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her two

KNOCK sounded on their perception that she had lived deeply, that she had suffered, that she principal's door. "That's Florence," she had been loved and had loved eternally, opened their hearts. They would thought; and she sighed in the same breath. have admired her, now they adored her. By degrees, and insensibly to The principal had seherself, she became the confessor of cretly liked Florence Raimund, the best of her little world. After they left school, for her girls brought her their perplexities hundred girls, sometimes, of the heart. Wives came to her with and, cruel dilemmas which they shrank from revealing to their own mothersnot be trusted to plead for the erring husband so well: for a woman who

years; she suspected that Florence knew it. Miss Wing sat at her desk. It was a large desk of oak, always kept in perhaps because the mothers could blameless order. No one could recall seeing more than one letter at a time lying on the blotter. Any others, yet unread, lay in the wicker tray to the left; the letters read but not answered were in the wicker tray to the right; the answered letters were in appropriate pigeonholes or in ashes, Miss Wing being a firm believer in fire as a confi-Sential agent. About the desk hung the most interesting object in the to the school-girls; in fact it would be hard to gauge justly the influence this one, mute and motionless, had over their young imaginations; or how far it was responsible for the rose-tinted halo that beyond doubt, glorified the principal for them. The picture, the picture of a young man in the uniform of a captain eyes had studied with such vague, yet German cuirassiers. His thick light hair was brushed back from a fine and candid forehead. A smile creased his cheek under the warlike tap on her door was welcome, for she curl of his mustache. It was sesmile thought, "It is she—coming to tell me. so happy and so friendly in its happiness, that it won the beholder. The were not large, but even in the black and white of a photograph (the portrait was an ordinary carte) they seemed to sparkle. The young fellow's figure was superb, and held with a military precision and jauntiness. One sald, looking at the whole presence, "This man is a good Viewing him more closely, one might add, "And he is in love." The picture was framed handsomely in a gilded frame. On the desk below, an exquisite vate of Venice lifted a single, perfect rose. For 15 years a flower had always bloomed thus. Miss Wing had hung the picture herself, 15 years ago. Then, she was the new

principal, and the school was but half

its size; and the village people ex

ned below. No girl could remem-

ber the desk without the picture; and

when the old girls visited the school.

their eyes would instinctively seek it

moving of the heart. Yet no one

ever alluded to it to the principal:

and no one, not her most trusted

school-and that was nothing. Never

would have it in her hands before she

likely to escape the sharp young eyes.

Neither did these same eyes miss the

line of writing, hitherto hidden, was

made no comment; perhaps she sup-posed that the girl had not seen, per-

Of course, the new light flooded the

school gossip immediately. But there

never came any more; every new girl

Wing's romance. Was "Max" dead?

the woman's part? Surely he could

likely that she thus expressed an im-

ful played with all manner of dainty

and plaintive variations on the theme

peal. Elusive and pathetic, it hovere

on the edge of these young lives, like

the perfume of a flower. And its in-

fluence was the more potent that it

asked for nothing. It is not too much

to say that the spectacle of that gen-

tle and reticent faithfulness was the

strongest element in the school at-

mosphere. Certainly, because of it,

Miss Wing had greater power over

ability and gentle force; by nature a

feel deeply, but not able to express her sympathies or her pain. Without

her mysterious sorrow, she would

med to young girls a thought

le; they would have been

haps—in any case she was silent

were flashing rings on her hands; and claimed at trusting "such a girl" with the girls used to wonder which ring so much responsibility. During those 'Max" had given her. They favored 15 years the new building had been the sapphire, set between two diabuilt, the school had grown and flour monds, because of its beauty ("a real ished; and the gray had crept into Cashmere, you know"), and because Margaret Wing's bright hair. She had often put on mourning for her near whether she wore other rings or not, this always kept its place. kindred that she had assumed it as her permanent garb. To the certain "Now, tell me," said Miss Wing. (and ecstatic) knowledge of the school "I had a letter from him this mornshe had refused divers offers of maring; it was just a note in one of Helen Grier's"-the girl's lithe form was riage from citizens of good repute erect in the chair, every muscle tense; and substance. But during all the changing years, the picture had kept she looked past Miss Wing to the wall its place and the fresh flowers had and spoke in toneless voice; no one

science with the same eagerness with

which they asked counsel in their in-

nocent romances of friendship or the

sorrows of trigonometry, and they ac-

cepted any penance directed, not only

with patience, but a kind of exalta-

tion natural to youth, which finds a

secret joy in the exercise of its own

Today, however, Miss Wing sat be-

ardent, sympathy, and pondered over

a confidence that had not come. The

lack of its coming hurt her; and the

quick intakes noiseless. There was a

"Have you come to let me congrat-ulate you, my dear?" said the princi-

"I've come because I had to, because I

couldn't deceive you," she blurted.

