

"Then I can't stay—I can't," said the girl.

"Will you give me till tomorrow to think it over? And will you marry me at once if I agree? Mind, I don't promise. I want to think about it."

She nodded; she could not speak, and went back to her desk. And in the silence of that afternoon both had forgotten all about the little old lady until her bonnet appeared inside the office at a few minutes after four.

Sandford, looking at her, felt a sudden contraction of his heart. Somehow she brought back vividly to his mind his home days; his father, harsh and unkind! his mother, loving but helpless in the face of the stern man who, annoyed by some boyish falling, had roughly turned the 13-year-old child out of his home. He had not meant what he said, but Harry had seized the opportunity to leave a place that had been more a prison than a home to him.

He had not wanted to see the old lady, but, now that he saw her in front of him, he rose to his feet, swallowing hard.

"Well, Mrs. Burton, I am glad to see you," he said. "We have had several letters from you about your stock and I am sorry that there has been some delay in replying to them. However, we are going to declare a dividend next week of ten per cent, and later we shall have another, and—how much was Mrs. Burton's investment, Miss Lorimer?"

But the old lady was still standing before him, looking keenly into his face. Suddenly she cried:

"Harry."

He knew her. He knew his mother after all those years. He had changed more than she; but she had known him first by virtue of the love that every mother bears toward the child that she has borne.

A moment and her arms were about his neck and she was clinging to him and kissing him as though he were a little boy once more.

"Oh, if I had known it was you!"

she cried incoherently. "It was your name that made me invest, Harry, but I never thought that it could be my own boy. I am so proud of you, my dear, to see you so prosperous and—and so handsome, Harry! Didn't they tell you I had moved to Philadelphia when I married Mr. Burton? But I never forgot you, and after he died last year I tried so hard to find you. And now I have found you and you must come home."

"Will you take two children, mother?" he asked.

She shot her keen look at Miss Lorimer, who was crying frankly over her typewriter.

"This is Hilda, my future wife," said Sandford.

A HAIL FELLOW

"I suppose you are familiar with the works of Bobby Burns?"

"Certainly; and also with the works of Billy Shakespeare, Georgie Byron and Jack Milton."—New York Globe.

NOT IN HIS SCHEDULE



"Do you wish a room with bath, sir?"

"No, I don't kalkilate ter stay here longer 'n Friday."