

"At a proper remuneration, yes," I returned.

"Well, I think I'm going to give you a chance to prove yourself," he said. "Wait a moment."

He disappeared through one of the big rooms opening from the square hall. The girl and I looked at each other for a moment. Then her long eyelashes fell. I took a step toward her.

"What is your name and address?" I repeated.

"I am Dorothy Winsor," she replied. Then her brown eyes brimmed over with mischief. "But you have put away your note-book!"

"Because I have written your name on my heart," I answered very slowly and clearly.

For another instant we looked at each other. Then her father reappeared.

"Here's your appointment for to-morrow, young man—at my office." Then he added, as an afterthought: "You see, I happen to own Winsor's factory, roof and basement, and every chocolate in it."

Then I saw the joke. He nodded good-bye to me, and the girl shook hands. I walked down the steps and along the street, not treading on mere matter. My head was held high, my heart was happy. I had firm hold on the first rung!

The Dispute

[FOUNDED UPON AN IRISH FOLK-LORE IDEA]

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

NELLY MOLLOY and her man Denny were a model couple—the best that the parish of Calhame ever knew. For five and twenty years, to the world's knowin', they had lived without either of them hearin' the other's ill word. But on one Christmas Eve, at last, Johnny the Stroller came round to make sale of a string of birds he had caught in the snow, and Nelly Molloy bought a pair of them, which she broiled that same night for Denny and herself.

"Thanks be to God and you, Nelly," says Denny, says he, as he brushed the crumbs from him and smacked his lips, after finishin' his supper. "Them was the sweetest pair o' blackbirds ever came under my tooth."

"Amen, and thanks be to God," says Nelly, says she. "They were certainly a sweet pair of birds—thrushes they were," says Nelly, says she.

"Blackbirds, Nelly," says Denny.

"Oh, but Denny," says Nelly, "I tell you they were thrushes. I ought to know, that plucked them."

"But, Nelly, sure I tell you they were blackbirds. I ought to know, that bought them."

"Have I eyes in my head, Denny, or have I not?"

"I used to think you had, Nelly; but

whether you have or no, people accuses meself of a pair of eyes."

"I'm sorry you don't use them, Denny, to learn to know a thrush from a blackbird."

"If my neighbors used theirs," says Denny, "they might some time come to know a blackbird from a thrush."

"Denny," says Nelly, "you'd provoke St. Pether! Sure I tell you the birds were thrushes."

"'Tis yourself that's provokin', Nelly," says Denny. "Sure I tell you they were blackbirds."

"Thrushes!" says Nelly.

"Blackbirds!" says Denny.

Then Nelly began to hum to herself in a provokin' kind of way, as she went about washin' the dishes; and Denny immediately struck up a whistle, as he drew out his pipe and began teasin' the tobacco for it. And the pair of them, who had never cross word or quarrel afore, didn't speak to each other for a month.

Well, that fared well, and it didn't fare ill, as the story-tellers say; and the year wore round till Christmas Eve again. Nelly had a fine Christmas Eve supper for herself and Denny; and when they thanked God, and sat down to it, Nelly she put a hearty laugh out of her, and says she:

"Denny, avourneen, do you mind the pair of fools we made of ourselves this night twelve months?"

And Denny laughed, too, and says he:

"Aye, Nelly, who'd ever believe that the pair of us could make such idiots of ourselves?"

"About nothing," says Nelly.

"About nothing," says Denny. "The more shame for us," says he. "A miserable pair of blackbirds—bad luck to them!"

"Aye, thrushes—bad luck to them!" says Nelly.

"Nelly, dear," says Denny, lookin' at her reproachfully, "sure you aren't goin' to begin it all over again, for the sake of them weeshy blackbirds?"

"Indeed, then, I'm not, Denny," says Nelly; "only ye know well that they were thrushes."

"Have raison with you now, Nelly! Sure you know as well as I do that they were blackbirds."

"Have raison yourself," says Nelly, "and say like a man that they were thrushes."

"Blackbirds!" says Denny.

"Thrushes!" says Nelly.

Denny, he began to whistle, and Nelly, she began to hum; and after that a word from wan to the other of them didn't cross their lips for three months, till their friends come and brought them together.

That fared well, and it didn't fare ill, as they say in the old stories; and the year wore on, and Christmas Eve came round once more. And as Denny and Nelly thanked God, and sat down to a lovely supper that Nelly had cooked for the pair of them, Nelly she broke into a laugh, and says she:

"Denny, do you mind the omadhauns we made of ourselves last Christmas Eve and the wan afore it?"

"Oh, don't I, Nelly!" says Denny, says he.

"Complete omadhauns," says Nelly.

"The laugh of the worl', an' no wonder," says Denny.

"Sometimes I can hardly believe it of us," says Nelly.

"Foolish childher couldn't act so," says Denny.

"Childher would have more sense," says Nelly.

"You might call them birds thrushes

from now till mornin'," says Denny, "and I'd only smile at it, Nelly."