Parker think so; but I'm not engaged

The soft cadence of her voice did not

roughen. She sat down when her guest

sat, and leaned back in her desk chair,

folding her slim, white hands. There

'Miss Wing, it isn't so. I let Miss

"Sit down, dear," said Miss Wing.

The girl colored scarlet

Oh, I hope he is the right man."

picture which so many young

fortitude,

pal, rising.

to him."

had been called back to Germany-"Is he a German? Miss Parker said

could see that she was driving straight

on to her purpose, over her own writh-ing nerves—"all he said was that he

in its old place; always with a little his name was Cutler." "It is Butler," the girl said, flinging her head back, while a spark crept inteacher, nor her best loved pupil, had to her liquid, troubled, dark eyes, "but ever heard the principal speak of it. he is a German. Don't you know the The name of the pictured soldier, his story, his relation to Miss Wing; Miss Wing's nearest kindred and friends knew as much about all these as the theless, the school tradition reported timid glance at her, and thought the principal's custom to carry it with that she looked sterner, wherefore her her on her journeys, however brief; heart sank; but she only continued always taking it down and putting it the faster: "He isn't in America just back in its place herself. On this oc- to travel; he was sent by his governcasion the floor had been newly polment to watch the Cuban war. ished, and in hanging the picture her very brave; and he isn't a bit like a chair on which she stood slipped and foreigner and hasn't any nasty supershe fell, while the picture dropped out cilious notions about women. Mr. of her grasp. One of the girls, who Grier says he has a future. And realwas passing, ran to her aid; but she ly. Miss Wing, he is just like a-a-acrawled toward the picture and kind of knight."

"Where did you meet him?"

allowed the girl to aid her to rise-a "At Helen's last summer. And he circumstance, you may be sure, not was going out to Minneapolis to see papa, I-I think. But he got a cable of his uncle's death. And his two litfurther circumstance that the jar had tle cousins died last year; so now he shifted the carte in the frame and a is the head of the family; and he must go to Germany at once. For his father staring out at the world. The hand is dead, you know. So he wrote (in was the sharp, minute German hand, Helen's letter, because he is so-so but the words were English: the girl awfully proper!) asking to let him took them in at an eyeblink, as she handed the picture to Miss Wing:
"Thine for ever, Max." Miss Wing come here and take me to drive-in the American fashion. I know who put him up to that scheme; it was Helen. I had to ask Miss Parker, because you were out; and she said if he wasn't a relation or the man I was going to marry I couldn't go. 'Of course, if he were the man you expect to marry,' she said, and-and I-I said, was free to work her own will on Miss But he is!' Just like that. I can't fancy how I came to say such a thing, but when it was said I didn't Had they parted because of any act on know how to explain; and I was so not have been false, to receive that awfully ashamed; and, besides"-she daily oblation of flowers. It was more lifted her eyes in the frank and direct gaze that Miss Wing always likedbesides, I do want to see him. "And do you expect him to ask you

perishable regret. Youth, ever fancio marry him?" said Miss Wing, with Its very mystery was its poignant a deepening of the color on her cheek. charm; since each tender young soul which went out suddenly like the created a new romance and a new apflame of a lamp in the wind.

