



ARBOR DAY

Side Lights on Olympus



Our President's always hid from sight,
He stays in his office from morn till night ;
If but one peep you wish to take
Many an effort must you make.
All day Miss Bell doth guard his den
Except one hour—and sometimes then.

Assembly bell on Tuesday morning
Of Special English gives sad warning ;
And soon we hear One's stately tread,
Behold One's little book of red,
Know Miss Cleveland, come what may,
Will have us write as the rhet'rics say.

Our great historian, true and wise,
Observes you with two pairs of eyes ;
He studies his subject and studies you,
Expects you to know it through and through.
He dotes on excursions : he's fond of a quiz
Our Normal Light, Dr. Wayland is.

The head of the practice teaching corps
Is always ready with children's lore—
How they should skip, and run, and play,
Miss Shoninger knows it all, they say.
The latest and best of teachers' tricks
We learn in the class of Fifty-Six.

Professor Cornelius J. Heatwole—
EDUCATION is his role ;
His 'percepts' and 'concepts' and his NAME
Outrun our verse's feet so lame;
And APPERCEPTION eludes us all—
Its varied meanings who can recall ?

Our teacher of Math is wondrous wise ;
You wish you had studied
When you meet those eyes.
Believes in rapidity? Yes, indeed—
Can practice as well as preach this creed ;
But don't be alarmed at the lively pace—
Miss Lancaster wears a smile on her face.

We learn of bees, of bugs, and trees,
Of gardens, winds, and stormy seas,
But most we gain from reference books
Read in hot haste to escape black looks.
The bell has rung for Thirty-Eight—
"Run, girls! Miss King is never late."

There is a lady so full of fun
In speaking she always makes a pun.
Her voice is gentle and soft and low,
Just suited to primary work you know.
The rest with grown-ups cast their lots ;
Miss Harrington teaches the little tots.

The helpful teacher of Household Arts
Can sew fine seams and make good tarts ;
But if a sound she hears in the night
She tips up the hall to set things right—
O girls ! keep still, or without fail
You'll have a call from our Miss Sale.

We tried to compose at least a peck
Of rhymes about Miss Mattie Speck
And Manual Arts ; but all we'd write
Began and ended with the sight
Of rows of baskets, looms, and toys
Made to please the girls and boys.

Miss Loose is director of Physical Ed.,
With shoulders up and well poised head.
"Attention all ! About face !
Now get in line for a Relay Race !"
Next dumb bells, wands, and clubs, and balls—
Then "Forward ! March !" Miss Althea calls.

Miss Annie, cottage-hostess, next—
Beloved by all. Whenever perplexed
By anything to her we go—
All's included in English, you know—
She teaches Bible, Comp., and French ;
Instead of a "chair" she holds a *bench*.

Our registrar both early and late
Is writing receipts at a rapid rate,
Or busy recording the quarter's grade,
Collecting our fees which must be paid—
This amiable lady, Miss Bell by name,
Is patient and gentle and ever the same.

Each Thursday in our ears resound
New tunes—the Glee Club is around.
Miss Lida Cleveland leads the way,
While the green-eyed kitten helps her play—
For playing's *their* business. She hugs him tight
And calls him "Angel." Miss Lida's all right!

Mrs. Brooke, our matron very wise,
Is ever thoughtful for our eyes;
At half-past ten on every night
She steps in the hall and turns off the light.
She cures our troubles and other ills
By doses of numerous little pills.

—EVA MASSEY and MARTHA FLETCHER.

Ileta

A TRUE STORY.

IT was a balmy September morning almost a century ago. Rosendale, one of the spacious plantation homes of Shenandoah county, Virginia, was the scene of great excitement.

Near the door stood a long canvas-covered pioneer wagon. Around this bustled a motherly looking woman of middle age, who, as she tucked sundry small parcels into the already over-filled wagon, now and then stopped to brush aside a tear.

With a bravely smiling face she had just stood by her husband's side while Margaret, her eldest, was made the wife of Dr. John Harrison. Now, however, as she leaned against the great wagon which would in a few moments bear the bride away into the dangerous paths of the great unknown West, her heart became heavy.

As she stood thus, a pair of soft arms encircled her; and, looking up with tear-dimmed eyes, she met the bright face of Margaret.

"Why, Mother, what can be the matter? Surely it isn't that you don't love John. You know that you can't find one single fault in him."

