Big Sacrifice.

Preparatory to extensive alterations which we purpose making in our store during the coming month we will sell the balance of our winter stock

ATTCOST AND BELOWorder to clear the goods out of our way.

les and Gents' Furs, Men's Cargdian Jackets. Shirts and Drawers. mey Top Shirts, Sealette, Velvet, Cloth, Cord and Heavy Knit Caps!" Cloves and Mitts. Mufflers, Men's. Youths' and Boy's Overcoats, &c. The whole to be cleared.

Your Own-Prices

As we want and must have the room Now is the time to buy the above lines and get full benefit of the use of them for the balance of the season.

The following are special lines that we carry in large variety that cannot be got elsewhere in Stouffville : Gents' waterp: oof coats; ladies' and gents' furs; gents' white dress shirts. collars, cuffs and ties; gents' fine kid gloves lined and unlined; gents' cuff buttons, scarf pius collar buttons, &c.

FINE ORDERED CLOTHING, special also, the correct thing-no mistake We have been too long in the business to allow mistakes to cccur as we know too well the cost of such.

JOHN BRAY.

The Palace Furnishing House, South Side Main St., Stouffville.

By Edgar Fawcett. COPYRIGHT, 180L1

About seventy-five years ago in New York the people who kept their private carriages could almost have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Hence, when old Myndherst Van Doren drove out in his cumbrous vehicle, with a hammer-cloth and yellow wheels, pcople would stare and wink at one another in high diversion and dismay. Surely such luxury was almost without precedent in the peaceful and unostentations little seaport town of 1815. But what made it all the odder, and funnier was the fact that for many past years old Van Dorent had been accounted the most miserly of men. He had a wide house facing on the Battery, in which he lived entirely alone except for two old servants, a man and his wife. Van Doren had once had a wife himself, but that was years back, when he had inst entered the shipping business on South street, from which he had long ago brought away a handsome fortune. "Two hundred thousand dollars if a cent," old Peter Van Zandt, fellow-merchant, had declared him possessed of on his retirement, and the enormity of such a fortune thrilled, at that period, all who heard of its being possibly owned by any one single man. It was still whispered that young Mrs. Van Doren had died of a broken heart, her husband having treated her with sternest parsimony and neglect He had a sister, too, and she had married against his will a southern gentleman of literary tastes and precarious income. Though Ralph Stanfield's birth and social rank had both been excellent, the brother of Martha Van Doron, had! never pardoned what he chose to denounce as her gross misalliance. He had known nothing of her for many years, and at the time our little chronicle opens he had received the



WOULD STOP IT AND INSIST ON SPEAK

himself as his nephew. Alfred Stanfield. On the day that he sought to visit his uncle, Stanfield was met by old Samuel, the servant, with a fand but firm announcement that Mr. Van Doren could not be seen. Then the young man had written his kinsman quite a long letter poverty and his desire to win some sort

of clerkship here in New York. The letter was, not answered. After three weeks of waiting Stanfield began to grind his teeth with wrath at his Van Doren?" uncle's heartless behavior and to say of that gentleman the very bitterest things. He said these things to a person whom he had not mentioned in his letter. That person was his young wife, Martha, whom he had married just before shaking the dust of Charleston from his feet. Their union had been an elopement, and they were now living on a somewhat slonder legacy which Martha had inherited when a child. Her father and several relatives were all furious at her for having married Stanfield They admitted that he was a gentleman, but declared that his family was broken down, and that a daughter of the haughty house [of | Rollaston | should never have chosen so - ineligible a lord. These Rallastons were then what we call leading people in Charleston, which at that time was a town filled

with fashionable pretension. But Martha had made her choice, and though she felt sure that it would always be sneeringly regarded by her kindred as an imprudence alike desperato and unpardonable she soothed her perturbed soul with thoughts of how she had won the husband of her maidenly choice. Trouble now seemed lowering in gloomiest threat over the fortunes of the young pair. Before long Martha's legacy would be spent to its last dollar. As it was she and Stanfield were living in rather inferior apartments on Catharine street. What was to be done?. They had come from Charleston with the hope of ultimately and perhaps promptly. winning Van Doren over. But here, as it were, the old fellow invisibly scoffed at them, fortressed in such impregnable manner against their approaches that he might as well have been the emperor of China once and for