Florence Raimund blushed again. but this time she laughed: "I don' know. He is so awfully proper," said she, "and he hasn't had a chance to ask papa; but-I think he wants to"

"In that case, isn't he the man whom you expect to marry?" asked Miss Wing dryly. "But it was deceiving her just the same. I am glad you came, Florence."

er scholars. She was a woman of Here the girl looked up; and some little aloof, a little precise, able to thing in Miss Wing's eyes made her dash across the room to fling herself on her knees before that lady with an inarticulate gasp between a sob and a was smeared, the cook was smeared; lady, herself, before to her father? laugh, and the sentences came in a and now a beautiful white and gold rush: "I had to come! I couldn't ded by her virtues; but as it was, ceive you if I never saw him again. fell upon the dog with his saber and "your custom is far more decorous."

of some way!" 'And you escape quite unpunished?"

said Miss Wing gently.

At which the black head sank lower, while a smothered voice mumbled:

"No, Miss Wing, I know it will make no difference.

that she was not so sure of the firm "It is only the disappointment, then, if you can't see him?"

The girl's face quivered a little. "Perhaps I am foolish," said Miss appointment very hard to bear. Still, was her poor friend's last token. you must admit that parents do not send their children to school expecting them to become engaged to be marlives complains, not to be justified herself, but to hear her lover's misfrom any entanglement. But this did conduct excused and his love proved tion is, ought I to prevent it going any against her doubts. Before they left school, the girls confessed their faults farther? My dear, do you have confiand failings and strivings of condence in me?"

"Yes, Miss Wing," said the girl.

together.'

resignation. "But I should like him to come here, to see me; and then, if I find him to be what your father would approve, you may see him here; and we shall all have to explain things to

gether, I fancy, to your father." The girl drew another, a very different, sigh, and impulsively kissed Miss Wing's hand. She tried to speak, and could only murmur, "Oh, I do love you!

At her response, the door swung "And so, if you will tell Graf von open with a jerk, and the dark-eyed Butler-what is his Christian name, girl who entered was catching her Florence?" breath, although she tried to make the

"Max," said the girl, very low, for she felt the presence of the picture. on which she had not once turned her look of pale resolution on her features. eyes. Before she spoke, under a pretense of a pull at her skirt, she slipped her hand out of the hand with sapphire ring. Yet her excited young nerves vibrated at the slight cough which came as the principal changed her position, before she said, in her usual tone: "It is a fine name Well, Florence, you will tell Count Max von Butler that I shall hope to see him. And-will you trust me?"

The girl told her that she would trust her utterly, and she knew that it would be right; and oh, she was so happy. And she came back to say,

with the tears in her eyes, "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live." Miss Wing stood in the center of the room, smiling until the door closed. But then in a second she was at the door, almost flercely, but noise lessly, twisting the key in the lock. From the door she passed to the windows and dropped the shades. At last, safe from every chance of espial, she sat down again in her chair before the desk, leaned her elbows on the desk, and looked desperately, miserably, into the joyous face of the pic-She did not speak, but ture. thoughts took on words and sank like hot lead into her heart. "Max Buthot lead into her heart. ler! Max Butler! The little nephew he told me about. And he has been alive all these years; and happy; with little sons, while I-I have lied to these trusting girls. It, was wicked I deceived myself; and shameless Butlers in 'Wallenstein?' You know then I deceived them. I wonder why. he was a real man; and he founded a I knew what they were thinking. How family. He—my—my friend is the dared I look that honest child in the Count von Butler." Miss Wing's chair, face! I suppose she wonders like the like other desk chairs, was set on a rest why I have not told anyone of my pivot; she turned very slightly and romance. And it is simply that there part of a name on the authority of a slowly, at the same time resting her single incident. Years ago an acci-elbow on the desk. The girl ventured looked into the soldier's happy eyes while her lips curled and she mur mured, drearily and bitterly, "I haven't even the right to be angry with you, poor lad. What did you do? You are not my Max; I only made him up out He's of my heart-like children playing a game!" Her mind drifted dizzily through shapeless and inconsequent visions of the past. She was seeing again the grim pile of the ruined castle, the masses of broken shadow, the intricate carving on arch and architrave and plinth, the wavering mass of limbs and tree-trunks on the green sward; and she, with her twisted ankle, was kneeling, trying to peer through the shrubbery for her lost companions. Did he come by chance? She had seen the handsome young offloer daily, for a week. His greataunt was Margaret's right-hand neighbor at the pension table d'hote, a withered relic of Polish nobility with in the hints given by his words, as fine, black eyes in a face like a hickory nut; who wore shabby gowns and magnificent jewels, frankly smoked cigarettes, and seemed to have a venomous tale ready to fit any name mentioned in conversation—with one new friend was a little mediaeval, but exception, her nephew's. Margargaret's first sight of him was not un- all modern. der the shelter of conventionalities It happened that the countess' ferocious pet (and the terror of the pension), a Great Dane, was trying to eat up a little girl, but fortunately had of the house was the scene of the chitecture fray; a large, timid cook, the only witness, was waving a copper kettle full of the meringue that she was beating. in one hand, and the great wire whip in the other, while she shrieked impartially on heaven and the police. Margaret heard the din. She ran to an, she didn't scream; one 'swift alone with young men?' glance went from the child's writhing body and the dog's horrible head to you? the wailing cook. In two strides she tated German hand and hurled the lady!" whole sticky, white mass full at the

