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(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER IV.

CRYING FOR THE MOON. The strident voices of 400 looms would seem to be too much for human nerves, but the walls of the weave room Number Two of the Breton mills are hung with soiled plaid shawls and chip hats, the livery of the factory girl. Their restless forms are busy among the rattling machinery, their swift cunning fingers moving harmlessly where mutilation would seem certain. It is a mere restter of babit: one look at most of the set reale faces would show there was no brain force in exercise. Why, the overseer will tell you those girls are as much machines as the frames and belting; though they undoubtedly have one advantage for the employers, the girls are cheaper. The wonderful mechanism of those looms, the skillful system of belts and pulleys and the enormous water wheel cost a fortune. Girls can be bought in the market any day for a crust

Is not that figure familiar-the one that stands this moment leaning against a dingy white pillar, while the rushing belts and sliding frames seem hurrying the faster all about her? Yes, on the piece of wall between the two jail like windows nearest to her hangs the plaid shawl Philip Breton had for a counterpane only last night. Her dress is soiled and ill made, and her hair tied up in the closest and ugliest coil to escape the greedy machinery, ever reaching out for new victims. But the warm, soft tint of her cheeks and the moist sheen in her black eves were always the same, and many a young man would rather look at her this minute than off an extra cut, they call it, of cloth at wenty cents Her days used to be more terrible to her

even than now. She had wished every morning that she might die before night, and at night that God would take her before morning; take her, she cared not where; no place ld be worse, certain. But she was slowly wing, she thought, into the dead calm all the rest had learned; and yet how she hated the great massive mills, irresistible giants that held her with deathless grasp. grimly contemptuous of her writhings and foolish struggles. The oversees, too, how she hated them: their sharp words stung her like the lash of so many taskmasters, and the paymaster who doled out to her the few dollars, the wages of her blood and life, as if that could be paid for. She had longed so many times to throw back his money in the smiling, patronizing face; but the poor can not afford the dearest of all luxuries, pride.

Suddenly the mill bell rang out above the roar of the wheels, and at its voice the looms stopped, the breath of their life taken away, and the belts ceased from their endless race. Another day's work was closed, and the poor girls hurried on their shawls and hats as if at last something pleasant awaited them and went out in chattering groups. "What is it, Tommie!" A broad shouldered young fellow had left the crowd and followed her shyly up the hill.

"Nothin' much, only may I walk home "Will that do you any good? Hurry up

He was an honest faced young fellow, and a little better dressed than most of the group that waited about the mill yard gate. "What you want to alk round here with me for I can't see. They can't work you very

It was rather a contemptuous laugh she had for him, but she showed a row of small white teeth that poor Tommie thought were very beautiful.

hard, Tommie, if you want so much extra

"I wanted to say somethin' particular, Jennie." And he reached down his big dingy hand for a stalk of grass, and began pulling it nervously to pieces, as he kept up with her quick feet. They were just passing Mr. Ellingsworth's house, and father and daughter stood in the doorway. No doubt Mr. Ellingsworth had just come home to tea. He held his tall hat in his hand, while he waited with his beautiful daughter to enjoy the soft spring mildness. Jane Graves could see in behind them. How could they bear to stay outside! She saw a white spread tea table glistening with silver and rare china, soft tinted carpets and pictures in rich gilded frames, far prettier, she was sure, than anything nature had to show. The girl's face, as she stood resting her white hand on her father's shoulder, was as calm as the twilight itself. "How has she deserved it all more than I? She was never tired in her life, and I never lie down at night but my hands and feet ache. See what she gets for being idle; see what I get for my ten hours' work, every day since I was a child."

