with? You always hated it like poison. What a little fury you were and what a scratch you gave me!" He had expected this Betty to be embarrassed at this allusion but she was not in the least. She was wonderfully selfpossessed for a young person of 17, but bashfulness had never been one of her

And the funny part was that I liked It all the time" she confessed frankly. "At least I mean I liked it afterwards. I had too great a sense of hurt dignity and outraged modesty at the time. Is it possible you were only seventeen, de Lawrence. I have always remembered you as grown up, though you did condescend to play with us when there were no boys convenient. Do you know, I think you must have been rather a nice boy?" She was looking straight at him, and the gray eyes still had the gleam of mischief, but not an atom of coquetry, in their depths. "I can remember a great many kind things you did for me; for instance, how you carried me all the way home from Strawberry creek the time I went in wading and got my foot stung with nettles. You didn't know how grateful I felt, for I was as unpleasant as I knew how to be, so as not to show it.

Lawrence was decidedly interested, and the thought flashed into his head that perhaps he had been mistaken in his conclusions of an hour age about life and things generally. There certainly were circumstances under which existence was desirable.

"Have you really remembered that all those years? You were such a little thing," he was beginning, when the voice of the enemy interrupted him: 'Choo, choo, choo, choo," Lionel was scuffling his feet along the gravel walk and raising a cloud of dust to attract their attention. This he varied by jumping up in the air and coming down with his little legs stretched wide apart and ejaculations of "Yah,

yah, yah! 'Who is that-interesting child?" asked Betty.

You don't remember Tim McGuffy, our gardener, of course? 'Don't 1? You don't mean to say he is still with you?"

Yes; and this is Lionel, his son. He is kind enough to help me through a few of my many leisure hours by giving entertainments like the present one for my benefit." "Oh!" exclaimed Betty, expressively,

"and can't you do anything?" 'And hurt Tim's feelings? He thinks somebody is the most marvelously attractive person who ever walked this earth, and that it is a great resource to me to have such a companion. He

knows I am fond of children." "A little red bird flew in a sewer!" droned the tormentor, in a monnotoneus voice. "Look at me, look at me, look at me!" he went on, as nobody noticed his song, puffing his cheeks out and letting his breath out again with an

unpleasant noise. 'Before I'd stand this for any one's feelings!" Betty exclaimed. "Why don't you make the child understand that he not to come near you? "A little red bird flew in a sewer!"

continued Lionel. "I'd like to see any one do it!" Lawrence exciaimed, with a short laugh, ticularly with an interested audience." "Lionel is impervious to suggestions, and, like his father, he thinks he is so

that you do not find him so, too. The other day I told him that I'd spank him if he came over to this side of the garden again, and he remarked calmly,

You can't get up. "It is too bad you should have this to bear, too," said Betty sympathetically, to a chorus of "A little red bird I know I am not."

flew in a suwer!" The child Betty "Not even of me," had been anything but sympathetic,

Lawrence remembered. 'A little red bird flew in a sewer!' chanted the enemy for the fiftieth time. Betty rose to her feet with an air of determination and broke off a twig of the buckeye

"A little red bird flew in a sewer!" The tone was more piercing than ever. ing out next winter? She walked over to the astonished child and grabbed him by the shoulder before he could move.

"Look here!" she exclaimed, showing her switch. "Do you see this? Well, if I ever find you this side of that lau-restinus hedge, I will give you the biggest whipping you ever had in your life. Do you understand? And if you say anything to your father about it, give you two. Lionel burst into violent howling, an dthe minute Betty let go of him disappeared as fast as his little legs could carry him. Betty dropped her switch, dusted off her hands and walked slowly back and seated herself again on the buckeye bough, resuming her leisurely swing-

ing. "I don't think he will trouble you "I am a thousand times obliged to you," exclaimed Lawrence. Betty gave him a sudden look, and he thought there were tears in her eyes, but she turned them away so quickly that he could not be sure. There were none in her voice, however, as she said:

"I will come over every afternoon you are out and read or talk to you, if you like, but you must make me a solemn promise that you will send me away when you are tired. I am not like Lionel. I can take a hint. Is that the way you pronounce his name?"

asked abruptly. "That is the way his mother does," he answered with a smile.
"I am so glad. I wondered if I had been pronouncing it wrong all my life and never found it out till now. all." she added, "your little friend has imagination. That is a redeming point.