and sent her flying into the door and

officer, who bounded over the wall and

And besides, I hoped you would think two heels, was smeared the most iavishly of all! No wonder Frau Muller ened. for the same reason), and Augustine, "Do you think I-liked it, coming to her maid, the three Russians on the second floor, and the three Americans Miss Wing smoothed her hair. "It on the third, filled the windows with would have pained me very much if polyglot consternation! The conseyou had not come. Tell me; whether quence of it all was that when the he sees you or not, will he not write Count von Butler was formally preto your father? Do you think his sented to Miss Wing that evening, she feeling is so small that a disampoint blushed. She was too pale and listment will turn it?" The black head threw itself up she was enchanting. Remembering bravely and the fearless young eyes the meringue, she smiled and ventured met Miss Wing's pensive brown ones. an upward glance; and, for the first time in her life, met the admiration in the eyes of a man. At this time Mar-Miss Wing stifled a sigh; it may be garet was thirty years old and had never been asked in marriage. She purpose of a lover; she spoke more had spent most of the thirty years in a boarding-school, as pupil or as teacher; and she had brought from her cloistered life a single vivid feeling, a passionate friendship which Wing, "but I think it would be a dis- death had ended. The sapphire ring

To be thirty and never to have been sought like other girls, leaves a chill in the heart. It may be lonely never ried; on the contrary, there is a tacit to have loved, but it is bleak never to pledge that we shall protect our wards have been loved. Margaret remem bered her delicate, girlish dreams with not happen at school; the only ques- a recoil of humiliation; they seemed to her almost immodest. She thought she was too old to wear hats, and wondered whether she ought not to discard the pinks and light blues "Of course, I do not think that I which poor Elly had liked on her, for ought to consent to your driving alone more sedate colors. But she wore pink after she met Max Butler. Yet The girl drew a long sigh. "I sup- he never saw her save in the prese not," she breathed, in dismal ence of others. He was full of little. graceful attentions, but he showed the same attentions to the portly clergy man's widow and the meritorious but cross-eyed teacher of fifty, who formed Miss Wing's "party"; it was only his eves, his eyes always following her, approvingly, delighting, admiring, pleading, speaking to her as they spoke to no other woman. She told herself that it was just the pleasant, foreign way; and she wrote to her friends in America, "The German officers have very agreeable, deferential manners; I think they are much more entle and polite and have a higher respect for women than the French or Italians." And he said no word, even of friendship, until that afternoon at

the Heidelberger Schloss. He came upon her almost imme diately, scrambling up the bank at a rate which had worked woe to his uniform. He was torn, he was scratched, he was stained with mud and grass: and he was beaming with delight. II have seen you from below," he exclaimed in his careful English, "so I came up. Will you excuse?" Then his mood changed, perceiving her plight, and he insisted on tearing his handkerchief into strips to bind her ankle. It semed absurd to refuse his aid, which he offered quite simply; but his hands trembled a little over "It will be most easy, I think," said he, "that you should let me assist you a small way, to the restauracion; so I can get the carriage, and you can have some ice cream.

Again, to-day, is it burned-" She had laughed and said that she never had heard of burned ice cream, He laughed, too, and explained that It was burned as a custard, and somehow under cover of this she let him put her hand on his shoulder and his arm about her waist. She was grateful to him for the matter-of-fact manner in which he did it all, saying, "You will have to be my comrade that has been wounded, and I will help him off the field; so I did, once, with my colonel; it is better than to wait until I could bring help." In this fashion they walked for some twenty minutes.

