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to ronow them. That is all. Please forget I said it." Then she told him her own brief history, and at last, after much coaxing, a little of the one sorrow of her life.

avoided speaking about the picture of the wreck the first time I came here." Then in a moment he added: "Telly, I want you to give it to me and let me take it away. I want it for two reasons. One is, it gave me the first hint of your life's history. And then I do not want you to look at it any more." "You may have it," she answered,

to paint it." When the sun was low and they were ready to return he said, "Promise me, sweetheart, that you will try to forget only of us who love you and to whom

your life is a blessing." That evening he noticed Uncle Terry occasionally watched her with wistful



"Oh, no, no; I cannot!"

eyes, and, as on the evening before, both he and Aunt Lissy retired early. "They wish me well," Albert thought. The next day Uncle Terry proposed

that Telly should drive to the head of the island in his place. "I'm sorry ye must leave us, Mr.

Page," he said when Albert was ready to bid the old folks goodby. "I wish STEDS and SERGES, and we ye could stay longer, but cum ag'in soon, an' remember our latchstring's

allus out fer ye." When the old carryall had made half its daily journey Albert pointed to a low rock and said, "There is a spot I shall always be glad to see, for it was there Uncle Terry first found me."

had said but little since they started. girl with a fat purse." When they reached the little landing no one else was there. No house was in sight of it, and the solitude was broken only by the tide that softly caressed the barnacled piles of the wharf and the weed covered rocks on either side. No boat was visible adown the wide reach that separates Southport island from the mainland, and up it came a light sea breeze that barely rippled the flowing tide and whispered through the brown and scarlet leaved thicket back of them. Over all shone the hazy sunlight of October. Telly stood listening and hoping that the boat would be late. A look of sadness came over her face and a more than usually plaintive appeal in her expressive eyes. "I am sorry you are going," she said. "It is so lonesome here, and it will seem more so now." Then, as if that was a confession he might think unmaidenly, she added, "I dread to have the summer end, for when winter comes the rocks all around seem like so many tombstones."

Albert put out his hand as if that would aid his appeal, and as his fingers closed over hers he said: "I am going away with a heavy heart, Telly, and when I can come back is hard to say. Will you not promise me that some time, no matter when, you will be my own good and true wife? Let me go away with that hope to comfort me while I work and save for a home

for us both. Will you, Telly?" But the plaintive face was turned away, perhaps to hide the tears. Then an arm stole around her waist, and as he drew her close she whispered, sion gives the flesh and "When I am no longer needed here, if you want me then I will come to you." She was sobbing, her head resting on his shoulder, and as he kissed her un- repairing of body losses from resisting lips a boat's sharp whistle

broke the sacred spell. "Go a little way back, my darling," he whispered, "until the boat is gone. I do not want any one to see you have

When her misty eyes could no longer see the boat that bore her heart away, she turned, and all the long, lonely way back love's tears lingered on her lashes.

CHAPTER XXXVII. HE mountains around Sandgate were aflame with the scarlet and gold of autumn before life seemed quite as usual to Alice Page. The summer idyl had passed, and though it left a scar C. SMITH & SONS on her heart she had resolutely de-

termined to put the sweet illusion out of her mind. "I was very foolish to let him see that I cared," she thought "for it can never be, and by and by he will forget me, or if he does think "Now I know," he said, "why you of me it will be to recall me as one of his summer girls who had a fit of sil-

Her heart ached at times, and in spite of all resolution her fingers would once in awhile stray to the chords of "Ben Bolt." She answered his letters in a cool, matter of fact way. Occasionally, when he referred to his heart hunger and how hard he was studying smiling sadly. "It was foolish of me in hopes that she might think better of him, she wished that he had no purse proud and haughty mother to stand between him and a poor girl, and her next letter would be more chilly all of your past that is sad and think than ever. What perhaps was a bitter sweet thought was the fact that the colder she answered him the warmer his next letter would be. He happened to mention once that his mother had spoken of a certain young lady, who belonged to the cream of Boston society, as an eligible match and advised him to show her a little attention. It

did not help his cause. How grateful she was all through those melancholy autumn days that she had a large school to absorb her thoughts. She was having a long and hard fight with her own feelings, and imagined she had conquered them when Thanksgiving time drew near and her brother announced he would run up and spend the day with her. She almost cried for joy at the news, for proud spirited Alice Page was feeling very heart hungry when the letter hers. came. Albert was just a little surprised at her vehement welcome.

