What Cousin Amy Thinks.

(LOCKSLEY HALL II.—SIXTY MINUTES AFTER.)

(From the Minneapolis Tribune.)

me rest a little from your well-worn "sandy tracks,"
crest; and for your fiction, summon up some sober facts.

never had your say, and amply have set forth your thrice-told tale;
have held my peace, and hardly venture now a theme so stale.

- your earlier verse you call me names that scarcely were refined;
But I wrote no answering verses to disturb your peace of mind.

Now that well-nigh eighty winters whiten both our heads with snow,
Let me turn, a few brief moments, to those scenes of long ago.

When about the beach we wandered we were happy, you and I;
And you loved me, or you said so—that at least I'll not deny.

'Twas the spring time, when the iris changes on the burnish'd dove,
And a young man's lively fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

But it is not always spring time; youthful fancies soon are past;
And an April love, though ardent, may not stand a wintry blast.

You were quick to think me fickle, though I knew your fears were wild;
For you thought yourself a man, and me a shallow-hearted child.

I was but a lesser You; and me you kindly did define
As to you like moon to sunlight, for as water unto wine.

Wiser than your fancy fathomed, wiser than your song hath sung—
I, a child, had even then a prudent dread of your sharp tongue.

Though subdued the chord of self when love took up the harp of life,
Yet I felt you loved yourself much better than you could your wife.

So said I, for both our sakes, 'twere better far that I retired;
Although a future baron, yet you were not one to be desired.

And you—you quickly eased your grief and took another to your breast,
As in spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest.

And we went our separate ways, held our separate careers—
Toiled and struggled, failed or triumphed through the slowly lengthening years.

I, in simple cares and duties, led my quiet life apart,
All my griefs and my few triumphs folded close within my heart.

You have won a world's applause, have seen its trophies at your feet;
The laurel and the lordling's crown upon your ample forehead meet.

The grand old gardener and his wife, from yon blue heavens above us bent,
Must smile to hear your sage conclusion: "There is something in descent."

Honors come, but wisdom lingers, and you hear a burdened breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of your rest.

Now I see you old and formal, fitted to your petty part,
With your little hoard of maxims preaching down a grandson's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings."
Youth is vain and age is wise—
Ah! that Love's pulse slacks at fourscore is no matter for surprise!

And the world, for whose advancement rang your bugle "Forward," then,
"Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos!" seems unto your later ken.

Ah, that he who ever foremost cheered the people's standards on
Now would "hush this cry of forward till ten thousand years have gone."

Ah, that e'er the trumpet's voice that loudest cheered the brave assault,
'Gainst the hordes of wrong and error, now should sound a piping "Halt!"

I am but a simple woman; yet I feel a thrill of pain
As I catch those tremulous echoes of that old heroic strain.

Weakness that is born of weakness; phantasies that are but real
To an old man's failing faith that withers from his youth's ideal.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward let the great world range,
Sweeping on, and ever upward, through the ringing grooves of change.

Set the flag of Human Rights unfurled above Wrong's dread abysm;
Trust the common sense of most to avert a social cataclysm.

Robber lords and despots tremble; they who have the people yoked
Well may dread the storm they've tempted, fear the wrath they have invoked.

If there comes a hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher,
Tyrants nod and wink no longer. Larum! Let them mend their fire.

But howsoever these things be, you scarcely now will care to know;
Enough we've had of Locksley Hall—now, Alfred, let the subject go.

The Highest, the Best.

"Suchst du das Hoechste, das Groesste?
Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren.
Was sie willenlos ist, sei Du es wollend: das ist's!"

Seek'st thou the Highest, the Best:
The flower can to thee reveal it—
Man hath small power to express,
Nature no power to conceal it.
Cloudy the truth of man's preaching,
Sun clear the violet's teaching.

What, for his arduous pains,
That the philosopher gaineth?
Knowledge in composite grains,
Wisdom's pure gold ne'er attaineth
Only Doing—the dust on the shore;
Not Being—the sea to explore.

Not thus the violet's fate:
Springing—on going completion!
Reaching of perfect estate.
Being, to utmost repletion.
Earth laps it, sun warms it, wind blows;
Unaware of its friends or its foes,
Not refusing, nor choosing, it grows!