He told her of his country and his home; and how he loved the hills that his fathers had always owned, and the rugged, simple, faithful people: he told her of the plans of his father and himself for them; he told his voice was loud; and his mother, who was so gentle that every one loved her; and his handsome sister. and his brother, who was a diplomat and far cleverer than he; and his little brother who died and would have no one carry him in his pain but Max ("Ah, he was the most clever and the most beautiful of us all!"), and Max, his little nephew, who looked like the dead boy. "I hope you will see my home and them all," he said; "tomorrow, I shall see them, then, the same day, I shall be back here—with you."

And then, by degrees, she won him to talk of his profession, of his hopes, his ambitions, his ideals; of all those intimate and cherished things which lie at the bottom of the soul and only rise for a friend's eyes. It seemed to her that she could read his character one would fill an outline sketch with perspective and details. There was certainly a fascination in this revelation; candor, after all, was a virtue. as well as reticence. Perhaps her new friend was a little mediaeval, but

By now they were rattling through the modern town of Heidelberg, the plain walls of which looked bare after the lawless pomp of carving and form on the old castle; they had not even begun with her petticoats. The court the bizarre, affected grace of the arthen decking American countrysides. But Margaret thought how homelike and honest the houses looked; staunch and trusty, like the German. Butler, just then, was praising American buggies, from which he made a general transition to the customs of society. "In America, is it the spot. Being a New England wom- not," says he, "the young ladies drive

"Yes, very often. But not with

"Oh, no, mein fraulein, this is the caught the kettle out of a fat and agi- first time I am alone with a young

She had called herself old for so dog's eyes; then, as the blinded and long that there was a distinct pleasastounded beast flung his head back to ure in being "a young lady" to him, howl, and spattered the world with and she had not time to remember it meringue, she snatched up the child partook of the nature of deceit, because he sent a wave of confusion the cook. The dog was smeared with over her by continuing: "In America meringue, she was smeared, the child also, one would propose marriage to a "It is our custom," agreed Margaret,

"but"-with her prim teacher's air-

(visible aloft, in an artless German speak to both, so near the same time toilet of ease and without her teeth), one can. But this is another thing the countess (who was a gazing stock, you must explain me. How is it most preferable to the lady, that one shall write or shall come-

"Oh, write," said Margaret quickly. "Look!" he exclaimed, "at the sun-set. Ah, is it not lovely?"

Of a sudden they were looking, not at the sunset, but into each other's eyes; and all about them was that wonderful, transfiguring glow, and it seemed as if there were nothing in the whole world that he had not said.

"Is it to the right, Herr Captain?" asked the driver, turning on his seat to divide a benign and semi-intoxicatd smile between them.

Then it was hardly a moment until the yellow stucco of the pension jumped at their eyes, around a corner; and there were the clergyman's widow and the teacher at the door. They fell upon the carriage in a clamor of explanation and sympathy; they were at her side when he bowed over her hand and kissed it, saying, "Auf-

wiedersehen." That was all. There was never any ore. He did not come again. Or if te came, she was not there, since the next day they were on their way to Bremen, summoned by cable to her sister's deathbed. She never heard from him or of him again. Yet she had left her American address with his aunt for any letters that might need to be forwarded, and a stiff little note of thanks and farewell-a perfectly neutral note such as any friend might give or receive. There followed ness (the sister was a widow without children, and she shared her estate weeks crowded with serrow and busiwith her other sister); and Margaret imputed her deep depression to these natural and sufficient causes. She rated herself for vanity in reading her own meanings into a courteous young man's looks and his intelligent interest in national difference of manners She fostered her shame with the New Englander's zest for self-torture. But one afternoon, without warning, there fell upon her a deep and hopeless peace. It was as if some invisible power controlled and changed all the currents of her thought. She knew that her friend was not faithless or careless; he was dead. She began to weep gently, thinking pitifully of his old father with the loud voice, and his fracile mother and the sister and brother and the little nephew. people," she murmured, wishing, for the first time in her life, to make some sign of her sorrow for them to them, she who always paid her toll of sympathy, but dreaded it and knew that she was clumsy. She remembered the day at the castle, and went over again each word, each look. A sensation that she could not understand, full of awe and sweetness, possessed her. It was indescribable, unthinkable, but it was also irresistible. Under its impulse she went to a trunk in another room, from which she had not yet removed all the contents, and took out her Heidelberg photographs She said to herself that she would look at the scenes of that day. In her search she came upon a package of her own pictures which had come the morning of the day that she had gone. She could not remember any details of receiving them, except that she had been at the photographer's the