"They told you he drove abroad in his own carriage," said Martha, one day, "If I were you, Alfred, I'd just stop it and insist on speaking with

Those words of his wife, as afterwards remembered by Stanfield, were fraught with a queer prophetic humor. For a few days after the strange occasion came to him of indeed "stopping

Mr. Van Doren's carriage. It all happened like a flash, as such things are so wont to happen. One morning Stanfield was strolling on Broadway when he saw the clumsy though somewhat aristocratic conveyance of his uncle come trunneling along past Rector street. He had no idea who owned the vehicle with its cockaded driver and two ponderous roans, though he had seen it several times before during previous strolls. Already, however, he had heard, as wo know, that his rich uncle committed the monstrous New York extravagance of driving out in his own coach. Then, again, the cynic

tidings had drifted to him that Myndherst Van Doren would never have dreamed of setting up for himself this private equipage if he had not become a martyr to rheumatism. "Not gout, not a bit of it," Stanfield's informant

had added: "he's altogether too plain a

we shall see."

fulness into his face.

such awful peril-never!"

-vours and mine!"

When he reached home and began his

story to Martha, she broke into little

eries of horror and alarm. Before he

had finished she was at his feet, kissing

his hand and gazing up with wild wist-

"And you're not the least bit in-

at the corners of her arched pink lips.

her eyes. "But then, Alfred, to think of your doing so awfully reckless a

thing! . Promise me you'll never think;

of risking your dear life like that again

-not even to get millions and mil-

"I won't," he laughed, once more

kissing her. "I'll draw the line as re-

gards my future deed of valor precisely

CHAPTER II.

With great punctuality Stanfield pro-

uncle's house in State street. The

building had by no means a cheerful

look as he rapped with the bright brass;

knocker on the white-painted door. 'Its'

blinds were tightly closed, and it seemed

this was not his first ascent of that

slim-railed stoop; he was prepared for

ently admitted him without a word, but

Soon he was shown into a parlor so

dark that he almost stumbled against a

small but heavy mahogany table on!

which was a "friendship's keepsake,"

in crimson-and-gold binding, and one

conch shells. After a little while old

Samuel made it lighter, and then Mr.

It is possible that the old man had

never treated anyone more cordially in

all his hard, austere life than he now

"You did a very fine thing, sir," he

said: "you saved my life beyond a"

doubt. Yes, I grant it, you see, I grant

it." Then he rubbed one hand against.

the other as though, in spite of grati-

tude, he were washing away from them.

all material obligation of a remunera-

tive kind, and, with his shrewd, beady

eyes ambushed below their gray slants

rors in their tarnished frames and the

and there betrayed the tawny buck

ram below them: But he doubtless de

seried none of these or other signs, all

rice. He was very probably refreshing

ness-like offer" which he had resolved

gentleman in the way of recognition

and recompense. But Stanfield had now

made up his mind to speak, and prompt-

As he finished speaking the young man

placed a card, which bore his present

address, on the shell-adorned table near

which he sat. He did not proffer it to

Van Doren came into the room.

treated Stanfield.

with an air of having expected him.

liver for that." And now, as the slow, massive carringe passed him, Stanfield glanced within it and discerned, though somewhat faintly, a thin, hard-faced man leaning against its back cushions. Just after this glimpse of his unknown uncle had been offered him he started as he per cived a large dray, drawn by two maddened runaway horses, come dashing up the street. At first there seemed no sented himself the next morning at his nger to Mr. Van Doren's carriage, though the coachman brought it to an abrupt standstill and watched the hurrying bulk with anxious eyes. As it sped nearer, however, the headlong regularity of its progress changed. The to drouse in an apathy of oblivion. But driver was gone, having rashly jumped from his sent some little time ago. The horses now began a plunging course and | the sallow, stooping butler, who presseveral other wagons narrowly escaped collision. Not so Mr. Van Doren's chicle. Towards that the wild crea-

tures now swerved, and in another instant they were rearing furiously and yet still galloping onward, with their own wheels locked in the heavy yellow, ones. It was a horrible moment for or two enormous, grinning, rose-lipped Stanfield. Young, strong, with urgently humane impulses, he saw the carriage of the old man violently overturned and the coachman flung from his box. There is no doubt that he now acted with a splendid promptness and courage, for in a trice he had-darted, fleet of foot, after the whole hurtled comminglement of horses and awoodwork. The Van Doren team had not yet teken fright and were pulling stolidly against their terrified brothers. This gave Starfield a chance, and he leaped with great darng and nimbleness upon the shafts of the dragging coach. Still greater was is act in springing thence upon the dray itself. He happened to have a of shaggy eyebrow, he glanced round