"We've known each other pretty long, Jennie, and-and"-he had pulled the grass all all to pieces-"and I s'pose you know how I've -I mean how I've felt. I am doing a little better now." The young man's eyes brightyou know I'm just made second hand." "What is that to me, Tommie?" she said.

impatiently. Her woman's soul was longing for the beautiful life of the rich, whose house she was passing, and she felt, too, the admirher graceful figure. Why was this awkward boy by her side to spoil the effect! Tommie Bowler winced, but ducking his

was in the beautiful eyes, he went on dog-"I s'posed we'd been agoing together quite

when you was willin' to be ma-ried." "Married-to you?" Ah, Toramie Bowier, what were you think-

ing of to want to marry a girl who had such a tone as that for you!

fears of shame started into his eyes. "I aint so low; I never thought but what you She gave him a look half curious and half

pitiful. He might as well have cried for the moon. Could it be the lad thought that just because she was pretty she could make his home happy for him-hist

"I'm not going to have a hand at making another poor man's home. People like us had better be single; there's only half the trouble that way. Tommie." The broad shouldered young man, who did

not know what was good for him, fell back from the woman his heart hungered for as if he was shot. And she walked on, with hardly another thought for the foolish lover who imagined they two could be happy together. Why couldn't she be rich! They had always told her she was beautiful. If she only had a chance. They say men are fools over

pretty women, and that is the only hope a woman has of winning her way. If she only had a chance. A delicate gray mist floated over the river

below the village, and the green forests and fresh meadows on the other side smiled through it, like a fair woman through her tears. A tired soul might have drunk in its beauty and been rested, but Jane Graves cast her eyes down on the dusty road before her and walked along with a set bitter curl on her bright red lips, and did not once look at the gift of God's mercy to the poorest of his creatures. For her part she despised the poor; she didn't pity them; great strong men who submitted to be trodden on and ground under the feet of the rich; whose blood and muscles and quivering flesh were weighed in the balance against a few dollars of the speculators. It was good enough for them as long as they submitted to it. She didn't blame the rich; they were the only wise people; she only envied them. They did well to take all they could get and walk over as many thousands as would fall down before them. Oh, if she could only win her way to their ranks. But the rich men do not come into the weave room for their enslavers. Soddenly she heard a step behind her;

step she knew from all others in the world, and the whole air seemed to tremble with a new, strange, heavenly impulse. "Good evening, Jane."

She turned with a new, sweet shyness. It was Curran, the agitator, who was beside her. A soft flush was on her cheeks, a warm light in her eyes that had grown larger for him in delicious surprise. "Who is that young fellow who just left

"Oh, one of my lovers," she answere equettishly, dropping her eyes before his. "He your lover!" repeated Curran in his mperious fashion. "You're not for such as

Her heart fluttered in sweet fear at the

meaning she thought in his words. She was

a Jennie

trying to walk very slowly, but how fast they seemed to pass the houses. "So I told him," she said. "You did well, then," and he looked down admiringly on the girl. "You are a fine woman. I don't suppose you know it." Jane Graves tried to look as if it was news to her, and Curran went on. "Few women are prettier. There are fine prizes for such as you in this world if you will only wait." He continued thoughtfully, "Men have to work for distinction; a pretty face brings it to

"What sort of prizes?" And she trusted herself to look up at him. How grand he was, with his firm, strong face. If he only had a touch of weakness in him that might bend down to her. "Position, money, power."

"No woman cares for those." And she believed it as she spoke, looking away over the

"What then?" he asked, smiling. "Those things are what all men are working for. I "Women care for but one thing." Sometimes the climax of a character

reached only in old age, when storms have wreaked their fury for a lifetime on a soul Sometimes it comes in childhood, with threescore years of decline to come after it. It was at this moment that this girl's life reached its moral height. If she could but have kept it. "That is love," she added softly. "It is

their lives; they hope only for that; they dream only of it." Curran laughed, but gently, as he took her hands at parting, pressing them perhaps unconsciously, yet no man can be wholly car > less to such beauty as hers.

"It is only because women are more foolish than men, not because they are more devoted, that they are able to make such ab-

She smiled on him as radiantly as a red petaled rose unfolding its glowing heart to the morning sun-the sun that gives everything and wants nothing, and stood half turned watching his retiring form. The road at this point passed near a deserted ruin, once a brick sawmill, which had shorn the hills and valleys around of their pride, now a favorite trysting place for lovers of moonlight nights like this would be. Curran was just entering under an arch, where once had had served some shivering family for a

week's firewood. He went in and did not once turn. How cruel men are. Perhaps, she told herself, he is to meet there some messenger of the Great league he had told her about, and they will plan together some bold stroke. It was peautiful to have such power, even if it made him forget this one poor girl, whose heart longed so engerly for another smile.