before and paid for them. When they

came she was in too great agitation

(they were just packing) to more than

fling them into a tray. She could not tell why she took the cartes out of the envelope and ran them listlessly through her fingers; but at the last of the package she uttered a cry. The last carte was a picture of Max, with the inscription in his own hand, "Thine for ever." It is not exact to say that with the finding of the picture her doubt of his affection for her vanished; for in truth, she had no doubts, the possession was too absolute. But the sight came upon her as the presence of a mortal being, alive her of his father, who had the best and visible, comes on one when he heart in the world, but was credited enters a room. And there is no question that it was a really loved Max, at this time, the knowledge of his death would have been her cruelest shock; for then she could have no hope to meet him again in the world-no hope of some explanation and the happiness of life to gether. But she was not in love with the young German, she was touched by his admiration, she admired him tenderly, she felt the moving of a subtle attraction which she called friendship and which might pass into a keener feeling; but she did not love him. Not then. Therefore, she felt a sweetness in her pain; she could respect herself once more; she had a new and mystical toy: for was she not beloved above women? Had not her lover come to her, through what strange paths who may know, to comfort her? This is the story of the picture. She could not tell it. Nor did she; but she hung Max's portrait on the walls of her little parlor; and she hung opposite a picture of the castle; and from that day, never a day passed that it did not influence her. used to think her thoughts be fore it. She came to it with her grief for the loss of kindred and friends, with her loneliness, with her anxie ties, with her aspirations, her plans, her cares for others, her slowly dawning interests and affections. She was a reticent woman, who might never have allowed her heart to expand to her husband himself, beyond a certain limit; but she hid nothing from Max. In time, she fell into the habit of talking to the picture. She called him Max. The first time she spoke his name she blushed. She made her toilets for him more than for the world; but whether Max could admire them or not, it is certain that the girls knew every change in her pretty gowns. Her sense of having been loved had its effect on her manner, and a deeper effect on her heart. At thirty she was a New England nun; at forty she was the woman who understands. love which the shrinking and critical girl repelled at its first step toward her, without knowing, the woman who pitied and who understood, attracted, quite as unconsciously.

Now she began to pace the room trying to think clearly. Was it her duty to tell Florence the story and let ner tell the girls? The red-hot agony of the idea seemed to her exited conscience, an intimation that it was her duty from which she shrank | band!

His face fell, then promptly bright- because she was a selfish, hysterical, "Perhaps it would be best to dishonorable coward. Horrible as to both, so near the same time such abasement would be, if it were her duty, she could do it; could not, what she would not do, was to tear the veil from the pure and mystical passion which had been the flower of her heart. "Not if it cost me my soul," she said, with the fro zen quiet of despair; "it is awful, but I can't do it!" One thing did remain; she could remove the picture. That false witness of what had never been should go. No eyes should ever fall on it again. It should never deceive She walked toward it firmly more. She lifted her hand-and it fell. can't!" she mouned. "I'll do it to-morrow." She could not remember, in years, so weak a compromise offered

her conscience. But she felt a sense of respite, almost relief, once having decided, and she recovered her composure enough to go to her chamber and bathe her While she was thus engaged she heard a knock, "It is he," she said quietly; "well, the sooner the better.

It was he; he had come earlier than he expected, he explained; he was most grateful for Miss Wing's kind message. He looked like his uncle, as the members of a family will look alike. He was not so tall; he was not so handsome. Perhaps most people would call him more graceful. his English was faultless; he must have spoken it from his childhood. In the midst of his first sentences, before they had permitted him to take a chair, his eyes traveled past Miss Wing's face. She perceived that he saw the picture; she knew that she grew pale; but, to her amazement, a calm like the calm which had wrapped her senses on the day of her finding the picture, closed about her again. "I beg pardon?" said he.