"How do you make that out?" asked Lawrence. 'Why, by his song, if you choose to call it that, 'A little red bird flew into uneasily. a sewer.' It takes imagination to invent a line like that, and I don't remember it in any of the poets with whose works I am familiar. I had better be more polite to him. He may be a poet himself some day, and I may want his autograph; poets are always sensitive." "Then Lionel is not a poet," he ex-aimed emphatically. "Whatever he

claimed emphatically. is, he is not sensitive." "A little red bird flew in a sewer,"

quoted Betty to herself. "He may be a writer of prose," Law-rence continued. "I fancy his works will be a mixture of realism and idealism. 'A little red bird'—that is a pret-ty thought, suggestive of upward as-pirations. It was an artistic touch pirations. making the bird red; it so easily might have been sober brown or gray. Yes, Lionel, you have a career before you. We advise you to continue to send contributions-postage enclosed-to

"I suppose you get the realism from the word 'sewer,' " remarked Betty, "Yes; I have not the slightest doubt but that Lionel, if he does take to literature, will be nasty enough to satisfy the most ardent realist. You are not going?" he added, as Betty rose from

her bough "Indeed, I am; but I'll come again to morrow, if you like."

"I do like, most decidedly. Well, if you must. Aren't you going to shake hands with me? You know you haven't done it yet; and there is nothing the matter with my hands, thank heaven! It has been so good to see you again, "To me too," said Betty warmly.

heard you were down here some days ago, but I thought you didn't leave your room, or I'd have been to see you

"What if I didn't? You might have come to see me all the same, considering the relationship between us. didn't use to be so particular. You and Florence used to make yourselves quite at home in my room. I remember I had to sleep one night with a whole family of paper dolls that you had put into my bed.

'Oh, I didn't mind, but I was afraid you might?" and Betty walked up the walk, with a wave of her hand over her shoulder. She had only gone a few yards whe he called after her;

She turned and looked back. she said.

"If you climbed that fencee over there you would find it a much shorter way home," he suggested innocently. not at all hard to climb, and the cherry tree is a help. Just try and see.' Betty turned and walked slowly back

until she stood in front of him. "Uncle Lawrence," she began, twisting her hands in front of her and looking down at the ground with an embarrassment which he was sure was assumed-"Uncle Lawrence, I suppose it would be politer to apologize for stealing your cherries; but I remembered how good they were, and thought they were going to waste, and I was al-ways fond of cherries." She caught her breath once of twice, as if she were going to burst into tears. "We will never speak of it," Law-

rence returned solemnly. "And aren't you going to do anything she demanded, raising her to me?" eyes, which, as he suspected, were full of mischief. He had to laugh, too, and the culprit never received the sentence she deserved.

"Why don't you take the fence way?" he asked instead. "Because," she answered demurely, and walked up the path again. This

time he did not call her back.

After Lawrence had been established the next afternoon under the shade of big buckeye, the sens expectation that he had had all day culminated in a feeling of incense anxiety as to whether his visitor of the day before would keep her promise or not. He blamed his nerves and confounded himself for everything contemptible that he could think of, but he could not help it. Fortunately, the suspense did not last long. Betty appeared, by way of the fence, considerably earlier than the afternoon before. dressed in the same blue duck skirt and gested. leggings as the day before, but her shirt waist was pink instead of blue. might of

'I don't see why you wouldn't go seated herself on the low hanging buck-

Lawrence thought it was more becom-

eye bough. You don't? I am afraid you are Just give yourself five minutes and see if you can't think of a reason." "The frame of the fence is on your side; is that it, Miss Sphinx?"

