

A RING OF PROMISE

By Horatio Denton Gerhardt.

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Bart Wilson at the jewelry counter looked up in surprise as he heard Daisy Martin ask falteringly:

"What kind of a ring can I buy for five dollars?"

"Not a very good one," he re-



turned, then as her pretty brown eyes filled, he added, "but you might give me that much as a deposit and pay the rest later."

"I didn't know you ever sold goods that way," Daisy said softly, and for the first time Bart, smarting from a hurt given him by a heartless city girl who had

flirted with him during the past couple of months, noticed how lovely the girlish face was.

"I never have," he said smiling, "but it is never too late to change my methods. Don't tell anyone about it, will you?"

"Oh no, no," she cried in alarm, "and you won't tell that I have bought it?" and the tears started in her sweet eyes.

"Why, surely not," he returned, wondering at her emotion, and briskly turning matters into a thoroughly business channel he pulled out a tray of rings and asked:

"How high do you want to go?"

The girl's eyes lingered upon a dainty little pearl cluster ring, and Bart finally let her have it at cost, twelve dollars, telling her to pay him the other seven as she saw fit. He laughed at himself a little scornfully the rest of the day when the transaction recurred to him, but by the next forgot it, for his heart was still heavy with the sorrow the city girl had made for him.

Daisy came in a week later with a dollar, and he was somewhat surprised to see the ring on her finger, for he had thought she was buying it for someone else. Again he was impressed with the beauty of the young face, and took pleasure in exchanging a few words with the shy little thing who scarcely numbered eighteen summers.

While the two lived near each other they moved in different circles, Bart being in one of the old-