Learn of the flower, O Soul,
Way of the highest attaining!
Being, not Doing, the goal,
Growth to completion thus gaining,
O'er thee, as over the flower,
Elements diverse conspire,
Yet hath it naught of thy power
Of selection, rejection, desire!
Souls to like perfect condition
Grow by supremest volition.

—Revenge—She wasn't very young, but she had money. He didn't want the earth. "Dearest," he began, but she stopped him. "I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I would spare your feelings, for it can never, never be. I esteem you highly, and will be a sister to—" "I have four sisters already," he replied bitterly; "four grown sisters and life is a hideous burden. But, oh, Clara," he went on passionately, "if you cannot be my wife will you not give me a mother's protecting love? I'm an orphan.'

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

And so Ernest posted his letters, and then, partly to employ his thoughts, and partly because it was his nature to throw himself into whatever stream of life was flowing past him, he set himself to master the state of political affairs in the country in which he found himself.

This need not be entered into here, further than to say that it was such as might with advantage have employed wiser heads than his, and indeed did employ them. Suffice it to say that he contrived to make himself of considerable use to the English party, both before and after the annexation of the Transvaal to the dominions of the Crown.

Together with the proclamation by which the Transvaal was annexed to Her Majesty's dominions was issued another that was to have a considerable bearing upon our hero's fortunes. This was none other than a promise of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to all such as had been resident in the Transvaal for a period of six months previous to the date of annexation, being former British subjects and offenders against the English criminal law, who would register their name and offence within a given time. The object of this proclamation was to give immunity from prosecution to many individuals formerly deserters from the English army, and other people who had in some way transgressed the laws, but were now occupying respectable positions in their adopted country.

Mr. Alston read this proclamation attentively when it came out in a special number of the *Gazette*. Then, after thinking for a while, he handed it to Ernest.

"You have read this amnesty proclamation?" he said.

"Yes," answered Ernest; "what of it?"

"What of it? Ah, the stupidity of youth! Can't you very well see that it takes your neck out of the halter? Off with you and register your name and offence with the Secretary to Government, and you will be clear forever from any consequences that might ensue from the slight indiscretion of shooting your own first cousin."

"By Jove, Alston! you don't mean that?"

"Mean it? Of course I do. The proclamation does not specify any particular offence to which pardon is denied and you have lived more than six months on Transvaal territory. Off you go."

And Ernest went like an arrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND WANTING.

Ernest reached the Government office and registered his name, and in due course received "Her Majesty's gracious pardon."

When this precious document was in his pocket, Ernest thought that he now for the first time realized what the feelings of a slave unexpectedly manumited must be. Had it not been for this fortunate accident, the consequences of that fatal duel must have continually overshadowed him. He would, had he returned to England, have been liable at any period of his life to a prosecution for murder.

His first idea on getting his pardon was to return straightway to England; but that silent fate which directs men's lives, driving them whither they would not, and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to stumble along the stony paths of its hidden purpose, came into his mind and made him see that it would be better to delay awhile. In a few weeks Eva's answer would surely reach him. If he were to go now it would be even possible that he might pass her in mid-ocean, for in his heart he never doubted but that she would come.

And indeed the very next mail there came a letter from Dorothy, written in answer to that which he had posted on the same day that he had written to Eva. It was only a short letter; the last post that could catch the mail was just going out, and his welcome letter had only just arrived; but she had twenty minutes, and she would send one line. She told them how grateful they were to hear that he was well and safe, and reproached him gently for not writing. Then she thanked him for making her his confidante about Eva Ceswick. She had guessed it long before, she said; and she thought they were both lucky in each other, and hoped and prayed that when the time came they would be as completely happy as it was possible for people to be. She had never spoken to Eva about him; but she should no longer feel any diffidence in doing so now. She would go and see her very soon and plead his cause; not that it wanted any pleading, however, she was sure of that. Eva looked sad now that he was gone. There had been some talk awhile back of Mr. Plowden, the new clergyman; but she supposed that Eva had given him his quietus, as she heard no more of it now; and so on, till the "postman is at the door waiting for this letter."

Little did Ernest guess what it cost poor Dorothy to write her congratulations and wishes of happiness. A man—the nobler animal, remember—could hardly have done it; only the inferior woman would show such unselfishness.