large clasp-knife in his pocket, a memento of a shooting trip in the South Carolina wilderness, taken but a short ime before his romantic marriage. He remembered afterwards that while getting himself over the dashboard of the dray, and clinging to it with one hand glaring enough to attest his own avaas he cut the traces with the other, it flashed through his mind how he was almost giving his life one chance out of twenty. But a few lunges of that stout steel blade so far unfettered the furious horses that within the next twenty seconds they had quite rid themselves of

ly did so. He told Myndherst Van every restriction and were scamparing Doren who he was, and at length adduptown with a new and horrid liberty. ed: "Not, sir, until I had been the Stanfield felt dazed after his magnifimeans of your rescue did I learn of our cent work. - Still clinging to the dashboard, with the knife in his hand, he relationship. You did not ask me for my name, nor did your, servant seek it fancied himself for the first time in his of me this morning. But since I have sturdy young life on the verge of a already made this name known to you in my efforts to gain your kindly notice Then somebody caught him and I feel sure that 'Alfred Stanfield' wil pened his eyes without realizing that not strike so very unfamiliarly on your

A crowd had collected, and plaudits rang to him from every side.

"The most heroic thing I ever saw." said a man who had the speech and appearance of a gentleman. "I'm proud to shake hands with you, sir. Perhaps you don't know whom you saved from a horrible death," he continued, while holding Stanfield's hand. "It's Mr. Van Doren, the retired shipping merchant."

"Van Doren?" faltered Stanfield, who now began to feel himself again, his brief faintness vanishing as a scrap of mist is blown away from a rugged hillside. "Do you mean Mr. Myndherst

"Yes." said another voice, before the gentleman could respond. "Here comes, now. It's a wonder he wasn't killed by the carriage upsetting.

Nothing could more clearly have exressed the provincialism of New York' at that period than what now followed from another member of the throng: "Oh, he's so gouty, or rheamatic, or whatever it is, that he keeps his carriage all padded inside, just like

field. "There!" And then he stared

finally giving a helpless little shrug of

the shoulders and disclosing a shattered

pair of spectacles which he had thus far

kept in his drooped left hand. "I can't

see anybody very well without these,

he pursued. "But I'll be able to look

at you better if you'll call upon me

Come to-morrow at eleven o'clock in

the morning, will you? I'm a little

shaken up, you know, though I ain't

hurt." He said this with a sort of gen-

erally challenging grin to the crowd-

an expression which his nepher no

sooner saw than he greatly disliked

And then he was helped away by some

one who knew well enough, to offe

him an arm, though he had no actual

friend in New York, throughout whose

limited community his wealth and his

varice had both quite notoriously tran-

Stanfield moved away in another di

rection. He began to feel a little stiff

in certain muscles and realized, now

that it was all over, the tremendons

assemblage called gay words after him,

half gratulatory, half satiric. Some

voices assured him that he was in for

"a thousand dollars, sure," on the mor-

row, and others mockingly doubted

isk which he had run. The dispersing

fixedly at his preserver for an instant

Van Doren, though perhaps if he had done so that gentleman would have hurled it aside in disdain, for his "Hush! here he comes," murmured nephew had scarcely ended before he the gentleman, and soon Mr. Van Doren rose, pale and tremulous with wrath. moved up to Stanfield with an extended "I see! I see!" he exclaimed. "It's all hand. Ilis rheumatism made him limp trick, a miserable trick! Your mother a little, but he had sustained no injury. threw herself away on a penniless lover, lis greeting of the young man who and now you've watched your chance. had certainly saved his life was civil, to steal into my good graces-to get to let us!" but by no means gracious. The face money from me-the money I've made. which his nephew looked upon, rising by hard work, sir, and mean to keep clean shaved and sharp-featured from with a tight hand, I can toll you!". At its ample stock, was almost frigid and this point the speaker agitatedly rose. lifeless enough to have been carve "Samuell" he called ... "Samuell" in a from some sort of grayish marble." shrill, falsetto voice; and the old serv-"I thank you, young sir-I thank you ant, who had lately gone from the very much, very much." He was holdroom, now reappeared with strange ing Stanfield's hand while he thus promptitude. spoke, but on a sudden dropped it and fumbled in a side pocket of his coat which was cut like the evening "swallow-tall" coat of the present. Soon he produced a wallet and drew from it a card, which he handed Stan-

