

one day like what you've got ahead. Ef I could 'a' been sure she was dead, I'd been happy, almost. It near drove me crazy to set and think how I might kept her, ef I'd only done a little bit different. I could see the whole business then, and I remembered all the little things I hadn't done. Ef Mary had been alive, it wouldn't have happened. I got to wonderin' whether she knowed about it, and whether she blamed me or was sorry for me. I hadn't never thought much about God, but I prayed to him then over and over and over again, and begged for one more chance ; jest one little chance ; only a day, to tell my little girl all that I'd thought and felt, and never told her." His voice was gentle as a mother's. "I never had the chance, John," he said. "You've got it now. For your wife's sake don't let it get away. Ye won't ; I know ye won't."

Borden was silent, but his eyes gave a sufficient answer. He had always liked Fletcher, and now he understood him.

Nathaniel turned, and went softly up the stairs. He tapped at the door, and the girl came quickly out to him.

"Is he here?" she asked the old man, breathlessly.

"No, dearie," he answered, "but your

father's come for ye. Ye needn't be afraid," he added, as she shrank back in sudden terror. "He won't be cross with ye. Mr. Osgood couldn't come, but he sent this letter."

The girl seized the note, and hid it in her breast.

"Does father——" she began.

"He ain't angry," said the old man. "Come."

He took her hand, and led the way down the stairs, the girl following dumbly. She had feared to meet her father ; but he stretched out his arms, and she ran to him with a sob.

"Come home, Milly," he said gently. "Come home and tell me all about it."

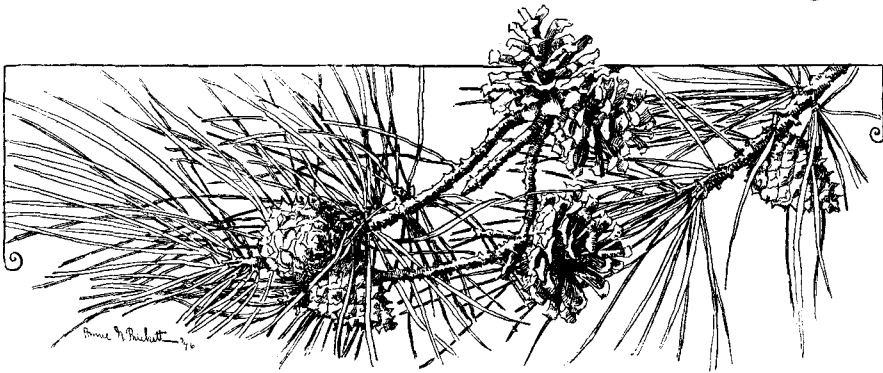
Together they went out, and found Nathaniel waiting with the wagon. He tucked the robes around the shivering girl, and held in a vise-like grip the hand which her father held out to him.

"Drive fast," he said, "and you'll get home before mornin'."

Until the wagon was out of sight, the old man stood bareheaded, gazing after it.

"I hope some man has done as much for my little girl," he said softly to himself. "Ef I only knowed !" And he turned and went into the lonely house.

*Leland Ingersoll.*



#### FRIENDS.

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end  
 Was spanned by heavens heavy eyed and drear,  
 And all the death and drooping of the year  
 Saddened the world till I met you, my friend ;  
 A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,  
 And then we parted ; yes, but where I strode  
 Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road  
 Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays ;  
 And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—  
 A God sent bird voice rioted of spring !

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

## IN THE OTHER CELL.

THE sheriff had an unpleasant task to perform; which accounted, perhaps, for his almost servile manner and tone as he stopped before a particular cell in Hangman's Row.

"Feelin' well, Jim?"

The man at the barred door nodded, but his temper was plainly sullen.

"If I could git out'n here——" he began.

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed the sheriff fretfully. "What you want to talk that way for? Ain't I been a good friend of your'n, Jim?"

The prisoner nodded again.

"Ain't you been treated right?"

"Right 'nough, I guess." He shifted his eyes from their contemplation of the sheriff's face, and shuffled his feet.

"Well then, Jim, what's the matter? You ain't goin' to throw me down, be you, after all I've done? Why, my reputation hangs on you."

The prisoner laughed.

"It's the other way, Bill. I guess I hang on your reputation."

The sheriff became uproariously merry.

"Say, that's the best I ever heard. I'll tell that." Then, hastily: "But not till you're gone, Jim. I don't want to offend." He looked speculatively down the corridor, occasionally breaking into a laugh as the jest recurred. "Yes," he went on presently, "it means a lot to me, old man. If I carry this thing through in style it'll be good for a renomination in the fall. It's a record any sheriff might be proud of. Why, there never *was* a double hangin' before in the whole State. What's the matter, Jim?"

The prisoner put one hand on the bars, and drew closer to the unsympathetic irons.

"It's just that, Bill; the double part of it. It ain't the hangin' I object to for myself, and you know it. I s'pose I oughter been hung ten years ago. But when I think of bein' strung up along of a ordinary, onprincipled Dago, it makes my blood boil. At least, Bill"—he made the reminder with injured firmness—"I've acted like a gentleman, and I oughter be treated like one."

"That's right, Jim, you have," acknowledged the sheriff soothingly, "and I recognize how you feel. But what's the differ-

ence? You don't have to pay any attention to him. Why, I'll let you make a speech if you want, and you can denounce pauper immigration and foreign labor and all that. You useter be good at makin' speeches before you got clean off your head and went in with the rustlers. Besides, the judge fixed all this, didn't he? Now, was it my fault if he sentenced you both for the same day?"

The prisoner kicked at the iron door nervously.

"Oh, I s'pose not," he admitted, "but it does seem kinder tough. What's for breakfast?"

"Anything you want, Jim," replied the sheriff, relieved. "Anything you want. McQuiety got in some oysters yesterday. Want oysters, Jim?"

"Fried," responded Jim. "Bring 'em early. What does the Dago git?"

"Just the reg'ler stuff," the sheriff assured him. "D'you think I'm goin' to spend the county's money on a cheap railroad grader? I thought you knew me better'n that," he finished in an injured tone. With affected carelessness he added: "There's to be a hangin' at Gold Hill tomorrow, too."

The prisoner evinced a lively interest.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Man named Garrahan. Killed the postmaster at Riley's."

"Jake Morley's the sheriff up there," commented Jim.

"Jus' so."

"Never had any use for that Gold Hill crowd or Jake Morley, either," the prisoner went on. He took a turn up and down the cell, and then returned to the door. "If you don't give 'em a better hangin' in Oxide than they'll have at Gold Hill, Bill Williams," he said with severity, "you oughter be defeated next election."

The sheriff beamed his satisfaction.

"I knew you'd look at it right," he said with great enthusiasm, "when it was all explained to you. And it's what I've been tellin' Collins all along. 'Jim'll kick,' says he, 'against bein' stretched along of a Dago. He won't have it.' 'No such thing,' says I. 'It'll be a matter of local pride with Jim to see that Oxide don't get the worst of it on this opposition from Gold Hill. Jim'll