

BORN AGAIN:
OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A DUAL LIFE.

BY
D. N. FORD.

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

Jesus of Nazareth.

FALMOUTH, MASS.
SUCCANESSET PRESS,
CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS, PROP.
1893.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

334730B

ACCEL, LUNGY AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

B

1945

L

To my mother, who told me many of these things in my boyhood; my mother, who forty years ago passed on to the higher life, these pages are affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Argosy 24 Nov 1945

COPYRIGHT, 1890.

DANIEL N. FORD.

PREFACE.

With no object in view beyond giving expression to the then present thought, the following story was begun. The plot developed as the writing proceeded; and many of the incidents interwoven, could with slight variation be duplicated in the writer's life. At anyrate, imagination has not been drawn upon to any extent; for "Truth is stranger than fiction," and a close observer of events with mind unbiassed, would find food for many strange narrations in the every day life of the average man or woman.

The bare statement of facts which have come under the writer's observation, might be received with discredit were they given as such; but presented as a tale of fiction, they will probably be received graciously by the kind reader. The moral of the story is the same in either case, for no one can scarcely conceive of any thing which may not be possible in the not distant future. The atmosphere we breathe, and the earth beneath our feet, are teeming with what are mysteries to the most advanced scientists; and we can safely say that it always will be so; otherwise men would become as Gods. Who can draw the line, and say, *beyond this it is not possible?*

In the narrative here presented however, there is nothing more marvelous than what has happened in the experience of the many; which were it otherwise, it would probably find no fewer readers, for the average mind delights to revel in the mysterious.

If there is one thing more than another, the wisest of mankind should preserve, it is humility in the face of the great unknown forces of the universe, which make us what we are. As our loved Whittier says :

“ I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A central self which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hill of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the future from the past.”

J. L. Basford in his “ Sparks ” from the “ Philosopher's Stone ” says :

“ No man ever did, or can, govern himself.”

No truer words were ever spoken. The one, superficial humanity points to, as a self-made man, one for all entering into the arena of life, to imitate, is as much a creature of circumstances as is the murderer or the tramp; and it seems to be the lesson of the following pages for all to learn who have failed to see the light, that men are pilgrims on the road, journeying on towards the Father.

Though being compassed round about by the Great Spirit, man is yet far from him. He has been drifting away from him, as intellectually he has sought to measure the Supreme, contented to grovel in materialism, ever seeking in outward manifestations after what lives only in the unseen. But the day is dawning when that which man has deemed but the fancy of the dreamer, is to speak in thunder tones; and like the handwriting on the wall, will reveal to a startled humanity the burning fact, that instead of circumscribing the infinite, man himself is being weighed in the balance.

D. N. F.

BORN AGAIN :

OR, THE ROMANCE OF A DUAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Occasionally in our walks in life, we meet with a man who is nearly always out of the fashion. He is not so, simply because he wants to be, but because he cannot help himself. He looks at things in a different light from the mass of mankind, and generally has a reason for everything, which cannot be said of fashion's votary. The conventional man is seldom a philosopher. He apes the rest of the human race, thinking more of what people will say than of the approval of the voice within. The man who is thus trammelled, is never contented, for the reason that not being able to read people's minds, he is in constant fear that he has done something he ought not to have done; while the one who follows implicitly the light within him, seldom has anything to regret. Accordingly a smile is his answer when he is asked — "Why do ye so?"

Such a man was Paul Miflitt, who was one of strange ways; strange in the eyes of people who could not see below the surface.

He had lived to be over fifty years of age at the time our story begins. He had done a little of everything for a living, and hadn't laid up a cent. He had labored for others for the love of it, many times not expecting any compensation, financially speaking, having entertained the idea that to "take no thought for the morrow" — should be carried out to the letter, feeling that by so doing he was

laying up treasures in Heaven, and in a mansion where thieves do not break in and steal, and beyond the attacks of moth and rust.

At any rate Paul Miflitt had no very cheerful prospect in view on the mundane side of the stream, which is the boundary between the two worlds.

He had often said, he didn't care to leave anything for those who should out-live him to quarrel over ; but would like to leave enough to pay the undertaker, and the various incidental funeral expenses. The prospect for even that however, was somewhat vague ; yet he did not borrow trouble, for he had a feeling he could not account for, that something would turn up in his favor, when he would least expect it.

It was a cold raw January afternoon. It had been raining all day ; but the wind had shifted to the northeast, and instead of rain, the sleet was driving earthward, giving the ground in patches the appearance of winter. What water there was in the roads, was fast stiffening into ice, under the combined influences of the sub stratum of frost of previous making, and the increasing coldness of the wind.

Paul Miflitt's was a modest little cottage of one and a half stories, with two rooms on the lower floor, and a large one above. It was the simplest kind of a house, like its occupant and builder, situated on the south side of Glen street. Like many other cottages it had a name, the word Violet, in dark blue letters, appearing in the gable, which was towards the street. Why it was called Violet, is not known, for the paint upon its clapboards was of a greenish yellow. At any rate, Violet was a modest name enough, and was in thorough keeping with everything about the premises.

Diagonally opposite — that is northwesterly — was a more pretentious dwelling of two stories. This house was built for comfort and convenience. It covered a great deal of ground, land being cheap when it was built, there being five rooms on the lower floor, and as many above.

There was an orchard at the back of the lot, in which were perhaps fifty fruit trees, mostly apples and pears, with a few peach trees near the eastern boundary.

This building took its name from the thoroughfare upon which it stood, and was known as Glen cottage. It was painted white, with blinds of Paris Green, and was a pretty home for the Lamont's. There was nothing remarkable about the place, unless the perfect neatness everywhere visible, was worthy of particular notice.

On the day our story opens, Paul Mifflitt was indulging in a fit of the blues; and as he looked from his window upon the whitening ground, he imagined a winding sheet was being thrown over it, and was wishing he, instead of mother-earth, was lying there. He was of a sanguine temperament however, and was not often given to sad reflections. If there was any fun in anything, he wasn't slow in finding it, and this despondency on this January day was of rare occurrence in Paul's generally cheerful life.

He was a frequent visitor at the Lamont's. Scarcely a day passed, that did not find him knocking at the side door, which was always answered by a cordial, "Come in," from within.

The sleet turned to snow, and thick and fast came the flakes, driven by the fierce northeaster against the window panes. The clicking became monotonous, and Paul Mifflitt arose from his seat, and shook himself. "This never'll do," he muttered: "What right have I to sit here like a bear, hating myself, when I have plenty of coal in the bin, and money enough in my pocket to carry me through the winter? I'll call on Nellie, and dump the dumps into the snow as I go." Saying which, he threw his overcoat over his shoulders, donned his soft slouch hat, and left his little cottage to take care of itself.

Nellie was sitting at the window as he approached the side door, and with a bright smile, that melted all the icicles in his breast, she said, speaking through the closed window, "Don't stop to knock — come right in." So he went, out of the winter of nature, into the summer of welcome and good feeling. Gone was all despondency and gloom, and in their places was good cheer which always went out from Nellie Lamont, to warm the heart of Paul Mifflitt.

Mrs. Lamont was out, and Nellie had company in the person of a ten months' old baby, which was left in her care by Mrs. Wright, the next door neighbor, who had gone to the city to do some shopping. Nellie, although many years the junior of her caller, received him more than kindly, and she was out of sorts indeed when she had no smile for him, and perhaps a kiss if he cared to receive it.

He was of a safe age to kiss; for he was old enough to be the father of a much older girl than she. The truth may as well be told. There was a tender regard existing between them. It was the warmest kind of friendship, and perhaps ripening into love. How far that ripening process might continue, it is hard to say, for the will has but little to do in such cases, and judgment is apt to take a back seat. The heart rules almost invariably, but Paul had a pretty good head on his shoulders, and knew better than to tread dangerous ground. He knew it was "not good for man to live alone," and he also knew, that there should not be too many years between man and wife. He was one of the few men who could love with a love that would not consume, but would with a warm glow, fill the soul towards its object. He had passed the age, when love finds fruition in the nuptial bed, and had arrived at that point in the soul's career, when it desires its mate for other, and more spiritual uses. He had reason to believe that Nellie had not reached that point, and had yet to take degrees in life, before she could meet him on the same ground. But he took delight in being with her, fancying he was being fed in her presence, with a nectar that his soul required.

Nellie confided in Paul Miflitt, and found in him a counsellor whom she often consulted. She generally followed his advice in matters of the heart, as well as every day affairs.

As he opened the door, Nellie said in her sweet way, "Come in Mr. Miflitt, I'm so glad to see you. I was just thinking of you, and wondered why you hadn't been over. Here it is almost night, and you haven't been in before, to-day. Baby's asleep."

"Well you are not, Nellie dear;" he replied, throwing down his hat, and seating himself by her side. "As long as all are away, there's a fine chance for me to pop the question." "Well, go ahead and pop it," she answered. "A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady." This was enough for Paul, who, old as he was, felt the fire of young manhood still burning within him. He threw himself upon his knees, and half seriously, and half for the sake of acting, and with an assumed tremor in his voice, said, "Oh, sweet one, if I was twenty-five years younger, would you be my own dear wife, for the remainder of life?" Without flinching, she replied, "I don't know but I would, my dear; I could not say. I think it quite likely; but as you are not twenty-five years younger, all there is left for me is to sigh." Then she sighed; he sighed also, and putting his arm around her waist said,—and this in earnest — "Then if I can't be your husband, I will be your son." "You silly mortal, Mr. Mifflitt; no one but you would ever think of making such a speech."

"Well," answered Paul, "You don't know, none of us know where we may be, how situated, ten years from now." "I know it;" she pensively said. "It is as you say; none of us know." He then asked, after a pause — "Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"I don't know; I have never given it much thought. It is enough for me, to think of the present."

"Well, I don't care a fig for the present," he feelingly retorted. "My life has been a failure any way; I have loved, and lost, and am still alone in the world. I at one time thought that happiness was almost within my grasp, but grim death took my idol away. Since then, I have lived on and on, wondering if the great void would be filled, before I should fill a grave. I am now too old to venture again, and would like to shuffle off this mortal coil, and begin over again." She looked at him in astonishment, not knowing how to answer. "Do you hear?" he added — "I'd like to begin over again. I'd like to fight the battle over."

"What an idea!"—she exclaimed. "What good would that do you? You don't know but you would make the same mistakes—for you must allow that you have made them, and do no better than you have done in this life."

"There is where you, I think, make a mistake," he replied. "If I should live another life on earth, I honestly believe that it would be in my blood, to act differently, as it is in the nature of a child to inherit disposition, from a parent. None of us know why we do this or that; we think we choose to do it, and that it is optional with us at all times. A little stream no wider than your finger, turns this way because of a slight depression in the ground; and then that way, because of a stone that impedes its progress, and a circuitous course is the result. Now as it is with the stream, so it is with us; we are turned this way, and that, by little spiritual forces, that present themselves in life; forces, all unseen. My life is of within, and without; an act committed in my past life, but now forgotten, may as a picture, hang somewhere in my soul's gallery, and may have an influence through hanging there, to turn my thought, or color my intention, although I may not know why at the time. An impression has been made upon the soul, which never can be effaced. The physical may decay, and spring into new life in the flowers of the field; but that never dying soul grows on and on, not dependent upon memory, which sometimes fades, while the spirit is wedded to the physical. Say not, Nellie that another life would not find me a step higher up the ladder."

"Oh," she answered, when he had finished. "I cannot talk with you. You know more than I do any way. You have a better brain, and education. It is all beyond my comprehension. I can't say that you are not right, but I can, and will say one thing, and that is, that I don't want to hear you say anything more about dying. You are not an old man by any means. You would not want to marry a giddy thing like me, when there are so many older ones who would suit you better, and make you so much happier. There are plenty of better fishes in the sea than I am, Mr. Miffitt," her tone having a shade of sadness in it, as she

concluded.

"Well if there are, I haven't the hook, nor bait to fish with; nor have I the desire. I want to give up the bad job, and strike out anew. I hate to give up beat."

"Well, if I didn't know you pretty well, I would think you were getting a little out." She looked into his eyes, which reflected only her own image. His was a blue gray eye, as clean and clear, open and frank, as a boy's of fifteen; and added — "Now you had better change the subject; you are not ready to die yet, and we are not ready to have you. So just make up your mind to stay with us a few years longer, and make things lively as you used to. Stay your time out Mr. Mifflitt." "Well, I'll think of it;" he answered, "I don't intend to commit suicide, as long as I can be by your side; but if I should happen to pop off some fine day, you'll remember me, will you not? You know if you should ever be fortunate enough to get married, and think of me often, why, if the Lord should be good to you, your first boy might look like me; that would be some consolation, wouldn't it?" He heeded not her blushing, but continued — "It is often the case, that a child resembles neither father nor mother, but a distant friend, whom the mother may have in mind. Pardon me; I know these are strange words, and may seem to you, to be spoken in jest; but though they seem to fall lightly from my lips, it is my heart that speaks them out of its abundance. We are not fools, Nellie, you and I." He waited for her to speak. "Are you through?" she asked with a heightened color, which added a beauty to her otherwise fine features. "Yes, for the present," he answered. "I may have more anon. I want to know how this suits first." "Well," she replied, laughing; "I think you have been pretty well wound up; and you would do well to finish while you have the opportunity. I shall treat all this as one of your best jokes."

"Yes a joke, Nellie. Now, one sweet kiss, and Paul Mifflitt will be himself again." "Stop!" she cried but not until he had taken it; "right here, at the window; What will people say?"

"There are no people to see it, and if there were, they would only say how lucky a dog is Paul Miflitt, to be privileged to taste such cherry lips." He then took another for the baby to be, and woke up the little one on the lounge by the operation. Nellie dropped her sewing, with flushed cheeks, and crossing the room, took it from its resting place, and brought it to Paul, saying—"Isn't she a darling?"—"She is," he replied, "and so will I be when I am a baby." Then, in came Mrs. Lamont, which put an end to the conversation. Paul seemed satisfied, however. He had relieved his mind of what had long been an incubus, and felt that so much had been disposed of, and he was more of a man than ever. "Ah Mr. Miflitt," exclaimed Mrs. Lamont; "I am glad Nellie has had such good company." "Thank you;" he replied. I came over to get rid of the blues, and though I have left them here, I trust you will not be affected by them." "Oh, no fear of that;" Mrs. Lamont replied. "Blues don't live long in this house; they soon are dissipated as is the steam from the teakettle" "Well you ought to have heard him, mother, said Nellie"—"I don't care to know;" Mrs. Lamont interrupted. "If he has said anything wonderful, I am glad of it. If he can excel you, Nellie, in making strange speeches, he can do a great deal. What was for your ears wasn't for mine." Now Mrs. Lamont was a very sensible person. She was not over inquisitive, and even if she had been, she knew Paul Miflitt well enough to know, that whatever he might have said to her daughter, was in good taste or Nellie would not be so free to speak of it. She did not encourage Nellie to make further revelations and said—"Don't tell all you know, Nellie; perhaps Mr. Miflitt would not wish to have you." "Oh I wasn't going to give you away, Paul Miflitt;" Nellie answered as she saw a look of concern on his features. "You are at liberty to do so. I have said nothing I am ashamed of," he answered. "You are a conumdrum Mr. Miflitt," Nellie said. Mrs. Lamont remarked; "Well, if he is, don't rack your brain trying to solve him; it may bring on one of your sick headaches."

CHAPTER II.

During the few minutes that elapsed, before Mrs. Wright entered for her baby, Paul said but little. Mrs. Lamont busied herself about getting tea; and Nellie held the baby. Paul had talked himself out, and was evidently congratulating himself that he had had the opportunity. He sat watching the large flakes that came clicking against the window, to stick there for a second, and then slide slowly down, as they melted on the pane from the heat within the room.

He loved to watch the snowflakes now, as he did when he was a boy, so many, many years ago. He was a boy still, in spirit, and always intended, he said, to be one. The baby was amusing herself, trying to claw Nellie's eye out with her little forefinger; which operation, she allowed to go so far, and no farther. "How do you get along with your painting?" asked Mrs. Lamont, at length. "Slowly," Paul replied; as his eye caught sight of a large flake that allowed the other flakes to pass it on their journey to the bottom of the sash. "Slowly; I don't get much inspiration now-a-days; somehow I seem to be failing. I think more and more as the days come and go, that I am but a stick floating along with the tide. I seem to be in the middle of the stream, with a desire some of the time to cross the current, and make the acquaintance of some other sticks, that I see clinging to the bushes"—"While those very sticks"—Mrs. Lamont interrupted him by saying, "are doubtless wishing they could be like you, free to dance

along on the wave, on its journey to the sea. \ None of us are contented with our lot, but are always wishing we were like somebody else. Did you never think, Mr. Mifflitt, that you have your own life to live, and cannot be true to your own nature, if you are others who were differently made to start with, and have always been governed by circumstances entirely different from those influencing you?"

"I have thought of all that, Mrs. Lamont; but the result of my meditations has invariably been, that I have run off the track somewhere, and have not been able to get on to it again."

"No, Mr. Mifflitt; I must differ with you. You could not get off the track, for the reason that any track laid for you to travel on, must be travelled by you and by you alone. Seeming mistakes have been educators; and the result of each deviation from what you considered the right road, was every time, to make you stronger within yourself, and stimulate a positiveness, and hardihood, which could not be acquired, had you sailed along serenely on the bosom of a summer's sea."

"How do you account for troubles that overtake one, the loss of friends and property," asked Mr. Mifflitt, "which go to make up the sum of our experiences, and which happen notwithstanding all our efforts to avert them?"