"Show this-this person to the door!" fumed Van Doren. Then, wrathfully to his nephew: "Your scheme has miscarried, sir-completely miscaried!" and, hurrying to a pair of heavy folding-doors, which were partly divided, he passed through the aperture, closing it behind him an instant later in noisy and savage fashion. Stanfield, as he quitted the house,

aughed aloud a laugh of the heartiest scorn, "Was there ever such an old beast?" he said to his wife after reaching home and telling her how he had

"No wonder he acted to my poor mother as he did. Upon my word, when I think his conduct over in its true contemptible colors, I wonder that ever his age and kinship prevented me from giving him the soundest of thrashings." But before evening all had changed. Myndherst Van Doren presented himself at the lodgings of Stanfield that afternoon and harshly begged his nephew's pardon. He performed this duty with much awkwardness, but emphatically he performed it nevertheless. "Of course you saved my life," he said, "and I played a very shabby part to you this morning in speaking as did. I beg you to forgive an old man for letting his bitter tongue run away surly and all that What you said about

old man seemed hesitating how to con-

frust of "old Van Doren" with tones of respect for his danntless young savior.
"Just like the selfish old miser," was he last comment that Stanfield heard. an entirely new leaf?". Flushed and stern, Stanfield had lis-But perhaps this handsome young shap is rich himself and don't want any tened, and here he glanced at Martha, who was not far away, and who gave him a little nod suggesting propitiation. "Don't want any reward" thought Van Doren's hand was now slightly the hero of the bour, as he remembered lifted. His nephew gnawed his lips for his own and Martha's dwindling purse.

a moment and then went forward and "What would they say if they knew bo was my mother's brother? Il wooder what he will say when be bears And "I will do as you say, sir," he replied, and I promise that the new leaf shall he never even asked me my name. not be solled by any misconduct of my Well, well, we shall see to-morrow what

Martha, who had been secretly quirering with nervous dread, here struck in a gentle laugh, and said, as she folned her husband's side: "Please let me be counted in too, for all Alfred's friends are mine, and if you will receive him as your real nephew at last you must let me become your real nieco be-

jured?" she at length exclaimed. "Ob, you noble, glorious Alfredt But I'm an-This little speech was given with gry at you," she broke off, rising; "you much grace and winsomeness, but it should never have put your life into seemingly had no effect upon Van Doren. His manner grew, indeed, somewhat While she wept and trembled at the grimmer, now that his apology had deed he had done, Stanfield threw his arms about her and kissed each ivory been made and accepted. After having seated himself at the request of his lid of her sweet gray eyes, each dimple host, he bluntly said: "Think, Martha," he sald, "think

"I'm not going to beat round the what may come of it! There he was, bush-what's the use? I've got a pretty fair pile of money that it took me a my actual uncle Myndherst, and I never dreamed of such a thing! Miser or no lot of time and trouble to make. I miser, he'll be forced to help us now. shouldn't be surprised if I'm what people would call a miser. I let 'em talk Not that I want his money. Oh, no, it isn't that. But by lifting a finger ha as they choose. Now, of course it isn't can get me something to do. There's going to be very pleasant for a man the joyful part of it; there's where the who's as fond of his dollars as I am to give you many of 'em down. I won't very hand of Providence itself seems to do anything of that kind. I can't and I have been stretched forth in our behalf won't." Hero Stanfield and his wife exchanged glances, and the eyes of the "Oh, it does look as though our trouformer seemed to say: "Oh, the unbles were over," said Martha, wiping