"Yes, Mr. Oedipus. I don't believe I could climb up from this side, even with the help of the cherry tree, par-"You have a book under you arm. You are not going to insist on reading

"Shouldn't you like it?" "I am so tired of reading that I never want to see a book again. Are

you as fond of it as ever? I don't think one is "Not quite. I don't think one is ever fond of anything with quite the same intensity as when one is a child.

"Not even of me," put in Lawrence but as she did not choose to hear, he went on; "You were the greatest child for a book; and when you got buried in one the last trump itself could not have roused you. You were a very in-teresting child, Betty, and uncommon-ly old for your age. You seem old to me now. I suppose you will be com-

She did not answer him, being apparently absorbed in some thought of her own; but a second later she ad-dressed him:

"Uncle Lawrence."

"My child." "What do you think is the best line for a girl to take if she wants to be popular when she comes out?"

Lawrence gave a laugh. That is such a big question. I could not answer it offhand. Well, at any rate, she wants to be refined and modest and ladylike, not free and easy, and slangs," he began, thinking that there there was a chance to sow some good seed; for from the suspiciously yellow cover of her book and the careful way she kept the name averted, he suspected that Betty had been improving her French and increasing her knowledge of the world at the expense of her mor-

"You mean to be like Mabel Talcott?" she answered, unexpectedly, keeping her eyes on the ground so that he could not see the gleam of mischief that he felt sure was there.
"What do you know about Miss Tal

cott?' he demanded, quite taken aback. "Oh, I heard that you especially admired her, and as we happened to be thrown together a part of last summer I rather modeled myself upon her, as of course I wanted you to approve of Among other things, she gave me lessons in lighting the gas with your foot. You fasten something through the chain that connects with the elec-tricity, and then it is quite simple, if you haven't too scant skirts on. Oh, yes, I found her refined and modest and ladylike, and not at all free and easy. She told me a lot about you, Uncle Law-

"What did she tell you?" he asked

"A thing or two. I am so glad to know the kind of girls men admire,"
she went on. "It has been a serious
question with me what role I should
adopt when I come out;" and Betty ployed with the loose lock at the end of one of her heavy braids of hair. "It is no use; it just won't curl," she broke out in dismay after a second's pause. "It looks natural to see it braided

You had it done up yesterday,' remarked Lawrence, glad to change the subject, although he was inwardly much amused.

"I do it up once in a while to play lady. But Uncle Lawrence, you please give me some more advice. I should like so much to be a social success, and I do feel so nervous about my first party. It would be perfectly to be a wallflower. dreadful lieve I'd take poison afterwards."
"I don't think you need be afraid,"

Lawrence remarked patronizingly."You are not shy, and you always have plen-ty to say yourself, and that goes a great way. And then you are perfectly unaffected and easy to talk to."
"Oh, thank you!" Betty exclaimed,

humbly, keeping her eyes cast down. 'But can't you give me some advice? Men ought to know what men like. believe you could teach me a lot if you would only forget my youth and the nacessity for being strictly moral. Wouldn't it be an interesting experiment for a man to train a girl to be a the personal element!" she added more got up to go.

"You mean that he would fall in love with her?" asked Lawrence. "He certainly wouldn't want fellows to if he considered her worth instructing; and so he wouldn't play He wouldn't be honest and tell her what men really like. He'd tell her the things that Sunday school books and old fashioned novels say they like and she wouldn't be a sucafter all."

"And then I suppose she would won-der what the matter was," said Lawrence, who was intensely amused. "No, she wouldn't. If she had native savey enough to make the man want to teach her, she'd have enough to distinguish between what people say they like and what they really like. I suppose, after all," continued Betty, who was carrying on the discussion with the utmost seriousness although Lawrence had a lurking doubt-which was becoming chronic-as to whether the seriousness was as real as it appeared to be-"I suppose, after all," she re-marked, with an air of summing up the question, "if a girl doesn't happen to be

constructed in just the right way, there isn't much use giving her hints." There certainly won't be any need give you any." Lawrence declared emphatically.