The whole world seemed glorified to the girl as she walked on. She had loitered so long that the sun was now almost setting. with his flowing robe of carmine about him, and the whole landscape seemed in a rapture of silent worship. Jane Graves was like one in a dream-her home, which she could tell have been a palace; the path along in front of it, beaten by so many faltering footsteps, seemed only pleasantly familiar to her What had she seen to envy in anybody's life that had not her dear hope!

But down the hill comes a great white horse, tossing his mane and curveting in the pride of his strength and beauty. Its rider who held the rein so gracefully must be young Philip, the mill owner's son; he had just finished college, they said. So that was the young man Bertha Ellingsworth

was engaged to; not ill looking, and he rode well. The girl smiled to herself. "But Bertha Ellingsworth had not seen Curran." "Did he lift his hat to me?" She looked inquiringly about her. "There is no one else, and his black eyes seemed to know me, too; how odd!" thought the girl, as she walked on more hastily, and the horse and its rider disappeared in a cloud of dust. "And it seems as if I had seen him some where, too."

CHAPTER V.

A RUIN BY MOONLIGHT. Bertha lay back indolently in her favorite armchair, watching the deepening twilight frem her parlor window. Her eyes were almost closed, and Philip, affecting to be interested in Mr. Ellingsworth's conversation, thought he might look at her as fondly as he chose without discovery and rebuke. He was sure he was not noticed, but the girl was quite enjoying his silent offering-so long as ne am not guess she perceived it. If a girl must have a lover, Philip did very well. But

her lover was no divinity to her; she saw all his faults as clearly as anybody; not with impatience, however; that was not her temperament. For example, he was too short and his shoulders were too slight. She never forgot it for an instant. But then he always did what she said, and that was very convenient, and yet she was half provoked with him for it. A man ought to command a woman's love, not try to coax it from her. He thought quite too much of her for what she returned him; he ought to be stern and cold to her sometimes, and give her a chance to be something besides an ungrateful recipient. But perhaps she would not like him at all in ened. "I've got a little money left me, and that character. She suddenly opened her eyes wide and looked curiously at her lover; there is nothing so chilling as such a look as

that, and Philip winced under it. "Well, I suppose you two are bursting with tender confidences," smiled Mr. Ellingsworth, ing glance Mr. Ellingsworth had given to as he rose to his feet; "I really won't stay a minute longer." He moved toward the door, then he smiled and looked around; he had thought of something very funny. "Now round head to avoid the sharp look he feared | Philip, my dear boy, you mustn't be too sure of her just because she seems so affectionate. That is where a young man makes his worst mistake. As long as there is another man in a while, Jennie, and I was goin' to ask you the world, he may have hope, that is, the

other man." His daughter looked coolly after him. "Must you go! Why we shall die of ennui. We shall have to take a walk ourselves. Excuse me, Philip, while I get ready."

Left alone, the young man rose and went to the window and looked out at the evening sky. There was a little frown on his face. What an unpleasant way of talking Bertha's father had. One would think he believed in nothing. There was no danger of his feeling any too sure of her; how far away she seemed to him. The idea of marriage seemed vague and dreamlike, and yet he had her promise." "You may adjust my shawl for me." His

vexation fled, and he smiled with the sweet complacency of possession as he laid the delicate bit of lace about her warm shoulders. To-night would be a good time to turn his idea into reality, and ask her when-"But you must promise me one thing," she

said, standing close to him for one moment. "What is that, Bertha, dear?" he asked with guilty uneasiness. put her soft white hand in his charmingly that he was suddenly sure it could be nothing hard she would require.

"I promise," he assented. "No love making in the ruin, if I let you ake me there." "Why, Bertha!" he exclaimed so sorrowfully that he showed his whole plan. The

girl laughed. "You are too cunning by half, Mr. Philip, but then you know love making in the saw mill is too common. Why, it is the rendezvous of all the factory hands. No, I couldn't

think of it for a moment." "Then I won't insist on taking you to the old saw mill." "Oh, yes! it is charming by moonlight."

