

"Well," assented the professor calmly, "we can stand anything for a day, but these poor animals must not suffer. No prospects of a spring here?"

"Not without an artesian pipe. There may be a water hole, though. I'll look."

Presently he came back with a white face.

"Come here, professor."

By the dry hole lay two men. The short man with his face shielded with his hat was faintly breathing, and as the professor knelt by his side he half opened his eyes and made a sound that they knew meant, "Water."

In a few minutes he was sitting up and saying weakly, "Jim was right, after all."

"Your companion?"

"Yes; he prayed—he knew it would bring help. I said no; but Jim was right. I want to tell him so."

"I'm sorry," said the professor, in a low voice; "but Jim——"

"You don't mean to say that Jim is——"

"Yes, dead."

And so he was, with his bloodshot eyes upturned to the sun, and the photograph of a girl in his hand.

James Harvey Smith.

A SAPIENT DECISION.

HE had arrived at a decision, and he told himself that his mind was much relieved.

"I can't marry them both," he had reflected, and had reasoned onward from that incontestable premise.

He had found it a necessity in the first place to admit that Celia Manley was all that she could be; that she was one woman in a thousand. If it were she that had the money—but it was not; and he was considering facts, not pleasing possibilities. She had beauty, she had dignity and sweetness, she had a mind which forced his admiration—and she was only moderately well off. The lovely girls were always poor. It was exasperating. It was a trick of fate for the confounding of men.

But any fellow past the impressionable softness of youth, any fellow with a practical mind and a level head, could use his judgment and avoid impulsive mistakes. Any fellow who, being a young man with a growing business, could see clearly the ultimate inestimable advantage of having a wife possessed of a large fortune in her own right, was bound to in all reason. Possessed, too, of a striking presence and an easy bearing—but always at that point, always when he sought to enumerate Kate Lorton's desirable qualities, he found himself turning from the theme and retreating to some other. And now that he had come to his decision, this irritated him. Granting that her manner had a certain freedom, that

the tones of her voice were occasionally loud, and that she had an annoying way of making remarks which rasped his taste and judgment—of what moment was it? They were not fatal defects. Women had worse.

He was supersensitive to see them with so great clearness. He blamed his capricious imagination, which would not let him reflect upon Kate Lorton individually—which conjured up Celia Manley's sweet and gracious image to stand beside her, in some guise familiar and well remembered. He frowned impatiently on that haunting vision; he turned from it. That he should see it at all was a trick left over from his period of weak indecision. He was done with that.

He had taken ground which there was no attacking, he had adopted a set of theories that his judgment approved. The great object in life, he had concluded, was the attainment of material well being. A small share of it was good, but a large share was better. Prosperity, superiority and stability of social position, money in plenty, and the comfort and the power it brought—life offered nothing else well worth seeking or having. He had thought it all out deliberately, and he was convinced. And he had paused to decide between a rich girl and a poor one, and he had decided.

Sentiment was a thing for poets to make rhymes about. Love, so called, was for men who enjoyed living in six room flats and assisting their wives with the housework, for men who preferred street cars to coupés, and liver and bacon to truffles. There were hosts of such men, blind as moles to the world's object lessons, tyros in common sense and practical wisdom. It was well; it left the clearer field for the minority who saw things as they were and acted on their better knowledge.

He lighted a cigar, and smoked it with a slow enjoyment of himself rather than of the weed. When he had finished it, he took his hat and went out for a walk. He felt like doing something in celebration of his momentous decision.

A turn in his route brought him to a street where tall trees cast their shade on sightly residences. Glancing down its leafy length, a reminiscent pleasure armed him. It was not the first time he had been hither. Celia Manley lived here.

Far ahead of him two people paced slowly. His brisker gait brought him closer, till he saw them to be Celia Manley and a man he did not recognize. They were strolling leisurely, his head turned towards her, her face lifted to his. When they had reached her gate they paused, and lingered. He caught the sound of her low laugh, and of the man's speech. He saw her standing

there when her companion had gone on; he saw him turn and look back at her and lift his hat again.