'Why?" demanded Miss Betty, uncompromisingly. Because you are perfectly captivating without any," he said unblushingly, Betty did not appear in the least discerted, but laughed a mocking little

Do you think that is the way to talk to a girl of 17?" she asked. "You will be putting ideas in my head, first thing

you know "I think they are there already," replied boldly. Betty laughed harder than ever at this, and turned the back of the book in her lap a little farther away from him. Neither spoke for a minute or two. Then Lawrence continued:

"You are much quieter than I ever thought you would be, Betty. You dont live up to the name you gave yourself yesterday." "Now I think of it. I have been rather

subdued since we renewed our acquaintance" she replied; "but there has been special reason for it. What is that?" he asked. "Oh I don't mean to tell you!

just thought that the fact that there was one would sound interesting."
"It does. And you won't tell me
what it is, Betty?" 'No, Uncle Lawrence, I won't."

"You might drop the 'uncle," " he sug-"There are a great many things might do; go home, for one."
"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, as she got

up from her bough. Oh, yes; I am going for a drive with home by way of the fence, if you would my granny. It is one of her good days, come by it, he began when she had Good by, Mr. Bancroft, since you object my granny. It is one of her good days. 'uncle "Don't be cruel to a poor cripple," he

Betty's face underwent a The smile died away on her change. lips and she held out her hand without word. Lawrence grasped it in both Is this it. Betty? Am I the reason?" he asked in a low voice. The tears came into the girl's eyes, but he held

her hand so tight that she could not turn away. 'Oh, I can't bear to see you like this"

leasing her hand, she hurried away up

the path She did not appear for two days after this; but when she did come nothing could have been more cheerful and less sentimental than her manner. Lawrence did not like to work on her sympathies by allusions to his infirmities, and no other subject was productive of anything but he ther and nonsense. He decided that has Betty was uncommonly precoclous in the arts of tantalization, as well as in a few other things.

As the days went by, their acquaintance progressed rapidly. Almost every day Betty dropped over the fence for a couple of hours. Lawrence began to find life wonderfully interesting, and astonished his doctor by the progress he was making towards health. A numer of his symptoms disappeared that he had something else to think about. He found himself unable to keep hold of the fact of Betty's youth, her personality was so absorbing. Once in a while he would catch himself up in some discussion that he considered unsuited to her age, much to that young person's amusement; but, generally, unless she herself recalled it to him by some inquiries about the social world before her he forgot that she was not the woman of the world she seemed. "If she is like this now, what will she be when she is really mature?" he would wonder, with pitying thoughts of the poor masculinities whom these charms were to dazzle. This was at first. Soon he stopped thinking of any man except one-number one-in connection with his young friend.

One afternoon they were scated in their favorite haunt, the buckeye tree. It was warm, so that Detty had declared her long leather galters intolerable and had taken them off; she had likewise removed her hat and untied her necktie in a deliciously free and easy fashion that reminded Lawrence of the old Betty. They were deep in the dis-cussion of some interesting problem when Betty, who was gazing across the lawn, gave a start, hastily tied her necktle, clutched her gaiters and gathered up Fly, who was asleep on the ground beside her. She bent her bough down to the ground until her short skirt covered her feet and tucked her gaiters out of sight.

What are you doing that for?" de manded Lawrence. "Somebody is coming here," she ex-

"Well, what of it?" Betty did not answer, for the newcomer was very near. He saw the group near the buckeye tree and came straight for them, with eyes for nobody but Lawrence. Fly showed a decided inclination to get down and bark at him, but Betty held her fast.

"Well, Lawrence, they told me should find you here," their visitor remarked, as in the same breat that Lawrence exclaimed: 'Why, Tom! Where did you come

from? "I am on my way around the world, and of course I would look you up," he was beginning, when his gaze rested on Betty "Miss Reynolds!" he exclaimed, as if

he doubted the evidence of his senses. "Yes, Mr. Goodwin, it is really I. don't wonder you are astonished, but I am visiting my grandmother, who lives next door, and Mr. Bancroft is an old friend.

"Dear me, but this is a pleasant surprise! I haven't set eyes on you since the Colliers' cotillion, which, if you remember, I had the pleasure of dancing with you."