"Oh, I have been so lonesome, Bertie," she said when they were alone, "and the evenings drag by so slowly! Then you do not write me as often or such nice letters as formerly, and Aunt Susan never seems to notice that I am blue. If it were not for my school I should go crazy, I think."

"I am very busy these days, sis," Albert replied, "and my mind is all taken up with work. Mr. Nason's business is increasing, and I have many clients besides him." Then he added, "How did you like Blanch Nason?"

"Oh, she was very nice," replied Alice coolly, "and if she were a poor girl and lived here I could easily learn to love her. As it is, it is useless for me to think of her as a friend. It was good of her to pay me a visit, though, and I enjoyed every minute of it."

"And what about Frank? Did he not say a lot of sweet things to you?" Alice colored.

"Oh, he is nice enough," she answered, "and tried to make me believe he had fallen in love with me, but it won't do any good. I am sure his managing mamma will marry him to some thin Telly made no answer. In fact, she

have smiled on him very sweetly when

"Please do not say any more about him, Bert," she answered with a little pain in her voice. "He is all right, but I am too poor and too proud to satisfy his mother, so that is all there is to it." Then she added in self protection, "Tell me about the island girl I heard you fell in love with on the yachting trip and for whom you deserted the crowd." Albert looked confused. "It is true, Bertie," she said quickly. " can see it in your face. That explains your short letters. I shall feel more desolate now than ever."

"Alice, my sweet little sister," he re-

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plied, resolutely drawing his chair near and taking her hand, "it is true, and I of obedience and a sizable check. "Use intended to tell you all about it, only it all, my dear sis," he wrote, "and for I hated to do it at first and so put it your own needs, too. I do not want off. She is more than pretty, she is you to feel ashamed of your gowns beautiful, and the most unaffected and when you come to Boston." tender hearted girl I ever met. But you need not worry. She is so devoted when she read the letter, "what a prize to the two old people who have brought that island girl will get in him!" her up as their own that she will not leave them for me as long as they

Then he frankly told Alice the entire story of his waif of the sea and how she had refused to yield to his plead-

"And now, sweet sister," he said at last, "I have a plan to unfold, and I want you to consider it well. I am now earning enough to maintain a home, and I am tired of boarding house life. It is not likely I shall marry the girl I love for many years to come, and there is no need for us to be separated in this way. I think it is best that we close the house or rent it for the present, and you and Aunt Susan come to Boston. I can hire a pretty flat, and we can take down such of the furniture as we need and store the

rest. What do you think of the plan?" "Oh, I shall be so glad of the change, Bertie! It is so desolate here, and I dread the long winter. But what can I do in Boston? I cannot be idle."

"Will not housekeeping for me be occupation enough?" he answered, smiling, "or you might give music lessons and study shorthand. I need a typewriter even now." "But what will Aunt Susan think

the change? And it will be such change for her!" "She will get used to it," he a

Then, as Alice began to realize what it meant to bid goodby to the scenes of her childhood, the old home, the great trees in front, the broad meadows, the brook that rippled through them, the little church where every one greeted her with a smile, and the grand old hills that surrounded Sandgate's peaceful valley, her heart began to sink. Then she thought of the pleasant woods where she had so often gone nutting in autumn, the old mill pond where every summer since babyhood she had gathered lilies, and even those barefooted school children of

"I shall dislike to go, after ail," she said at last, "but perhaps it is best. I shall be homesick for a spell, but then I shall have you." Then she rose and like a big baby crept into her brother's lap, and, tucking her tain." sunny head under his chin, whispered: "Oh, if you were never going to be married, Bertie, I would leave it all and try to be contented. I could come up here every summer, could I not?" Then she added disconsolately: "But you will get married soon. Your beautiful island girl will not keep you waiting so long."

"No sweetheart and no wife shall ever lessen my love for you, Alice, who have been my playmate, my companion and my confidant all my life." when they had discussed the proposed step in all its bearings for a half hour Albert said: "Come, now, sis, sing a little for me. I am hungry to hear you once more."