"One would think you hadn't any heart." Philip did not confess the peculiar charm this woman's very coldness had for him; there was some quality in it that was irresistibly exciting to his nature. Perhaps it was the presence of an unconscious reserve of passion, never yet revealed, that he felt in her, that kept his heart ever warm, and his eyes ever tender for its unveilin The round faced servant girl had come up

from the kitchen, and stood awkwardly at "Yes, you may light the gas now, Annie; we are going out." She laid her hand lightly on Philip's arm as they went down the walk. "I must really have a maid. That Annie is too clumsy for me to endure in the parlor or dining room. Oh, yes, I probably have got a heart; some time it will frighten you, per-

They walked slowly along the street, passing the very spot where Tommie Bowler had offered his poor little all to Jane Graves only an hour or two ago. Their feet trod careleasly on the bits of grass the nervous lover

had scattered along the path. "But you haven't told me about the meet ing. Did the agitator have auburn curls, as I said! That is the clearest idea I have got

As he told her his adventure they reached the ruin and went in. The moonlight poured through the dismantled roof, and made a white track for itself over the uneven floor, leaving the rest of the interior in the shadow. Such as remained of the fallen rafters made convenient benches for visitors, who might easily enough imagine themselves in some old world ruin. And the young mill owner's son and Bertha, the hem of whose garment had never touched poverty, seated themselves where many a penniless young fellow had wooed some pretty weaver maid to share his lestitution, all for love-soon starved out of

both their lives, Philip felt all his last night's enthusiasm coming over him again, as he described the meeting of the hopeless poor and the life of the family that had taken him in. He seemed to be again thrilled with Curran's eloquence as he pictured his noble presence, and tried to repeat his vivid sentences. Was Bertha listening so patiently to him or only idly watching the shadows as they shifted with the moon? He hoped she was touched. She could help him so much to do something for the thousand souls in the mills if there was anything could be done. And then it seemed

so sweet to have an earnest thought and hope in common-one more bond to unite them. "But what can I do, Bertha! It is all so mixed up. Do you suppose my father would listen to me? But if he would, what can I propose? If I tell him the people are poor and unhappy, he knows all that. I can't ask him to divide all his wealth with them; that wouldn't last so many very long, and then he couldn't employ them any more—they would be spoiled for work, and we would all

starve together." "I wish I could see him," said the girl slowly. He looked at her blankly.

"Why!" Suddenly a double tread of feet without, and the forms of two men, one much taller than the other, blocked the doorway. "Hush, then," whispered Philip excitedly. "There he stands,"

The men came forward till they stood directly in the path of the moonlight, which eemed to clothe them with its silver sheen. No need to tell her which was he; the girl bent eagerly forward and fixed her eyes on the majestic figure that stood with folded

"I am very late," began the shorter man apologetically. Curran did not reply, and the man went on swung a heavy oaken door which long ago in a minute more, "What is the news! I want to report your village, you know." "There is no news. It is the same old story. What is the good of reporting and reporting,

and then doing nothing?" The words escaped between his teeth like the staccato tones of a cornet. "I am sick of the word 'wait:' it is the resource of the weak." "But we are weak. Give us time." Curran unfolded his arms with a gesture of

"The injustice has got its growth; it has attened on our flesh and blood, and sucked out the life of untold generations before us.' His eves shone flercely on the man of caution. "I believe the time has come to destroy it. and the crime of murder lies at our consciences for every crushed soul sacrificed for Philip fancied Bertha trembled.

"But," began the stranger, in the metallic voice of the objector, "the officers of the league think the laborers are not ready." mitted too long. But they are always good for action if somebody will lead them. They hang on our lips, but we do not speak." "Yes, we are spreading intelligence, sending out orators like you; we are arranging

political campaigns. By and by capital will be more reasonable. "Do you fancy then," reforted Curran, bitterly, "that the rich will willingly open their coffers to the logical workman, out of whose earnings they have filled them! Isn't it too delightful to be able to build a palace for a home, and create another paradise for a gar- this? den; to marry off their sons and daughters when the first coo of love trembles on their young lips! Then will they divide," and he raised his voice with terrible emphasis, "when there is no escape from it. As long as the people submit, if it be till the trump of doom, so long the lords and masters will defraud them of the price of their labor; so long their wives and daughters will look down complacently on the sufferings of the million, one of whom starves for every piece of finery they smile to wear."