"No dear," replied Mrs. Ellis, "John is all right; but I was not in a hurry for any sort of son-in-law to come and take away my little woman. And then this trip—why will you and John persist in taking this foolish trip instead of going to Philadelphia or to some place where civilized people live? Who knows but you may either be eaten by bears or scalped by the Indians? Many of these still remain very hostile to the whites."

"Now, Mother, you know that there will be eighteen or twenty wagons in the party,—surely enough to protect ourselves against any wandering tribes that we may encounter. We have been planning this for so long, and I couldn't give it up. Besides, you know John will take care of me."

Mrs. Ellis smiled at Margaret's enthusiasm and implicit trust in *John*, but, kissing her gently, said no more. She then hurried off to find some other comforts for this unique wedding journey.

Having learned some time before that a party of pioneers would leave that section of Virginia on September thirtieth, Margaret and John had decided to be married on the twenty-ninth, and, taking a trusty driver, spend several months in *seeing the West*, making their objective point the home of John's sister, who lived in Ohio.

Margaret now stood silent and looked around her at all the dear familiar surroundings. The sun was rising majestically over the trees which skirted the opposite bank of the river. The grassy lawn, sloping downward and merging into the meadow which lay along the water's edge, stretched sparkling before her, every dew-drop transformed into a tiny star. Through the windows floated the bright, happy voices of the wedding-guests, who she knew would soon be calling for her. The dear old home! How sweet and sheltering it looked with its gables, broad verandas, and dormer windows!

Here her reverie was broken by a light step on the porch, and John Harrison ran down the path towards her. Tall, straight, and broad-shouldered, with clear-cut features, large dark eyes, and wavy brown hair, he looked the picture of strong young manhood. But close behind him trooped the whole party of young people, shouting that John and Margaret would have plenty of time to talk to each other on their long journey.

"Found at last, Mistress Harrison! And why this long face? Is it married at *leisure*, repenting in *haste* with you?"

"No, John," she said, answering her husband's sweet, grave, questioning eyes, rather than the bantering words of the rest. "But I never saw your sister, and—and—Ohio is a long way from home, you know."

"Well, we were just going for the pleasure of it and the novel experience. If you had rather give up the trip, just speak the word and we will spend our honey-moon east of the Alleghanies."

"Oh, no, of course I wouldn't give up going for anything. And what is the use of having a husband if he can't take care of me? I am just saying goodbye to home; so stop teasing, all of you."

* * * * *

"John," said Margaret, as they sat by a bright camp fire one night in November, "do you realize that tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day? I think it is too bad that we can't get to your sister's home before that time."

"Well," replied John lazily, his arm around her, "it would be pleas-

ant for us to be with some of the homefolk that day; but I am very well satisfied as I am, and am not going to think about anything disagreeable. In fact, there are many things for me to be glad about tomorrow. First of all, I find it much to my liking that in this risky business of matrimony, I succeeded in getting a fairly respectable little wife." And John looked down upon her soft curls with a tender smile which belied his joking words.

"Next," he went on, "I am glad that this blanket is large enough for two, but so small that they must sit *very* close together. Then, too, we have had a delightful trip during the past two months; and, though it is our lot to camp with an Indian tribe, we seem to have happened upon a band which is quite friendly."

Margaret looked across to the other camp fire, a few yards away, where sat the old Indian chief, Cohasset, and his warriors, amid wreaths of tobacco smoke.

"Yes, while you had gone with the men down to the river to see if the ford was still unsafe, the chieftain's little daughter, Ileta, came to our tent and stayed quite a while, playing with the bright colored beads which I gave her. She is an intelligent little thing. No wonder that Cohasset idolizes her."

The following morning, as Margaret was strolling past the Indian encampment, she heard a low moaning in the old chief's wigwam. Going in, she found the little Ileta tossing from side to side upon a bear-skin. Several women were standing around, wringing their hands, but evidently doing nothing for the little girl. Cohasset was away on a hunt, and no one knew where to find him or what to do.

Seeing that the child was burning with fever, Margaret sent for Dr. Harrison, who had again gone to examine the ford, while she ran to her tent for some simple remedies that she knew would do no harm. In a few minutes the doctor appeared, and with Margaret's aid soon had the child much more comfortable. All day long they stayed by her, and when, late in the afternoon, the old chieftain reached home, the little daughter was out of danger.

