

ase with her. oldding." the boys?"

Bar Harbor until the rest ou can do as is yours as er I'm ashore. and take the tains if there lie at Bath leave word I

Albert, "The at in this Mr. tant matter." I, I imagine," droll smile. owner of the Albert returnined there for e trips he inads to take on much gossip nd how many y passed toit one of his at the Cape, on a short pted. his departure

"I hope we'll nd ye're sure It forget us." on his daily art to the cove ade him good-

ided the point an adieu and from sight. VI.

pride in Nichure was his in his own hey can't get d say to himan unusually he was both fellow memated he didn't flattered his egree. When in his power d old sheep, only laughed nd set out to long as possi-Co. of Stockployed him to estate of old Neils and his on the coast To them he found several vas following ble, but it all they kindly for necessary ert had taken old secundrel to his vanity the fellow." "I'll pay him e long enough. of me, and in

that follows eady to strike who are lost if justice. In goddess lurkof in his own th a fatuous ew lucky venk market had cloud in Europ and proember wheat mar 90 cents. els on a mar-

shall."

BBBy growled. ye sold, clearepped a cent. dred thousand gain the war wheat rose to. ill of wild ruet Bugle said at a dollar and Then it adlost his head. rofit of \$7,000. d him in the bellicose forshowed their her cent, and gs. Then the smilled faintfell to 93 and ery drop of a on for \$2,000. low going up a wo, and when vere discussing orther robbing

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ave. He had for \$20,000. Wheat was ance and Ger-

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Frye could not sleep nights. His margins were almost exhausted and his resources as well. He had put up \$40,000, and if wheat fell 3 cents more it would be all swept away. Then he executed a second mortgage at high interest and waited. It was the last shot in his locker, and all that stood between him and ruin, but wheat advanced 2 cents, and he began to hope. He had absolutely ignored business for two weeks, and now he went to work again. To collect the little due him and raise all the money he could was his sole thought. He wrote to Thygeson & Co. that he had at last found the heir they were in search of and described what proofs he held, at the same time stating that on receipt of his fee of a thousand dollars all and sufficient proofs of identity of the claimant would be forwarded. Then he wrote to Uncle Terry and demanded \$300 more. September wheat had now fallen to 78.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANCH NASON, Frank's younger sister, was his good friend and sympathizer and in all the family discussions had usually taken his part. His elder sister, Edith, was, like her mother, rather arrogant and supercilious, and considered her brother as lacking in family pride and liable to disgrace them by some unfortunate alliance. It was to Blanch he always turned when he needed sympathy and help, and to her he appeared the day after he had left the Gypsy. His coming to the mountains surprised her not a little.

"Why, what has brought you here, Frank?" she asked. "I thought you were having high jinks down in Maine on the yacht with your cronies."

"Oh, that is played out," he answered. "The boys are at Bar Harbor, having a good time. Bert is at a little unheard of place saying sweet things to a pretty girl he found there, and I got lonesome, so I came up here to see you and get you to help me."

"I thought so," answered Blanch, laughing. "You never did come to me unless you wanted help. Well, who is the girl now, and what do you want?"

Frank looked surprised. "How do you know it is a girl?" he

"It usually is with you," she answered, eying him curiously. "So out with it. What's her name?"

"Alice Page," he replied. "What, the girl you wanted us to invite to go on the yacht?" asked Blanch. "That's the one, and, as you know,

she wouldn't come." "Which shows her good sense," interrupted Blanch. "Well, what can I do

"Much if you want to, and nothing if you don't," he answered. "The fact



All three sang.

is, sis, I want you to pack a trunk and go with me to call on her. She is mighty proud, and I imagine that is why she turned the cold shoulder on my efforts to get her to come to Boston to meet you all. Now, if you go there, if only for one night, the ice will be broken, and of course you will invite her to visit you and all will go

nice little scheme," responded Blanch, "but what will mamma and

"Oh, never mind them," answered the plotters "They need never know it. Just tell them you are going to Saratoga with me for a few days. We will go there if you like, only we will stop off at Sandgate on the way. Now, do this for me, sis, and I'll buy you

"Well, you will have to stay here until Monday," said Blanch, "and be real nice to mamma and Ede all the time, or I can't fix it. Lucky for you, Master Frank, that they are out driving now!"