Philip felt Bertha tremble again, but her eyes never once wavered. "What do you propose?" "I don't know," muttered Curran, turning his head half away, "but when I see the silent raging in the hearts of the poor, when I see the riches squeezed out of their scant, ill fed blood, I am mad with impatience. But I suppose all great changes come most beneficently if they are slow. Then there are no heart sickening reactions. Come out into the

The two men went out and the indistinct murmur of their voices was all that could be heard. "How do you like my hero?" said Philip, pleased that Bertha should have a chance to learn from the same source whence he had

open air. It seems close here."

been so stirred. Now, she could sympathize perfectly with him, in the new idea that he felt must have such a great influence over his "He is coming back," she whispered breathlessly, "alone." Curran looked in astonishment at two

figures starting toward him out of the shadows. He recognized them at once. "Well, I hope you may have learned some useful truths," he said scornfully, looking the young man full in the face. Bertha's lip quivered, and she came close to

him in the moonlight and laid her white hand on his arm. "We did not mean to overhear your secrets," she said carnestly; "but surely it could do no harm to listen to such beautiful words. They seemed to be wasted on the one you meant them for."



We did not mean to overhear your

prise; he hardly knew her; then he glanced at his well bred face. Curran, whose curled lip softened its stern lines. The girl's bonnet had fallen back on her neck, and her face was turned up toward his in the perfection of graceful entreaty, her big blue eyes showing dark in the evening. The agitator glanced at her sparkling diamonds, and the rich lace shawl that lay over her shoulders, then back into the beautiful upturned face, and at last his eyes fell before hers. His boldness was gone; his scorn and contempt for the women of the rich changed

to timidity before her. "Don't distress yourself, my dear lady," he said at last; "there is no harm done, I am

As his tense mood relaxed, the charm that had so transformed the girl seemed broken, and she drew back as if in surprise at finding herself so near him. The walk home was a silent one, till almost

"Do you know what I am going to do tomorrow, Bertha? I am going to put on the old clothes again." "Don't you think it rather boyish?" "I'm in carnest this time. I am going to

learn how to make cloth, and find out just how hard the work is, and just how-why Bertha, are you yawning?" They had reached the doorway. She looked

very sweet, even when smothering a yawn with her two fingers, as she stood on the step above him, and gazed off on the river. His foolish heart began to beat. "Bertha, we are not at the saw mill

She smiled, "But you were not to say

anything if I let you take me there, and I

"But aren't you ever going to consen

have let you, haven't I?"

Jane Graves was putting on her hat and faded plaid shawl for another dreary day's work. She hated it with all the passion of her nature. She saw nothing in it but slavery and degradation, and in her impatience thought she would rather die than drag out her life thus. Somebody must do the work, but not such as she, surely. "Come here, my dear." She had been lingering aimlessly, only

be a Friday early in the morning.

"There," she stamped her foot playfully.

"You are almost breaking your promis

then she looked at his reproachful face and

let him take her hand and kiss it. "You

know there is a sort of solemnity in the kind

of business like talk you want so much. But

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY OFF.

that she dreaded to turn ber feet toward the factory, whose tolling bell rang sternly in her ears. Now she approached her mother's bed with a gentler expression on her face. The thin hands were laid on her arm, and the sick woman draw the girl's head down on the pillow beside her own. "Was I ever so pretty as you, I wonder!

she said wistfully. "They used to say I was the prettiest in the village." And the sunken eyes brightened at sweet memories, the weetest in the world to a woman "It did you little good, mother," said th girl in a muffled voice. In a moment more she started up-