After hearing from the Indian women the events of the day, the father went to the doctor's tent, and stretching out one hand to John and one to Margaret, said: "The Great Spirit was angry with Cohasset. Last

night while the white brothers slept, hate crept into Cohasset's soul and he said, 'Let us kill the Pale-faces who rob us of our land. When next the moon rises o'er that pine tree, they shall die.' But today the white man and his squaw saved my little Ileta, my Dew-of-the-Morning. Instead of kill, the white man make alive. The Great Spirit make Cohasset's heart soft, and he calls the white medicine man his brother as long as the river flows.'

When that night John and Margaret, too thankful to sleep, hand in hand watched the moon rise over the fateful pine-tree, their gaze went far beyond in gratitude to the great All-Father, in whose hands are the hearts of men.

* * * * *

Fifty years later, in West Virginia, John Harrison, when asked by a friend to suggest a name for a baby daughter, said, "Ileta." And it was from the lips of this Ileta that I learned the story.

—VERGILIA SADLER.



COTTAGE—RESIDENCE OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS



“Come Into The Garden, Maud”



THE woodpecker ceased his continuous digging and stuck his red head out between two branches to listen. For there was a hubbub in the garden, although the girls were not there. It was strange.

Mr. Robin was perched on the top of signboard Number Thirty-Six. He had just been arguing with the attenuated cottage cat, Alba Longa, who now, with eyes turned away from temptation, was looking in the direction of Miss King's room.

“I don't understand this new-fangled nature study, nor this *parvenu* rural arts,” pussy was complaining; “cats seem to be left out. My grandmother was one of the Virginia Fowlers, and an accomplished lady. She was taught bird-catching as one of the fine arts. Her methods are my treasured inheritance. Of course you find *chickens* set down in her note-book as a never-to-be-forgotten exception. But there is no mention of robins or sparrows in this connection.

“Now I hear so much about the protection of birds,” she went on,

winking first her blue eye and then her green one, "and I see so many handsome bird-houses 'to let' hanging around this orchard, that I often wonder if cats have no claims." And Alba Longa chewed a blade of grass by way of becoming accustomed to a vegetable diet.

Plump and toothsome Mr. Robin had to do some winking himself just then; for a fat little worm, taking advantage of the general amnesty, wriggled out of the loose earth to inquire dully when the worms and bugs should have their day.

Robin perked his head on one side to consider this new idea; but the worm, fearing the time was not ripe for his cause, withdrew.

The rural arts rabbits were throwing radishes at each other. The two stalks of corn were gravely talking together about the Corn Club of Rockingham, and were, in their gentle voices, expressing the hope that in this new era of school training for their race more attention would be given to the cultivation of the ear. Both the corn and the mocking-bird, who was swinging in the top of the locust tree above, showed decided culture; for some time ago they had—together with the violet—been made honorary members of the Lanier Literary Society.

Meantime, every stake in the garden had, somehow, assumed the likeness of its particular owner. The other signboards now stood in a circle around Number Thirty-Six, who had been telling them the story of her life.

Do not be surprised that these denizens of the garden were fond of stories; just remember their environment—the Harrisonburg Normal was within a robin's hop of them. So they proved to be most appreciative and sympathetic hearers—

Grave Charlotte, and laughing Miss Muffet,
And Alice with taffy hair.

Thus encouraged by her audience, the speaker was finishing her story: "At last I was thrown, a few weeks ago, into the coal-house in Miss Bouldin's back yard.—You know my mistress, Miss Bouldin. You see her out here every now and then, working this garden-plot like putting out fire. But, as I was saying, I found myself in her coal-house. There I lay trembling in a dark corner, dreading that at any moment the cook might grab me in her mighty hands and throw me into the stove, where my life-history would soon be read only in a spoonful of ashes.

"Suddenly the door opened. Miss Bouldin stumbled in and accident-

ally touched me in the darkness. All the life left in me sprang to meet that human touch. I responded so warmly, indeed, that she thought I was a mouse, and squealed accordingly. But, finding that I was really a piece of plank, she hugged me, saying, 'Just what I wanted!'

"She looked everywhere for hammer, nails, ruler, and a pointed stake. Then I had to be measured seven times before she was sure that I was really 'six by three.'

"The rest of the process of making me into a signboard was painful indeed; and the stake must have suffered as much as I did. First she drove a nail through my right side, then another into my left. The sap stood out on my brow, I was so afraid she would strike my heart! But the four-leaf clover must have sent up a good wish for me, for my mistress mashed her poor thumb instead."

At this point Number Thirty-Six stopped and gazed with pensive eyes toward the C. W. station. She would never tell anybody how cruelly the blows of Mr. Roller's hatchet had hurt her head when, finally, she had been driven to locate permanently in the spot where she now stood.