"I repeat," she answered—"that they all go towards rounding out the man. You would not exchange crosses with another—You could not safely. Your cross fits your shoulders; mine fits mine." "True, but life is short, and we totter and fall into the grave at last, cross and all, with all our philosophy," he responded.

"No, not we;" quickly answered Mrs. Lamont. "We do not fall into the grave. We outlive the body, and if we have suffered before, we enjoy all the more keenly after."

"A comforting belief, Mrs. Lamont," said Paul. "I hope all you say regarding the future, is true; but a mountain stands before me, which no eye of faith will enable me to penetrate."

"You will see things differently one of these days, Mr. Mifflitt. You have plenty of time in which to change your

mind " replied Mrs. Lamont. " Very true, so mote it be," lightly returned Mifflitt, whose opposition to Mrs. Lamont, was more in the tongue than in the thought. He liked to place himself in the position of the skeptic, that he might draw out from his seeming opponent the arguments, to support what he secretly held to be true. He would have continued to engage his friend in conversation; but perceived that he was taking her valuable time, and said no more upon the subject.

Nellie, who was now busy sewing, had been a silent auditor of the conversation between Paul and her mother; but when she found that no more was to be said just then, asked: " Mr Mifflitt, don't you think Mrs. Wright's baby is a darling, and don't you wish you had one just like it to love?" " To your first question, I answer yes: to the last, I answer by asking, what could an old bachelor like me, do with a baby? I have thought that if I had a little one to look out and care for, that it might be an incentive to ambition; but it is too late in the day. I am entering second childhood now and could not attend to all the wants of another child."

" Oh, now I understand why you wanted to be my son, a short time ago. You wanted me to care for you as a child."

" That's it exactly;" he answered, " but it did not occur to me that my words would be thus interpreted. It will do, though, for the present, as your mind is not prepared to accept any other." " There, now you go again into your mysticisms. Why can't you be like other men, and come down to my level? Most young men talk nonsense nowadays, or at least they do when they come to see me; and I feel provoked with myself after they are gone, because I have laughed over their gibberish. Somehow, I seem when with them, to be of the same spirit, and enter into all they have to say, with a relish; when inwardly I despise it all. You amuse me; but there is something at the bottom of all you say, which I long to get at; and you leave me wondering at you, and how you came by such strange and sometimes weird notions."

"Then, it is, after all, something you like to hear, even if I am not like other men. You ask me why can't I be like other men, and then a little later you call their talk gibberish."

"Pardon me; I know I am an inconsistent mortal, but what I meant was, why do you lead me out into deep water when you know I cannot swim? Do you delight in seeing me splash about in fear of drowning?"

"No, not exactly;" answered Paul. "I do like to know how far you can go; and then I like to be in the position to save you, if you go a step too far. But don't try to follow me. Don't trouble your brain, Nellie; attend to your sewing. People who go in search of an open polar sea, and try to get hold of the north pole, invariably come to grief. Make the most of what you can see and handle, and you will be all the happier for it. I have speculated all my days, and if you could ransack my brain, you would find the greatest curiosity shop you ever met with; but more hereafter. I have an inspiration; and I think I can put upon the canvas, something such as was never seen by mortal eyes. Come in, in the morning, and I will show it to you."

"All right, I will;" answered Nellie, and out Paul Mifitt rushed into the snow storm, bidding them good by as he closed the door.

"Come again" came in honest tone from Mrs. Lamont in the kitchen; "I will," said Paul as he stood outside, at the same time, throwing a kiss through the window at Nellie. "Isn't he queer, mother?" asked Nellie when he had crossed the street, and entered his own little dwelling. "Well," she replied; "He is not understood." I always thought Mr. Mifitt was not where he belonged; and if he had chosen, he could have filled a more prominent position than he occupies here, in this out of the way place." "Why mother; you said to Mr. Mifitt that he could not get off the track, and that he had to travel in the road he was in." "I know I did;" she answered. "That was in the heat of argument when people are apt to express themselves as they do not at other times."

"I know what you mean, mother," her daughter replied — "You feel just as I do, that Mr. Mifflitt could fill a position other than what he does, if he was placed in it." "Yes, that is what I mean, and I ought to add, that he is probably doing a work as he is now, that is necessary for him to do. We are all short sighted mortals, any way, and have no right to judge of others needs and capabilities."

He was for a time the subject of their conversation, as he had been many times before. In the meantime, Paul Mifflitt had returned to his easel, and with dexterous brush proceeded to put the finishing touches to a little landscape he had been some hours at work upon, previous to his visit to the Lamont's.

As he worked with his hands, his brain also worked. His labor with the brush and pencil was chiefly mechanical; which left his thoughts free to roam as they would. Consequently his thoughts were upon the girl right over the way. He had given her just cause to call him an enigma, for he was continually saying things to whet her appetite for more. He went beyond her depth many times, and awakened within her soul a desire to know more of those subjects he seemed conversant with. Her people were matter of fact, honest town folk. The father had work in a neighboring town, which paid him well; and all he earned, was prudently disposed of by his faithful wife. What was not required for present use, was laid by for a rainy day, which Mrs. Lamont was sure would come sooner or later.

Several years of acquaintance with Paul Mifflitt had endeared him to those he daily came in contact with; and all the acts of his life, as far as they knew, were actuated by honest desire to do by others as he would have others do by him. Scandal tried to make a subject of him, but with poor success.

A lone man must walk to a line of the straightest drawing, when gossip cannot find a thread to unravel; and he had been many times on trial by these self-constituted jurists, who were invariably obliged to disagree upon a verdict, and magnanimously (?) acquit him.

Little cared he for their deliberations, for his soul was clean, in all matters at least, which the villagers saw fit to investigate.

Paul Miflitt lived true to himself; and though he laid up no treasures in the shape of lucre, he paid his way, and never robbed the poor, that he might revel in luxury. He sometimes called himself a failure, but in the eye of the great judge, he was doubtless a success; for he had started many safely on the voyage of life, and had been a benefactor in more ways than one to the members of the rising generation. Denied wife and children himself, he took an interest in the offspring of others; and did much to glorify their lives, and cause the little buds of humanity to blossom in beauty and fragrance. Treasures in heaven without doubt he had laid up; and a misjudging world is not competent to decide the question, whether such a man is a success or not.

The next morning, Nellie appeared in the little studio of Paul Miflitt. She came to see what he had to show her, she said.

Paul was as glad to see her as though it had been weeks instead of hours since he left her. "It is a scene I often visit in my dreams, Nellie. Here it is;" and rising, he caused her to stand where she could get the best view of his work. Though not much of a judge, she was highly pleased with what she saw upon the canvas. It was a pretty view, and represented a quiet glen through the surrounding foliage of which could be seen the dancing waters of a lovely bay. A rock in the foreground covered with moss formed a seat for the only figure in the picture; which was of Paul himself. "And do you really think you have been in such a place Mr. Miflitt?" asked Nellie.

"Yes in my dream life;" he answered. "I believe that in sleep, our spirits are free to roam at will; and I honestly believe that when I am done with this body, I shall walk in that very spot, and sit upon that very rock, and with some one I know in that life; for Nellie we are living two lives: did you know it?"

"No, I didn't, Mr. Miflitt."

“Well we are. You may ask me how I know. I can’t perhaps explain to you, how I know. Knowledge comes to each one through a different channel. I have lived in the spirit so much, and have attached so much importance to what the ordinary mortal deems the flight of fancy, that I appear strange to you; but the longer you live, the more will your vision be opened, and the more important and enduring you will appear to yourself. You look upon me as an old man; but I look at you, through the eyes of a boy just starting upon an eternal career. My love for you will never die; and you will see me sometime, not far distant, divested of the old box which so feebly expresses the youthfulness of the jewel within.” Nellie listened enrapt in the sweet sound of the words, which from his lips seemed fraught with so much strange meaning. She put her little hand on his arm, and said, while her dark hazel eye looked into his, “Mr. Mifflitt, I am not worthy of your confidence. Why do you drop so many pearls into my lap? Why do you not seek some one, who is your equal; one who can appreciate you; one whose experience in those things is like your own?”

Paul smiled upon her as he answered, “Because darling girl, you are a tender flower I love to look upon. You are a human plant, I want to help rear. You feed my soul when you are nigh; and I feel a joy in your presence, which words cannot express; and I feel you are mine, although I am so many years your senior. I don’t expect you to feel as I do, but you are growing, child; you must be of the world awhile: live in its customs, marry, be a mother, live your sensuous life, grow into perfect stature, and not hunger for unrequited love, for you are to blossom in the garden of humanity. I will call for my own sometime. You will know me in Heaven darling;” and he seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and kissed it with all the fervor of a passionate lover. Nellie trembled before him, never having seen him in such a mood. It was not fear, but amazement that held her. She looked into his eyes, and for a time seemed bewildered. A thrill like a wave passed over her system from head to foot, and she felt powerless in his

presence. For a time it seemed she felt as if she could yield up her spirit to her God, and pass into the unknown by the side of him, who held her as in a spell.

"Forgive me Nellie for speaking as I have, but it had to come. It has lain in my bosom many, many days and nights. It will not have to be said again. Live your sweet life Nellie, and I will ever be near you, to counsel and protect you."

She was about to speak, but he put his finger on her lip, and said. "One word more Nellie. I know I shall be called hence before many moons have waned. There is a little green trunk up stairs, upon which your name will be written in red. It is for you, with its contents. There are manuscripts, and letters, which will throw some light upon my past life. Any pictures you may covet, shall be yours. Now you can speak Nellie." The tears hung upon her lashes, and for a time she spoke not. Words, she felt, from her lips could make no impression upon one who seemed so far above her; but she ventured — "Mr. Mifflitt, I came here to see your picture, and you have poured upon my soul a flood of feeling, oh so new to me! The assurance with which you speak of your passing away, troubles me. Is it your desire to go, which prompts you to speak thus? or is it a manifestation of prophecy, with which you seem gifted?"

"Neither, Nellie; it has been revealed to me recently, that my time on earth is short."

"And yet, you seem as well as usual; in fact, I never saw you when you looked better."

"That is nothing," he answered. "My trouble is heart disease. I may go at any time. Some morning you will see my curtains down, Nellie, but don't be frightened. The change will come to all of us when the time arrives; and how much better it is to go like the snuffing of a candle, than to linger along in pain, a burden to our friends."

"Oh, I can't bear to hear you talk so lightly of dying, dear Mr. Mifflitt. Please don't any more. Say that you have been in jest, and that you may live many years yet. Do! that's a good man."

"I would willingly, Nellie, if it came from the heart. It is possible that I am mistaken, and that I may live to be three score and ten."

"There; that sounds better; but I know I shall not sleep a wink to night, and that I shall never dare to look over to your window the first thing in the morning again. Oh, dear!" "I did not tell you these things to make you feel sad. Nellie. It is well to be prepared you know."

"No, I do not know it. We never can be prepared. Death is ever an unwelcome visitor, and it is frightful to think of it. I know it will come to us all; but God is good to keep the veil drawn, so that we may not darken to-day with the thought of the to-morrow. Mr. Mifflitt, I see the shadow creeping along the ground; you have opened my eyes — oh, but I wish you hadn't."

Paul put his arm around her waist, and drawing her to him, said — "Now Nellie, you will thank me before the time comes, that I told you these things. I know you will. I want you to know before I go, that to me it is going from one room to another. It is the next grand step in life. out of the darkness into the light. I long for the change. I will be nearer you than ever, and I will pour many a drop of comfort into your heart. My love will draw me to you." These were strange words Nellie heard, coming as they did from one in the prime of life, and apparently in perfect health. Had they been breathed into her ear by a dying friend, they would have been taken in a different spirit, in as much as there would have been an appropriateness in them. But they had a fearful import coming as they did from one in Paul Mifflitt's condition.

Gradually he drew her away from the theme of sadness, and by showing her some sketches she had never seen, and narrating little incidents connected with them, he brought her back to her usual spirits, so that when she left him for the present, she said, "Good bye Mr. Mifflitt. The next time you see me I hope you will talk about something besides dying."

He answered — "Never fear Nellie. I'll not trouble you again in like manner"—and she crossed the street to

her own home, with the little seed in her heart, that Paul had sown; the seed that was there to stay, and germinate and bear fruit, which would fall from the tree in tear drops, later on.

The days came, and went. The last snow of winter had melted. The trailing arbutus had yielded up its fragrant wealth of blossoms; and the birds awoke the sleepers in early morning. The trees were putting forth their leaves, and under the enlivening influence of the happy spring time, Nellie Lamont's heart beat in unison with every happy manifestation of returning life in nature.

The words of Paul Mifflitt, like a sad song had died away in the distance; and as she visited him almost daily, or he her, never referring to the subject that had saddened her heart that winter morning. She had bade good bye to all misgivings, and was a happy girl again. She had ceased to look tremblingly as the days opened to see if his curtains were down, and in fact at times did not look at all.

It was early in May, that Nellie received a letter from a friend in R inviting her to spend a week with her at her home. Her mother thought that a change of scene would be good for her, and advised her to accept the invitation at once. Accordingly she wrote an answer to her friend, to that effect. It was then Wednesday. On the Saturday following, she called on Paul, to tell him she was going that afternoon. He wished her a good time, and made her a present of a little keepsake, in the shape of a plaque, on which he had painted a boat just leaving the shore. Its occupant was pushing out into the bay, while up on the beach, stood a female, waving her adieu to him. It was a charming little bit of art, and as she took it she remarked — "The occupant of the boat ought to be a lady, as I am the one who is going away." He smiled sadly at what she said, and asked — "Do you think so Nellie?" Then as though a shadow crept over his spirit he said, "That picture signifies more than you suppose. You are to leave me for a few days."

"Yes, only a week, Paul"—

"I shall leave you to be gone many days, but don't let my words weigh upon you."

"Oh you have said what will weigh upon me. You are not going to leave me are you? You are not going away before I return?"

"It may be not," he answered, after a little hesitation. "We know not what a day may bring forth. I may be called away any time you know." "What! on business, do you mean?" she asked eagerly, not dreaming of his meaning.

"Not that I know of. Is that the only thing that can call one away?"

She looked into his eyes before replying, then she saw by the serious face, that he meant, ah, something more — yes, she divined it — "Oh Paul, you surely don't mean that you are going away and that I shall never see you again. Now, you have taken away all my anticipation of pleasure. Shall I not see you when the week is over? Say now; there's a good Mr. Mifflitt. You are trying me. Now, isn't it so? Say you are, and then I will go away as happy as a bird."

"Well" he replied as he took both her hands in his, "Perhaps I was, but you must bear in mind that life is brief. We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow." "Yes, that is true," she answered "and it always was; but don't apply in the present case particularly; that is — I should not bear it in mind now I am going away any more than at any other time."

"No, Nellie, but when you do go, don't say good by — That is all. Good by, would be sad words to speak to day."

I will not Paul; I will go now while you are smiling — I will merely shake hands with you."

"A little more than that," he added. Then suiting the action to the word he took her face between his two hands, and imprinted a hearty kiss upon her half open lips. She returned it and without speaking, wrung his hand warmly; and while trying to smile, turned away. She crossed the street, looked back, threw him another kiss and was gone. Paul still stood at the door looking at the spot where she

had disappeared, as if by the act she would materialize ; but no ; only that last kiss which existed in memory, and the warm love shake of the hand remained. He closed his door as he turned to go into his studio, and softly closed it, for its sound to him would seem as the rattling of the sod upon his own coffin.

CHAPTER III.

Little did Nellie Lamont think that Paul's ear would never again catch the tone of her voice, and that never again would she take him by the hand ; but not so with Paul. He felt that the parting was for good. He was a brave man, and would not show Nellie the picture in his mind. He knew she could not bear what he could, and more than all, he could see further into the future, and know to a certain extent, what the outcome was to be. She would be plunged in sorrow, knowing only the present. He could smile, because he could see through the storm, the blue sky beyond.

It was the third day after Nellie's departure, when a friend of Mr. Mifflitt, rang the bell at Mrs. Lamont's. She answered the summons. The caller inquired if she knew

whether Mr. Mifflitt was in the neighborhood, as he had knocked at his door, and had received no answer. She felt the truth at once. With hand pressed against her breast to stay the throbbing there, she asked in husky tone, if he had knocked loudly, as he might be asleep, as it was no uncommon thing for him to lie down in the day time! He had not, but would try it again. Mrs. Lamont suggested almost in a whisper that he look in at the window to see if he was there. It was the work of a minute. The gentleman recrossed the street, and after knocking again loudly, went to a window, from which a view of the interior of the studio could be obtained. One glance was sufficient. There lay Paul Mifflitt on the floor by the side of his easel, having apparently fallen from his chair while at work. He quickly made known his discovery. Mrs. Lamont, completely overcome, sank into her chair, but soon nerved herself to the duty she knew devolved upon her, and summoning certain neighbors, Violet cottage was entered and it was soon ascertained that he was indeed beyond all medical aid. The artist lay rigid in the embrace of death.

The coroner was summoned and in due time it was declared that heart disease was the cause of his sudden demise.

There being no relative that any one in the vicinity knew anything about, the body was taken charge of by the city undertaker, and in two days, funeral services took place — at Mrs. Lamont's request — at Glen Cottage. Nellie had been notified by her mother of what had happened; and the sorrow-stricken girl returned sooner than she had expected, to look upon the cold, set face of her friend, Paul Mifflitt, as he laid in his casket. She could not for a time realize that he was gone, and that never again would she sit by his side in the little studio, across the way.