'Did you think I had forgotten it?" "One can never tell with such a popular young woman as yourself. scalp more or less doesn't count. But I hardly knew you with your hair down. You never looked much over seventeen, but you don't look fifteen now.' Lawrence, himself forgotten, listened social success?" she broke off impul-sively. "If you could only eliminate versation that followed. Presently Betty

'I have been bicycling,' she explained as she picked up her leggings. "I suppose it was dreadfully improper to tak them off, but it was so warm, and I have known Mr. Bancroft such ages. His niece and I used to be bosom friends when I was twelve and she was tenthere was over two years difference in our ages," she explained with apparent tautology-"and I have always con-sidered him as a sort of uncle." She looked at Lawrence, but he refused to meet her eyes. She and Mr. Goodwin exchanged the most cordial goodbys and regrets that they had met only to part, and then she left the two men alone.

Goodwin found his friend absentminded and not very expansive, but he set it down to illness and was more sympathetic than ever, while he entertained him with various stories Betty's triumphant career on the top of the social wave. He stayed a couple of hours and then took his departure, much to Lawrence's relief.

The next afternoon he had himself wheeled down to the buckeye tree, in a state of mingled indignation against Betty and longing to see her; but she did not appear, and the longing got the best of it. The next afternoon indignation was rather to the fore when a young woman irreproachably gowned spotless white duck, with a skirt that reached to the ground, parasol, veil, gloves, and all the accessories of young ladyhood, walked down the

"Well, Uncle Lawrence," she began calmly, "have you forgiven me?" "I have not been in the least offended." Lawrence replied, with dignity.

"Are you going to be dignified mad?" Betty demanded appealingly, using an expression that belonged to the old 'A man does not like to be made a

fool of," he replied angrily. "I just did it for fun," Betty explained humbly. "You were so patronizing that I couldn't resist when you made the mistake about my age. It was very natural. Nobody ever believed that I was older than Florence. You must never be a Sunday school superintendent, Uncle Lawrence, or take any posttion where you have to address the young, for you certainly are not a suc-

cess at it.'

Lawrence's face was colder and his manner more polite than ever as he made some commonplace answer. Betty's temper had never been her strong point, and now she became polite, too, and a minute later took her departure with a remark about expecting a caller. Three days pasesd and no Betty. There was no doubt in Lawrence's mind now as to which feeling was up-Lionel, finding out that the enemy had departed, appeared upon his scene and gamboled around chair unthreatened. On the fourth day Lawrence was so much worse again that he had to stay in bed, having himself into a relapse fretted A wretched, tormenting, agonizing week he passed in bed, haunted by visions of gray eyes with tears of sympathy in them and by little mocking laughs. At the end of a week, though hardly fit for it, he had himself dressed and taken out into the garden. dismissed his attendant, and, shutting his eyes, lay back on his pillow in an agony of expectation. Presently he heard the much longed for sound, the shaking of the fence; but a cruel disshe excitained with a short sob, and, re- appointment awaited him. Lionel was

clambering along the top of it. He was apparently unconscious of the neighorhood of his victim, but climbed up into the cherry tree, away up into the higher branches, where a few scattered cherries were left. Lawrence kept perfectly still, feeling that he ought to remonstrate, but being unwilling to atract his attention. He shut his eyes instead and forgot the child in his own thoughts. Presently a piercing cry set all his nerves quivering, and, looking up, he saw Lionel hanging by the seat of his little trousers from a slender branch near the top of the tree, And he was powerless. Would nobody come? Cry after cry rent the air. The fence shook again but Lawrence did not hear

"Keep perfectly still, Lionel," and I will get you down," the one voice in world for him said calmly, and Betty herself appeared upon the scene. Lawrence watched her in tortured suspense, for she was apparently running towards the bottom of the garden, and there was certainly no help to be got there. There was not a ladder on the place that would reach within ten feet of the child. In a second she returned with a hammock, and, climbing the cherry tree, she proceeded to hang it calmly and deliberately under the place where Lionel hung suspended between heaven and earth, talking to the child as he did it. He had ceased his screams at the first sound of her