"Pray continue your discourse," croaked hoarse Mr. Frog, who had come over with the Snake Doctor from Lake Park to observe the rural arts department of the school.

"Yes, please, and hurry a little," purred pussy in a low voice—an excellent thing in a kitten. "It is getting late. Our hen tells me every day that we cottage people ought to go to bed earlier; and, besides, Mistress doesn't like me to get dew on my slippers."

"I was next carried to the Normal and painted green," continued the signboard. "Green is so fashionable this season, you know."

"Yes, indeed!" interposed all the little plants, surveying their new spring suits.

But the rabbit, wiggling his nose and erecting his ears by way of emphasis, said pink was his favorite color.

"I am somewhat divided——" began a poor cracked old signboard that had been only half painted.

But Number Thirty-Six went on: "She labeled me with white figures next, you know; and I considered myself especially fortunate that soon after, while my first impressions of number were still fresh, the mistress happened to take me along with her to Math. 38. There I had the privi-

lege of listening to the lucid explanations of Miss Lancaster, who fills the chair of higher and lower mathematics in this institution. One thing I learned clearly that day—that I must always think of myself as three tens and six units, which view really seems to multiply one's powers, somehow.

“I am glad for other reasons that I spent that hour in observation of methods mathematical. It drew me closer to my mistress. I now know her sorrows. I feel deeply for her since she has taken me into her confidence of late. Poor young lady! The exact sciences are making her lose her bloom, if not her wits; and freckles tenant her emaciated cheeks now that this gardening era has been inaugurated. Hers is a burdened heart!”

Here Thirty-Six ended, wiping her eyes with a morning glory leaf that grew where the tomato plant ought to have been. The hydrant, too, wept great tears of sympathy. The tender little lettuce was thinking gratefully of the day when the mistress had lightened for her the hard pressure of life by working up the clods with a hair pin.

Dead silence reigned. Even the selfish old woodpecker was oppressed with a sense of human woe, and the dwarf cabbage and onion knave resolved to help the lady if they could.

One by one the visitors softly stole away and left the loyal signboard alone, a faithful sentinel beside the little garden, her gaze resting afar off on the moonlit mountains.

—RUTH B. MACCORKLE.

The Seed



I planted me a seed one day
In soil so rich and warm ;
Carefully I watched it grow
And shielded it from harm.

Day by day the flower grew—
Bud, and bloom, and leaf ;
And weary folk that passed that way
Were glad, despite of grief.

The wondrous little seed was love ;
The soil, the heart of a child ;
The lovely plant, a noble life,
Pure, fragrant, undefiled.

—ANNIE DAVIS



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The Grave Between



“A loaf of bread from the bakery, John.”
Settling back in his chair after giving this order, Harry Richardson sighed and threw down the account book he held in his hand. It was of no use; something held his attention from the accounts.

What was this thing that kept taking his mind from his business, he asked himself. Why should he play in memory land when accounts had to be balanced and judicious inquiries had to be set on foot for the possible legatees of his friend's estate.

Shaking his broad shoulders in the loose jacket, Harry started again on those already delayed papers. It was in vain, memory called him back; so, giving up, with another sigh he succumbed.

Rapidly he reviewed his life,—the happy home of his childhood, the lonely days that followed the fever which had robbed him of both father and mother, the years on his uncle's farm, the black darkness of one September day—*dies illa!* the sudden fierce resolve to go to the University, the stern work and strong play of college life, the friendship with Bob Forbisher, their start to these Colorado mines, and Bob's tragic death a few weeks before. And now here he was far away from his native state, without friends, with nothing but his money and his man John for company.

A few weeks before, when Bob with his dying breath had begged Harry to take care of “her,” he had thought he could never stand the separation which would rob him of his only friend. But he had grown more accustomed to the loneliness, and had felt something like pride in keeping his promise to his friend. Not until to-day had he once thought that his partner could have meant anything but the mine when he said “her.”

But this morning when he had stopped at Bob's lonely grave in the edge of the wood he had found a dainty bunch of flowers there, one tied with a ribbon, a woman's ribbon. Woman—he hated women, they had always been his enemies, from the washerwoman's daughter, who brought

home his laundry at college, to haughty Miss Edith, the president's niece. Now when he came to think of it, these constituted the full list of his feminine acquaintance since he had suddenly turned his back on his old life and plunged into college. And before this, well—that September day had always stood like a wall between him and all the days that went before, even his childhood memories of mother. He had sternly refused to look back further than his entrance to college; for was there not just beyond this the time when he had known in a flash, but known once for all, that a fair false woman had been ruthlessly amusing herself, during a dull summer in the country, with the chivalrous worship of his boyish heart?