speakable old skinflint!" "But I'll tell you what I will do." Van Doren soon resumed, with a keen though side-long look at his nephew. "I'll-leave you all I've got when I'm done with it. That oughtn't to be so long, either. I'll reach sixty-eight my next birthday. My father died at fifty-six and both my brothers went at ages under thirty." He now gave a husky little laugh, about as joyless as the turning of a rusted key in its lock. "So, you see, the chances are against your waiting very long. I'll send for a lawyer to-morrow, and by next Thursday the will can be fully drawn up. I in tended giving it all to charities, but instead of that I'll leave every dime of it to the nephew that saved my life at the risk of his own. Now, what do you think of this arrangement? Does it satisfy you? Because if doesn't," finished Van Doren, rising, "I'm afraid

it's altogether the best I can do." His own face had soured as watched the expression wrought by these words on the face of his nephew. But Stanfield's reply, though very frank, was quite free from ill-feeling. "Naturally," came his answer, "I do not wish to concern myself with any compact that bears relation to your

death. Still, if you are willing to make me your heir, I can but thank you for having so decided, and yet," he continned, "I would ask you, sir, for some immediate help. Our needs are growing urgent, though they are not at all excessive. My wife and I could live on a very moderate annuity. If you would consent to aid us with a certain monthly sum 1 could, perhaps-indeed, most probably-succeed in getting a clerkship here in New York that would swell the amount donated until it became an actual competence."

"M-m-yes, yes," muttered Van Doren, stroking his bare, sharp, shaven chin. him at the threadbare carpets, the mirhaircloth furniture whose edges here, terms very fair-very fair," and he looked both Stapfield and Martha full in the eyes, for a moment, with a gaze that seemed to both of them positively

But the young wife, whatever may have been her furtive repulsion, now. drew nearer to the obdurate old man and addressed him with a simple and lovely eloquence of pleading. She spoke of their marriage and the deep mutual love that had caused it; of Alfred's great willingness to work, and of her own eager desire to fill their little home with happiness and thrift. There were tears of entreaty in her voice, though none in her tenderly beseeching eyes. But possibly a light was there that chow crept, with whatever faintness, down into the sullen gloom of that unnatural heart. Before the interview was over Martha, and not her husband, had gained a victory. Stanfield was to receive everything at his uncle'r

death, and meanwhile, until that high y uncertain event occurred, he was to get a small monthly allowance." But besides this, as Van Doren gravely conceded before his departure, efforts would be used towards securing for his pephew the desired mercantile clerk-That last promise, like the former

one, was faithfully carried out. The old man, in spite of his detested stinginess, retained a certain distinct business influence. He recommended Stanfield to a firm of some importance, and here, in a prim office overlooking the throngs of masts at the docks of Water street, Martha's husband soon found himself scated before a ledger-laden It was thresome work; he had, as the

phrase goes, a head for figures, and by nature he was not one to whom the glddy pleasures of cities offered tempting lures. But it began gradually to bore him with increasing keenness that he could not gratify in the cautious and conservative atmosphere of Messra. Van Veckten & Co. his longings for quickly equired riches. "I despise money merely in itself,"

he would say to Martha. "But what it will bring-ahl that's another affairl Think! you and I might go round the world together, arm in arm, as it were, if that old fellow would only consent "And so we shall, some day, no

doubt," whispered Martha, with lips against his cheek. "Ilush," he said, almost pushing her away from him. "I hate to count on anyone's death-even his." "Yes; you're right, dear," said Martha,

'Forgive me." Nevertheless he did count on his unclo's death, harshly as it first went against his nature to do so. During the next five years two children were born to Martha and himself, a boy and a girl. The little family had just enough to supply its wants and not a dime more. Martha, with her babies and her domestle cares, kept up her spirits in blithest fashion. But the change in Alfred worried her. She saw that his office work was growing a more and more leaden task to him, and that the yearning for Myndherst Van Doren to die had become like a cancer that slowly eats deeper and deeper into the flesh.

When their first child was born they brought it to the old miser, but he caressed it, in only a languid and perfunctory way. The truth was he could caress nothing with any real pleasure save dollars, and these he netually did fondle and slip through his fingers in their most captivating golden form. For Stanfield, who now and then would meet the old butler, had it directly from Samuel himself, one day, that there was a pot of actual gold coin in the cabinet

The plain truth is good enough for Hood's Saraparilla. No need of embellishment or sensationalism. Hood's cures.

him. I know I'm crabbed and your friends; there is no occasion for you and all that. What you said about running the risk of contracting inflammasurly and all that. What you said about being my nephew surprised me a good deal, but I don't mean that such surprise was the slightest excuse. Now, there; will you be kind enough to acthe same time mixing their cynic disthroat and longs from viscid phiegm.

freakish manipulations reminded you of now quite alone, and at times marked at once nothing so much as the sluggish revo- ly feeble. He consented that Stan-

lution of a kaleidoscope. formerly held.