We will pass over the sad scenes that followed, the funeral service, the last look at the remains, the little procession to the cemetery, the open grave and the rattling of the gravel upon the box containing all there was of the mortal; the return home, and passing the little house where he had been, had toiled alone, and died with no loving hand

to close his eyes.

After all was over, it was a sad visit that was made to Violet cottage. Nellie, weeping from the time she entered, to leaving it, took from the easel Paul's last work; also a few sketches, which to her eye were particularly attractive; but left the little green trunk for another visit, when she could have better control of herself. Others, who felt nearly as interested as the Lamont's, those who were neighbors of Paul's, also came, and went; but as far as was known, nothing was taken from the place, except what Nellie was authorized to call her own.

Perhaps it was a sad mistake she made, in not taking the trunk on the occasion of the first visit; others besides her mother and herself taking the liberty to look about the place; for when she went in company with her mother, to take it away two days after, no green trunk was to be found. Were there valuables contained therein? Was there anything more than papers to throw light upon his early life? Whatever there was, was given to Nellie, and it was a severe blow to her to find no trace of it. Every part of the house was searched, but to no effect. Mrs. Lamont had taken possession temporarily; feeling nearer to Paul Mifflitt than any other of the neighbors. All who were known to have visited the house, were questioned concerning the matter except one — a Mr. Wooding, who the next day left the city on business not thinking it necessary to make known his destination, and taking with him merely a travelling bag.

The whereabouts of the little green trunk remained a mystery to all; and to Nellie and all interested in her, it was a matter of serious consideration.

But though nothing could be ascertained in reference to the missing property, Nellie had a feeling that it would turn up sometime. She could give no reason for it, and after a time it ceased to trouble her.

She only thought of Paul himself, who had thus gone out of her life; and the sorrow of her heart crowded out all minor matters,—for such she considered simply the property her dear friend had left.

The place seemed shrouded in gloom for a long time after; and to Nellie's eye, the view of the tenantless cottage was a sad and lonely spectacle. But time is a faithful healer, and as it ever had been, so was it in this case, people came and went, and at length ceased to say "Paul Miffitt lived there." There was one however who remembered the man, and time could not efface the picture which hung within her soul's inner chamber. Nellie Lamont felt keenly the loss of her friend. To her, he was different from all other men she had known; and although she could not tell why, his image seemed to be constantly before her. She had loved him as a father. His life seemed to be woven into her own. She would sit for hours looking from her window at the one where he so often sat, and on one occasion her mother said, "Nellie, dear, why do you sit gazing at that little house? The friend you knew is not there, but is gone up higher. He is better off than we are, and his eyes are open to the glories of the beyond."

"I know it mother; but it seems as if he must be there. He seemed to be an exception to the general run of men, and as if he couldn't die."

"Well you know," her mother replied, "We all must travel the same road." "But then mother, he was always so good to me; and I a flirt and good for nothing;" and the poor girl covered her face with her hands, while the tears flowed down her fair cheeks. Her mother stood silent knowing that nature would do its work for her child without any help from her. Though bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, she was an individualized being; and both mother and daughter were children of the same heavenly Father. No words of hers could assuage the sorrow; she knew. Hers was the love and attendant grief. The one who felt it not, could not apply the healing salve. Time and the forces of her own being could, alone do the work; so why reason with tears, why natures own well-spring stop, when it is doing for the soul what nothing else can? "Would I could weep," is the wish of many a heart broken mortal. The fountain of tears in many, is dry, which else could flow, and in a measure alleviate mental suffering.

Nellie did not often give way to tears as she did on this occasion. It was a mystery to her mother to see her daughter so affected, and she often pondered over it. She had not perceived during the life of Paul Mifflitt any great attachment between the two. She did not know why there should be, considering the difference in their ages. The death of no one had ever influenced Nellie as this had ; and unless there was some ripened love, which she had carefully kept from her mother's knowledge, that mother was at a loss to comprehend what seemed to her, out of the common order of things ; and her secret prayer was that her child, now of age, might meet some worthy and congenial soul who could take the place Paul held in her daughter's heart. Alas, how little do the wisest know of the relations existing between souls ?

Those laws, which on account of superstition and bigotry are not revealed to the mind of man, are the ones whose subtle power rules the universe of the soul. Man dabbles in the physical, while the spiritual ever remains a mystery.

Months passed, and though the strange grief was lessened, still the worm was there gnawing at the heart strings ; but a change came at length. Nellie came to her breakfast one Sunday morning with a heavenly halo seemingly about her. The face was no longer sad, and a new light beamed from her soft hazel eyes. Her voice when she greeted her mother with " Good morning " had the bright love tone of old, and a warmth and cheerfulness long a stranger took possession of her being. Mrs. Lamont thought she might be treading on dangerous ground if she asked the reason of this sudden transformation, and feared to dispel the sunlight should she press Nellie for an explanation. She was rejoiced to see the change, whatever the cause might be, and there allowed it to rest, knowing that all would be made plain to her in time. The day passed, and no cloud cast its shadow over the little household ; and when evening came, her mother could not help remarking, " Nellie, you don't know how it rejoices me to see you yourself again "—half fearing the reply. " And mother I am

as happy as ever I was. All that sadness has left me, and I feel as if I was born again. I had the sweetest dream last night, and it was so real that I think it was something more than a dream."

"Tell me your dream, Nellie."

"I cannot mother, all of it; parts of it are very indistinct; yet the impression is left as of sweet music in the soul, which you know yourself, but cannot express to another. I do remember however very distinctly of seeing the bright and radiant face of a boy; and he stood before me in all his marvellous beauty, like a being from another world. His dress was of the thinnest texture; and though it hung in graceful folds upon him, the perfect outlines of his superb form were distinctly visible through it. Oh how lovable it was, mother. That was a soul in the spiritual body like itself and not covered with a gross earthly, sickly form such as make up the majority of people we see in this world. He came close to me, and the perfume of violets filled the air. I looked about expecting to see their little blue faces in the grass; but none were there, and I then perceived it was the aroma from his sweet body. He took with his beautiful fingers the cataract from my eyes. Oh how beautiful he stood before me then. Undying love beamed from the sweetest blue eyes you ever saw. He said, 'No more tears, dear one; gladness shall dwell with you henceforth.' He took my hand, kissed it, and smiling, vanished like a rainbow which disappears while you are gazing at it."

"That was a beautiful vision, Nellie; and was presented to you for a purpose. Now henceforth put your trust in God; knowing that he doeth all things well."

"Yes, and one other thing was told me; that 'we never lose those we love. It is a magnetism in the soul that binds forever, kindred beings; and death itself is powerless over it.'"

So the evening hour passed, and it ushered in a long series of hours, days, and months. "All went merry as a marriage bell."

CHAPTER IV.

The reader must not think that Nellie Lamont had lived to be twenty years of age, and had never seen no one other than Paul Mifflitt upon whom she could bestow her affections. One of her susceptible nature could not be expected to meet many of the opposite sex, and never feel a thrust of cupid's dart.

She had known what it was to love, and an aching heart had been the result. Julian Favor was a fine type of physical manhood. He stood five feet ten, and was in good proportion. He was of fair complexion; light auburn hair, blue eyed; Grecian nose and round chin. His lips were full and red, bespeaking a warm nature. He was ordinarily yielding, firmness not being one of his attributes, although his moral faculties were well developed.

He met Nellie Lamont in the ball room a year before the event narrated in the first chapter of this story. There was a fascination about him that attracted Nellie. By temperament they were well adapted, she being somewhat darker, her hair brown, with eyes to match, and features indicating greater force of character generally.

The acquaintance was soon formed, and it ripened into friendship and love. Before she had known him three months, she had accepted him as her lover. The course of love as usual, did not run smoothly; and an incident occurred that well-nigh stopped its course altogether. He was no stranger in the bar-room, having been enticed there by jovial companions. It came to Nellie's ears that he was

thus addicted. It was enough for her ; she dashed her cup of anticipated bliss to the ground, and he was speedily informed that all relation between them were at an end.

Vainly he promised to do better. She knew that a "habit once formed, was a yoke of steel ;" and particularly this one of using the intoxicating cup. Her love was not so strong that she could not root it out, although it was a sore trial to her. She made a desperate effort and succeeded, to a great extent. Some little fibers however had attached themselves to her love nature and could not be entirely eradicated. She had consulted Paul Mifflitt in the matter ; and he told her how exceedingly small were his chances for reformation. The smouldering fire would break out afresh later on in life, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. He told her that no man was worthy of her hand who had this vile disease upon him ; that worse than death, would be her portion, if she gave herself into his keeping. Nellie followed the advice of her friend. To try Julian just once more, would be to parley with the enemy, and give him hope that her soft nature would not be enough to cope with him.

This had the effect. Julian Favor saw he had no ordinary person to deal with, but he determined he would not lose his coveted prize. He summoned all the firmness in his nature, and backed by his moral element, after months of stern endeavor, and combat with the foe, came out victorious. He knew that Nellie was still free, and if ever she loved him, he would compel her to love him still. He little knew however, how dependant mankind are upon invisible allies to enable them to reach the goal, their heart's desire. Julian's professions of themselves, would not be sufficient to assure her of her safety in his hands ; and she would not thus readily give up the advantage she had gained, thus far, in the battle.

It was summer ; and towards the close of one of its warmest days. Nellie was reclining in her hammock, indolently reading, and by turns dozing. She had, as some express it, just "lost herself," when there appeared by her side, the same figure she had seen months before in her

dream; and which had wrought such a wonderful change in her. He stood looking at her with the same heavenly smile, that she had before witnessed. She longed to stretch out her hand to him, to feel again the thrill of that magic touch ; yet was powerless to do so. He evidently had come to her with an object in view. Soon he made it known, for his lips parted, and he spoke these words.

"Dearest one, if he comes again to you, to press his suit, do not reject him. All will be well. He is leading a truer life. Paul Miffitt would give you the same counsel. Your heart will tell you whom I speak of. He is even now by your side."

These words came as the sighing of the trees. With the last word, the radiant boy disappeared. Nellie recovered herself, starting with fear from her hammock, only to face — Julian Favor.

Her color came, and went, at sight of her discarded lover; but on seeing his outstretched hand, and the glow upon that handsome face, she trembling placed her own hand in his, and spoke the one word, "Julian."

"Am I then forgiven, dearest Nellie?"

A smile was her only answer.

Then as if fearing all was an illusion, he led her away from the house, and into a grove of pines close by. He spoke at last, and with a quiet in his tone she never observed before.

"Nellie, if an angel from Heaven had told me you would receive me thus kindly, I could not have believed it." She replied in manner as calm as his, "Julian, had an angel from Heaven not appeared to me, and assured me you were a man again, I would not have thus received you."

"What mean you, Nellie?"

"I cannot tell you now," she answered.

"Then, I am to understand that anything I might say in my own behalf, would not have much weight with you."

"It is deeds not words that will convince me, Julian."

"Well, I will then prove to you by a life of devotion, that I am worthy of your love."

"You are like the man I loved, now; but on that fatal night at the ball, when you disgraced, not only yourself but me, by presenting yourself as my partner in that dreadful condition, all my love for a time, turned to disgust and loathing. Do you suppose I would wed a drunkard knowing him to be such? Do you imagine I could join hands with one who is friendly even to the intoxicating cup? Never! If I should marry you to-morrow, and the day after, you presumed upon my love enough to indulge in a social drink with one of your old associates, the next day would find us separated as far as heaven is from the earth." This she spoke with a firmness he did not know she possessed, and for a second he quailed before her. He rallied however, and answered her —

"Nellie," I deserve it all; I was a paltroun and a coward to ever present myself to you, with that curse upon me. I was a fool as well; but thank God, the vile stuff shall never pass my lips again. I have prayed for strength to resist, and it has been given me. I stand before you a new man; and if I am worthy of you, my hand and heart are yours." Nellie — having so bravely expressed the sentiments which a sense of the duty she owed herself, prompted — thought no reply was demanded and with her hand upon his arm walked in silence.

The flame of love had not been quenched. A spark remained, and the little fanning that had been given it, made it break out anew. It was a kind of fire that could not destroy the fabric it fed upon however, but only served to stimulate into new life, the forces that had been for a time smothered under disappointment and almost remorse; remorse because she felt how near she had been to losing the heart beside her, and which she felt now was beating warmly in unison with her own; an earnest soul which had known disgrace by descending into hell, but which was now on the mountain side, climbing persistently into the sunlight — a point every life must reach before glory and stability are attained.

She thought of what her parents would say; for it was they who had laid the first obstacle in the way of the union

of their daughter, with the one who had been addicted to the use of strong drink. Would her mother believe the reformation lasting? After the honeymoon was passed, and he felt he had won her, would not the old tempter with its seducing wiles allure him to the old haunts of dissipation? Would not that "yoke of steel" that habit contracted in the bloom of life, be again thrown upon him?

These and similar questions, she anticipated, as coming from the lips of her mother, when she should know of her daughter's decision.

The walk was a protracted one, as such usually are.

Julian wondered if her silence was from the same cause as his. "When the heart feels most, the lips speak not," he thought. Nellie was wondering what the outcome was to be; but the bliss of the hour was all sufficient for her, and she would trust to the future to decide as to the wisdom of her present act.

Even lovers' walks must have an end, and ere this one was concluded, the two reached the vicinity of Nellie's dwelling.

There hung the hammock, wherein she had so recently lain; and there beneath it upon the ground the book she had tried to peruse, but which she in her trepidation had dropped. A feeling of caution took possession of her, as she reached the house.

She turned to Julian, and said, with her hand still in his — "You had better not go in to-night, I must talk with mother, before she sees you."

"I leave it all with you," he replied. "Your judgment I will rely upon. Your good opinion, I have yet to earn. Mine of you, is, that you are my superior. I expect your mother will still oppose me, but I will yet prove to her, that I am not wholly unworthy of her esteem and her daughter's love." He raised her little hand to his lips, and turned from the spot. Nellie watched him until his form was lost to view; then turned towards the latticed entrance of her home, to find her mother breathlessly watching her.

"Nellie," she asked, "are you again receiving the attentions of Julian Favor? and how long unbeknown to me, has this intimacy been going on?"

"I will tell you all, mother. Hear me out; and then judge whether I have acted as you would, were you in my place."

They entered the house together; seated themselves upon the little sofa, and to the trembling mother, the child told the story of the afternoon; of the dream in the hammock, the surprise at seeing Julian by her side, his handsome appearance, his declaration, and confession; all with the strictest fidelity. Mrs. Lamont listened until she had finished; then kissing her upon the forehead, while a tear dropped from her eye lashes, replied in a calm, sweet tone as only a fond mother can give utterance to:

"My dear child; I can imagine myself in your position; and while I must own that I fear I would act exactly as you have, yet it is with fear and trembling that I accept the situation, and give my consent to your carrying out your intention. I know your love for me is such, that you would sacrifice your attachment for him, rather than disregard my wishes in this matter; but it is too serious a matter for me to decide hastily. I believe your love for Julian is ardent, and true; and I know that the love of drink almost invariably will possess a man in the end, notwithstanding all efforts on his part to subdue it. This may prove an exception. You know Nellie—for you have observed it—that when adversity comes, as it may to us all, that a man will insanely go to the cup to drown his sorrow, while in truth he only enhances it; and plunges himself and all with whom he may be connected, into the abyss of gloom and degradation. I would do all in my power to assist a human being, no matter how low he may have become, if with firm resolve he turns from his past evil course, to walk the road of sobriety and honor; and in this case, that comes right home to us, I will not withhold the helping hand. But let us sleep upon it Nellie; the past is secure. Let us weigh the matter well. It has come rather suddenly upon me, and my feelings in the matter may be too intense for me to do

him strict justice. In my cooler moments, I may judge more wisely."

With a sigh, she arose to prepare their evening meal, while Nellie gazed into vacancy, as if trying to read in the gathering darkness, the story of the to be.

The lighting of the lamp, however, soon destroyed the background, and nothing was revealed unto her troubled vision. She took a side long glance at her mother's sweet face, and observed thereon an expression of anxiety, which was not there in the morning. She said nothing, but sought to dispel it by assisting her in the various household duties. The evening repast over, and the curtains drawn, a peaceful calm took the place of the recent agitation. Though it was plain that the one thought was uppermost in the minds of both, each tried to appear to the other, as though nothing had occurred to ruffle the placid water of their lives. In pleasant reading, and conversation, with a little sewing to fill up the time, the hours passed away.

A good night kiss, and the mother and daughter separated for the night; the former to pray for guidance, that her only child might be spared the years of agony, that attend an ill-matched union, as must always be the case when king alcohol is allowed a foothold within the home castle.

Nellie had a feeling that all would be well; and her prayer was, that her mother might see things as she saw **them**, and thus be buoyed up with confidence in the strength of him, who had turned from the error of his ways, resolved in the future to walk in the path of righteousness.

Morning came. Mrs. Lamont greeted Nellie with a cheerful salutation, and after their breakfast was disposed of, drew her daughter to the sofa; and told her of the sleepless hours she had passed; how she had thoroughly digested the matter, and that she had come to the conclusion to have nothing more to say by the way of advice. She would leave her to follow her own reason's light; leaving them both in the hands of a parent, competent to care for all children of earth, who put their trust in him. She would do no more nor less. Thus the misgivings of Nellie's mind were

dispelled, and she felt as if a heavy load had been lifted from her.

She kissed her mother over and over for this hardly to be looked for concession, calling her a model mother for not asserting what might be called a parent's prerogative.

Mrs. Lamont knew that it was useless to advise in love affairs. She had been there herself, and unlike some, she knew that the daughter as a rule is the mother's equal in force of character, and to persuade one against the will is to find that one of the same opinion as before; and the new born love towards one of the opposite sex will prove the most powerful of all the factors in the case.

