

a summer hotel. Then the truth began to leak out.

The dream of William Barry's life was to maintain a summer home for tired mothers and weak and ailing children, gathered from the poorer quarters of the big city, 25 miles distant. In this work they had the cooperation of a leading philanthropic association in the metropolis. Arnold was to devote his skill as a physician free to the inmates of the home. Nurses and matrons were employed. A spacious and comfortable edifice arose on the crest of the hill, and the evening when the place burst into a blaze of electric light all the town celebrated.

"Humph!" sneered Hackett, "a fool and his money."

And then, out of pure perversity, emulation and vanity the lonely old money-maker determined to vaunt the possibilities of his ill-gotten wealth by erecting, half a mile away from the palatial home he had built, a family mausoleum. His selfish pride craved some kind of a tribute to his wealth. By the time the mausoleum was completed Hackett had expended well on toward \$100,000.

It was a handsome show piece of extravagance, nothing more, yet Hackett cherished it as the apple of his eye. He went past it at least once a day. He had columns describing it in the newspapers. He ruled, the moneybags nabob of the town, and foolishly believed that he was the envy of all men.

He was sadly disappointed when, at the end of a year, Felice came home from boarding school and settled down into the cheerless life he had marked out for her. She had no heart in the big sprawling mansion, the mausoleum cast a grewsome spell over her spirits. The stern decision of her irrational father that she should not even notice the Barrys chilled her as would a wintry blast a delicate, lovely flower.

Twice she met Arnold Barry. Her father learned of it. He exacted a

promise from her that she would discontinue all communication with the Barrys, and her gentle heart nearly broke.

"It will stand forever!" vaunted Hackett one day to a fellow townsman, the sweep of his hand proudly taking in the grand mausoleum.

"Dunno, Hackett," dissented the practical neighbor. "They tell me it's got a floating foundation, as they call it. Used to be quicksand where the river sweeps around just below it."

"Nonsense!" declared Hackett, raspingly. "It's built for the ages!"

The week went by. Poor, mourning Felice grew paler and more quiet. Her father wandered uneasily about the lonely mansion. Then came a three days' deluge. Just at dusk, as the weather cleared, he crossed the turbid swollen stream to view the monument that had cost him a fortune.

"Solid as rock—they won't soon forget the name of Hackett!" he tried to console himself by saying.

Then he started back, horrified. He saw the cliff side crumble. He saw the great mausoleum swerve, its undermined foundation give way, and it seemed to disintegrate and slide into the roaring stream below before his appalled vision.

He had built on the sand—mausoleum and happiness. He was chilled, frightened. He turned his back upon his wasted labor with a hollow groan.

Was heaven reproaching him; was fate mocking? How hollow the gains of all his pride and scheming! He halted, trembling, as the sound of a joyous hymn of praise was borne to his hearing on the evening's breeze.

He saw the children's home all ablaze with the glory of the setting sun, he heard care-free juvenile voices chanting gratitude and content. Ah! how completely had the Barrys carried out their great life dream to make others happy!

He was shivering like a leaf as he reached home. There the sad, resigned face of his lonely daughter