This letter filled Ernest with a sure and certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, had not had time to write by that mail; by the next her answer would come. It can be imagined that he waited for its advent with some anxiety.

Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had taken a house in Pretoria, and for the past month or two had been living in it very comfortably.

One morning—it was a particularly lovely morning—Ernest was standing after breakfast on a garden path smoking and directing Mazooku as to the erection of his "parasols" over his favorite melons.

"Mazooku, you lazy hound," said the latter at last, "If you don't put that tuft right in two shakes, I'll break your head with your own kerrie!"

"Ow Inkoos," replied the Zulu, sulkily, again trying to prop up the tuft, and muttering to himself meanwhile.

"Do you catch what that fellow of yours is saying?" asked Mr. Alston. "He is saying that all Englishmen are mad, and that you are the maddest of the mad. He considers that nobody who was not a lunatic would bother his head with those 'weeds that stink' (flowers), or these fruits which, even if you succeed in growing them—and surely the things are bewitched or they would grow without 'hats'" (Ernest's parasols)—"must lie very cold on the stomach."

At that moment the particular "hat" which Mazooku was trying to arrange fell down again, whereupon the Zulu's patience gave out, and cursing it for a witch in the most vigorous language, he emphasized his words by bringing his fist straight down on the melon, smashing it to pieces. Whereupon Ernest made for him and he vanished swiftly.

Mr. Alston stood by laughing at the scene, and awaited Ernest's return. Presently he came strolling back, not having caught Mazooku. Indeed, it would not have greatly mattered if he had, for as that swarthy gentleman very well knew, great, indeed, must be the provocation that could induce Ernest to touch a native. It was a thing to which he had an unconquerable aversion, in the same way that he objected to the word "nigger" as applied to a people who, whatever their faults may be, are, as a rule, gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.

As he came strolling down the path toward him, his face a little flushed with the exertion, Mr. Alston thought to himself that Ernest was growing into a very handsome fellow. The tall frame, narrow at the waist and broad at the shoulders, the eloquent dark eyes, which so far surpass the loveliest gray or blue, the silken hair which curled over his head like that on a Grecian statue, the curved lips, the quick intelligence and kindly smile that lit the whole face, all these things helped to make his appearance not so much handsome as charming, and to women captivating to a dangerous extent. His dress, too, which consisted of riding-breeches, boots and spurs, a white waistcoat and linen coat, with a very broad, soft felt hat looped up at one side, so as to throw the face into alternate light and shadow, helped the general effect considerably. Altogether Ernest was a pretty fellow in those days.

Jeremy was lounging on an easy-chair in the veranda, in company with the boy Roger Alston, and intensely interested in watching a furious battle between two lines of ants, black and red, who had their homes somewhere in the stonework. For a long while the issue of the battle remained doubtful, victory inclining, if anything, to the side of the thin red line, when suddenly from the entrance to the nest of the black ants there emerged a battalion of giants, great fellows, at least six times the size of the others, who fell upon the red ants and routed them, taking many prisoners. Then followed the most curious spectacle, namely, the deliberate execution of the captive red ants, by having their heads bitten off by the great black soldiers. Jeremy and Roger knew what was coming very well, for these battles were of frequent occurrence, and the casualties among the red ants simply frightful. On this occasion they determined to save the prisoners, which was effected by dipping a match in some of the nicotine at the bottom of a pipe, and placing it in front of the black giants. The ferocious insects would thereupon abandon their captives, and rushing at the strange intruder, hang on like bulldogs till the poison did its work, and they dropped off senseless, to recover presently and stagger off home, holding their legs to their antennæ and exhibiting every other symptom of frightful headache.

Jeremy was sitting on a chair oiling the matches, and Roger, kneeling on the pavement, was employed in beguiling the giants into biting them, when suddenly they heard the sound of galloping horses and the rattle of wheels. The lad, lowering his head still more, looked out toward the market-square through a gap between the willow-stems.

"Hurrah, Mr. Jones!" he said, "here comes the mail."

Next minute, amid loud blasts from a bugle, and enveloped in a cloud of dust, the heavy cart, to the sides and seats of which the begrimed, worn-out passengers were clinging like drowning men to straws, came rattling along as fast as the six grays reserved for the last stage could gallop, and vanished toward the post office.