CHAPTER V.

Julian Favor passed a sleepless night following the incident we have narrated, wherein he had found the one he feared he had lost. He felt that all opposition on the part of Nellie's parents would be short-lived, in the face of Nellie's own acceptance of him.

A reformed man is ordinarily more of a man than one who needs no reforming; for he has triumphed over his former enemies and is less liable to be attacked again by his foe, than one who has never smelt the powder. So Julian reasoned, while he was dressing for the day. Towards evening he made his way to the snug residence of his betrothed.

Arrived at the house, and Nellie being for the moment engaged, Mrs. Lamont answered his knock, and with all the hospitality of a true lady, cheerfully welcomed him.

His pulse beat high at this unexpected reception by Mrs. Lamont; and he hardly knew how to carry himself. Worn out remarks about the weather were not just fitting the occasion, and the hostess having the superior nerve at that particular time — although on all occasions perhaps it could not be said of her — and perceiving his embarrassment, kindly remarked — “I need not ask you of your health, Mr Favor; for I never saw you when you looked better.”

This put him on his feet and he replied — “I thank you Mrs. Lamont, and I am glad to state, it is in a great measure owing to the excellent care I have been taking of myself since I last saw you, and which by the help of God

I shall continue to do. My past life I would have my friends and you in particular blot from memory.

I am in a good position whereby I am well fixed financially, and with perfect health and good intentions, I hope to prove myself worthy your daughter's love, and the respect of her parents."

"Well spoken, Mr. Favor," Mrs. Lamont replied — "and as long as you adhere to your resolutions, you will ever be welcome here. I am not one, neither is my husband to harbour ill feeling towards one who has made mistakes and is so well balanced that he can profit by the past and be all the more a man for it afterwards.

We love our daughter, and her future happiness and well being are what we pray for. We should all cultivate charity, and to have perfect confidence in another is desirable. It is when sorrow and life's hardships come that the thoroughness of reform is proven. Adversity is more apt to overtake us than uninterrupted prosperity is to bless us; and your ability to pass that ordeal will demonstrate your manhood."

He answered in a few words, "My dear Mrs. Lamont, words are easily spoken. Knowing this, I am satisfied from what you have said that you are willing to bide the issue; and I promise you that the first indication of backsliding in me, shall be the signal for my irrevocable separation from the girl I love."

Nellie, who had overheard the latter part of the conversation now entered the room with radiant cheeks. Her quick eye and ear took in the situation. She crossed the room to where he sat, and placing both little hands in his, greeted him with a pleasant "Good evening, Julian," and added as a tear of gladness glistened in her eye — "Oh I am so glad you and mother look to be such good friends." Mrs. Lamont, too full to participate longer in the conversation, hurriedly excused herself and left them together. Nellie had a little sun shower of a cry as her pretty head rested upon Julian's shoulder, and side by side they sat; neither speaking, but thinking only of their re-established love and the brightness of the present.

The months past seemed like a black night ended by the sun of God's love rising in the East, sending its life-giving rays deep into the hearts that had been so sadly estranged.

After a time, Nellie spoke. "You will take tea, and spend the evening with us of course ?

Nothing loth, but eager to accept the invitation, he replied, "Yes, dear Nellie, nothing would give me greater pleasure." Then hoping he would amuse himself as best he could, she excused herself to go and assist her mother.

Julian, left alone, took from the table a book which ordinarily would interest him exceedingly, but now seemed filled with words merely, with no particular meaning. His great inner joy held possession of his soul, to the exclusion of any merely intellectual amusement.

He could hear the pleasant voices of mother and daughter in the room adjoining, and their sympathetic tones, even through the partition, was music to his ear. The mewling of the cat on the doorstep outside, had something of the human in it, he felt so kindly towards all the world just then. For the fifteenth time, he commenced at the top of page 101 of the book of poems he held in his hand. But though his eyes glanced adown the lines, no meaning from them could he deduce, his brain not being open to impressions in that direction. Down he laid the book, and took up a recent number of "Puck." How extremely funny was the first article he read with its accompanying illustration. He never was more pleased in his life. The next was equally amusing. "This is an unusually funny number;" he said, mentally. "Generally these jokes are far fetched, if not stale; and one has to be told where the laugh comes in." It never occurred to him that people must be in a mood for a thing, in order to receive it as it is intended; that the window glass will color the objects seen through it. It must be a funny story indeed, that would make a man laugh on his way to the gallows. But no sooner are the clouds lifted, and the sun scatters its glamour everywhere, than the heart jumps within the bosom; dejection takes wings, and the soul, responsive to the

cheerful influence; and dormant faculties aroused, everything is seen under a different light, and beauties are perceived where all was blank before. So it was with Julian on this hallowed evening. His naturally warm nature saw good in everything. He blessed his father and mother because he was their son; forgetting that many times before, in unhappy moods, he had cursed the day of his birth, and wished himself out of the world.

As he read the humorous sketches, he pictured without effort his future, and like a rapidly moving panorama, the scenes passed in pleasing fancy before him.

In the midst of this pleasant occupation, the familiar footfall came towards the door, which opened to show his darling's figure beyond the threshold. "Come!" with a cheering smile suffusing her face. Down went Puck, with all his jokes; and up rose Julian who advanced with a light step, and lighter heart to Nellie's side. Never was a march to a feast accompanied with more gladness, as were these few steps to the dining-room where stood the prettily dressed table, with its snow white spread, and glistening silver. The aroma of the newly made tea filled the room. His place assigned him at the table, the three sat down; Mrs. Lamont presiding.

Julian drew his napkin from its ring, and at a glance saw "Nellie" thereon engraved. A look at her was answered by a bright smile which meant everything to him. In light converse the meal proceeded. Julian could not help remarking upon the excellent quality of the biscuit. As a general thing the hostess would in reply make excuse that the cakes were not quite as good as usual, owing to the oven being slow or quick as the case might be; but not so with Mrs. Lamont. Everything on the table was good, and she knew it. Nellie wished her father was with them, and her mother replied, "There is no use in looking for him these two weeks yet."

"Oh dear!" replied Nellie. "I wish he could be with us more. It doesn't seem as if I had any father."

"Don't speak so Nellie;" answered Mrs. Lamont. "It might be a great deal worse. Just think of your uncle

James who is a confirmed invalid ; who scarcely ever leaves his bed. Your father is well, and doing well. He comes to us as often as he can, and you must be satisfied. He is a good husband, father and provider. It isn't wise to wish it otherwise."

"I agree with you ;" spoke Julian. "I believe the natural course of events isn't often improved by making changes for the sake of change. We often think we would like to have things different ; but as there is no rose without a thorn, so there are few circumstances in life, which are free of unpleasantness."

Nellie was pleased to hear Julian speak thus, but said nothing.

Mrs. Lamont, however, had a good head upon her shoulders, and knew Julian would not say anything at all at variance with her ideas at such a time. She notwithstanding, entered into the conversation with a spirit of vivacity, glad to have the opportunity to give expression to her thoughts, and occasionally drop a jewel of a seed into Julian's ear, that might germinate and bring forth fruit later on.

Nellie said but little. merely dropping a word here and there, that she might not be considered a nonentity ; content to listen to the voice of the mother she worshipped, and the man she loved.

The meal over, they arose from the table, Nellie escorting Julian to the sitting-room, her mother at the same time saying : " You can attend to Mr. Favor, I will do what there is to do. It will not take me long."

Nellie thanked her, and she and Julian were forthwith ensconced on the little sofa, which, small as it was, had ample room for two bodies whose hearts beat as one. They made the most of the minutes accorded them, and enjoyed themselves as lovers do. Mrs. Lamont considerably found enough to do, to keep her busy an hour. She knew how it was once with herself, and in fancy returned to the days of her new love for the man she afterwards married. When she did enter the room, where sat the two young people, she smilingly remarked, " I hope you haven't missed me," which

required no answer, but called forth some merriment, for all understood themselves as "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The evening passed pleasantly; Julian having the good sense not to stay until too late an hour. When he was ready to go, he said so, and was not long in getting out of the house. Nellie followed him to the door, as Mrs. Lamont invited him to call again, as well out of regard to etiquette, as because she desired it. A sweet pressure of the hand, a soft good night, and Julian was out under the stars. He thought they never were so brilliant before and wondered which of all that bright throng was his particular star. He never had thought much upon the subject, but in the frame of mind he was then in he would accept anything that would augur well for his and Nellie's future, as the shining firmament above was then indicating.

That gravity is a force existing in all particles of matter, is generally conceded. If then this attraction is a property of matter throughout the universe, why, by the law of correspondence is there not a spiritual relation between the natures of planets and their inhabitants?

There is no whole, without parts. The great macrocosm is made up of countless worlds, whose particles all are acting and reacting upon one another in the same inexplicable manner, which, though not understood by man, is a fact all the same. The great over-soul understands. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is; and God the soul."

We leave Julian Favor to find his way to his little room on Draper street. The course of love now established, the stream will flow in its bed obedient to the law that holds the planet in its orbit.

CHAPTER VI.

The father of Nellie Lamont was a man of great force of character. He was not a religious man in the common acceptation of the term; not bigoted, he would accept anything in that direction, providing he reached the conviction of its truth, after a steady course of reasoning.

Mrs. Lamont was more intuitional than her husband, yet by no means wanting in her natural desire to know the why and wherefore of things. They were well mated; each yielding to the other, neither asserting a superiority.

He was a master mechanic, an engineer and thorough in his line. At the time of the occurrence of the events related, he was setting up an engine in a southern state, and was not expected home for several weeks, as he was liable to be retained on the business of inspecting machinery by the firm employing him.

A good salary enabled him to support his little family handsomely. He left the transaction of household affairs, and its attending expenditures entirely to his wife's discretion, never asking, "why do ye so?"

He knew of his daughter's unfortunate love affair in the past, and had counseled her to ever remain true to her principles; and never wed a man she would ever be ashamed of in any of his moods, or acts in life.

He of course knew nothing of later developments, as his wife had not written to him concerning them. This she deferred doing for the present, for Mrs. Lamont never did things in a hurry. He kept her constantly posted as to

his whereabouts, so that in case of sickness, or other pressing demands, he might be quickly summoned to the scenes where his presence might be required.

With some men, it is business before anything else; but he made it a means, and not an end. Love for his family was paramount. Business meant to him means to support and care for those he loved.

Although trivial matters would not move him from his post, where his heart moved him there he was to be found every time; for the love element was all powerful within him.

Mercenary motives took a second place in his nature. Hence, knowing as we do something of the leading traits in the parents, we are prepared for almost anything noble that may be inherent in their offspring. As Nellie developed in womanhood, she gave evidence of the truth of the statement, that pre-natal influence has much to do with the making of the man or woman, let after education be what it will.

Days, weeks and months passed; and Nellie felt safe in the hands of her lover. A perfect confidence existing between them, his constant visits at Glen cottage precluded the possibility of much of his time being spent in objectionable places.

Temptation often came in the way, but the bright star of his heart was ever "the light in the window," to guide him on his course. Mr. Lamont had been informed by letter of the *denouement* in Nellie's love experience, and though at first it troubled him exceedingly, knowing as he did the ways of the world, his wife's reassuring letters, drop by drop wore his misgivings away, so that when he went on a brief visit to his home, it was with a cordial greeting that he received the reformed lover.

Julian Favor was a bookkeeper for the firm of Adams & Coville in the wholesale grocery business, on B street. They had proved his efficiency and trust-worthiness, having for a year not seen anything of his old habits. They pronounced him a reformed man, and delighted in speaking of him as such, to all who felt interested in him.

One of the salesmen — Bob Kelly — was a particular friend of Julian's. He was a former associate of his, who, although he aided him all he could by the power of persuasion in the earlier days of his resolutions to change his course of life, was yet himself an occasional participant in the festivities of a "certain crowd" — as he termed it.

"He could drink, or he could let it alone," he boasted; and he was never known "to be the worse for liquor," although none are ever better for the use of it. Julian was respected by all, and no snares were ever laid to catch him. One New Year's day, it being a holiday, Bob persuaded Julian to take a walk with him to visit an acquaintance who kept an "open house" — one Jules Fearing on H street. Julian at first demurred, thinking it was to lead him into temptation, which he studiously avoided; but on his friend's assurance, that he wanted him to see some old paintings he had lately purchased, he consented, but said on setting out, "Bob Kelly, you know me. and what my weakness once was, and though I fear no allurements, I will not knowingly put myself within the influence of anything I have sworn to resist."

"That's right Jule," answered Bob "and I glory in you. I am not the man to lead any one astray, especially an old chum as you are. Fear not, but come and see the pictures."

Julian had some misgivings; nevertheless, he accompanied his friend, and ere long they mounted the steps of 252 H street. The large numbers on the door were somewhat significant, he thought; yet said nothing, but followed his companion.

They entered without ringing, Bob Kelly leading the way.

Once in the hall, they mounted the broad open stairway leading to the second story. As they neared the top, the odor of liquor, faint though at first, grew stronger, and Julian paused.

"Where would you lead me?"

"To the room where the pictures are," answered Bob.

"But I smell liquor."

"Well, the smell of it cannot hurt you."

"Very true," replied Julian, "but I don't want to be near it. The devil lurks even in its vapor."

"Nonsense," said Bob, "We are going above it," and with set teeth, Julian motioned him on, and they went up higher where the scent lessened, and all danger seemed over.

Kelly stopped and rapped at number 10. A voice within said, "Come in." Opening the door, and entering, Julian found himself in a room twenty feet square, the walls of which were hung with pictures; principally oil paintings. Advancing to the centre of the room, where at the moment the proprietor was standing, Bob introduced Julian to Jules Fearing. Mr. Fearing was glad to see them and invited them to be seated. He was something of an artist, was a connoisseur at any rate, and devoted his life to art. Some very old paintings hung upon the walls, several by amateurs who practiced the art for the love of it merely, and a good portion by well-known artists of the present day. The host handed Julian a written catalogue, begging him to make himself at home and be happy if he could, by looking upon the works about him. Julian thanked him, and remarked that though he was no critic, he was a sincere lover of the art. "Good," said Mr. Fearing; "then make yourself easy, take you time and look all you please. All are numbered, and reference to the catalogue will give you information as to the subject, and,—how are you Bob?" he jovially asked, turning to Kelly, and striking him vigorously on the shoulder.

"Well and hearty" he answered. "How are you, yourself?"

"As you see me" said Fearing; "but come into 'My Holy of holies.' with your friend. A glass of sherry stimulates the perceptions amazingly, and he can see beauties on the canvas that he never could without it, at least, it is so with a great many."

"Mr. Fearing," answered Bob, "I guess you will have to excuse Mr. Favor this morning; he never takes anything."

"Abstains totally, eh?" queried the proprietor looking at Julian as though it amused him.

"Yes sir," firmly replied Julian. "Mr. Kelly has spoken truly in the matter. I never indulge."

"Good! I like to see a man once in a while, who can say no; although I have forgotten how to, myself. But come, and take a glass of lemonade."

"I will join you presently," said Julian. "Here is a portrait that takes my eye. I knew that man."

"Which? who?" asked Fearing.

"No. 101."

"Ah! yes — You knew him, did you? Strange duck, that man. I knew him also — Paul Miffitt. He was a riddle even to his most intimate friends. It was painted by himself."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Julian in surprise.

"I do, and I traded with him for it. There is something remarkable about the picture; and if you will wheel your chair a little further this way, you will get a better light on it" — saying which he moved the chair a few feet, apparently carelessly; but it could be seen that he moved it to a certain spot on the carpet, and remarked, "Now, if you will sit there, and look, not too earnestly, in a short time, the eyes will change. It is very remarkable. Miffitt left an impress of his strangeness upon it." Then taking Bob by the arm he said, "but come in old boy and take something. I'll have the lemonade ready in five minutes, Mr. Favor." Julian said nothing in reply but immediately became absorbed in the face before him. There was something particularly fascinating, not on account of any beauty of feature, but of the man's individuality that was portrayed. He seemed ready to speak, so marvellously life like was the whole expression. Julian gazed in wonder at the change in appearance that the picture underwent. There seemed to be a spell connected with it, for as Julian's face once turned to it, his head seemed held as in a vice. "Jule!" shouted Bob Kelly from the closet. This met with no response. Julian heard nothing; only saw. "Jule!" still louder sounded the voice. Yet he heard not. The face on

the canvas was no longer the face of a man of fifty; but instead, a youth of perhaps fifteen; the same in feature as before, but now softened into boyhood. Again Bob called to his friend; still the entranced beholder sat with his eyes riveted upon that fair young face. Erect in his chair, he sat, motionless and with heart almost still. Bob and Fearing became alarmed; and they started towards him, reaching him just in season to prevent his falling to the floor. Bob caught him in his strong arms, and together they bore him to a lounge and laid him upon it.

"Go for a doctor quick," shouted Fearing.

"Where?"

"Next door, number 254." And down stairs Bob rushed, at risk of life and limb. Had he not imbibed, at least a good half pint of sherry, he would have observed more caution in descending the stair case, but he reached the hall door safely — he hardly knew how — and out, and down one flight of steps, and up another, only to meet Dr. Corbett, who was just in the act of leaving the house.

Bob made known his errand, and soon they were by the side of what seemed, to one of the party at least, a dying man. The good doctor felt of his pulse, and limbs, and then calmly asked:

"How long has he been thus?"

"Not over five minutes," answered Fearing.

"Draw the curtain at the foot of the lounge, please, to let in more light upon his face," said the doctor. Fearing did as directed, and Dr. Corbett gazed fixedly at the staring eyes of Julian Favor. The pupils before dilated, suddenly contracted. Bob asked nervously, "Will he get over it, doctor?"