Martha protested a little at this. our reducing expenses. We don't want had got into the way of speaking quite got about that this dismal minage had freely to one another regarding Van Doren's expected demise." "No," he replied, "not to save-o course not. But money is money, my

dear, and we need not squander it." "Squander it!" faltered Martha. Sho could not understand the change in her husband. He-Lad lost a good deal of his old bonhomie. He was given to sometimes he would start from one of these and suddenly ask her how much a certain grocer's bill had been or just and again she found herself hoping that what amount she had paid for young Al- the bright, innocent faces of Alfred and fred's last pair of shoes, for young Gertrude's newest dozen of hose.

At last poor, gentle Martha waked up and gave her lord a grand scelding. He listened to it very patiently, and told her (with a sort of dazed smile which she somehow detested) that he had thought so much of money lately as to find himself caring about it, watching its expenditure in a really pe-

"You think altogether too much on the subject of money," said Martha, with reproachful heat. "Are we not quite comfortable as we are? And if a certain thing doesn't happen within the next five years or so, why on earth should you care? For a good while yet we can send the children to public schools. That certainly is far better than not educating them at all. We've no reason to bother ourselves about money -none in the least. Of course, you might have advanced yourself more with Van Veckten & Co. Now, Alfred, I don't mean to say anything unpleasant, but you know, dear, that you yourself told me, not long ago, you'd got to be a sort of machine there in Water street, neither earing for promotion nor using an effort to secure it."

"True," replied Stanfield, "I must ull myself together. I must show them what I'm worth and demand better salary." But he did neither. He was always waiting, waiting for his uncle to die: The Van Veckten firm found no fault with him, but they had got to regard him in the light of a merely plodding suspected the truth-that old Van Doren had made him his heir, and that he had

seen the old miser's will, and that he realized how any hour might make him rich. As it was, they trusted him completely, gave him certain work to do, and satisfied themselves that he did it with a certain stolid apathy. He was You want, in other words, more than not useless to them. He was in a way I'm willing to give. I thought my quite useful. But his employers had a sense of abilities partially dormant.

CHAPTER IIL And so another five years went on. Myndherst. Van Doren was now seventy eight. There seemed no change in his rigor, however. Rheumatism the house, but such periods of immurement were rare. As for driving out, he had given up keeping a carriage since

"He is waiting for a dead man's shoes," Martha would think of her husbund. "There is that fortune coming to him and he cannot keep his mind from it. All his old vigor of character. has gone from him. He might have done so much for himself during these ten years, but this wretched suspense has crept like a poison through all his

The children, as they grew older, were sent to a public school. New York had now greatened in an eastward | was winter, and many cases of pneudirection, and the Stanfield home was | monin("inflammation of the lungs,"they Essex street, but a stone's throw. from East Broadway. Stanfield was a | broken out, and proved fatal. Against fitfully affectionate father and by no his will a physician was summoned, and means a good one. His children feared | the verdict given his nephew was him more than they loved him. At times | against his living twenty-four hours ness, but they never knew just when his intense - irritability would break

Martha, as the next decade began, strove to console herself with the expectation that Van Doren's fortune might now at any moment theirs. Discovering that her husband was placated by such words as: "Oh, tomorrow we may be wealthy," she used them with an increasing abandonment of good breeding." It was like doubling and tripling the doses of opium for pain-stung patient. Formerly the mode consolement, that she now used would have seemed to her brutal and in



and through a series of morrows, the vulgarity of the process clad itself in callousness. Their very children got into the habit of saying aloud and fearlessly: "Any day we may be rich;" or: "When Uncle Myndherst dies we shall inve thousands and thousands of dol-

But the years dragged themselves along and still Uncle Myndherst did not die. One day, however, the head of the Van Veckten, firm, died, and as there was no successor of the name, and as the two partners were well along in years, the firm underwent dissolution. This was a blow to Martha, for she feared that her husband would refuse to seek other employment now that a certain long-delayed event seemed on the verge of happening, and in that case his mental state would surely not profit by the change. She was right; he merely said she must "get along without any salary after this. It can't be so very