"There, mother, I am late again: a quart day's pay lost, and a scolding gained." The sick woman's eyes opened wide, and the girl waited one sad minute more, to see how terribly white the poor face looked even against her pillow. "I had something to say, I thought," said

the woman eagerly, "but I can't remember I am so sick. But perhaps it wasn't any thing. You may go now, dear; I am sorry kept you. The girl pinned her shawl about her. What good of looking in the glass? It could only cil her she was pretty, as her mother used to be, and remind her what a fool she was to

expect a different fate. Fifteen years, and she might be sick and broken on this very bed, perhaps telling her own unhappy child how pretty she used to be. The girl shuddered at the picture as she went out of her mother's room. "Oh! I remember now," called the sick

asked the girl, coming back wearily. "It is not that-but-but you are not to go to work today. Somebody is coming to see you. He wants you to live with him." "What, to marry me?" exclaimed the gir in astonishment.

"He didn't speak of that," smiled her

"Did you want the ten put near you?"

mother, languidly, "but I can't talk any more, I am so tired." Jane Graves had learned one lesson of poverty, not to hope. So after this strange announcement of her mother's she only laid off her hat and shawl, and waited. After looking idly out of the window for a while, and eeing nothing that had not worn itself into her very soul years ago, the vague woman instinct stirred in her and she moved about the house arranging things. She found a little map that hung in the sitting room a little awry and straightened it. It was "No, nor will they ever be; they have sub- dingy map of China that had come once with a pound of tea, and she wanted to throw it away, but the wall looked too bare without anything. She took down a couple of ugly little gift chromos her father had placed on the mantelpiece and tore them up in disgust. There seemed nothing else to do, there was so little to arrange. She wasn't so sure but it was better in the mill-perhaps it was a blessing the poor were kept so many hours in its grim walls, where at least there was but ittle chance to think. What was there to ing for in such homes and such leisure as

She stepped to the closet and took out a well thumbed book and sat down. She turned two or three pages, and then counted how many times she had read them before, and she felt sick with the foolish hopes and dreams the oft read book had used to wake in

She laid it away with a sigh and picked up an old newspaper. How slow the forenoon

She read down the advertising columns How many beautiful things in the world, and all for sale! Somebody must have the money to buy them or the stores wouldn't be running. Where was it all? Did anybody work any harder for it than her father and herself! Jane Graves opened her little pocketbook and shook it over the table; but it was as empty as the day she bought it. Then there came a light tap on the street door. This must be the "gentleman," this

tall, elegant figure in a checked summer suit; and he actually lifted his hat to her. "My name is Ellingsworth." He needn't have told her; he had figure in the girl's fancy for years as the very impersonation of rank and wealth.

"I called about a maid. Mr. Graves gave me leave to speak with his daughter. Is she "I suppose I am the one. Will you come

She watched him as he crossed the room to the nearest chair. How much lighter he walked than she could; and one might have thought from his unconsciousness that he had cen used to just such a miserable room as this all his life. He showed no surprise at her being the prospective maid servant; no doubt he knew it all the time, and the way he spoke was only a part of his good manners. But then she could not imagine his

showing surprise at anything. "There will be but little to do," Mr. Elingsworth continued, looking at her face and not seeming to see how ill she was dressed. There is only my daughter; you may have seen her, yes! and myself. The wages will be small," and he named them and smiled apologetically, as if he expected her to decline. "Your father spoke to me as if you

did not like the factories." Out at service; well, why not? Could it be any more degrading than the life she lived. and such wages, too. Why, she could dres quite prettily then; and her girlish heart fluttered. And she could leave ugly things and rude people, and breathe perfumes and have only graceful surroundings; what mat-

ter if they were not hers? She would be lifted right up in the very atmosphere she longed for. Yesterday she had envied the Ellingsworths, to-morrow she could share their beautiful life with them. She lifted her bright eyes to his face. It

was in half profile at this moment, and she could see his hair was just touched with gray. How could men in this world ever grow old: He was smooth shaved, showing in full effect the delicate, cynical curve of his thin lip and the clearly defined outlines of his chin. He must have been very oddly affected by the poverty pictured so unmistakably about him; but there was not the smallest "I will go," she said abruptly; "when do

rou want me?" "I shall be away for a fortnight," he said. rising, with his own admirable smile. "You can come when I return." She rose too, but could think of nothing proper to say. But how poverty stricken she would look in her factory clothes. Her spirits had fallen already