"Oh yes," replied Dr. Corbett smiling. "It is merely a case of catalepsy. They are never fatal; at least I never heard of a case that proved to be."

"Had he not better be moved from here?" asked Fearing, who, notwithstanding the doctor's assertion, feared a death would occur in his rooms.

"If you are afraid to treat him here, he can be removed to his home;" answered the doctor.

"He is a lone man," replied Bob, "but an hour's drive in a hack, will take him to one who will care for him better than a sister."

"Take him there!" came from the apparently dumb lips of Julian.

"Who spoke?" asked the doctor. "Did this man speak?" addressing the corpse like figure out-stretched before them.

There was no reply.

"For God's sake, take him where he can be cared for!" beseeched the terrified Fearing.

"Fearing by name, and fearing by nature," smilingly remarked Dr. Corbett. "It would be well to remove him. Get a hack, Fearing, and this gentleman and I will await your return. The motion of riding may bring him to himself, or he may remain so for hours. These cases are better treated by loving hands than by men who keep an open house on New Year's day."

Fearing had gone, leaving the three together. Bob gave a brief account of the doings of the morning. "He took nothing with us"—he assured the doctor—"although we urged him but little." "I am glad of that," said Dr. Corbett, "that simplifies the case wonderfully."

Fearing soon returned with the information, that the hack would be at the door in a few minutes; even as he spoke, the rumbling wheels of the vehicle, were heard outside, and they stopped at 252. Bob looked out.

"There it is," he exclaimed.

"Get a pillow;" said the doctor to Fearing, "and we will get him down at once." With their united efforts, they conveyed him to the foot of the oaken stairs, by and through the aroma of sherry, whiskey and Medford, of which poor Julian took no cognizance. A crowd awaited them on the sidewalk.

As they had forced their way through it, and were putting him into the carriage, a scream from the midst of the spectators startled the ears of all.

"What is the matter?" came from the lips of a beautiful pale face forcing its way through the throng to

get a nearer view. "My God! is he dead?"

"No, young lady" answered the doctor. "Do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Where are you taking him?"

Bob Kelly recognized in the beautiful frightened features of the speaker, Nellie Lamont, and replied, "To your house."

"I shall go with you;" she firmly replied.

"Very well" answered the Doctor. "Please step in, and I have no doubt we shall all ride very comfortably."

"Had I better go with you?" asked Bob. "Certainly," he answered. "Drive with all speed to Glen street, Allandale," said the Doctor after questioning their lady companion.

"All right" said the driver, who closed the door, and quickly mounted the box. Crack went the whip, and off at a lively rate of speed, went the carriage with its strange freight.

The crowd dispersed. Mr. Fearing returned to his rooms, and with the help of a stiff horn of something from a black bottle he kept for his own particular use, he soon became oblivious to everything and everybody in catalepsy or out of it.

Once on the road homeward, Nellie, with one hand of Julian's clasped in her own, relaxed somewhat. The mingled astonishment and apprehension on discovering her lover in such a condition, and coming from that particular building, in such a plight, acted as a stimulant to her mentally, but a reaction seemed to be coming on. Dr. Corbett perceiving this, hastened to draw her thoughts in such a channel, that like a counter irritant it would operate to change the direction of forces, and thus avert the threatened depression. He therefore explained to her, that he being called upon, found this man suffering from an attack of catalepsy, which was nothing serious, and which only overtakes those of a fine nervous temperament. He avoided mentioning anything bearing upon intoxication, as he didn't know how reference to it might affect the young lady. He conjectured that she might naturally attribute his

condition to that cause. He also stated that it was rarely the case that this affection occurred, except in women of fine grain and susceptible nature. As she listened, she became unexpectedly affected, and burst into tears. She covered her face with her hands, and gave way to her grief which was uncontrollable. Dr. Corbett thought it might be but the reaction after the severe mental strain she had undergone. Bob Kelly thought she might have smelt liquor upon him, and not unreasonably may have surmised that Julian might also have been indulging. This alone would have been sufficient cause for her weeping. He however kept silent, hoping that he was mistaken. He was satisfied that her sorrow would be short lived, for his recovery would dispel all her doubts, as he knew Julian had been true to his vows. Truth would prevail, and he would be more firmly established in her estimation when all the facts should be made known.

The man who has been free in the use of the intoxicating cup, almost invariably knows that he is suspected, but generally most unwisely conducts himself; and in such a manner that suspicion becomes lost in the knowledge. But Bob had a pretty good head and the rule that applies to the average tippler, was an exception in his case.

Seated as he was, on the front seat, by the side of Nellie, and opposite the doctor, while she sat opposite Julian holding his hands, and leaning forward most of the time; Bob had good opportunity to keep his face turned from hers, and without an evident effort on his part to do so. He hoped she was none the wiser for his condition, and that her tears were due solely to her anxiety for Julian's recovery.

The face, so death-like, began to assume the hue of life as rapidly they rode. The eyes became partially closed, and the corpse like stare changed to an appearance of sleep. This was a good indication, the doctor said; and once Nellie fancied that Julian returned the pressure of her hand, as without speaking she endeavored to prove that he was conscious of her presence. But little was said as the carriage rolled out of the city. The driver knew his

business. The horses were fresh; and the road good; so without the use of lash, he kept the noble span at an even rate of speed throughout.

It was an hour before they reached their destination. As they stopped at the gate, Mrs. Lamont's white face and clasped hands, appeared at the front door. She fancied naturally enough that something serious had happened, and would have given vent to her feelings of anxiety had not Nellie, always thoughtful, dropped the coach window, and said from the carriage; "Don't be alarmed, mother; nothing serious has happened," trying to smile as she spoke.

Mrs. Lamont had by this time reached the carriage door, and in a frightened manner asked, "Who is it? What has happened?" then discerning Julian's pale, expressionless face, her color blanched more than before.

"Tell me Nellie; has he been drinking?"

"No, mother, no!" the girl frantically replied.

"Then, I can bear it;" the mother answered. Nellie and Bob were out of the carriage; the latter waiting with extended arms, to receive the inanimate form which the doctor was nerving himself to lift from the seat; when to the surprise of all, Julian opened his eyes, and looking wildly about him, exclaimed, "Where am I?"

"Shall I help you out?" kindly asked the doctor, at the same time placing one hand to his back, taking him by the hand with the other.

"Well, I think I can get out of a carriage without help. What ails me? What does it all mean?"

"It means," Nellie answered, "that you are at home with me, Julian; and that you have been ill — so come."

At the sound of that dear voice he recovered himself. The healthy color returned to his cheek, and the strength to his limbs. He stepped from the vehicle, almost unaided; and surrounded by his loved one and her mother, Doctor Corbett and Bob Kelly, went slowly into the house. An introduction was necessary, and the physician having the most level head at that particular time, said, "I am Dr. Corbett. My office is 254 H street. I was called to the next door, where in a fit of catalepsy I found this gentle-

man." By this time, Julian had fully recovered his senses, and spoke,—“And I am Julian Favor and this Nellie, and Mrs. Lamont, is my friend Robert Kelly who escorted me to Mr. Fearing's studio to look at some valuable paintings.” At this a thought seemed to strike him ; the pallor returned to his cheeks, and he would have fallen, but for the timely placing of a chair in position for him, into which the Doctor and Bob easily lowered him.

“Mrs. Lamont, will you bring some warm water in a small tub? and Mr. Kelly and myself will put his feet into it, and a bandage with cold water for his head, I think, will bring him out of it all right.” Both ladies hurried to carry out the Doctor's orders ; while Julian's boots and stockings were being removed. It was but a minute before Mrs. Lamont and Nellie returned with the necessary articles. The feet were immersed in the warm water, and the head covered with the cool wet cloth, placed there by the fair white hands of the one of all others, Julian would have minister unto him. “Now,” said the Doctor, “All there is to do is to keep him quiet for the rest of the day. He will soon be as well as ever, and do not press him for explanations before to-morrow, for fear of a recurrence of the trouble. Reference to certain things, I see, is liable to throw him into it. Rest assured of one thing ladies, that no imprudence on his part has brought this upon him. His peculiar liability to attacks of this kind, renders it necessary that a preventative be always at hand ; also that your family physician be notified at once of his predisposition. He is reviving now ; and as soon as possible, have him try to sleep and forget everything of an exciting nature. We will remove the tub now, but renew the bandage once more.” His feet were dried, and dressed ; and Julian, after a long sigh opened his eyes, and a smile of recognition overspread his face.

“I will leave you now ” said Doctor Corbett, “hoping that everything will go smoothly with him.” He shook hands with his patient, as did Bob, who added, “I will call round to-morrow, Jule,” and they bowed themselves out,

and entered the hack, the horses impatiently pawing the ground.

The Doctor said from the coach window, "Take us back to 252 H street." "All right!" replied the driver, and with the snap of the whip, they whirled away, a cloud of dust being all there was left. This sailed away over the barren fields, to be dissipated in the atmosphere half a mile away.

CHAPTER VII.

We have no long convalescence to record. As soon as the Doctor and Bob had left the house, Nellie and her mother sat down in front of Julian, not to make any conversation, but to assure themselves that he was on the fair road to recovery.

Julian said to them, "It will be all right soon, and by and by when I can recall the events of the day, I will tell you of the strange experience I have had. I do not dare to try it now."

"Don't try," replied Nellie.

"No," added her mother. "Sufficient is it for us to know that nothing serious has happened." Then turning to Nellie said, "Perhaps if you would play something he likes, it would serve to steady his nerves. I know there is nothing like music to calm me when I am ruffled."

Eager to please another when the opportunity offered, Nellie opened the piano, seated herself, struck a few chords, and accompanying herself, sang a favorite melody, which to Julian's ear was the sweetest of songs. Its effect could not but be beneficial, and the first day of January 16 — closed with Julian Favor for a time a member of the household.

Of course, it would not be prudent for him to leave the house that night, and he was a very willing captive in that castle of love, and bound by cords of silk. Slender as such ties are to many men, and few women, they were to Julian Favor stronger than hemp or iron chain. Mrs. Lamont and her daughter had a natural curiosity to know of the marvelous occurrence in the picture gallery, which could so affect the strong and sturdy man, now held by them as a patient.

They would not give it expression however; yet a certain uneasiness on the part of Nellie, told him that she longed to know more of that day's proceedings; so in the evening when the lamps were lighted, and the cares of the day were over, Julian himself led the way to the chamber of the secret.

Light and pleasant topics of conversation had been chosen, and in murmuring tones had their words been spoken.

Avoiding excitement of any kind, they preferred to have him lead in such themes as might present themselves to his mind.

Nellie knew the time would come when she would know all, and so used no artifice to lead the conversation in the direction she desired. Julian broke the ice however, by remarking — "I have been thinking of Paul Mifflitt a good deal to-day." At this Nellie changed color slightly, but listened intently for the next sentence.

"Do you know that I think he has in some mysterious manner connected himself with our lives?"

Mrs. Lamont and Nellie looked at each other, each wishing the other to reply. After some hesitation Julian asked laughingly; "Well, which is it?"

Mrs. Lamont then spoke: "I can hardly conceive how he can be connected with us, by his own volition at any rate. Of course we all thought a great deal of him — Nellie in particular, and it was a wonder both to her father and me, that she became attached so firmly to one so much older than herself."

Nellie was silent; for some reason her tongue was tied.

Perceiving this, her lover came to the rescue, which, Paul Mifflitt being out of the world, as the world expresses it, he was perfectly willing to do.

"I don't know that it is a matter for much surprise considering how strong Nellie's love nature is, and how her heart can do no less than go out to any one, to whom she is attracted, who is at the same time, noble, and self-sacrificing as was Mr. Mifflitt."

Nellie looked her thanks for this pretty speech, while Mrs. Lamont replied, "What you say is quite true; nevertheless it is a very unusual thing for one of her age to become so intimate with one of his years. After he died, Nellie mourned as though a near and dear relative had passed away. She would not be comforted; and it was beyond my comprehension. Her father wondered even more than I, for love he considers is something almost out of place except between members of a family."

"I know, mother," said Nellie. "And why is it that father is so? He believes it proper to 'love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;' then why should I not love Mr. Mifflitt? He was our nearest neighbor. Surely he endeared himself to every one he had dealings with. I have known him almost to go hungry — not because he had nothing to eat, but he could not rest easy until some little act was performed, which was to make some one else, a child particularly, happy. I loved him as a dear friend."

"A Platonic love," interrupted Julian, smiling.

"Yes," replied Nellie. "And I think that is the purest of all loves. Any one can love his own father or mother, brother or sister."

"Or one who is to be something else," ventured Julian.

"But," continued Nellie, pretending not to have noticed his remark, though a telltale dimple revealed the fact that she did, "to love any member of the human family outside, is the love we are commanded to bear."

Nellie had made quite a little speech and there was no opposition to her sentiments expressed. Each of her auditors felt that she was absolutely in the right. Mrs. Lamont, finding that Nellie had finished, endorsed her remarks, glad to know that she had so large a nature and a heart big enough to take in so many. "But," she added, "we are going away from the subject you broached, Mr. Favor. You remarked, 'you fancied he was mysteriously connected with our lives.' You meant more than appears on the surface if I mistake not. It was not because he lived merely in our hearts and memories."

"That's it exactly" answered Julian. "There is something deeper, than all we have spoken of; and it is so much deeper that I fail to fathom or explain it. There is so much that 'is not dreamt of in our philosophy,' as shakespeare puts it, that I get lost even in contemplation of the commonest things of life."

"That puts me in mind," quickly said Nellie, "of some of the sayings of Mr. Mifflitt. Don't you know, mother what he said jokingly one day? 'If I can't be your husband — as I am so old as to be getting into my second childhood, I can be your son.'"

"No," she answered.

"Well, he did; and I thought what a funny and characteristic speech it was. He was always expressing himself as no one else ever thought of doing — but we are taking up Julian's time. I know he wants to say something more. Are you going to surprise us by telling of some discovery you have made in the field of metaphysics?"

"No, not exactly," he answered. "But I wish I could. I wish I knew more of my own self, my own soul. If I did, I would know more than I do about other souls, and their connection with mine. Speaking of Mr. Mifflitt, there is a something — a connection between us and him that will be made manifest sometime. I am sure of it. This love

power is the strongest force in the universe. He bore it for you as he had a right to. None of the soul's faculties but what are to be exercised, particularly the one we are speaking of. No one can learn to love. It must come spontaneously, well up in the soul obedient to law, as honey forms within the heart of the flower. This and the object must be correlated. That being the case, a union must be established. This union exists now if Paul Mifitt still lives, which brings me to what I have to say concerning my morning's experience in the picture gallery. I went there on invitation of my friend, Bob Kelly. Arrived at the exhibition room, as it might be called, I was introduced to the proprietor, and handed a catalogue of the pictures. The first, and I may say only one, that attracted my attention was a portrait of Paul Mifitt. The chair I sat in, had been wheeled into a position commanding the best light. Mr. Fearing told me there was something peculiar about the picture which I would not at first discover. They left me to myself, Mr. Fearing inviting Mr. Kelly into an adjoining room. I gazed upon the face before me. Soon the eyes seemed to change color. This startled me, of course, but what followed was more surprising. Every feature underwent a change, and instead of a man of fifty, a youth of twelve or a little more, was represented. He had eyes of heavenly blue, and golden hair that came in waves upon his fair neck. A peculiar radiance emanated from every part of his person, for the frame was lost sight of; the full figure standing out in bold relief against the crimson wall of the room. So far I was only affected deliciously, I might say, for waves of fragrance as from a bed of violets were wafted over me, and I seemed to breathe the air of paradise. Then I heard music. Suddenly my name was called. As the sound fell upon my ear, the form vanished, and I became nearly unconscious. I lost all power of motion, and felt as if falling through space. Two letters in gold, like fixed stars blazed in the blue ether—the letters J. R. I have an indistinct recollection of being carried down stairs, and of hearing the cry of a female voice; also of feeling the pressure of a hand which seemed to be your

own, Nellie. Then all became a blank until I was being removed from the carriage."

"What a strange experience," exclaimed Nellie when he had finished.

"It was indeed," added her mother. "There must have been a charm in the place, or a spell must have been cast upon you."

"Do you think so?" queried Julian with a smile.

"What else could it be?" asked Mrs. Lamont.

"Why, mother," spoke Nellie. "Have you never heard of ecstasy, where people lose consciousness of what is about them, while the mind remains active, and they do things, and see that which in their ordinary condition they do not?"

"Yes," answered her mother. "I believe I have; but the Doctor pronounced this a case of catalepsy, and a well-marked one at that, a disease peculiar to a certain kind of people, of those of peculiar temperament."

Julian smiled at this explanation of what to his mind was no disease at all; and seeing how his case was regarded, preferred to allow the matter to rest for awhile, confident that all would be made clear to them if they should live long enough. Though not satisfied himself, he could not accept their solution of the affair; and it being something of so vague a nature to them if not himself, thought it best not to enter into any argument.

It was plain that a gulf existed between him and the ladies. The latter could not perceive it. Julian could, and wisely concluded not to establish any antagonism. He ended the controversy then and there, by remarking that he thought it would not be well to dwell longer upon the subject, for if it was a disease of the brain, its further consideration might induce another attack. The others agreed with him, and Nellie suggested that a little music would be in order, and a very proper thing at that stage of the proceedings; anything to divert their minds from what might bring on a recurrence of the trouble of the morning.

Seating herself at the piano, she, in a sweet method of her own, sang and played what she knew Julian and her mother loved to hear.