"But why must we wait four days?" she asked cautiously.

asked Frank petulantly. the first place I don't want to miss the piano in my life. Once in awhile I join tle, for he was thinking how best to Saturday night hop, and then we are booked for a buckboard ride tomorrow. Another reason is I mean to pay you for turning your back on us and going off on the Gypsy."

longest letter she had ever received, then out upon the still night air there sundown, and, besides, I want more nine full pages. It was received with floated many an old time ballad. After lilies." some pleasure and a little vexation by that she played selections from a few

Alice. here Monday," said she to Aunt Susan, "Oh, don't stop now," exclaimed both shade and talk." "and we must put on our best bib and tucker, I suppose. But how we can contrive to entertain his sister is be- proprietorship, Frank arose and, going yond me." Nevertheless, she was rather pleased at the prospective visi- a well worn song. Without a word he tation. Her school had been closed for over a month and her daily life rack. It was "Ben Bolt!" A faint was becoming decidedly monotonous. When Albert had written regarding the invitation the Nasons had extend- word. When she had sung the first master.

eg, she believed it was due solely to verse, to her surprise Blanch was stand-Frank's influence, and when that ing beside her and joined her voice in young man tried to obtain her consent the next one. When it was finished to join a yachting party, providing his Frank insisted on a repetition, and aftmother and sister decided to go, she er that all three sang a dozen more of was morally sure of it. But it made the sweet old time songs so familiar no difference, for if the supposedly to all. Then Alice left the room to aristocratic Mrs. Nason had sent her bring in a light lunch, and Frank a written invitation she was the last seized the opportunity to say, "Well, person in the world to accept it. To so sis, what do you think?" go out of her way for the possible opportunity of allowing the only son of were foolish to go yachting at all. If a rich family to pay court to her I had been you I should have come up was not characteristic of Alice Page. Rather a thousand times would she

teach school in single blessedness all her life than be considered as putting herself in the way of a probable suitor. Of her own feelings toward Frank she was not at all sure. He her. was a good looking young fellow and no doubt stood well socially. At first she had felt a little contempt for him, due to his complaints that he had hard work to kill time. When she received the letter announcing his determination to study law and become a useful man in the world she thought better of him. When he came up in June it became clear that he was in love with her. So self evident were his feelings that she at that time felt compelled to avoid giving him a chance to express them. Her heart was and always had been entirely free from the pangs of love, and while his devotion was in a way quite flattering, the one insurmountable barrier was his family. Had he been more diplomatic he would never have told her his mother frowned at him when he danced twice

"I am a poor girl," Alice thought, when he made the admission, "but I'll wear old clothes all my life before his haughty mother shall read him a lecture for dancing twice with me."

with a poor girl.

Ever since the day Mrs. Mears had related the village gossip to her she had thought a good many times about the cause of it, but to no one had she mentioned the matter. Her only associate, good natured Abby Miles, had never dared to speak of it, and Aunt Susan was wise enough not to.

Now that Frank and his fashionable sister were coming to Sandgate, Alice felt a good deal worried. Firstly, she knew her own stock of gowns was inadequate. While not vain of her looks, she yet felt his sister would consider her countrified in dress or else realize the truth that she was painfully poor. She had made the money her brother gave her go as far as possible. Her own small salary was not more than enough to pay current expenses. When the day and train arrived, and she had ushered her two guests to their rooms, her worry began. A trunk had come, and as she busied herself to help Aunt Susan get supper under way before she changed her dress she was morally sure Miss Nason would appear in a gown fit for a state dinner. But when she was dressed and went out on the porch, where her guests were, she found Miss Blanch attired in a white muslin, severe in its simplicity. It was a pleasant surprise, if you like, will call and see her. She and at no time during their stay did Alice consider herself poorly clad. During the conversation that evening Blanch gave an interesting description of her life in the mountains, who were there, what gowns the ladies wore, the hops, drives, tennis, croquet and whist games, and when that topic was ex-

hausted Alice turned to Frank and said, "Now, tell us about your trip." "There is not much to tell," he answered in a disappointed tone. "The no end of stores on board, and anticipated lots of fun, but it didn't materialize. The second day Bert got left on the island, and we didn't find him until the next day. In the meantime he had found a pretty girl and acted as if he had become smitten with her. Then we ran to Bar Harbor, and the rest of the boys found some girls they knew and decided that a gander cruise had lost its charms. So I threw up my hands and turned the Gypsy over to Bert, and for all I know or care he is using her to entertain his island fairy."

Alice joined with Blanch in a good laugh at Frank's description of his trip. When the chitchat slowed down Alice said: "I don't know how to entertain you two good people in this dull place. There are mountains and woods galore and lots of pretty drives. And," looking at Frank, "I know where there is a nice mill pond full of lilies and an old moss covered mill and a miller that looks like a picture in story books. There is also a drive to the top of the mountain, where the view is simply grand. I have a steady going and

ever you like."