"By the way," Mr. Ellingsworth turned, as

if a sudden business item had struck him. It was a peculiar expressionless monotone he used sometimes when on delicate subjects that seemed to have as little personal quality as a printed page. "I always pay in advance; be kind enough to accept your first month's wages and our bargain will be closed." The girl found herself alone, looking at the crisp, fresh looking bank bills he had placed in her hands. "How thoughtful these rich people are. They have time for it, I sup-

Her wardrobe was very simple. There hung over the back of the chair the dull check of a merino, chosen long ago to endure the most service with the least show of it. On the bureau before the mirror was a paper box holding a discarded ribbon or two, pink or cardinal, and two or three pieces of cheap jewelry the girl was too proud to wear. "It won't take me long to pack," she said

She suddenly took a pretty attitude of lis-

tening. She had closed the door into the

sick chamber in a moment more and stood in the middle of the sitting room when Curran "Why, you don't look very sick, Jennie. have to walk to Lockout by S o'clock, but thought I would look in just a minute."

"I am going to leave the mill." How preoccupied he seemed to-night. "I am going to leave the mill, Mr. Curran," the girl repeated with beating heart. He might not like her new plan, and at the very thought of his disapproval she felt all her bright hopes taking themselves wings; and the old dreary pioture of factory gates and soiled calico dresses

I'll promise this: if you will be patient for just one month, you can say what you please "Going away, little girl?" He seemed speak with a slight effort, as if his mind was Philip went off in great gleo, and his horse not on what he said. "Well, I suppose you Joe could not leap too high to suit him, for can't be any worse off, but we shall miss what Bertha had said was almost what he asked. One month from today-that would

And was that all he had to say when I thought she was going forever out of his life -had he no reproaches for her! "I am not going far," she began hurriedly.

"There would be no use going far." H had seated himself on the other side of the table from her, and rested his face on his hand. "It is just the same e crywhere. Wherever there are a thousand souls ten will grind the rest. I don't suppose the rich mean to be so unjust, not all of them; they don't stop to notice that they are getting all the good things in the world. It never occurs to them to wonder why the great earth seems to produce only for them." Jane Graves sat back in her chair, her

hands crossed in her lap. Why didn't he

talk about her just a little? She looked up at his absorbed face wistfully. "Why, Jennie, sometimes I get so tired trying to stand up against it all, so sick of my own heartache, that I can make nobody share with me." He had risen to his feet and was walking moodily across the room. That very night he must pour out all the precious energy of his soul into dull, stolid ears, that seemed so slow to understand. A hall full of strange faces would look up coldly at him, and his hot words would be quenched as they fell from ais lips, in the unmoved depths o their hearts. It seemed so vain, all he could do or say, and he felt so tired to-night, longing, instead, to rest his head on some gentle

breast, and be soothed with some foolish words of comfort and tenderness, The girl had risen, too, and stood resting the back of her hand on the table. But her eyes dared not lift to his. She tried to speak, and her lips trembled so that her voice came strange and unfamiliar.

"I am sorry for you. Is there no one, no woman!" she half whispered. "Women do not care for such as I," he said, smiling a little bitterly. "They love light and pleasant things. I am too serious, I should only frighten them; they could not understand. Then he came toward her with a softer

light in his eyes. 'You are a good little girl, Jennie." He had taken her trembling hands, which only trembled the more. "I shall miss you very much. What is the trouble with your eyes, Jennie, you can't look at me! I am going

Then she raised her eyes, like lightning, to "Oh, let me comfort you," she cried. "I would die for you. I will ask nothing back but a smile now and then. Nobody can ever

love vou like me."