Under the influence the music brought, similar sensations to those experienced at Mr. Fearing's, crept gradually upon him. But the sweet magnetism of the room, and the one who sanctified it, precluded as he thought, the possibility of his being affected as he was before. Besides, there was no picture to exert a mysterious power, such as he imagined Paul Miflitt's possessed. He felt safe in his pleasant surroundings, and gave himself up to the sweet influence of the hour. With closed eyes he revelled in what opened to his internal vision, or as some would call it — vivid imagination. A happiness he never before experienced, permeated his soul. The identical figure he had before seen stood by Nellie as she, all engrossed in the harmony she was producing, was lost to everything else.

As she played, the beautiful youth seemed to be merged into her own being; and Nellie for a time was transfigured before him. Julian would not open his eyes, fearful if he did so, it would dispel what so delighted his inner sense. The soft strains continued until it seemed the night would wear away in this dream of bliss.

It ended at last however, the sweet sounds growing fainter and fainter, melting into silence.

Julian started from his reverie, to find Mrs. Lamont had left the room; and Nellie turned to him with her own glory in her shining countenance, with an expression filled with a wealth of love. "Why! Mother gone?" she exclaimed on turning to where stood the vacant chair.

"Why, I was so lost, that I knew nothing of her departure. I fancied I was some one else entirely. I got to thinking of Mr. Miflitt; and when I turned to look at you, I felt as if I was in that little room across the street where I have played for him so many, many hours.

Oh Julian, I did think so much of him and do still. I know you'll not be jealous, will you?"

"No, darling," he answered; and drawing her to him, he seated her upon the little sofa, and by her side he sat with his arm about her pretty waist, feeling more than he could speak, the love he bore her. "Do you think I could be jealous of one who has passed on to that life,

where the soul ripens in the sunlight of Heaven? Will he not in that great beyond affiliate with the good and beautiful, and receive the crown he deserves? What! I be jealous, sweet girl of him? No. Love should be universal. I am thankful for your smiles. Together we will walk the paths of this life; and in the next our natures, like the compass, will be true to the influence that will guide them in the one right path, and our loves will be the sign board whose index will point the way. There can be no mistake. Are we satisfied here? We shall be doubly so there, where with the film drawn from our eyes, we shall see what we never could before.

"To be jealous is to have no confidence in our Heavenly father who metes to his children what the longings he has himself planted within their souls, demand."

Thus they sat, cementing as the hours passed, themselves more firmly together. No thought of future dismay or distrust like a horrid skeleton, loomed before them; but the present with its sweet opportunity hallowed their beings with a glory supernal.

The voice of Mrs. Lamont at length broke the spell. "Nellie, isn't it time to allow Julian to retire? You know what the Doctor said. He needs repose."

"Yes, mother." Then to Julian in a lower tone, "perhaps mother is right; but other days are coming and the time I trust, when we will be"—She did not finish the sentence, for Julian's lips were pressed to hers, and the word she would have spoken, was smothered in a kiss.

She took her own lamp from the mantle, and softly led the way to the room he was to occupy. At the door she handed it to him, which he took, and bidding each other a fond "good night" they separated. He softly closed the door on entering the room, not wishing to hear it shut out the sound of her retreating footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII.

Phillip Burnett was a man of forty-five; standing nearly six feet, of a sallow complexion, eyes a dark gray, and deeply set in their orbits. His were overhanging brows at the base of a large broad forehead. His nose aquiline. His face was habitually a smiling one, but was fearfully dark and forbidding when he was angry. He had as fine a set of teeth, the same his mother gave him, as there was in the city of B. His mouth when he was convulsed with laughter, was a sight to behold. It was immoderately large and every tooth in his head would be revealed to the admiring eyes of the beholder.

So much for his general appearance. He was a student of medicine, ordinarily. Not college bred, he had his own way of studying, which was in the fields or woods, or in a little boat upon his favorite Water-willow pond. He loved to lie upon his back on the top of a hill on a warm summer's day, and gaze at the white clouds sailing through the azure sky, and become lost to everything terrestrial.

The motion of the clouds would to his eye cease, while he seemed to be the moving object. So fixed would the impression become, that he often found himself clutching at the grass of mother earth, to prevent falling off into illimitable space. Let any one try it who never has, and see what were the sensations of Phillip Burnett at such times. He was a lover of nature, and thoroughly despised the conventionalities of the world.

If he felt the need of a stimulant, he so little cared for people's opinion, that he would walk into a saloon, and long before reaching the bar, would call out with a loud voice :

"Joe, pour me out a good glass of your best old rum. I am faint as a dog"—then down with it at a gulp, pay for the same, and leave as hastily as he entered.

Do not think, reader, that he was a tippler, or often indulged in the use of firewater. It was a rare sight to see him enter a bar-room ; but if it occurred to him that he required anything there, he stopped not at what A or B might say, but obtained it, and then went about his business, which was in a little back room on the ground floor of 252 H street. There he spent many hours of the day and night in study and experiment.

Experiment with what ?

With everything. A grasshopper with a pin stuck through his body, fastened to the casing of the window ; a butterfly, or a cockroach on the frame of the looking glass ; a galvanic battery buzzing monotonously on one end of a bench under the window ; horse shoe magnets lying about, some plunged into iron filings, and others sailing in blocks of wood in a basin of water ; flowers pulled to pieces, and their petals lying on the floor ; diagrams, showing the constellations ; for he was a dabbler in astrology ; clocks and watches dismembered on the bench, or a side table, which was a catch-all for everything.

Here he would sit and ponder ; and if it happened to be winter, at ten o'clock at night he might be found sitting in front of a little cylinder stove which he kept on the roar by knocking boxes to pieces, or broken chairs, and constantly feeding the fire therein. Suddenly he would start from the occupation, put cover on to the stove, close the damper, don his hat,—he seldom wore an overcoat.—leave his room, lock the door, and get out of the building, to go sometimes to his boarding house, at other times, to visit a friend with whom he had made an appointment for early in the evening, which had slipped his mind.

He was a strange being, and cut up strange capers, often, for the fun of the thing. He made a good living out of a patent medicine which he bought of a friend for a mere song, that friend being a Professor of something, but who was about to embark on a voyage on what is known as the unknown sea, where patent medicines are a drug in the market, consumption having got the best of him, also a free passage for him on the ship.

There was one thing that Phillip Burnett was an expert in; and that was animal magnetism. There he was at home; and his right hand man was a boy of twelve years of age, highly susceptible, finely negative, and a perfect subject.

Phillip discovered him on the street one day selling newspapers. He knew at a glance what the lad's peculiarity was, and was quick to catch on to the chance. He approached him, and bought a paper, giving him a nickle, but refusing any change in return.

This pleased the boy; but that was not the end of their business transaction, for Phillip, placing his hand upon the newsboy's head, said kindly, "Young man, I like the appearance of you." At this the youth laughed as newsboys are apt to, and replied — "Well, if you do, give me a dollar."

Phillip enjoyed the joke and replied, "I will give you twice as much as you can earn selling papers, if you will come and be my office boy."

"Agreed," said the newsboy. "When do you want me?"

"Now; this minute."

"I must sell my papers first."

"How much do you want for them?"

The boy eagerly, and with deft fingers ran through the edges of his little stock, and answered, "I have twenty papers left. It will cost you forty cents. But what do you want of them? one is as good as twenty to read."

"I'll tell you," said Phillip as he handed him the amount. "You give the papers to that poor little boy over there crying."

The ex-newsboy stared, but did as directed, and said as he handed them to the little fellow, "Here, Jimmy take the papers. That fine gentleman told me to give them to you. They are the latest edition; now go ahead and sell 'em."

The diminutive specimen of humanity took them, with mouth wide open, struck dumb at this never before seen generosity. His tears stopped flowing, and he said, his voice still trembling with his recent grief, "Thank you, good sir."

Phillip took his protege by the hand, and conforming to the gait of his youthful companion, led him to 252 H street. Nothing was said by either as they wended their way through the crowd that thronged the streets at that time of the day.

Phillip Burnett was secretive when it was policy to be so; he would let drop no word which a passer by might catch, conveying an inkling of what he, Phillip, had in view. And he often said, "that sometimes even stone walls have ears." There may be some truth in that statement, extravagant as it may seem at first; for to give expression to a thought at any time is to give one's self away. To breathe it upon the air even, when no mortal man is nigh, may but start it on a telegraphic wire, that runs from earth to sky.

Arrived at the building the door of which bore in large numbers "252" the lad exclaimed, "Why I've been here many times. I bring the morning papers to Mr. Fearing."

"Well, you have got through with that for the present. I will give you something more lucrative."

"What is that?" asked his companion.

"Something that pays better," said Phillip.

"So glad," briefly responded the boy.

"Now my lad, tell me your name," came from the smiling lips of the strange man, as they entered the little office we have before described.

"Arthur Arabah."

"And how old are you?"

"I shall be ten on the tenth of next October."

"Is that so?" quickly asked Phillip.

"I would rather you were born in that month, than any other in the year. I thought as much when I saw you first. Let me see," then turning to some of his manuscripts, he

said, "Yes here it is — Libra! hm — intuitive — ah, yes — good! A psychic. My fine fellow, is your mother living?"

"No sir," softly answered Arthur.

"Nor your father?"

"I am alone in the world sir."

"I will be a father to you. You shall not want while I live. It was fate that brought us together. You have no inclination to return to your life of selling papers?"

"No."

"Why?" and another smile of Phillip's elicited the reply, "Because I like you. I think you are white."

"Very good," said Phillip laughing. "Now you are at liberty to sleep where you will; at your present quarters, or you shall have a nice bed all to yourself in the room with me. Which do you prefer?"

"To go with you."

"You do it of your own free will and accord?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you owe any one anything?"

"No sir; but the lady where I sleep always wants to know if a body is going to leave two days in advance, so as to let the bed if she has a chance."

"Where have you been living?"

"At 25 Hale street. It is a lodging house for newsboys, and bootblacks. I pay ten cents for my bed in advance."

"Well, you go at once to Mrs. What's her name?"

"Grab."

"Ah, well named — to Mrs. Grab, and give her my best respects with twenty cents, and tell her you have changed your business, and have got another bed, then return to me, will you?"

"Yes sir. I will be back in fifteen minutes."

Phillip looked at the clock which said 6.45 and handed him the money. Arthur went out like a flash, while Phillip sat and thought of the strange meeting with Arthur, of the change it might be productive of, and of the advantage it would be to him if he should prove to be a good subject, and of the benefit it would be to the boy himself, to thus

take him from the street, and start him on a new road in the journey of life. It was getting dark in that little back room. He was soon lost in one of his sleep reveries as he termed them, in which his previous meditations became merged into another mental process, which was more of a soul experience than anything else. He followed the lad, and overtook him, and side by side invisible to Arthur, they pursued their devious way. The boy's passage through the crowd of pedestrians was rapid, as only a newsboy knows how to dodge this way and that, each moving human obstacle. Soon the boy entered a dark alley, into which he plunged regardless of the fact that a large dog lay sleeping there, his huge bulk forming a barrier to dispute the lad's further progress. This, to the invisible Phillip, was distinctly visible, for in dream land though the physical earth be enveloped in darkness, a light as from a spiritual sun fills all space. He saw the boy's danger if he should fall upon the huge animal, and shouted, "Look out Arthur, for the dog across your path!"

Spoken in a dream, of course it could not be heard by Arthur who was in his normal state, knowing nothing but that he was bound for 25 Hale street to see Mrs. Grab. But the moment Phillip in his dream, warned Arthur of his peril, the boy received an impulse, the source of which he knew not, to be a little cautious in the dark passage way. He slackened his speed, and came nearly to a standstill, and heard before him the heavy breathing of the beast almost at his feet. He bent his eyes towards the point from which the sound proceeded, and in the darkness saw indistinctly the prostrate form of the powerful animal. He gave a leap, and cleared him; but it awoke his dogship who vented his disapprobation in a low angry growl. Arthur waited not for further demonstrations, but allowed his fine young legs to do their duty as before. He marvelled within himself at the singular feeling that had seized him which prompted him in the darkness, and thought of the song he had heard his mother sing :

"On watch you well by day-light;
By day-light may you fear.
But keep no watch in darkness,
The angels then are near."

Arrived at the house of Mrs Grab, he was vexed at not finding her in; but seeing her room door open, and a lamp left burning, he knew she was not far away. It was ten minutes before she returned. During that time Arthur was on nettles. He wondered what Mr. Burnett would think of him, when he had promised to return at that stated time.

"He might lose his job," he said to himself, for to not keep one's promise was, he knew a criminal offence in the eyes of some business men. He little knew that the dark eye of Phillip Burnett was upon him even then, and that his unavoidable delay was known to his employer. Mrs. Grab returned. Arthur handed her the money which she eagerly seized, and after informing her of his change of business, bade her good bye, and left the house. He did not retrace his steps, but took a different route on the return, that he might avoid in dark passage ways savage beasts that might dispute his right of way.

He arrived nearly out of breath, at Mr. Burnett's office, only to find it dark and silent. His heart sank within him, and he was on the point of leaving the spot, as he feared to investigate further in the darkness, when he heard a rustling sound somewhere in the apartment and he asked timidly — "Are you in Mr. Burnett?"

Arthur was quickly relieved. The answer came as soon as the man could fully recover his consciousness.

"I am, my boy. Come in. Why zounds! I felt asleep." Then scrambling for a match, he found one and soon light instead of darkness filled the room.

Phillip looked at the clock — "A half hour instead of fifteen minutes. But no matter, what with encountering dogs in dark alleys, and waiting for absent Grabbers to return, you were well nigh not returning at all. You could not foresee that, and need not be uneasy over it."

"How did you know sir?" asked Arthur, his eyes wide open with astonishment.

Phillip showed his handsome teeth by heartily laughing at the manner of his ward, and replied, "Had it not been for the intervention of some outside power, you might now be incapacitated from ever returning."

Arthur felt uneasy in the presence of a man of knowledge so mysteriously acquired, perceiving which Phillip proceeded at once to restore quiet to his mind by telling him that he possessed a power that comparatively few did, of seeing without the aid of the external eye, and of travelling independent of the physical body, and that on the morrow he would explain it to him more fully, and put him in the way of becoming similarly accomplished.

Somewhat satisfied, Arthur asked no more questions then, although he was curious to know how Mr. Burnett could have a knowledge of what was transpiring so far away, where there was no visible means of communication.

Later on, this knowledge was unfolded to his mind, and he became a wonderful instrument for good to the public, although the outside world attributed none of the benefits it received, to him.

Arthur himself, as we shall see, remained in ignorance of the part he was taking, although afterwards it was made known to him how much had been accomplished through his instrumentality.

It is not necessary to enter into all the details; how Arthur unwittingly ingratiated himself into Phillip's affections, and how the latter came to be loved and looked up to by Arthur as something more than a friend. We will merely narrate the first experiment that Phillip made upon the boy, which tested his powers in the direction in which they were to be employed.

He had been a week with Mr. Burnett, when one morning before going to the office, Phillip observed a distressed expression upon his young, handsome face, which the boy endeavored vainly to conceal.

Phillip remarked to him in a fatherly way, "My boy, you are not feeling well this morning."

"No, Mr. Burnett. I have a pain here," placing his hand on his head.

"I expected it yesterday, when you handled the battery so much. I cautioned you at the time. It was too much of a stimulant for your circulation, and has affected your brain. You will be more guarded in future, I know."

"I will indeed," in a subdued manner, answered Arthur.

"Sit in this chair, and I will see if I can remove it," said Phillip.

He did as directed, and Mr. Burnett placed his warm hands upon the part affected. Soon he made a few passes downward, and Arthur began to feel strangely.

"Why Mr. Burnett, I feel so sleepy."

"Well," answered his guardian, "I am glad of it if you do. Give way to it, and you will get relief."

Arthur spoke not again, but was soon lost to all external things. The rigidity of his muscles told to Phillip that it was no ordinary sleep, but that hypnotism was established.

He made a few reverse passes about the jaws and muscles attached to them, when a relaxation was immediately produced and an evident effort was being made to speak.

"Well Arthur, do you know me?" questioned the operator.

"Why shouldn't I, Mr. Burnett?" He paused a moment before speaking further. A sudden light came upon his brow and with a stronger voice he continued, "Not only that but I know something you do not."

"What is it?" asked Phillip flushed with excitement and pleasure at the result of his first experiment.

"You are wanted at Police Headquarters."

"What for? I beg."

"A case requires your aid."

"Who requires it?"

"The detective branch of the service."

"How so? They know nothing of me."

"No, but they will if you will follow my directions."

Phillip was astonished, and replied, "I will follow you implicitly."

"Get paper and pencil, and short it."

Phillip was a good stenographer, and complied at once.

"Are you ready?" inquired the young dictator.

"All ready," cried Phillip, more agitated than he believed it possible to become. "Then write — When you present yourself for an audience with the Chief, you will be refused admittance by reason of urgent business then being transacted. Nothing daunted, you must reply, 'It is upon that very business that I have come to see him.' The messenger will report to him, and return to you with permission to enter. You will do so, and find yourself in the presence of two men, the Chief of Police, and the chief officer of the Detective force. The latter is a man of dark complexion, a piercing eye, and smooth face. There will be some matter of great importance under consideration. You will walk up to the chief, whom you will recognize by the seat he occupies in front of his desk.

He will eye you sharply as will his companion, and ask you what you know of this case.

You will answer him, 'I would like to be of service to you not only in this, but in any other wherein the detective service may require assistance.'