Still it would be very hard to get on without the salary, Martha concluded, even if only for a year or six months. You need not cough all night and disturb | And so in secret she went down to the old State-street house and begged Van Doren to increase the allowance he was making them. He refused with an ireful sneer. He looked, Indeed, the typical miser that day, with his bent form clad in a faded, ragged dressing gown and the shabblest of little black skullcaps on his baid head.

cinde his peaceable overtures, and then, of the library tairs, and that here, Poor Martha went away heavy-heart with a sudden curt briskness, concluded very often insert of reading any of ed. What was to be done? The chilgree that you and I shall turn over the books on the adjacent shelves— dren must not be brought up like paubooks which he had long ago ceased pers "though already they were not from the borrible extravagance of pur- on a social level with other children of chasing-he would sit crouchingly be like parentage and position. But soon side his green-shaded lamp for hours | there dawned a way out of the difficuland hours of an evening, arranging the | ty, though scarcely one that might be gold pieces into piles of a certain said to beam with relief. Old Samuel beight, making of these piles medal- suddenly died, and his wife, stricken lions, and then altering the latter with | by the shock of his loss, hardly cur-

> field and his family should come and Talk like this keenly interested Stan- live with him in State street, which field. Now and then be would refer to they at length did. To wring from the Samuel's gosslpy confidence during old man money enough for even a frutalks with his wife. As time went on gal household wherewithal was hard the city pushed itself up past tracts of work en ugh; and as for his consent land that but yesterday, as might be that a single yard of new carpeting, a said, were open country. The Stan- | single pint of new paint should repair fields moved their place of residence to in his abode the augmenting blemishes one further uptown, though cheaper and | of time, this was an achievement bemore modest than that which they had I youd human sussion. Dignity and distinction had been ciphers before now in the Stanfield family circle, but now "There's no use, Alfred," she said, "in they were worse than non-existentthey had been brought to life again in to save, you know." By this time they the sense of travesty and parody. It

> > been formed, and pitiless jests ensued.

Luckily, Martha heard none of them.

Perhaps if Stanfield had heard them he would not have greatly cared Martha's life had now become a martyrdom. She blessed the public school for its wholesome helping of her boy and her girl. They With became far more her children than their father's. fits of brooding that puzzled her, and All that was sweetest in the womanly wisdom and hardihood of her character she lavished upon these two. Again

Gertrude would move the mulish tenaci-

ty of their great uncle. But no; Van Doren doled out just so much each week for "expenses" and no more. The 285

meals there in State street were almost like those in some private prison where five convicts daily assembled at the board. Everybody's clothes grew rusty and pathetic. The big house, though kept passably clean, assumed an aspect

of dingier desuctude. As for Stanfield, his features, his walk, his voice had all notably altered. Though unconscious of it his drawn countenance betrayed a look of constant mingled weariness and expectancy. To his wife he was like a man whom some stealthy insanity keeps enslaving with subtle and threatening thraldom. Often and unambitious worker. Perhaps they | he would show by his eyes a hungry eagerness which was like nothing so much as that of an eavesdropper crouched at the keyhole of a door when he hopes to hear tidings of tremendous import. And now to Martha a new and distressing quality became manifest in his behavior. This was a seeming sympathy with his uncle's deplorable meanness. : As the months amassed them selves into years he showed a tendency to talk with Van Doren on the subject of investments in bonds and mortgages and rents. All day he would either aimlessly wander the streets or else hold converse with his kinsman of just

this coldly mercenary kind. In vain Martha remonstrated. In vain she tried to rouse him from the intoxication of his hard materialism. Ho. would soften towards her for a few minutes. "Don't get out of patience with me," he would say. "In a little while now you'll find me such a different man. He can't last much longer Don't you see? He hardly eats anything, as it is. He scarcely; ever even stirs out of doors. Why, it's touch-and-

go with him; a fool could see that." Martha would shudder. "Touch-andgo!" and he was now long past eighty. Stanfield himself had become a middleaged man, she, his wife, was no longer young; the children were ceasing to be