"There's the mail, Ernest," hallooed Jeremy; "she will bring the English letters."

Ernest nodded, turned a little pale, and nervously knocked out his pipe. No wonder; that mail-cart carried his destiny and he knew it. Presently he walked across the square to the post-office. The letters were not sorted, and he was the first person there. Very soon one of His Excellency's staff came riding down to get the Government-house bag. It was the same gentleman with whom he had sung "Auld Lang Syne" so enthusiastically on the day of Jeremy's encounter with the giant, and had afterward been wheeled home in a wheelbarrow.

"Hullo, Kershaw, here we are, 'primos inter omnes,' 'primos primi primores,' which is it? Come, Kershaw, you are the last from school—which is it? I don't believe you know, ha! ha! ha! What are you doing down here so soon? Does the 'expectant swain await the postman's knock?' Why, my dear fellow, you look pale; you must be in love, or thirsty. So am I—the latter, not the former. Love, I do abjure thee. 'Quis separabit,' who will have a split? I think that the sun can't be far from the line. Shall we, my dear Kershaw, shall we take an observation? Ha! ha! ha!"

"No, thank you, I never drink anything between meals."

"Ah, my boy, a bad habit; give it up before it is too late. Break it off, my dear Kershaw, and always wet your whistle in the strictest moderation, or you will die young. What says the poet?

'He who drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

Byron, I think, is it not? ha! ha! ha!"

Just then some others came up, and somewhat to Ernest's relief, his friend turned the light of his kindly countenance to shine elsewhere and left him to his thoughts.

At last the little shutter of the post-office was thrown up, and Ernest got his own letters, together with those of Mr. Alston and Jeremy. He turned into the shade of a neighboring veranda, and rapidly sorted the pile. There was no letter in Eva's handwriting. But there was one in that of her sister Florence. Ernest knew the writing well; there was no mistaking its peculiar upright, powerful-looking characters. This he opened hurriedly. Inclosed in the letter was a note, which was in the writing he had expected to see. He rapidly unfolded it, and as he did so a flash of fear passed through his brain.

"Why did she write in this way?"

The note could not have been a long one, for in another minute it was lying on the ground, and Ernest, pale-faced, and with catching breath, was clinging to the veranda-post with both hands to save himself from falling. In a few seconds he recovered, and picking up the note, walked quickly across the square to his house. Halfway across he was overtaken by his friend on the staff cantering gayly along on a particularly wooden-looking pony, from the sides of which his legs projected widely, and waving in one hand the Colonial Office bag addressed to the Administrator of the Government.

"Hullo, my abstemious friend," he hallooed, as he pulled up the wooden pony with a jerk that sent each of its stiff legs sprawling in a different direction. "Was patience rewarded? Is Chloe over the water kind? If not, take my advice, and don't trouble your head about her. Quand on a pas ce qu'on aime, the wise man aimes ce qu'il a, Kershaw, I have conceived a great affection for you, and I will let you into a secret. Come with me this afternoon, and I will introduce you to two charming specimens of indigenous beauty. Like roses they bloom upon the veldt and waste their sweetness on the desert air. Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima, as Virgil says. I, as befits my years, will attach myself to the matter, for your sweet youth shall be reserved the puella. Ha! ha! ha!" and he brought the dispatch-bag down with a sounding whack between the ears of the wooden pony, with the result that he was nearly sent flying into the sluit, being landed by a sudden plunge well on to the animal's crupper.

"Woho! Bucephalus, whoho! or your mealies shall be cut off." Just then he for the first time caught sight of the face of his companion, who was plodding along in silence by his side.

"Hullo! what's up, Kershaw?" he said, in an altered tone; "you don't look well. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Ernest, quietly; "that is, I have got some bad news, that is all. Nothing to speak of, nothing."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry, and I have been troubling you with my nonsense. Forgive me. There, you wish to be alone. Good-by."

A few seconds later Mr. Alston and Jeremy, from their point of vantage on the veranda, saw Ernest coming with swift strides up the garden path. His face was drawn with pain, and there was a fleck of blood upon his lip. He passed them without a word, and, entering the house, slammed the door of his own room. Mr. Alston and Jeremy looked at one another.