'Why what facilities can you possess that we do not?' he will ask. 'Some that perhaps you will not at first recognize; but which I can prove to you now is worthy of your perfect reliance.'

'Well, go on with your proof, time is valuable with us, and we have not a moment to devote to experiments.' You will then after listening, say, 'Well, the very man you are in search of is at this moment coming up the stairs. His game is a bold one. He thinks by his manner to throw suspicion upon others than himself.' You need say no more, but do as you are directed and bide the issue. Before you are dismissed, the Chief will ask you for your address, and respectfully will request you to call at 9 the next morning. That is all."

Phillip waited a minute, and finding his subject had finished, thought best to awaken him. He reversed his passes, calling him kindly, "Arthur, I will count ten, then

be yourself." He counted from one to ten, and reaching the last number the boy opened his eyes with a start, and exclaimed, "Why, I had quite a nap."

"Are you feeling better, and where is your headache?"

"All gone!" he answered with a light laugh. "I wouldn't know that I had ever had any."

"Well, we will go now, or at least you can to the office, so as to answer in case any one calls. You can say, I am away on important business and will not be in before twelve."

CHAPTER IX.

Julian Favor awoke the next morning, after a refreshing, dreamless sleep. The walls of the room were strange to him at first, but as full consciousness returned, all came back to him, and he fully realized that he was under the same roof that sheltered Nellie Lamont. It was early yet, still he heard footsteps below, and he knew though not expecting to be called, that it would be better to rise and prepare for the day's duties whatever they might be. Before he was ready to descend, the aroma of coffee greeted his nostrils, which indicated to him that he would soon be

expected. His toilet finished, he looked out through the windows, Jack frost having left a little space in the corner of each pane to look through, that he might obtain a view of what was going on outside. A light snow was falling, and he thought of his journey to the city. Though cold and wintry without, there was no winter in his heart which now was beating with all the vigor of springtime. He felt strong and ready to cope with anything that might present itself. He left the room, and descended the stairs, his footsteps on the soft stair carpeting making no sound. At the foot he met Nellie who was about ascending. The salutation she gave him was all he could wish for—warm and fervid, which he returned in kind.

Being ready for what was ready for him, together they went to the dining room, where stood Mrs. Lamont. She greeted Julian with a hospitable "Good morning," and added, "I hope you didn't lie awake in a strange room as many are apt to do the first time occupying it."

He assured her that he never felt better, which he attributed to a sound sleep and their kind nursing of the day previous. Everything being in readiness, they sat down to the morning meal. Mrs. Lamont's cooking was all the most fastidious could desire, and Julian did it ample justice; which never fails to please the conscientious cook.

No reference was made to the trouble of the day before, as nothing could be gained by recalling an unavoidable by-gone, which while it was being enacted was a most alarming scene. The meal was enlivened by the vivacious remarks which Nellie, in her light-heartedness thought it was incumbent upon her to make. No reference was made to the subject they had considered the evening before. Nellie however ventured the remark, "What a funny mother you were for leaving us last night."

"Well, did it trouble you any? If it did I will stay with you next time."

"No, mother. I did not mean that it troubled me. I did not know even when you went, you left us so quietly."

"There was no occasion for my making any great noise

about it. I had duties to perform, and went to attend to them."

The meal over, Julian looked at his watch, seeing which Mrs. Lamont remarked, questioning, "You are not going to leave us to-day, are you?" Nellie looking anxiously at the same time.

"I feel I shall have to," he replied. My books must be kept up. To lose a day during business would necessitate hard work for several days after, to make it up. My work you know all has to be done; and it comes hard to be obliged to make up lost time. I have no one to help me out."

There being no good excuse for keeping him, they did not urge him, although it was quite a disappointment to Nellie.

"Bob Kelly promised to come out to see me to-day — supposing it would be necessary for me to remain under treatment, but as I have fully recovered I think it best to go to the store this morning and thus save him the journey out."

Promising to come again soon, Julian took his leave, and a few minutes walk brought him to the line of the horse railroad, where taking a car, in due time, he reached his place of business.

The first to accost him was Bob Kelly. "Hullo, Jule!" he shouted. "We didn't expect to see you to-day." Then added in a lower tone, for his ear alone, "and the deuce take it if the store would have seen me had I been in your place, with such a neat little nurse as you had yesterday. Blast it all they wouldn't see me for a week."

"Well you and I are two persons," said Julian — "but tell me, do all hands know the particulars? I hope not."

"No," Bob answered, "I have merely told them you were taken suddenly ill in Fearing's studio, and were obliged to be taken home in a hack. Nothing indiscreet about that was there, Jule? You know some reason must be given for your absence, a man of as much importance as Julian Favor."

"I suppose you could do no less, as you expected I was to be booked for the day."

He removed his overcoat, hung it upon its hook, opened the safe, took out his books and was soon engaged in his usual occupation. He fancied he detected some sly glances during the forenoon between the hands in the establishment, and undertone conversation between the heads of the firm, and their employees on several occasions. He was not saluted quite as cordially by Messrs. Adams & Coville as usual. He hoped it was only in his imagination. It occurred to him like a flash just before noon, that his being carried from 252 H street to a hack in a helpless condition, might be construed by those only too willing to have it so, that he was in a state of intoxication. To obtain an affidavit from Dr. Corbett as to his real condition, might or might not be a proper thing to do. He determined to wait patiently for further developments however, before taking steps in that direction, confident that if it should be required, it could be obtained at a short notice. One fact which gave importance to his suspicions was, that a certain individual, Will Clapp, aspired to the position held by Julian Favor. He was contemptible enough to stoop to almost anything, to attain his ends. Julian was highly impressional, could see below the surface, and get at people's motives. He had on more than one occasion been of valuable service to the firm employing him. Will Clapp knew this, and resolved to injure him in the estimation of his employers.

Julian determined to allow no opportunity to escape that would furnish any clew to the facts in the case, so when the hour of one approached, he, as he had often done before, invited Bob Kelly to lunch with him.

The invitation was accepted and they went out together. As they crossed the threshold, the voice of Clapp was heard calling, "Kelly! one word with you before you go."

"Wait a moment Jule," said Bob "I'll see what he wants." He went; and a minute later returned, saying, "He has invited me to the theatre this evening."

"And you will go, of course?"

"I didn't promise. I have a partial engagement elsewhere."

"Well," responded Julian sadly, "I fear he will prevail. Somehow I have a foreboding that there is a plot of some kind laid against me."

Bob looked at him in surprise, and said, "What makes you think that?"

"I am not very easily deceived," answered Julian. "I generally catch on pretty quick. You know Clapp wants my position, and I believe will try by fair means or foul to get it from me."

"It can only be done by foul means," Bob quickly replied; "and if I can thwart him, By Jove, Jule, I'll do it. I will accept his invitation now, and if I find anything is up I will ascertain the facts. You believe I am your friend still, don't you, Jule?"

"Yes," he answered with a sigh.

"There, don't get down-spirited, you are going to a lunch, not a funeral. If no other than Will Clapp is working against you, he is a dead man, as far as any power of his can be exerted against you. Cheer up Jule, oh how much good a glass of sherry would do you now."

"No! no sherry for me. The damned stuff has been the bane of my life; and if you are my friend, you will never mention it to me again."

"Pardon me, Jule. I meant nothing. I'd tear my tongue out by the roots before I would say a word to draw you away from the path you have resolved to travel. Forgive me this time, and you shall not have cause to frown again. I cannot bear it. Say you will forgive me."

Julian gave him his hand frankly, and smilingly said, "I do! and may you prove as true a friend as I mean to be to you. Here we are at the cafe. Say nothing about the matters that trouble me, for there are pitchers on the tables, and pitchers you know have ears."

"Ha, ha! Jule, a good joke." They looked over the "bill of fare" and Julian gave their order. Awaiting its

arrival, they talked of the unprecedented mild winter which prognosticates to the many, fat church yards in the spring.

At the store, after Bob and Julian had left it, all was levity and animation. Tongues before tied, were unloosed and it is needless to say, at Julian's expense. Clapp remarked jocosely, "Say, boys, Favor must have been pretty drunk yesterday to be brought down stairs by three men and tumbled into a hack. Most fellows would have found their destination to be the station house." This was evidently intended for the ears of the senior member of the firm who was at that time engaged with a customer, a particular friend of his, and no less a person than Phillip Burnett. The shot took effect, and while the flippant conversation was going on in the front of the store, Mr. Adams and Phillip Burnett were engaged in serious undertones upon the same subject. "Of whom are they speaking?" asked Phillip.

"Of Mr. Favor, our bookkeeper. The report is that he was on a spree yesterday, and was taken from Fearing's picture rooms, senseless. Fearing is one of those convivial fellows and always makes the most of New Year's day; Favor was there with one of my men and perhaps took a drop too much."

"Mr. Adams," answered Phillip, "I think I may be able to throw some light upon that matter. I occupy an office on the ground floor in that same building, and will make inquiries. If I am not mistaken he is the young man who was taken with a fit of catalepsy, as the physician termed it. If he is the one, then this charge of intoxication is most unjust. He was urged to drink but decidedly refused, and what drinking was done was by Fearing and your other employee."

Mr. Adams looked relieved and replied, "I am glad to know it, Mr. Burnett. I will tell my partner immediately, but I beg of you make your investigations quietly. If there is any intrigue going on, I wish to find it out, and I will make it very unpleasant for the participators."

Mr. Favor in the past has been addicted to drink, but has reformed and has been most faithful since in the dis-

charge of his duties. In fact no man could be more so. My partner is confident that Favor has fallen from grace, and is disposed I know not for what reason, to discharge him and put Clapp in his place. Clapp is, next to Favor, the smartest man we have, still if he is playing any points, he will find he 'has counted his chickens before they are hatched.' We must let them think we suspect nothing," then with a raised voice cried, "Oh, Clapp!"

"Well sir," from the front of the store. "Won't you just make a minute of these goods as I call them off, and leave it on Mr. Favor's desk."

"All right sir," only too pleased to show his efficiency in that direction.

"Capsicum — two pounds.

Chlorate of Potash — five pounds.

Lithia — broken package, just weigh it out when you get a chance.

Lobelia tincture — one pound.

Nux vomica tincture — half a pound.

Cinamon, Coriander, Carraway — each one pound.

Linseed oil — one gallon.

They are all in a pile by themselves. Just pack them after dinner, and mark them, P. Burnett, 252 H street."

"All right, sir," answered Clapp, who was highly elated at what loomed before him as a mirage in the distance — the position as bookkeeper.

Then the senior partner with his patron walked to the front of the store, passing the bookkeeper's desk on the way. Mr. Adams was saying to Mr. Burnett, "We don't deal in this class of goods as a general thing. It is a part of the stock of E. & F., Druggists. I took it for debt which is the reason I happen to have it on hand now. They are all staple articles however, and can be disposed of at any time by making a little effort," and they passed out of the store together.

In passing Clapp, Burnett took a quick but searching look at the aspirant for Favor's position, taking his measure as correctly as though he had known him for years.

"Good!" exclaimed Clapp as Adams and Burnett disappeared in the crowd outside, and bringing his fist down upon the desk as he spoke, he knocked over the ink stand throwing its black contents over the bookkeeper's open ledger.

Clapp for a moment looked with awe upon the catastrophe, but said nothing, and stole out of the store with the ink upon his wrist and cuff. He reasoned thus: "It will appear like one of Favor's accidents, and be a proof of the unsteady condition of his nerves after yesterday's debauch. Ah, how fortunately things do turn for a fellow at times. Lucky dog, Clapp;" and out he passed, brushing by Julian Favor and Bob Kelly who were just returning from dinner. Clapp feared his inky hand might be perceived, and with a hasty salutation, and the few words, "Ah! back so soon? I am most starved — remember to-night Bob," he vanished from their eyes to be swallowed up in the stream of humanity flowing along the sidewalk.

Julian Favor appeared much more like himself, as men are apt to after partaking of a hearty lunch; but his improvement was not due so much to gustatory satisfaction, as to the fact that Bob Kelly's lively conversation had done much towards restoring him to his ordinary normal condition of self poise. His happiness was short-lived however, for upon arriving at his desk, the horrid spectacle of his proverbially tidy account book being dressed in spattered mourning, presented itself. He, trembling from head to foot, called Bob's attention to the state his ledger was in, the book in which he had always taken so much pride.

"Good God," exclaimed Bob, "Who could have done that?" then remembering — "I have it Jule, I noticed ink upon Clapp's hand as he passed us at the door — keep mum. It was done recently, for see, the ink has in no place dried."

Julian answered, "I see. We have been gone an hour. Everything was as tidy as I always mean to keep my books, when I left." At that moment Mr. Coville entered at the front door. He observed the agitation upon the face of Julian, who beckoned to his employer, saying as he did so, "Will you please step here a moment, Mr. Coville." The

Junior partner complied, and took a glance at the bespattered account book. "What!" he exclaimed, "were the ceremonies of yesterday too much for you. Mr. Favor?" Then observing the look of pain upon his bookkeeper's clean cut features, he felt ashamed of his hasty inuendo, and added "Excuse me, Mr. Favor, but pray how could that have happened?"

"That is what I want to know," answered Julian with a forced composure, swallowing the insult that had been hurled at him by Mr. Coville. "This was done by some enemy of mine during my absence at lunch. If you will but notice you will see the evidence of its recent occurrence, and I have been away an hour."

"Who were here, when you left the store?" asked Mr. Coville, who to atone for his former cruel question, felt it was incumbent upon him to evince an interest and disposition to investigate.

"Mr. Adams, together with a gentleman who were looking over the drugs at the back of the store, Mr. Clapp, Mr. Conant and the errand boy."

"You were gone an hour, you said?"

"About that."

"Where was Mr. Kelly?"

"He was with me at lunch. We usually go together."

"Hm! This will have to be looked into;" muttered Mr. Coville who in spite of his suspicion, felt called upon to deal justly with a worthy man. "What can you do about it?"

"There is nothing to be done that I can see but take out these two leaves and put in two fresh ones. I will copy what is nearly obliterated if possible. It is a bad job but I will do all that can be done."

"I am very sorry," Mr. Coville said. "It seems impossible that a person in my employ, could bear such an animosity towards you as to commit an act like that. It is something no man in his senses would do."

"There is but one man in your employ who would, Mr. Coville," replied Julian, regretting the moment after that he had said so much.

"And who is he?" quickly asked Mr. Coville.

"I have no charge to make against any one, sir. The offender will doubtless expose himself, and thus save my being his accuser."

"Well, well. We will look into it. Remedy the mischief as well as you can." Saying which, Mr. Coville walked to the rear where laid Mr. Burnett's order awaiting packing.

CHAPTER X.

When Julian was left to himself, he discovered the list of goods to be charged to Mr. Burnett, upon the hook where such documents are deposited. He saw it was in Clapp's handwriting; he said nothing then but proceeded to enter upon the day book, the sale. It was a common thing in his absence, such a transaction; but this especial case was one for particular notice, and he reserved the scrap of paper upon which the minute was written, until he should have an opportunity to question Clapp upon his arrival, in reference to it.

Mr. Adams soon entered, but before Julian could arrest his attention, Mr. Coville called to him, and for a time there was no opportunity to edlist in his sympathy the man of all others he secretly fancied had the power and disposition to vindicate him.

He proceeded at once to cut out the ruined leaves, leaving just enough with the aid of mucilage to attach to them those he should insert. While thus engaged, Clapp entered the door. His eyes were fastened upon Favor the minute he crossed the threshold.

Favor through his eyebrows, saw him. Clapp avoided passing the desk,—something unusual for him. Julian noticed this, as did Bob Keliy who was on the alert for every bit which could be used as evidence in the case. As soon as practicable, Julian, commanding his voice as well as he could, asked, "Mr. Clapp! You left these minutes here for me to copy, I take it?"

"What minutes?" said Clapp, coloring to the roots of his hair, in spite of himself, then as if remembering, "Oh, yes — I know — Mr. Adams handed them to me to leave there for you."

"But they are in your hand writing," said Julian.

"Yes, I know. He dictated — called them off — I wrote it; they are to be entered as a sale."

"To be charged to him, I take it?"

"Of course," said Clapp, recovering himself. "They were left for you as such have been a hundred times," then accidentally observing that Mr. Coville stood not far away listening, but not appearing to be, he added for the sake of making an impression upon that person's mind, "You made too many calls yesterday, Favor; your ideas are not up to the standard of clearness."

Mr. Coville stepped into view at that, which put an end to further words between them. It was a severe trial to Julian; and the afternoon passed without his having an opportunity to speak to Mr. Adams upon the subject.

The latter was called upon by a lady who engrossed his attention to the exclusion of all others. He felt that his time would come, however; and that before many days, when he could prove himself to be as honest and upright as any one in Adams & Coville's employ.

Night came at last, and Julian had replaced the blotted leaves, as by reference to his journal he was enabled to duplicate the account the ink had well nigh effaced. He remained some time after the heads of the firm had gone, and the business of the day was considered to be over.

With a weary head and sick at heart, he put his books together, with the blotted leaves; deposited them in the safe, locked the same, bade Bob "Good Night" and retired. He longed to get rid of the sights and sounds of trade, and the companionship they brought. With an audible sigh he turned his back upon the store, and deep in meditation, wended his way towards 16 Draper street. Although his comfortable lodging room waited for his coming, his heart was somewhere else, and he thought if for one hour he could pillow his head against the warm bosom of one he

knew had confidence in him, and whose love went hand in hand with that trust, that he could be strong again, and snap his finger in the face of malice and its boon companion, suspicion; but no, it could **not** be; so he nerved himself to meet the inevitable, and as he neared the house, his exterior betrayed not the trouble of the heart that felt so much.