But to-day he *had* to face the past—it would not down at his bidding. And as he now took his first square, honest look at this spectre of memory that dated the beginning of his bitterness, the phantom did—it really did—seem to assume proportions far less gigantic, did seem to have far less power over him than he had thought.

But he was done with women; he would stick to that—even if healthy work and Bob's friendship had been these four years healing the wound which he himself had dared not look at.

Bob, his college roommate, had understood him so well—had helped him start life over again—had so good-naturedly agreed to his own cynical stipulation that he should never “prate about any woman” to him—a promise not once broken even in their later life together at the mine.

Indeed, there were no women here to prate about—that was one reason why Harry had wished to come.

And now one of these beings had dared to trespass upon his sanctuary—had, apparently, claimed a share in Bob's grave. Just as he had been ready to cast her flowers aside this morning the thought had come that this was what Bob had meant by “her”; it was not the beloved mine, but a woman, that accounted for the absent-minded, dreamy expression in his eyes the last few days of his life. He had found a woman, a dainty woman, somewhere in those wilds—perhaps she had been the cause of his going off that day when he met his death on the mountain-side.

And now Harry sat wondering, with no mind for business. Perhaps the flowers might help him find out what he wished to know; maybe, after all, they came from some of the miners—but the ribbon—he would go and look at them again, anyway.

Slipping into a heavier coat, Harry swung out of the house and up the hill. A handsome figure he presented, with his broad shoulders and light brown hair waving in the wind; there was something in his very walk that bespoke a frank manliness.

On through the trees strode this giant of the mines. Now and then a whistle came from those perfectly chiseled lips; again it would stop in an instant, and the head would drop in thought.

The sudden uplift of the head, the quickening of his pace, made the poor birds wonder what had come over their beloved friend. But he paid no attention to their loud twittering.

What was that black streak that had flashed before his eyes and then was gone?

Gaining the hilltop, he saw fleeing down the valley a woman, dressed in black.

Then it was true; there was a woman, one that was interested in Bob.

The one glimpse of that vanishing black gown was sufficient; he must find this intruder, he must learn her motive. With these thoughts foremost in his mind, Harry went to bed to dream of black dresses, flowers, and accounts.

Next morning, after hurrying through his breakfast, he reached the mine as the men were starting to work. He questioned one about the lady.

"Yes, sir, we've all seen her 'most every day; but not a singletary word has she spoke except to ask old Bill Smith if he knowed exactly whar Mr. Bob was buried."

So this woman had been coming to Bob's grave daily perhaps; and yet he had not known of it.

Upon a sudden impulse he broke off great blossoming branches of the mountain laurel that grew there near the mouth of the mine—Bob had not let the men cut it down—and once more was striding up the path to the hill.

He even hoped to find her there, for would he not show this woman that Bob's memory belonged to *him*?

As he drew near the place he went cautiously, for fear she might be there and flee again.

His care was repaid; for, as he parted the last branches and stepped

into the open space beside the grave, the most beautiful tear-stained face he had ever seen was raised to him.

She bent once more over the fresh flowers which she had just laid there, touching them gently as if to give them a blessing; and then, without even raising her eyes, she held out her hand for his offering. He gave the laurel branches without a word. He was obeying her, this woman he had come to quell. The situation was hers. *He* was hers. Though not a word had passed between them, he knew that this was true. The strongest convictions of his life had always flashed upon him in just this way. She rose, smiled at him once, and walked away.

Too stunned to say a word, he let her go.

Turning, he started to leave, when his eye caught something on the other side of the grave. Reaching over he picked up a little satin bag. Inside of it he could feel a card. Dared he open it? Yes, it was right; perhaps he might find the owner's name and could then be better able to return it.

As he pulled the string a picture fell out. *It was his own!*—the one he had accused Bob of taking out of the ledger. Turning the photograph for some solution of the mystery, he found that the mounting card had been split and a piece of paper stuck in it. Pulling this out he read:

“Dearest Sis—Come right ahead; don't worry about Harry. I'll manage him. He can't hate girls as much as he makes out; besides you are different; and of course, now that I have struck it rich, you and I can not give up our chance of being near each other. I am going up the mountain this afternoon, by myself, to think out a way to tell him about you. But if I don't get him told, you come on. I've got a nice place for you to board, with a Mrs. Franklin about two miles from here; so really your coming is not the slightest intrusion upon Harry.

