

"You never listened!" cried Jane reprovingly, an eager sparkle in her eyes.

"I was distressed through not bein' able to kape from hearin'," explained Peter; "but 'twouldn't be manners to clap my hands to my ears, and me sittin' upstiff and straight in the front of them!"

"Tut! you didn't hear nothin'."

"I heard a silence, I tell you, and then someone says as low and tunder as a courtin' dove, 'Kit-ty'——"

"And is that all? Why, that's nothin'! What are you takin' my hand for, Peter?"

"I'm showin' you how 'twas said," returned Peter tremulously. "You're Miss Burger, I'm the corner-cupboard man, and that chair is me in the driver's seat. Well, just when he spoke her name a meracle happened."

"A meracle!"

"No less: for at the word two eyes came in the back of my head, and while my front ones looked straight at the horses' ears my back ones could see him takin' hould of one hand, like this; then she reddened and looked down, like you, when he says, 'Kit-ty, is it'—Well, you'd scarcely belave 'twas a remark about the weather."

"The weather!—Leave go of my hand, Peter."

"Whisht! The sayson, I meant. 'Kit-ty,' says he, and he squeezed her hand like this, 'is it next summer yet?'"

"And this Easter Sunday! You're foolin' me, Peter."

"Then says she, soft and low, 'I think it—is early for—summer.' And then with his voice tremblin', he says, 'But in my hear-rt,' says he——"

"Take your arm——"

"There now, I'm showin' you how 'twas said; then says she, 'You—you mustn't.'"

"Peter, you—what do you mean!"

"I mane," he answered, drawing her closer, "that in my ar-rms it is *harvest!*"

"Peter, how many cupboards will there be in the kitchen?"

"Say the word and you'll have wan in each corner," declared Peter, with fervor.

"Four!" cried Jane, with a gasp of delight.

"And wan in the middle," added Peter, in a burst of tender self-abnegation—"that's five!"

ONE DAY

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

HE taught her a whole world of needs

In one short day;

As one man to one woman may—

A need of daring and of deeds,

A need of crowns to lay beneath

His hero feet!

A need of tender fragrance sweet,

And fame to offer as a wreath;

Of joy all overpowering,—

Of pain, to prove

Enduring masteries of love.

A need of higher notes to sing,

A need of heaven and of truth;

Strong hands to guide,

And braver footsteps by her side

Across the day—aye and forsooth

A need of covert for her weary wings—

The need one man unto one woman brings.

THE ANGEL OF HIS YOUTH

By Octave Thanet



It was twenty years since Giles had seen his native town. Much had happened to him during that time. He had left the green Iowa hills, with something clutching at his throat, a college boy of twenty-two, fresh from his college triumphs, glowing with his college ideals and friendships, a warm-hearted lad who had just made the sacrifice of his life—so he called it—for his best friend. He had splendid physical powers, dim ambitions, a dogged tenacity of purpose, and an immense interest in his fellow-creatures. He came back a successful man, the president of a great railway who had kept his honor, but had lost a good deal of his belief in his fellow-creatures. He was married, he was happy in his home; yet he had not brought his wife with him. Many times he had promised to bring his wife and his children to see his birthplace; but he always made a mental reservation that it should not be the first time. He wanted that first visit alone, with his memories and with the romance of his youth.

It had been a tremendous experience; and a clinging sweetness still exhaled from the ashes of the past. For years he had not heard her name; he had never told her that he loved her; and yet the memory of those passionate hours that she haunted, had stayed with him through all his strenuous years.

He drove slowly along the road under the hills; twenty years ago, he knew the road well. How often at dawn had he galloped through the dewy freshness of summer, the pageant of harvest spread, below, for his unheeding eyes, above, the shaded hill-sides. He could feel the soft breeze, now, in his hair, just such a breeze; and there, through the maples, was a glimmer of white columns. Only a glimmer, the trees were denser now; he could not recover the outlines, to match the house with his memories. Then, it was the finest country-seat in miles around. Judge Burn-

ham was a rich man for the times and the place; Giles, with a smile that had a dash of sadness in its irony, recalled how his father's head clerk (Giles's father was the leading grocer of the town) used to say, "Judge Burnham must be worth upward of a hundred thousand dollars!" And Lilian was his only child. Giles stopped his horse. Over him surged a thrill of the old delicious tumult that had used to tingle in his veins whenever he rode this way. He could see her standing in her white frock with the roses blooming about her, and her wistful, beautiful blue eyes fixed on her father. The Judge was not so well those days—it was the beginning of the end with him. He had worked too hard, and it told on him; and when his son was drowned, some spring broke in the father—he only lived a year. But she—was there ever a creature so delicately sweet as she! The very clothes that she wore were different from the other girls. Fanny, his wife, was the best woman in the world—now his mother was dead—a thoroughbred who would run until she dropped, and drop with a smile; she might have a spice of temper but she never bore malice—she never was ungenerous; she had stood by him through a hundred rough bits of travel; she was a handsome woman, a woman with a grand air; he was proud of her, and he loved her with all his heart; but little Lilian, gentle, little, sweet, little Lilian was an angel. And he had not seen her for twenty years. The long absence had come about so easily, because his people had left the town the same year of his going; and for a long time he kept away, because his heart was too sore. Then, he met Fanny, and life became too keenly interesting for regrets; but still he kept away. Lilian had been married that same year; she must be a woman now—a beautiful woman. He pictured her, with her children about her; and in the vague pang that stirred his heart there was a pensive sweetness. After all, he mused, it was something to have loved a creature of so fair and ethereal a mould, even if he had lost her;