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• A ROSELIT DOMANCE •
• By Jessie Ethel Sherwin •
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"Dear little girl," spoke Roland Yorke almost tenderly, "what a comfort you have been to me these long, lonely weeks!"

"And what a friend you have been to us, Mr. Yorke," quickly responded the lissome, loyal maiden at his side, "Why, if you hadn't come along where would father and I be? He had lost his position and he says, now that you are going to leave us, we will have to move out to Dakota where his brother has a farm. And you're nearly well, aren't you. Father says it's the fresh clear air out here."

"And the cooking, Rhoda," supplemented Yorke with a smile. "Why, you are a regular little housewife. Between you and I, I have been cured."

"I am so glad I could cry, almost!" declared Rhoda. "And you're going away," and her lips quivered, "and we may never see you again, and you'll forget us."

He took the little brown hand in his own and his kindly eyes expressed a benison from a true man.

"Never that, Rhoda! This has been the sweetest month in all my life. I was ill, worn out. Now—"

"You'll go back to the city and paint beautiful pictures, and some lovely princess will buy them, and you'll get married and have a bride all in silks and satins, and—I hope you do. Oh! I hope you are the happiest man in the world, just as you are the very best!" And here, bursting into tears, the mountain madcap, as this dear child of nature was popularly designated, ran for the nearest thicket and vanished.

"I declare!" uttered Roland, thoughtfully—more than that, with a sudden thrill. An unsuccessful artist in a money way, he had taken a vacation of necessity. The Burton

home was small and rude. It had no luxury, yet he blessed the hour he discovered it. The roses everywhere, the pine groves, the pleasant shade, the home vegetables and cooking seemed to sing health to him.

And Rhoda—she was a breath of vivacity. As though he were some cherished elder brother she hovered about him, guiding him to the rarest beauties of the landscape, rowing



There Were Nibbles and Catches.

him on the river, watching him in silent rapture when he painted. She even coaxed the soul-tempered Axel Burton to a smile with her winsome ways and won him from brooding over his loss of a position.

Just now Roland Yorke woke to the realization of a salient fact. He had met a being who liked him for himself alone. There was no mistake that rapt little face of interest, that outburst of tears.