She complied willingly, and, as the piquant voice of Alice Page trilled the list from "Lily Dale" to "Suwanee River" and back to "Bonny Eloise" and "Patter of the Rain," Albert lazily puffed his pipe and lived over his

boyhood days. When the concert was ended he ex-"So that is the way the wind blows, claimed: "I will look around before my sweet sister, is it? And yet my Christmas and see what kind of a possible future law partner has been | flat can be found, and then when your humming 'Ben Bolt' nearly every day school closes you must come down for the past two months! You must and visit me and see how you like

"Oh, that will be just delightful, only you must promise not to tell the

Nasons that I am coming." "But if they find it out Blanch and Frank would feel bitterly hurt," he replied. "Remember, they did you the honor of coming up here to visit you, and Blanch has said to me several times that she hoped you would visit ing the haughty specter Alice had con-

her this winter." "I should love to," replied Alice, hes- was proud enough to discourage her itating, "but-well, I will tell you what son's attentions because of the differwe can do-we will wait until the day ence in their positions awakened her before I am to return, and then we can curiosity. "I should like to meet Miss call there one evening. They need not Page," she said to Blanch when the the men stared at her. know how long I have been in Bos- latter had asked if she might invite her

Albert said: "I will do as you wish, tivating." sweet sister, and unless some of the imagine it will work all right, only it is a little rough on Frank."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

much, although Alice noticed er. that she was more quiet than To Alice the proposed meeting was ever and avoided that subject.

ised her brother she would visit him bow. one or two evenings with them at that Alice in the pleasantest way and with

er and told him he had best inform Edith devoted herself to Albert. It the Nasons of her intended visit in a was after the second curtain when matter of fact way. "But," she added, Mrs. Nason said: "I must insist that "do not let on that you know they you divide your visit with us, Miss have invited me to visit them. We Page, and allow us to return a little of will do just as we talked-go there and your hospitality. Of course I underspend one or two evenings, or perhaps stand that your brother comes first, I may meet them at a theater, which and rightly, too, but we must claim a would be much better."

By return mail came his assurance

"Bless his dear heart," said Alice

When Christmas came and she kissed Aunt Susan goodby, she was near giving up the trip altogether. It may have been the sad face of her aunt that brought the irresolution, or a feeling that meeting Frank would reawaken the little heartache she had for five months been trying to conquer. When she reached Boston she was met by her brother.

"I have not told Frank," Albert exclaimed, "and shall not let them know you are here until we call. I want you to myself for a few days, because after Frank knows you are here I am sure to be one too many most of the time." "Not on his account, you'll not be," replied Alice with a snap.

What a gallant escort that brother was, and what a change from the dull monotony of her home life those days were to Alice.

They visited art galleries mornings, and devoted the afternoons and evenings to theaters; then usually a tetea-tete supper at a cozy place where the best was to be had, and a little chat in his or her room before retiring. It was during one of these brief visits that she noticed some of the pictures that hung in his room. "Who painted that shipwreck

scene?" she asked, looking at one. "It is a gem, and those poor sailors clinging to the ice covered rigging are enough to make one shiver. And those awful waves, too, are simply terrifying. And what a pretty scene is this wild tangle of rocks with a girl leaning on one and looking out on the ocean where the sun is setting or rising," she continued as she viewed the next one. Then as she examined it a little closer she added, "Who is E. T.?" Albert made no answer, and she passed to a third one showing a little rippled cove with the ocean beyond and a girl seated in the shade of a small spruce

"Why, this is by E. T. too," she exclaimed. And turning to her brother she repeated, "Who is E. T.?"

"Well," he answered, "I will take you down to the island some time and introduce you to her. She will be glad to meet my sister, you may be cer-

Then the brief history of this girl as her brother had told it, came to her. "So that was the wreck she floated ashore from, was it, Bert? And can she paint like that? Why, I am astonished! And who is the girl leaning on the rock? What an exquisitely molded figure and what a pretty pose! Who is she?"

"That is your possible sister-in-law," answered Albert, with a touch of pride, "and the pictures were done by her from sketches I first made myself. They are true to life so far as all details go, only I failed to catch her expressive face in the one that shows a front view of her."

"So that was the way you wooed your island goddess, was it?" observed Alice, with a roguish look. "Made her pose for a sketch while you said sweet things to her. Have you a picture of pure beeswax, one-quarter of a

"No, I am sorry to say I have not. Remember, she has been hidden on an island all her life, and I doubt if she ever had a picture taken."

her? I am so anxious to meet this is an old fashioned but most effective fairy of the shore who has stolen my remedy. brother's heart. Can't we go down there before I return home?"

"We can," he added, "but I think we'd better wait until spring."

