

His eyes met hers quietly.

"Thank you. That was kind of you. And as to giving orders, and getting one's way,—don't suppose I let Chudleigh's estate go to ruin! It's only"—he hesitated—"the small personal tyrannies of every day that I'd like to minimize. They brutalize half the fellows I know."

"You'll come to them," said Julie, absently. Then she colored suddenly, remembering the possible dukedom that awaited him.

His brow contracted a little, as though he understood. He made no reply. Julie, with her craving to be approved, to say what pleased, could not leave it there.

"I wish I understood," she said, softly,

after a moment, "what or who it was that gave you these opinions."

Getting still no answer, she must perforce meet the gray eyes bent upon her, more expressively perhaps than their owner knew. "That you shall understand," he said, after a minute, in a voice which was singularly deep and full, "whenever you choose to ask!"

Julie shrank and drew back.

"Very well!" she said, trying to speak lightly. "I'll hold you to that.—Alack! I had forgotten a letter I must write."

And she pretended to write it, while Delafield buried himself in the newspapers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shut In

BY JESSICA HAWLEY LOWELL

BUT who shall say the zest of life is done?
 I still may feel the ardor of the sun
 That lingers, laughing, o'er my window-sill;
 The glamour of the stars may find me still,
 And moon-beams tinge my nights with poetry;
 While freely, through my window, come to me
 The heaven's blue and rose, the rain-cloud's gray,
 The wind's caress that drives the mist away.
 For me the rhythmic dropping of the rain
 Is melancholy music on the pane,
 And in the wailing madness of a storm
 Weird-woven symphonies for me take form.
 Of winter's chill and summer's ecstasy
 How many a glimpse my casement holds for me!
 I love them all—the frost with feathery trace
 That shuts the world behind a veil of lace,
 The wintry aspect of the trees and hills,
 The spring's young green, the brook's unfettered rills,
 The long fair day of summer, and hot noons
 Burning the lowland where the lily swoons,
 When through the open casement leans the vine
 With slender fingers seeking to entwine
 My own, perhaps,—when drift from censers rare
 Sweet odors to me on the languid air.
 Sometimes I drowse, and sometimes in my dreams,
 From all the weight of years set free, it seems
 That I can gayly step the window through,
 Tread the sweet sod just as we used to do,
 Embrace the dear old trees and kiss the flowers,
 Wander again those hills that once were ours.
 O love, all these so long I have but seen
 The borders of my window-frame between!

Mother

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

A, "YOU said.
"And what's that?"
"B."

"And that?"
"C."

You sat in Mother's lap. The wolf-wind howled at the door, and you shuddered, cuddling down in Mother's arms and the glow. The wilder the wolf-wind howled, the softer was the lamp-light, the redder were the apples on the table, the warmer was the fire.

On your knees lay the picture-book with its sad, sad little tale. Mother read it to you—she had read it fifty times before—her face grave, her voice low and tragic, while you listened with bated breath:

"Who killed Cock Robin?
'I,' said the Sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow—
I killed Cock Robin.'"

It was the first murder you had ever heard about. You saw it all, the hideous spectacle—a beautiful, warm, red breast pierced by that fatal dart—a poor, soft little birdie, dead, by an assassin's hand. A lump rose in your throat. A tear rose in your eye, two tears, three tears. They rolled down your cheek. They dropped, hot and sad, on the fish with his little dish, on the owl with his spade and trowel, on the rook with his little book.

"P-poor Cock R-robin!"

"There, there, dear. Don't cry."

"But, M-mother—the Sparrow—he k-killed him."

Alas, yes! The Sparrow had killed him, for the book said so, but had you heard?

"N-no—w-what?"

The book, it seems, like other books, had told but half the story. Mother knew the other half. Cock Robin was murdered, murdered in cold blood, it was true, but—oh, merciful, death-winged arrow!—he had gone where the good birds go.

And there—oh, joy!—he had met his robin wife and his little robin boy, who had gone before.

"And I expect they are all there now, dear," she told you, kissing your tear-stained cheek, "the happiest robins that ever were."

Dry and wide were your eyes. In the place where the good birds go, you saw Cock Robin. His eyes and his fat red breast were bright again. He chirped. He sang. He hopped from bough to bough, with his robin wife and his little robin boy. For in the mending of little stories or the mending of little hearts, like the mending of little stockings, Mother was wonderful.

In those times there were knees to your stockings, knees with holes in them at the end of the day, with the soiled skin showing through.

"Just look!" Mother would cry. "Just look there! And I'd only just mended them."

"Well, you see, Mother, when you play Black Bear—"

"I see," she said, and before you went to bed you would be sitting on the edge of a tub, paddling your feet in the water.

"You dirty boy," she would be saying, scrubbing at the scratched, black knees; but when you were shining again, she would be saying,

"You darling."

And though your stockings were whole in the clean of morning, when you scampered out into the sun, in the dirt of night, when you scampered back again—O skein, where is thy yarn? O darning-needle, where is thy victory?

Summer mornings, in the arbor seat of the garden, Mother would be sewing, her lap brimming, her work-basket at her feet, the sun falling golden through the trellised green. In the nap of the afternoon, when even the birds drowsed and the winds slept, she would be sewing, ever sewing. And when night fell and the