The more I think about it, I believe it would be nice for him to meet you 'kinder' accidentally, if he ever meets you at all. I hope I am not a coward; but Harry is such a trump of a friend, and the only thing I have ever had a chance to forgive in him is this freak about women. So I promised him long ago that this subject should be tabooed between us. A fellow hates to break his word; besides, how can I be wasting talk about *my* little Sis upon an unappreciative listener?

Well, good luck, old girl, on your trip! You'll find waiting at this end of it

BOB.”

So she was Bob's sister ; he didn't know Bob had a sister. He had always believed him to be, like himself, without any near relatives. Bob's sister !

Poor John thought his master was bewitched when he saw him dash down the hill and up the steps three at a time ; and he was still more surprised when, before the door was closed behind him, Mr. Richardson began giving orders for him to get that blue serge suit out of the trunk in the lean-to and that panama hat out of the attic.

More surprised than John was the little brown mare, who could not understand her master's sudden use of the switch, or the necessity of hurrying on.

But all this astonishment was lost on Harry, for his heart was in a glow ; the familiar road did not look natural ; only one thing stood clear before his eyes—the tear-dimmed face of Bob's sister.

He kept feeling in the blue-coat pocket to make sure that the little satin bag was safe, though every sudden uplift of the hand that held the reins brought the horse to a stop and made it necessary for the switch in the other hand to urge her on. Once the poor beast was pulled upright in the air, when the hazy vision of her master mistook a burnt stump in the woods for a vanishing black-gowned figure.

But after alighting at Franklin's Harry wished he had not driven so fast. He had not thought about what he should say to her. He knew she would think him a boor—he was afraid he *was* a boor. So he took a long time to tie his horse to the fence. When he looked up he saw a girlish figure just coming up to the yard gate by another path.

Holding out her hand she said :

"You are Bob's Harry, I know you are. I'm his sister. You are just like the picture he sent. I saw a man this morning I thought was he; but now I know by your suit you are the one."

No other introduction was needed ; they were friends already. And by the time he turned the little mare's head homeward at dusk both Margaret and Harry felt that they had known each other forever.

Amid smiles and tears she told him of her life,—of how she and Bob had been the only children, orphans, and of their first separation when he had contrived to send her off to the Harrisonburg Normal. She chatted on about her schooldays, and about her varied experiences in teaching for three years. Then had come her passing illness that had alarmed her

brother and made him insist that she come out to Colorado to be near him and to breathe the bracing air. She had come—to find nothing awaiting her but her brother's grave.

Harry tried to comfort her by talking of Bob,—what close friends they had been and how many plans they had made together. It was Harry who could tell her those many details so precious to one in sorrow; and he went over more than once the story of the day when the falling boulder had so suddenly robbed her of an only brother and himself of an only friend. Then, leaving her, he drove away.

When at last he was in his own room he took out the little bag, which he had managed to forget to return. How long he sat there and looked at it he never knew; but the cocks crowed before his light went out. Yet this was only the beginning.

Weeks passed. The little brown mare learned which way to turn her head when the day's work was done. The men at the mine came to love "Miss Margaret," as they called her, as much as they had loved her brother before. John began to put extra touches to the house, and to wonder when Miss Margaret would come there to live.

But Harry had no reason to view the situation so cheerfully. He spent much of his time wondering if it were of any use for him to try. Margaret had so fully accepted him at first as her brother's friend that Harry saw little hope of ever attaining any other footing. She had never seemed to swerve from that frank, friendly, unconscious attitude. In fact, he never had been able to get any real start towards telling her he loved her; she so easily and simply turned all his advances into the channel of cordial friendliness.

One day they were standing on either side of the stone newly erected at Bob's head. Margaret leaned lightly upon it.

Harry suddenly reached across and laid his great brown hand over the slender pink one. It fluttered a little, like a captive bird, but did not seek to escape.

"Margaret," he said, "when we found Bob he could only whisper, 'Take care of *her*.' Let me—oh, give me the chance to keep my promise! Surely you must know how I yearn to call you my wife."

The hand on the cold marble yielded itself to the strong, warm, protecting palm above, and rested there.

"Your wife, Harry? I could not wish for more."

—M'LEDGE MOFFETT.