"Now," she said at length, "if you fall, you won't get hurt. Keep just as still as you can till I get back." She was over the fence in another second. and before Lawrence could do more than wonder what she was going to do, she was back with a small saw in her hand. She climbed the tree again up to the highest point reachable, and ven-turing a little way out on the limb from which the child was hanging, too slight to support them both, she began to saw it off in front of her. Slowly it dipped down. Lionel screaming all the time in spite of her commands to keep still, until at length he was deposited, frightened but unhurt, in the hammock below. From there it was a comparatively simple matter to get him to

the ground. 'Now, run away home," she said giving him a parting little shake, "and tell your mother not to let you wear anything but cordurous for the rest of your days. They saved your life. Nothing else would have held so long." Lio-nel did as she told him, crying at the top of his lungs, and then his preserver turned her attention to her old friend It was time, for as soon as he had seen the child on the ground, he had fainted quietly away. When he came to, he he found Betty's arms around him and -54-R P shrdl shrdlu shrdlu his head on her shoulder, for she was sitting on the broad arm of his chair. "Betty!" he exclaimed.

"Lawrence!" she answered, and her tears felt warm on his head, for she had hiden her face on his thick hair. When the doctor came the next day he found himself for the first time able to set a definite day for his patient's

There are several children in the family and they were talking of their garden.

"I am going to plant the seeds Uncle John gave me," said one, "and raise the most beautiful flowers," "I am going to raise pinks and vio-

lets," said another.
"And I'm going to raise tube roses," said the third. But the little boy said nothing. And presently his mother noticed that

he took no part in the chatter and her heart smote her. "And what is Georgie going to raise" she asked. Perhaps Georgie's lips trembled, but his voice didn't.
"Oh," he said, stoutly, "I guess I can

raise a worm or two.

The Aregentine republic has passed a remarkable law to encourage mar-It inflicts a fine upon any person of marriageable age who rejects a proposal. Young men and women under 20 are exempt from the law and can marry as they please. After they are 28 the men are obliged to pay a heavy tax if they remain single. Argentine women propose as well as men, so an unmarried young man between 20 and 28 years old in that country has a troublesome time. Not only he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but if he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a fine.

At five and a half years of age Mr. Dinwiddle's little girl is absolutely selfreliant. She has none of the timidities of ordinary little girls; yet she is not less feminine on that account. Her father is not at all afraid lest she will grow up to be a masculine young woman. He says that the women of the coming generation will be self-independent and able to take care of herself. The time has gone when women were looked upon as inferior to such a degree as to be hardly companionable. Little ears, pearly teeth and mincing ways delighted men formerly; now they want the female of their species to be their equal even physically.

The Rev. Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, was holding a series of meetings at a church whose pastor was noted for his lack of good looks. One evening at a revival service, as he was talking about the sin of hypoerisy and duplicity, he-in a sudden gleam of characteristic humor-turned round to the pastor, sitting in the pulpit behind him, and said, amid a whirlwind of laughter: "Well, John, your congregation can never accuse you of being a two-faced

that if you had another face you'd wear it, wouldn't you?" The Prince Regent, being at Portsmouth one day, and seeing Jack Tow-ers across the street, shouted out in his royal way, "Hullo, Towers, I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Ports-

mouth!" Towers replied, with a low

can they? For the Lord knows

bow, "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my char-It is a curious fact that the higher the civilization of a race the slower the action of the senses. At any rate, actual experiments have shown that, whereas the ear of a white man responds to a sound in 147-1,000 of a sec-

ond, that of a negro responds in 130-

1,000 and that of a red Indian in 116-

1,000. Small Tommy was very fond of candy and asked: "Mamma, can God make anything he wants to?" "Of course he can," was the reply. "Well" exclaimed the little fellow. "I'd just like to see the little fellow. him make a stick of candy with only

Two Irishmen were talking together one day. "Say, Pat." said one, "an' do ye know that if ye follow your nose ye'll always get where ye want to go?"
"Shure, then, Mike," replied the other, "if ye follow yours ye'll go to heaven."

one end to it."