"What's up?" said the laconic Jeremy.

Mr. Alston thought awhile before he answered, as was his fashion.

"Something gone wrong with 'the ideal,' I should say," he said at length; "that is the way of ideals."

"Shall we go and see?" said Jeremy uneasily.

"No, give him a minute or two to pull himself together. Lots of time for consolation afterward."

Meanwhile Ernest, having got into his room, sat down upon the bed, and again read the note which was inclosed in Florence's letter. Then he folded it up and put it down, slowly and methodically. Next he opened the other letter, which he had not yet looked at, and read that too. After he had done it he threw himself face downward on the pillow and thought awhile. Presently he arose, and going to the other side of the room, took down a revolver-case which hung to a nail and drew out the revolver which was loaded. Returning, he again sat down upon the bed and cocked it. So he remained for a minute or two, and then slowly lifted the pistol toward his head. At that moment he heard footsteps approaching, and with a quick movement threw the weapon under the bed. As he did so Mr. Alston and Jeremy entered.

"Any letters, Ernest?" asked the former.

"Letters! Oh, yes, I beg your pardon; here they are," and he took a packet from the pocket of his white coat and handed them to him.

Mr. Alston took them, looking all the while fixedly at Ernest, who avoided his glance.

"What is the matter, my boy?" he said kindly at last; "nothing wrong, I hope?"

Ernest looked at him blankly.

"What is it, old chap?" said Jeremy, seating himself on the bed beside him, and laying his hand on his arm.

Then Ernest broke out into a paroxyism of grief painful to behold, Fortunately for all concerned, it was brief. Had it lasted much longer, something must have given way. Suddenly his mood changed and he grew hard and bitter.

"Nothing, my dear fellows, nothing," he said; "that is, only the sequel to a pretty little idyl. You may remember a letter I wrote—to a woman—some months back. There, you both of you know the story. Now you shall hear the answer or to be more correct the answers.

"That—woman has a sister. Both she and her sister have written to me. My—her sister's letter is the longest. We will take it first. I think that we may skip the first page, there is nothing particular in it, and I do not wish to—waste your time. Now listen:

"'By-the-way, I have a piece of news for you which will interest you, and which you will I am sure be glad to hear; for, of course, you will have by this time got over any little tendresse you may have had in that direction. Eva' (that is the woman to whom I wrote, and to whom I thought I was engaged) 'is going to be married to a Mr. Plowden, a gentleman who has been acting as locum tenens for Mr. Halford.'" Here Jeremy sprang up and used strong language. Ernest motioned him down and went on: "'I say I am certain that you will be glad to hear this, because the match is in every respect a satisfactory one, and will, I am sure, bring dear Eva happiness. Mr. Plowden is well off and, of course, a clergyman, two great guarantees for the success of their matrimonial venture. Eva tells me that she had a letter from you last mail' (the letter I read you, gentlemen), 'and asks me to thank you for it. If she can find time she will send you a line shortly; but, as you will understand, she has her hands very full just at present. The wedding is to take place at Kesterwick Church on the 17th of May' (that is to-morrow, gentlemen), 'and, if this letter reaches you in time, I am sure that you will think of us all on that day. It will be very quiet, owing to our dear aunt's death being still so comparatively recent. Indeed, the engagement has, in obedience to Mr. Plowden's wishes, for he is very retiring, been kept quite secret, and you are absolutely the first person to whom it has been announced. I hope that you will feel duly flattered, sir. We are very busy about the trousseau, and just now the burning question is, of what color the dress in which Eva is to go away in after the wedding shall be. Eva and I are all for gray. Mr. Plowden is for olive-green, and, as is natural under the circumstances, I expect that he will carry the day. They are together in the drawing-room settling it now. You always admired Eva (rather wrrmly once; do you remember how cut up you both were when you went away? alas for the fickleness of human nature!); you should see her now. Her happiness makes her look lovely; but I hear her calling me. No doubt they have settled the momentous question. Good-by. I am not clever at writing, but I hope that my news will make up for my want of skill.—Always yours, "'FLORENCE CESWICK.'"