"Do not worry about me, Miss Page," replied Blanch. "If I can see mountain

and woods I am perfectly happy." close Frank begged Alice to sing, but reach, pelted her cavalier with them. she declined.

"Oh, please don't be afraid of me,"

"Because, my love lorn brother, in was the answer. "I never touched a ers, but that is all."

> guitar and sang sweetly. Finally Alice rest." her guests at once. "Sing a few more songs." Then, with almost an air of to the piano, searched for and found opened it.and placed it on the music color rose in Alice's face, but she turned and played the prelude without a

"I think," she replied, "that you here in the first place, stayed at the hotel and courted her every chance I could. I am in love with her myself, and we haven't been here six hours."

Frank stepped up to her quickly and, taking her face in his hands, kissed

CHAPTER XXVIII. WO days of Alice's visitation passel like a summer breeze. The first day they drove to the old mill and spent the entire forenoon gathering lilies and watching the great wheel that dripped and clattered between its moss grown walls. It was a curiosity to Blanch, for never in her life had she seen one of those old time landmarks, now so rare. That afternoon they drove to the mountain's top and saw the sunset, only to be late home to Aunt Susan's tea biscuit and cold chicken, and having a surprising appetite. The next day they made a picnic trip to another mountain, leaving the horse halfway up and walking the rest of the way. A noon they returned, and beside a cold spring that bubbled beneath a rock they opened their lunch baskets. Then they picked flowers, hunted for wintergreen and decked the horse and wagon with ferns and wreaths of laurel-only simple country pleasures, it is true, but they at least had the charm of newness for two of the party. That evening they sang all sorts of songs from gospel hymns to comic operas, and Blanch showed in so many ways that she admired her new found friend that there was no further restraint.

FURNITURE "I wish you would stay with me until my school begins, Blanch," said Alice at the close of the evening. "If you knew how lonely I am, I am sure you would."

"I might be persuaded to make a longer visit next summer," was the answer, "if you will return this visit next winter. Will you?"

"I won't promise now," answered Alice. "I am afraid I should be out of place in your society. I'm only a country girl, you know."

"I shall feel hurt if you don't," responded Blanch. "I should like to see that schoolhouse

Frank has spoken of several times," she said a little later, "and that barefoot girl he told about." It was the first allusion to his inter-

est in her that Blanch had made, and Alice colored. "We will drive by where that girl

lives tomorrow," responded Alice, "and, is the most original little old woman in my school."

The next morning, when Frank and his sister were alone for a few moments, she said, "I am going to do you a good turn today, Sir Mahomet, and have a headache," and, laughing a little, "if you are wise you will improve your opportunities and persuade your

'Sweet Alice' to go after pond lilies and leave me here."

"I could not think of going after fact is, my yachting trip was a failure. lilies," Alice replied when he proposed I had a two weeks' trip all mapped out, the trip, "and leaving your sister alone, and then it is almost too warm to be out in the sun this morning. If she feels better this afternoon we will go there when the sun gets part way

Blanch kept quiet all the morning and after dinner was the first to propose another trip to the lily pond. "I am in love with that old mill," she said, "and I want to see it when the sun gets down so it will be shady

When they reached the spot she at once developed an unusual interest in the mill and began an animated conversation with the miller regarding it

and its history. "You two go after lilies," she said when Frank had the boat ready, "and leave me here. I'm afraid the sun on the water will bring back my head-

"All right, only your sn.iles will be wasted on the miller. He is too old to appreciate them. We won't be gone long," said Alice as she stepped into the boat. And now what spirit of mis--hief had come over her? She joked faithful old horse, and we will go wher- and jested on all manner of shojectsthe boat, his rowing, Blanch's interest in the miller-and her blue eyes sparkled with roguish intent. She bared one round arm to the elbow and, pull-When the evening was nearing its ing every bud and blossom she could "Did you learn that stroke at col-

"Do you play or sing, Miss Nason?" lege," she asked when one of his oars slipped, "or is that the way a yachtsman always rows?"

In response to all this he said but litin the chorus, as they say, for my own say what was on his mind. He headed amusement and the amazement of oth- the boat for the shore, and as it came to a stop he said: "Let's get out and sit It wasn't all, for she played the on the bank, Miss Page. I want to

That afternoon Frank wrote Alice the was persuaded to open the piano, and "Oh, we must not stop. It's almost

"Won't you get out, Miss Page?" he of the latest light operas that Frank asked. "I've something I want to say "Mr. Nason and his sister are coming had sent her and then turned away. to you and-and it's nice to sit in the

> Without a word or even a look she arose and, taking his proffered hand,

> > TO BE CONTINUED.]

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