He was conscious of a strange sensation within him. He came almost to a standstill, with the surprise of it; but it was there, and unmistakable in its sharpness. He went on slowly, his eyes on the girl at the gate.

He would speak to her. He had not seen her for two days, and he could hardly do less than to speak to her. He said this to himself with a constraint of self-possession intended to put to rout his perplexing agitation; and yet the agitation was there. And so peculiarly distinct it was that it confused his intention. He had meant to bid Miss Manley good afternoon and to say something of a neutral nature about the fineness of the day; instead, turning upon her and speaking abruptly, because of his odd excitement, he said, "Who is that, Celia? Who is that fellow?"

She laughed lightly—with some confusion, it seemed to him. "Are you anxious to know?" she said.

"Yes, very," he answered.

"And if I do not tell you?"

"You will tell me."

"I can't imagine what makes you so sure!" she retorted. It was repartee in which a grocer's boy and a kitchen maid might have indulged, but they had no realizing sense of that; their speech was fraught with meaning strange and inexpressible; their eyes met, and hers fell.

"I want to know who it was, Celia," he said, half tenderly and half fiercely.

"Very well. It was Robert Wilbur; it was Cousin Mary Knapp's fiancé; he is on from Boston to see her. Mary had to attend a club meeting this afternoon, and I have been showing Mr. Wilbur the view from the hill. He is exceedingly nice."

"Oh!" he said; and he repeated it slowly, and with what he felt to be a helpless and a struggling vagueness. "Celia," he said, "I thought—I did not know—well, it looked to me—"

That helplessness for the moment overcame him. He looked down upon her. She was smiling a little, not brightly, but softly, though her eyes were grave. He saw the familiar sweet curve of her lips, the pure outline of her cheek and chin; but he saw her now scarcely more plainly than he saw her at all times, and he realized that the thought of her and the vision of her were with him always.

It was an infinitesimal part of his sudden realization. He was swept by a wave of full understanding. He stood face to face with it, and he smiled with the surprise and joy of it. Till that moment he had been blind, and a fool. It was as if darkness had passed

from him and the light had broken on him; he was a blind fool no longer.

"If that man had been somebody that cared for you, Celia," he said, "and if you had cared for him, I could not have borne it; I couldn't have borne it, Celia."

When at last he left her and went back as he had come, all his bewilderment had passed. He marveled that he could have felt any, it was all so plain to him now. This was the crowning day of his life; he would have stayed its fleeting minutes if he could. He loitered slowly, softly whistling, his happy eyes on the green branches above.

A road cart came dashing down the street, a smart and red wheeled vehicle driven by a young woman equally smart, and in a bodice of red that outdid the wheels. Her rather florid face lighted, and she bowed with cordiality, and would have reined her horse; but, recognizing a certain abstraction in the eyes of him she greeted, she drove on. For a minute, he was not distinctly conscious that she had passed; then he looked back at her, and saw that it was Kate Lorton. He recalled, dimly, as through a long passage of time, that he had given some thought to Kate Lorton; that he had reasoned concerning her, had devised strange delusions and perversions and sinister sophistries, and had made up his mind—

He laughed aloud.

Emma A. Oppen.

THE REPULSE OF LOVE.

WITHIN the house a woman crouched before a dying fire. It was builded with twigs of friendship and lean branches of esteem, and burned sleepily and dull. And the woman shivered.

Then came a tapping at the casemate as light as the beating of May rain on a bed of violets.

Outside the door stood Love in the garb of a forester, and on his back he bore a bundle of vigorous boughs and sturdy, sap-filled limbs. Again he rapped upon the casemate and cried, "Open!" But the woman shook her head and crouched fearful by the panting flame.

Again Love knocked and cried her name, and the woman raised her weary eyes. "I know you not who clamor at my door. Depart!" she cried.

Then went Love singing through the night on a white bridge of woven moonbeams.

"And she will not let me in—she will not!" quoth he. "'Tis a shame to waste this kindling."

And the woman shivered above the feeble flame.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.