The next day he informed her he had secured a box at a theater for that evening and had invited the Nasons to join them. "I thought it would relieve your mind a little, Alice," he added, "to meet your bogy on neutral ground." Mrs. Nason was a long way from be-

jured up. That a country schoolma'am to visit them. "A girl that shows the When morning and departure came spirit she does is certainly worth cul-

When Alice's cool but polite note Nasons should meet us at a theater I reached Mrs. Nason she was piqued to even a greater degree of curiosity, and when Albert's courteous letter inviting "Mrs. Nason and family to share a box at the theater for the purpose of HE proposed change did not meeting my sister" was received she seem to disturb Aunt Susan returned a cordial acceptance by bear-

a source of dread, and when the car-"I'm ready an willin' to go if you riage called for Albert and herself she think best," she said, "an' I'll do my was in an excited state of mind. They best as long as I can. I hain't got had barely taken their seats in the box long to stay, an' if I see you two hap- when the usher knocked, and Blanch, followed by the rest of the family, en-Two weeks before Christmas came a tered. That young lady greeted Alice cordiai letter from Blanch reminding with an effusive kiss, and the next in-Alice of her promise to visit her dur- stant she found herself shaking hands ing the holidays and insisting that she with a rotund and gray haired lady of do so now. With it was inclosed an dignified bearing, but of kind and equally cordial but brief note of invita- courteous manner. An introduction to tion from Mrs. Nason. Alice replied to Edith followed, and then Frank acboth in due form and with profuse knowledged her polite "How do you thanks, also stating that she had prom- do, Mr. Nason?" with his very best

seemingly cordial interest in all she Alice inclosed both notes to her broth- said, while Blanch kept quiet and part of your time."



Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice.

"I had promised myself one or two evenings at your home," Alice answered quietly, "but I do not feel that I ought to desert Bertie more than

Then, for the first time, Blanch put in her little word: "Now, do not offer your brother as an excuse. I have been anticipating your promised visit for a long time, and no brother is going to rob me of it. I shall come around tomorrow forenoon, and if you are not ready to go back win me, bag and baggage, I will just take your baggage, and then you will have to

"I do not see why you cannot see your brother and visit with him just as well at our house," put in Mrs. Nason. "He is always welcome there."

Alice turned to her brother, remarking, "It is nice of you to insist, and I am more than grateful, but it must be as he says." Then she added prettily, "He is my papa and mamma now, and the cook and captain bold and mate of the Nancy brig as well." "I will stir up a mutiny on the Nancy

brig if he does not consent," laughed Blanch; "so there is an end to that, and you must be ready at 10 tomorrow."

## TO EE CONTINUED.]

At the Top of the Ladder.

A woman whose acquaintance with the methods and opportunities of work in a modern newspaper office is of the slightest was talking to a friend about her son's start in life. The young man had just left college and had secured a position as reporter on one of the important New York dailies in the humble capacity which is the usual lot of the "cub" journalist, that of a police court reporter. His mother was enthusiastic over his good fortune.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "they've given him such a splendid position. He's the crime editor at the police court!"

An Old Fashioned Salve.

An old recipe used for over 100 years in the writer's family and excellent for gatherings, cuts, chilblains, etc., is made thus: Put one-quarter of a pound pound of rosin and one-quarter of a pound of mutton suet (freed from all skin) into a jar and place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water. When the mixture has thoroughly dissolved stir "And when will you take me to see | and pour it into little pots or jars. It

Recasting His Phrases.

"It's curious that women are never great poets or great musicians," said Mr. Meekton.

"What did you say?" asked his wife. "I was merely remarking that women are too sensible to squander their energies on poetry and music to the extent that some men do."

Justifiably Jilted.

Boggs-Why did Toggs break his engagement with Miss Sadbird? Joggs-Because when he took her for a walk up Fifth avenue he found that none of

You have a good many faults of your own. Why are you so hard on the faults of others?

An Ape of 1738. The human ape of the Hippodrome is

not without its parallel in former days. An eighteenth century chronicle tells us that in 1738 "a most uncommon creature was brought from Carolina. It was a female, whose height was about four feet and in every part formed like a woman except the head. which nearly resembled an ape. She walked upright and sat down to her food and fed herself as a human creature. It was supposed to be the female of the creature which is called chimpanzee, or the mock man." A charming touch is added in the remark, "She expressed great respect for a boy whe was on board the ship with her and seemed very unhappy at his absence." -London Globe.

The Cardiff Giant.

The Cardiff giant, the famous stone man hoax of years ago, was 10 feet 21/2 inches in length, had a nose 6 during her vacation, and hoped to have Mrs. Nason began chatting with inches long, a mouth 4 inches wide and foot 151/2 inches from toe to heel

Dog Exercisers.

There are people in London who ears quite respectable livings solely by exercising dogs, and some of those who so live are ladies. In every suburb and in every London park these exercisers of dogs may be seen each day, and one gentleman alone pays 15 shillings a week for the walking out of his valuable bulldog.

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