"Now for the inclosure," said Ernest:

"'DEAR ERNEST: I got your letter. Florence will tell you what there is to tell. I am going to be married. Think what you will of me; I cannot help my mayself. Believe me, this has cost me great suffering, but my duty seems clear. I hope that you will forget me, Ernest, as henceforth it will be my duty to forget you. Good-by, my dear Ernest, oh, good-bye. E."

"Humph!" murmured Mr. Alston beneath his breath, "as I thought, clay, and extremely bad clay, too!"

Slowly Ernest tore the letter into small fragments, threw them down, and stamped upon them with his foot as though they were a living thing.

"I wish that I had shaken the life out of that parson!" groaned Jeremy, who was in his way as much affected by the news as his friend.

"Curse you!" said Ernest, turning on him fiercely, "why didn't you stop where you were and look after her, instead of coming humbugging after me?"

Jeremy only groaned by way of answer. Mr. Alston, as was his way when perplexed, filled his pipe and lit it. Ernest paced swiftly up and down the little room, the white walls of which he had decorated with pictures cut from illustrated papers, Christmas cards and photographs. Over the head of the bed was a photograph of Eva herself, which he had framed in some beautiful native wood. He reached it down.

"Look," he said, "that is the lady herself. Handsome, isn't she, and pleasant to look on? Who would have thought that she was such a devil? Tells me to forget her, and talks about 'her duty'! Women love a little joke!"

He hurled the photograph on to the floor, and tread it as he had treaded the letter, grinding it to pieces with his heel.

"They say," he went on, "that a man's curses are sometimes heard wherever it is they arrange these pleasant surprises for us. Now you fellows bear witness to what I say, and watch that woman's life. May she lay down her head in sorrow night by night, and year by year! May her—"

"Stop, Ernest," said Mr. Alston, with a shrug, "you may be taken at your word, and you wouldn't like that, you know. Besides, it is cowardly to go on cursing at a woman."

He paused, standing for a moment with his clinched fist still raised above his head, his pale lips quivering with intense excitement, and his dark eyes flashing and blazing like stars.

"You are right," he said, dropping his fist on the table. "It is with the man that I have to deal."

"What man?"

"This Plowden. I feel that I shall disturb his honeymoon."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to kill him or he is going to kill me, it does not matter which."

"Why, what quarrel have you with the man? Of course he looked after himself. You could not expect him to consider your interests, could you?"

"If he had cut me out fairly, I should not have a word to say. Every man for himself in this pleasant world. But, mark my words, this parson and Florence have forced her into this unholy business, and I will have his life in payment. If you don't believe me, ask Jeremy. He saw something of the game before he left."

"Look here, Kershaw, the man's a parson. He will take shelter behind his cloth, he won't fight. What shall you do then?"

"I shall shoot him," was the cool reply.

"Ernest, you are mad; it won't do, you shall not go, and that is all about it. You shall not ruin yourself over this woman, who is not fit to black an honest man's shoes."

"Shall not! shall not! Alston, you use strong language. Who will prevent me?"

"I will prevent you. I am your superior officer, and the corps you belong to is not disbanded. If you try to leave this place you shall be arrested as a deserter. Now don't be a fool, lad; you have killed one man, and got out of the mess. If you kill another, you will not get out of it. Besides, what will the satisfaction be? If you want revenge, be patient. It will come. I have seen something of life; at least I am old enough to be your father, and I know you think me a cynic because I laugh at your 'high-faluting' about women. How justly, I warned you, you see now. But, cynic or no, I believe in the God above us, and I believe, too, that there is a rough justice in this world. It is in the world principally that people expiate the sins of the world, and if this marriage is such a wicked thing, as you think, it will bring its own trouble with it, without any help from you. Time will avenge you. Everything comes to him who can wait."

Ernest's eyes glittered coldly as he answered:

"I cannot wait. I am a ruined man already, all my life is laid waste. I wish to die, but I wish to kill him before I die.

"So sure as my name is Alston you shall not go!"

"So sure as my name is Kershaw I will go!"

"The boy means business," he thought to himself. "He will try and bolt. How can I stop him? Ah, I have it," and he set off briskly toward Government House, saying aloud as he went, "I love that lad too well to let him destroy himself over a jilt."

(To be continued.)