"Yes, that is Count von Butler's portrait," said she, in a clear voice, without emotion. He was not so com "Then it was you," he said. posed. Following her example, he took a chair and looked earnestly at the pic "When Miss Raimund tured face. spoke of you so warmly, I noticed that the name was the same, and I determined to inquire, but it seemed to me unlikely. Yet it is. Miss Wing, have a message to you, from my un-"I was with him when he died."

That was a strange thing to hear when the message of his uncle's death had come to him in another country; she hoped that her brain was not go ing to play her false.

"It was fifteen years ago last July, you know. I never knew how many details you received, or only the bare fact in the papers."

Fifteen years! fifteen years! What was that date he was giving? That was the day on which she sailed for America, the day after-what was that story he was telling of a visit and a fire and a child rescued and an ac cident? But still she listened with the ame iron composure. The next words she heard distinctly.

"It was like him to lose his life that way; and he did not grudge it. Yet it was hard that I should be the only one of his blood with him. He could speak with difficulty when he told me to take a lock of hair and his signet ring to you. He dictated the address, himself, to me. 'You must be sure and take it,' he said. 'It is to the lady that I hoped would be my betrothed; you must tell grandmamma about it, too. She has my picture and she knows-but tell her'-and then, I think his mind must have wandered a little, for he smiled brightly at me, saying. Til tell her myself,' and then the doctors came. He said nothing more, only once, they told me, he murmured something about his betrothed. But I had the ring; he took it off his finger and kissed it and gave it to me. Child as I was. I knew that it was sacred. I wrapped it in the paper, and afterward I put the lock of hair beside it. So soon as I could, I went to Heidelberg, to the pension. You had gone and there was no address, no trace—"

'My aunt is dead," said the young German gravely. "I would not criti-cize her, but she had her own choice of a wife for my uncle; I do not think one could trust her with addresses." "We all gave ours to her to give to

"I left my address with the coun-

"That is why, then, I could not find you. My grandmother also tried. But you were gone. I thought of the banks, long after, but I found nothing. Often it has seemed dreadful that you should learn of this only through the papers. But I could not ell whether-anything. When I came to America, I confess it was always in my mind. I always carried my uncle's little packet with me. I will have it sent to you."

"Excuse me," said Miss Wing gently. "Will you please bring me the glass of water—I—am afraid—I can't

But she would not let him pour the water on his handkerchief to bathe her head. She sipped the water, and very pale, but quite herself, brought him back to his own matters. found that it was a cousin, miscalled an uncle, in the German manner, who ad died. It did not seem to her that Max's nephew could be unworthy of any girl; yet she conscientiously questioned him regarding his worldly atfairs, for Florence was an only daughter whose father had great possessions and a distrust of adventurers. and at last she sent him forth to walk in the grove with his sweetheart.
"And speak to her," she said, with a look that sank into his heart; "It is the American way; don't wait to write, the American way is best."

So, at last, she was alone. Alone with her lover who had always been true; whose love many waters could not quench, and it was stronger than death.

She never touched the picture, save reverently to dust it, to take it down when she went away, to replace it in its station when she returned. But now trembling, yet not blushing, she took the picture into her hands. She looked long into its eyes; she kissed it with a light and timid kiss, and swiftly hid the smiling face against her heart, pressing the frame in both hands, and ouching it with her cheek bent over it, while she whispered: "You did tell me. You came back and told me. I love you. Max, my knight-my hus-

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Like an Old Fool. Sillicus-What is the age of discre

tion? Cynicus-There isn't any. I a man over seventy who married b fourth wife the other day.

Matter Easily Explained. Two lawyers met on the street. In been wondering about you," said on "What were you wondering about me?" "Well, I've heard you address a jury and I thought that you were to most eloquent man in Cleveland. The live heard you make an affection. I've heard you make an afterdi speech at a banquet and you we pardon me—pretty rotten. Now, her is that?" "I'll tell you. When fu talking to a jury my dinner depends on my speech. When I'm talking to a bunch of diners I've already had my dinner."

HOW IT WAS.



"How did yo "I done slipped down on my back

"But, name o' goodness, nose isn't located on yo' back." "No. sah; an' needer was Bru

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