One day, in his eighty-fourth year, Van Doren was taken violently ill. It still called it then, in the year 1830) had the skill of a trained nurse. At this time her husband's conduct horrified her. 'He hung about the door of the sick chamber, with that eager look accentuated in his wan face. There was one day when it seemed as if Van Doren might at any instant breathe his last. During this period fits of delirium assailed him, in which he raved of money,

money, nothing except money. On the morrow he was surprisingly better. Soon afterwards he began to ecover, and within a fortnight his health was more vigorous than before the seizure occurred. For days afterwards it tortured Martha to observe "And this," she thought, "was the

strong, clear-headed, high-principled man I married. Whoever first said that money was a curse hit on the most pregnant of truths." The years went on. 'At eighty-eight Van Doren was feeble, bowed in figure,

very dim of sight, and yet mentally as keen and alert as he had ever been. Perhaps he hugged his money a little closer and made those about him a little more discomforted in consequence. Martha felt only too acutely now the ghastly contagion that her husband had caught .- Ho still waited, but his waitng had become a hideous mockery.

What could he do with the money now, even if he survived his uncle? Nothing except hoard it as Van Doren was doing. He had grown old before his time; he was prematurely wrinkled, and into his features had crept a stringency of pallor, a covert flerconess, which meant insatiable greed. Night after night he now did what to his wife was a revolting thing. The

game of solitaire which Van Doren had

been wont to play with his gold coins had now become a game in which his nephew joined . They would sit toether for hours and move the little rellow piles to and fro on the table before them in some curious manner which they alone understood. They would laugh and joke together as this queer amusement progressed. Stanfield's laugh had grown cracked and thin like his uncle's. Martha would turn sick as she watched them sometimes through'a crevice in the doorway. She kept her boy and girl from witnessing the sight. They both loved her and beyed her least wish. It was horrible to her that they should see their father so depraved as this.

If it had not been for her children Martha often told herself that she would go mad. There was just food enough to eat and no more. The house was sinking to rain; in one room the another the paper was hanging loose on Not till his pinety-fifth year did

Myndherst Van Doren die, and then they found him dead in his bed one morning with a sort of scowl on his withered face, as though he had paid the debt of nature in testy reluctance -

Stanfield could scarcely conceal the strange wildness of his joy. There was no use in striving to keep the truth of his xultation from Affred and Gertrude. They were now adults; they read their father but too clearly in the pathos o After the funeral Martha went to ber

husband and said: "Now, Alfred, things will change. We can live as other people live. Your a slow but incessant variance until his | vived him a month. Van Doren was long waiting has ended. Let us begin

Begin-what? he muttered, and turned away from her. Then he suddenly recred round again and shot out these words, each one stabbing her to the soul as she heard them:

"I've got used to the waiting now. find I love money just as be did. I don't want to spend it, and I won't. We can go on 23 we've gone on for so long. After all I'm his nephers, every inch of me. It isn't what money will bring; it's what the mere having and holding i will bring. I like that best hire grown, in all these years, Martha, to like that best. You needn't argue with me. It will do no good. I've got it at last, and I mean to keep it-tight, tight, tight!" He laughed and lifted one hand in the air, clinching it as though his flugers closed on some viewless money bag.

Martha turned from him, shocked to That night she brought her son to the door of a big, dim room, where his father sat beside a table under the light



there came a faint, hollow, clicking sound, as his pale, wasted fingers moved and paused. The lamp rays glittered at times on the little yellow cubes of coin. It seemed almost as if he were playing that same weird game again with the ghost of his dead uncle, for at intervals he would raise his haggard eyes and stare across the small circuit

of the tables, where stood an empty "Look, my son-look, my darling Al fred," Martha whispered. "This is what money can do with a soul that drifts into loving it too well. Once your father was young and handsome and full of goodness, like yourself See him now. Is it not too terrible? If it were not for you-for you and Gertrude-this thing would be my death. But I live for you. I live in the hope that you will wipe away this sorrow of mine. You must wait, my boy, as he waited, but differently and with a far wiser, nobler spirit. Promise me that you will wait in this way, Alfred!' The young man threw his arms about his mother's neck and murmured to ber

certain words of cheer, which ended "Thanks to you, my mother, I shall never be what he has become, though I should wait just as long as he waited

-yes, and even longer, still!" "My darling! my consolation! my hope!" Martha murmured back. They turned away slowly and softly, while that faint clicking sound went on in the big, dim room below the dreamy lamp and the ravaged face that i

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