"Thanky, Denny," says Nelly; "but why should you smile, when they were thrushes?"

"Nelly, Nelly, Nelly!" says Denny. "Sure you know I don't want to dispute it with you, but I tell you the birds were blackbirds."

"I'm not disputin' it meself, either," says Nelly, says she; "but you shouldn't contradict the known truth—the birds were thrushes."

"Who's conthradictin' the known truth?" says Denny. "They were blackbirds an' you know it."

"Thrushes, they were," says Nelly; "and right well ye know it, only the conthrariness is riz in ye."

"The morrow is holy Christmas Day, so tell the truth and shame the devil, Nelly. Say they were blackbirds and have done with it!"

"The morrow is holy Christmas Day," says Nelly, "so tell the truth yourself. Say they were thrushes!"

"For Heaven's sake, don't keep contentionin' about two scrawny blackbirds, Nelly."

"It's you that is contentionin', Denny; the birds were thrushes!"

"You'll brak' my temper, out an' out. I say they were blackbirds!"

"I say they were thrushes!"

"Blackbirds!"

"Thrushes!"

Denny turned round, then, and drew out his pipe and tobacco and began whistlin', leavin' his supper untasted. And Nelly, turnin' her back to it, too, took up a stockin' she had been darnin' and began hummin' very tauntingly.

That minute the latch was lifted, and who should step in but Johnny the Stroller, with a string of birds over his shoulder. Denny and Nelly jumped to their feet and ran for Johnny, who looked bewildered at them.

"Johnny," says Nelly, "it's delighted I am that you've come."

"It's delighted meself is, Johnny," says Denny, says he, "that you've come at this minute."

"For," says Nelly, says she, "I want you to show this man o' mine the fool he's been makin' of himself."

"Johnny, agra," says Denny, "you've

come in the nick o' time to let this woman see the omadhaun she is."

"In the name o' patience," says Johnny, says he, lookin' moidhered from one to the other, "what's this all about, anyhow?"

"'Tis about the two little thrushes we bought from you this night two years," says Nelly. "You'll hardly credit it, but this man o' mine actually argues they were blackbirds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" says Denny, says he. "Johnny, if ye hadn't heard it with your own ears, ye wouldn't take it on St.

Pether's word that that woman has been for two years maintainin' them two black-birds ye sold her were thrushes. Tell her now they were blackbirds, and prove her a fool to her face."

"Johnny," says Nelly, "tell this man o' mine that they were what they were—thrushes—and shame him outright."

"Musha, Nelly and Denny," says Johnny, says he, "it's mortal sorry I am, if the pair of ye have been fightin' about that for over two years. "I'm mortal sorry for the pair o' ye, for the birds I sold ye were starlin'!"

The Mortimer-Morris Pearls

BY FRANCIS W. CROWNINSHIELD

IN George Morris's life everything seemed to be as he wished it. Destiny had always coddled and mothered him in a really outrageous way.

His wife was one of the most beautiful and most popular women in the fashionable life of New York. People often hinted that Janet Morris was a trifle worldly; but, on the other hand, metropolitan society could boast of few women so elegant and so distinguished.

Morris's daughter, too, Susy—what a charming girl she was growing to be! How simple and sweet she was in her schoolgirl dresses!

Mr. Morris was the president of a popular club in New York and of another in Newport. His valet was notoriously a marvel of industry and invention. His brokerage business was one of the largest on Wall Street. The one private speculation that he had ever permitted himself to go into—Blue Knob Copper—had been booming successfully. From all the foreign-bred hunters exhibited at the horse-shows, his Gray Lady had five times been singled out for the blue. Physically, he was in the most perfect health.

Yet, with all these blessings and privileges, George Morris was very far from being a happy man. A gentle malady had taken hold of him. For nearly two years he had been pleasantly tortured and broken on the wheel of fate. In short, he thought himself in love!

The specific bar to his entire tranquil-

lity was none other than the coquettish young widow of Alfred Mortimer, one of Morris's earliest and stanchest friends. He was not exactly infatuated, but, little by little, captivation had led on to fondness, and fondness to the verge of something very like passion.

It was half past four on a May afternoon, and Morris was alone in his little private office, looking, with a dismal sort of despair, at the hurrying crowds that surged up and down the narrow pavements of Broadway. Why couldn't he drive the gray eyes of the flirtatious Polly Mortimer out of his life?

The whole situation, he saw, was undignified and preposterous. His wife knew Polly intimately; his daughter and hers were close friends. Fortunately, it had not gone too far. He could still pull up. He would do it. He owed it to Janet and Susy.

"Package for you, sir. A lady's-maid. She won't deliver it except to you, sir."

Morris went to the outer office and took a parcel from the hands of the waiting maid. He recognized the handwriting as Polly Mortimer's. When he had returned to his office, he sat down at his desk and carefully untied the parcel. It contained a perfectly plain chamois jewel-bag, and a tightly folded note, which he opened and read with some little curiosity.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A very cruel disaster has befallen me. My poor child's lungs are threatened. The