His face was troubled, but cold and impassive as rock. He still held her hands, as he sank in a heart breaking flood of tears at After a moment he bent down in pity, and cathered her trembling form in his arms. How the sobs seemed to shake her. He moothed back her wavy hair from th

forehead, and even kissed her wet cheeks. But all he said was: "Poor little girl, poor little Jennie." For an instant she lay still as a nestling child. Then she sprang back from him, and fied into her mother's room, and wept and moaned for shame and heartache, until the calm of weariness came over her, as nature's

dessed gift to her hopeless children. (To be Continued.)

The Influence of Symbols An American, writing home recently from England, says: "I happened to be present at the funeral of a soldier, who, for brayery in the Zulu war, had received the Victoria cross. The badge was fastened to his breast as he lay in the coffin. His mother, bidding him farewell, touched the precious bronze token and said: 'It lessens my grief at losing him that he should take that into his grave!" "It was the symbol to her not only of

his heroic life, but of the gratitude of his country. I wondered, as I heard her, if we Americans make as much use as we might of the influence of symbols in training our uneducated classes.' A singular instance of the effect of this kind of symbolism was once shown in the famous reformatory school at Lusk. One of the teachers had induced about twenty of the boys to give up profane and indecent language, and to do extra work, for

which they were paid. But they were indifferent and half hearted in the effort. "Form them into a society and give them a badge," suggested the superintendent. The hint was carried out. In a month the boys were eager and enthusiastic in their work, and as proud of their prison society as were the old soldiers of Napoleon of the Legion of Honor. The man who is successful in leading

human nature to its highest endeavor must work upon the innocent weaknesses as well as upon the stern love of duty. Imaginative men and women like to symbolize their work or sacrifice for the world in some uniform or badge.—Youth's Com-

Down on Mumblers. "There is one bore that I wish you newspaper paragraphists would pitch into," says Mr. M. B. Husson. "You have pretty nearly succeeded with your jibes and flings in putting a stop to the fellow who used to carry his cane and his umbrella under his arm or over his shoulder and prod people with it. Now, I should like to see you take hold of the fellow with the low, mumbling voice, who troubles, constipation, sick and nervous talks to people in the cars. I have some acquaintances whom I shrink from meeting on the cars simply because I cannot hear more than half they say, and then I have to strain my ears so that it makes my head ache. I don't like to keep asking them over and over again what they have said, so I frequently pretend to hear them when I don't, and I sometimes make distressing blunders in my answers. Only last week one of these acquaintances told me that his brother's boy had died the | berlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. They night before. I only caught the words 'my brother,' 'boy' and 'last night,' and concluding that a boy had been born to his brother, I said, pleasantly: 'Is that so? Well, we must make him set up the cigars on that.' Now, fancy how I felt when I learned the next day that the boy was dead. I wish you would go for these mumblers, who mumble in the cars or in

Fruits of Colombia. The fruits and vegetables in Colombia are delicious and grow without culture or care. The plantain is in universal use and is always served as a vegetable. It is fried and boiled when the skin is yellow, when it is known as "green" plantain, and when it is black and the fruit is considered thoroughly ripe. The banana is never fried in the tropics, but is always served as a fruit. There are many varie ties of banana. One of the most de licious species in flavor and fragrance is the little fig or guineo banana, which is scarcely a finger in length. The red banana is not a different species, but a variety produced by grafting at Baracoa Spain. All the bananas in Colombia are

rellow. The caruba, or passion flower

fruit, the custard apple, called by an en-

thusiastic traveler "the spiritualized

strawberry," and the guava are all de-

licious fruits which never reach our north-

other noisy places."—Chicago Times.

ern markets in perfection.-Amy C. Shanks in Good Housekeeping. The Bucket Shop's Advantage. "The odds are all with the bucket shops would not lay my money in any o them," said a veteran gambler. "The bet you make is against the shop. You lay your money that a certain stock will go down. The shop bets it won't.

"That seems even, doesn't it? But it isn't, for the shop keeps a portion of your wager whether you win or lose-commission, it is called. I say it is odds. Ten dollars is your bet on seven shares against \$7.50 if the commission is one-quarter: and I think a man is a fool to be constantly laying money against a smaller sum. It will break him sure. You will seldom find an experienced gambler who can be induced to have anything to do with these concerns."-New York TeleElectric Bitters.

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