The house was kept by Mrs. Cook who lived on the lower floor, and let the three rooms above to lodgers. The front and pleasantest of these apartments was occupied by Julian. As he passed the window at which Mrs. Cook happened to be sitting, she went to the door leading to the hall, and met Julian as he was just entering the front door. She exclaimed with raised hands, "Why, Mr. Favor, I thought you was lost, or that New Year's might have been too much for you."

Julian, with a deprecating gesture, cut short her remarks with "There now, my good lady, I have heard enough of that kind of talk to-day."

"Oh, I have not offended you, I hope. If I have, I beg your pardon."

"Well, though you intended no offence, your words implied that you thought I was not capable of taking care of myself on a New Year's day."

"Oh, not at all," broke in the good natured proprietress. "I only would convey my sympathy for you, in case you ate too much turkey and so got sick. If so, you should have come right home and I would have nursed you, and been glad to. To be sure I would. I have had children who are grown up now, who think no one can make as good gruel as I can. You pay me well for your room, and the heating, and the lighting, and I can afford to put myself out a little for meal and poultices. Now don't stay away again, for I stand ready always to do what I can to alleviate the distress of a lone creature like yourself."

This speech, rapidly delivered, brought a smile to Julian's face, the first that had illuminated it since he sat at lunch with Bob.

He briefly stated for Mrs. Cook's information that he

"had kind friends who were always glad to see him, and care for him, in case nursing was required," at which Mrs. Cook with a twinkle in her eye said, "and one

' With eye of blue and curly hair
With dimpled chin and winning air.'

Ah, I see it all. I don't blame you. I was once young myself, but those bright days are past and gone." With a moist eye she concluded, "Your room is snug and warm, and the light is on the end of the mantle with a card of matches beside it."

"Very well," answered Julian, and he turned to go up stairs, while Mrs. Cook left the door ajar until he had ascended and entered his room.

Once alone, his feet in the slippers and extended towards the grate, the curtains drawn and the lamp casting its cheerful rays upon him, he felt that for the night he was a king, that there would none intrude. He had been thus seated perhaps five minutes when a peculiar gnawing sensation in the region of his stomach, reminded him that he had forgotten to call at Gillson's where he usually partook of a cup of tea on his way from his daily labors. "I will not go out again to-night," he said emphatically, "biscuit or no biscuit." Just then he perceived for the first time the delicious odor of freshly steeping tea coming up from below. "Ah, I can't stand that," he said starting from his chair. Mrs. Cook is willing to furnish me with gruel in case of sickness, of course she will come down with a cup of tea if I need it. I will test her generosity." Acting upon the impulse, he found himself a minute after knocking at her door on the ground floor. Mrs. Cook appeared and Julian addressed her: "I don't know what you will think of me Mrs. Cook, but I have had something on my mind to-day that has troubled me to that extent that I forgot to get my supper on my way home. The smell of your nice tea has crazed me to come and ask for a cup, either for love or money.

Mrs. Cook was overpowered with astonishment, but was as much pleased as surprised. "Certainly, Mr. Favor, sit right

down here. I am all alone and we will be a right jolly couple. No one would know but I was your mother and you were my son. Sit right down and I will get a plate and a cup."

Julian warmed at once beneath the honest influence Mrs. Cook threw out; and remembering the home he once had, and the mother who like the woman before him, never was happier than when catering to the pleasure of others, took a chair, while a tear of remembrance shone in his eye, and replied, "Mrs. Cook I don't want you to put yourself out at all. All I ask for is a cup of your tea which will steady my nerves, and get me in a condition to forget myself in balmy sleep."

She seemed intent on having her way, so bustled about and said after a minute, "I have seen men before, and know that they enjoy a cup of tea, and a hot biscuit, a piece of apple pie, and a bit of cheese every time they can get it; so say no more, and you will soon find the cobwebs are all cleared out of your head, and you can go back to your room, and go to bed as quick as you like; and I'll risk your laying awake. 'When I make tea, I make tea.'"

Julian was conquered. He said no more; but crossing one leg over the other, laughed as any man would who was about to be regaled at the hands of a good natured motherly woman with that which appeases the appetite, and puts him in good humor with all the world.

In less time than it takes to write about it, all the preparations were made, and, "Now draw up your chair, Mr. Favor," fell upon his willing ear.

He complied; and they sat down opposite each other at the little table. He could not help laughing aloud as he thus found himself situated. Mrs. Cook was old enough to be his mother, and the couple presented a very interesting spectacle as thus they sat together taking tea. Julian wished Nellie could look in upon them just then. He wondered at his temerity in asking for the tea in the first place. But a famishing stomach has no conscience, and it is not until its demands have been satisfied that reason is itself again.

Mrs. Cook usually garrulous, was so impressed by the novelty of sitting at the table with one she heretofore had stood in awe of, that she became quite reticent, which suited Julian, but before the second cup had disappeared she found her tongue, which soon limbered into its normal loquacity.

She could not help saying "You don't know, Mr. Favor, how much you put me in mind of my husband, good man. He did love his tea, and cheese; oh, my! he would do most anything for a piece of cheese. Don't you think, he was marked with a cheese." Right between his shoulders, half way down his back, was as perfect a cheese as ever you saw."

She said so much about it and used the word 'cheese' so many times, that he wanted to say oh "cheese it," or something equally expressive, but the recollection of his indebtedness to her for rescuing him from the brink of starvation, operated upon him to exercise forbearance, knowing that the longest tale has an end. As soon as she stopped to take her breath, and pick up her false teeth that a too sudden cessation of speaking caused to become dislodged, and fall to the floor, he arose from his chair appearing not to notice the accident which befell her dental arrangements, and remarked, "I think if you will excuse me, I will now leave you, for if I am not much mistaken, I left the draft of the stove open, and we may get afire."

"Mercy on us, Mr. Favor," responded Mrs. Cook, whose teeth were again by force of suction fastened to her jaws, "do go right up and see. I believe I smell smoke now." Julian hurried as though fear actuated him, and went up the stairs, two steps at a time, while Mrs. Cook stood below with eyes protruding as though a conflagration was imminent.

He found everything all right, just as he expected, and returned to the head of the stairs, and relieved Mrs. Cook by remarking, "I was mistaken, the damper is not open. I must have closed it without knowing it."

Thereupon Mrs. Cook replied, "I am so glad, now do come down and have another cup of tea. I know you hadn't finished. My husband always drank three cups."

Julian thanked her, and said, "I guess I will not go down again now as,"—

Here the bell rang. Mrs. Cook opened the door, and her sister from the north end stood before her. Julian had entered his room and closed the door. He took up his position in front of the grate, the same he occupied when the aroma from the tea sent him below to sample it.

He gave himself up to reflection, and the thoughts of Mrs. Cook's kindness to him, which revealed to his eyes one bright phase in her character which he knew nothing of before, soon were supplanted by the remembrance of the past in which he had figured with Nellie when his love for her was new. He thought of that dark night at the ball when he disgraced himself by his "beastly condition" as he termed it; his struggle afterwards with the fiend alcohol, and his ultimate triumph; the stigma which still clung to him, for foul slander never tires of throwing its filth in base endeavor to blast reputation if not character; his late illness as it was termed by some, by others inebriation, but by himself an illumination, and the subsequent unhappiness brought on by the viper that pursued him even into his place of business, all passed before his mental view, and he began to fear a sleepless night would succeed with its dragons of remorse to break him up if possible, and lay him on a sick bed; when again the ringing of the door bell startled him from his meditations.

Mrs. Cook's heavy tread was heard instantly after, as she proceeded to answer the summons.

A moment's conversation after the door was opened was followed by the ascending footsteps of Mrs. Cook upon the stairs, a knock at his door, "Come in" from Julian, and her appearance after opening his door.

"A lad at the door wishes to see you," said Mrs. Cook.

"I am sorry to put you to so much trouble," said Julian, "but please tell him to come right up to my room."

She descended the stairs, and a bright looking boy with cap in hand and bringing into the warm room a sniff of the freshness of out doors, soon presented himself.

"Is this Mr. Favor?" asked the boy brightly, his soft tenor voice contrasting so sweetly with the tones he was accustomed to hear on the street and in his usual every day life.

"It is." Then, taking from his extended hand the letter he had come to bring, Julian invited him to be seated, opened the missive, and read as follows:

"JULIAN FAVOR:

DEAR SIR. The evil that threatens you shall be averted. You are guarded by one you little dream of. In winter or summer, where e'er you may be, you will be protected. The fit of catalepsy, so called, was the dawning of the morning, not the approach of the night you fear. The sun now rising upon you, never will set. If you are not otherwise engaged, I would be pleased to see you at my room this evening. The bearer of this note will accompany you thither. If it is not convenient, come to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock. Fail not.

Yours for justice,

F. B."

Julian looked at the lad, and the lad looked pleasantly at him. "Who is P. B.?" he asked.

"My benefactor sir," tersely replied the boy.

"Do you object to giving his name?"

"I would rather not. He will make it known when you see him."

"Well," replied Julian after a moment's thought. "I will go with you now. To-morrow may not be mine. I will be ready in a minute." Then after carefully fixing his fire, he donned his overcoat and hat, took his lamp and out they went, and descended the stairs. He set it on the lowest step and turned it down a little as he usually did when going out for a little while, and went into the street with his youthful guide. But little was said. Julian was all curiosity, but thought it would be poor taste to question the lad. He was destined soon to learn more than he could anticipate, not only of his own self and surroundings but of the future, which to the mass of mankind is as a sealed letter. Five minutes found them opposite the Olympic theatre.

Julian caught a glimpse of Bob Kelly and Clapp entering the open archway leading to the ticket office. He did not make himself known, though he could have done so easily.

Five minutes more brought them to No. 10 K. street. They ascended a short flight of stone steps, and the boy producing a latch key opened the door, and they entered. Julian found himself in a well lighted hall way. In one corner stood a steam radiator, the genial warmth from which together with the aroma of incense created within him a delicious sensation. Up one flight of stairs and through a long passage way to the rear of the building they went, the lad leading the way.

CHAPTER XI.

A door opened as they reached the extremity of the passage. There stood Phillip Burnett in velvet dressing gown, with right hand extended to welcome his expected visitor.

"Good evening, Mr. Favor," came from the smiling lips of Phillip. "You see, I know you although you do not me. **My name is Burnett.** I sent for you because you need assistance which it is within my power to render. My attendant who escorted you here is my right hand man, and the more singular of the two. I can do but little in this direction without his aid."

While he was saying this he was helping Julian take off his coat which with his hat he handed to the young attendant, who carried them to a closet. Phillip then arranged the chairs for the three; seating himself on one side of the table, upon which was a map of the starry heavens; and inviting Julian to sit opposite. The youth took the remaining chair a little further from the table than the others.

All was quiet for a few moments. In the brief time that elapsed before Phillip spoke again, Julian's eyes and ears were on the alert for the next impression. The rich velvet tapestry carpet, the purple walls with golden border, and rich figures of the same color; the ceiling of blue, with glittering points which represented the starry firmament; the pictures heavily framed in gilt mouldings, which adorned the walls; the perfume as from "an unseen censer" which filled the air, and soft strains of music, so faint as to

be but just discernible to the ear; all operated upon Julian's senses to captivate and enthrall.

Phillip broke the silence by saying, "I caused you to come here because you are in trouble, Mr. Favor. When you return to your room after this interview a new world will be open to you, and your confidence in God will be something more than a mere profession. These are strange words to you I know.

The trouble with people of this age is, that they as a mass have drifted away from the divine life. Putting all confidence in their own powers, alone, they lose sight of that which holds them where they are, even while they doubt. The clouds that envelope them even, are permeated by the divine love. There is a new dispensation about to be unfolded.

Materialism and a general infidelity now curse the world. It is but the swinging of the pendulum. For a time humanity revels in the sensual. Content with fleeting joys and a superficial life, that higher sphere is seen as through a glass darkly. But once satisfied, the real man comes to the surface through the ruin, Phoenix like, to start anew a higher life. Again he obtains a glimpse of God's face in all that is beautiful. He sees it reflected from the petal of the rose, and the shimmering surface of the lake that nestles between verdent banks. The body of a fly if held before the pupil will eclipse the sun in all its splendor.

How much more then can grovelling doubt conceal from the spiritual eye the great "I am," the soul centre from whom all blessings flow? It is my mission to draw the veil. Man, the self-styled "Lord of creation," who can not create a mosquito, may cavil and deride; but in his own estimation he will at length sink into insignificance in the presence of the Glory of the universe. What say you? Would you test the power? Would you look at yourself in that chair? Would you visit the one you love this present hour while sitting here? Would you listen to conversation now between two individuals, one, your friend, the other, one who is plotting your down fall but in reality digging his own grave?"

His questioner paused, and Julian nerving himself replied, "I would test your power. I would know myself, also what my duty is."

"You will know that and more. Arthur are you ready?"

"Quite ready sir," came in sweet confidence from the young lips.

Looking at Julian with a pleased expression, Phillip remarked, "Mr. Favor, you are not cataleptic, oh no. You are something far better than that. You will never have to be carried in a hack again from that cause. He touched a spring at the edge of the table, and the faint strains of harmony before scarcely discerned gradually increased in power until the whole apartment soon vibrated in unison. It was not loud and strong, but seemed to come softly from every part of the walls, the ceiling and the floor.

Phillip arose. He placed one hand upon the head of Arthur Arabah, holding it there a minute; then withdrawing it slowly with his arm still extended, he walked silently to Julian's side, and placed the other hand upon his head holding it there for a moment. He then brought his two hands together and quietly took his seat.

Arthur's eyes were now closed. The ticking of the clock became noticeable as the music grew fainter again. It seemed to speak from its position on the marble mantle as though a human spirit was encased within it, so much it seemed a part of the living mystery that pervaded the apartment.

To Julian's eye, the features of the boy's fair countenance became slowly indistinct; the outlines softened and became blurred, and an expression composite remained for a brief time.

Again they slowly became defined but not as before. Each feature underwent a change. The raven hair of Arthur Arabah changed to golden locks. The low forehead became higher, the dark skin assumed an ethereal appearance. The eyes were open, and of heavenly blue. The nose had more character than before. The lips seemed like cupid's bow, so correct in their outline; while a faint smile

played about the corners of the mouth. Thus was the face transformed. Julian could not speak. His lips were sealed. He could not turn his head to look upon the man he fancied was the wizard of the hour. He was held as in a vise, yet all his faculties of sense were intensely active. Oh, for something to break the spell.

The face before him was the same he saw but the day before in the picture room of Mr. Fearing. The same golden hair, and the same heavenly countenance. Would that those features could be preserved, that some brush could put upon the canvas what he now beheld.

The boy's lips parted and in tones of angelic purity came as from the soul of souls. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. The tender spirit of thy Father is grieved away. Why so blind is man that he prefers the cloud to Heaven's brightest sunlight?"

Why not look upon its glory, rather than that which fadeth away? Who by searching can find out God? Can the lesser comprehend the greater?

Oh faithless and perverse generation; throw down the shutters that superstition and man's grasping nature have placed before your windows. Reason not with Omnipotence. Your intellect is but a tiny bubble on the crested billow of mid-ocean. While a part, the smallest fraction, why array yourselves in the face of immensity? Ye, who know not of how ye came and whither ye go. Why assert your sovereignty? This night thy soul may be required of thee. You claim to be Kings. Insects may as reasonably assert their supremacy over you, not being able to comprehend you.

Away with your arrogance. Confess your ignorance and dependence. Aspire to know more, and cleave unto wisdom. Sink into nothingness ye potentates of the earth. 'Ere another's sun shall rise ye may be food for the worm. Man is born to-day, thrives to-morrow, and the third day becomes offensive clay.

Yet on move the planets in their orbits around the sun in majestic silence, and eternal power, held by the mighty and supreme centre which man cannot behold and live. Still, as a spark from the great soul centre, oh man thou art

endowed with mighty possibilities. Even though scoffing at and reviling thy parentage which thine eye cannot behold nor thine ear cognize. As there are sounds inaudible to thee, so there is an intelligence as far beyond thee as opposite points in the circumference of the universe."

Julian took it in as best he could, his hungry soul grasping to know all. He heard during the interval between sentences, the sound as of a pencil moving upon paper, and rightly surmised that every word was being recorded.

There was a pause, and again the boy's lips parted, and again the sentences outpoured as from a divine being.

"To thee, who art permitted to listen to words from these lips, instruction and advice is to be given which thou wilt do well to heed and follow. Let the day be speedy that will bring thy bride to thee. Wait not for what waiting cannot bring. Love's magnetism draws congenial souls together. Too tardy compliance with the law's requirement may sever one soul from its earthly covering. Ripe now for union, let not mercenary motives defer it. The earthly father of the one thou lovest is soon to become helpless. To be a son and husband will be your duty and privilege.

Move in this matter at once, without giving those interested, your reasons at present. My words are prophetic. Grief will come to those conspiring against you.

With a light heart, return to all your duties. Take not within your hand the rod to administer retribution. Be not *thy* neighbor's judge, lest a higher judge judge thee. Fortunate is the man who heareth with the spirit. Good and acceptable as these words may be unto you, grander truths will you yet receive if you heed and obey. Cherish what you have heard this night. Sweet will be your slumbers. Brightly will to-morrow dawn. Bear malice toward none. Perform your duties from day to day with a pure heart, and confide in those who are ever near you, though invisible to mortal sight. God is god of the living. I have done."

Phillip quickly placed his hands upon the boy's head, and quick as the lightning's flash the countenance became that of Arthur Arabah.

The invisible shackles fell from the limbs of Julian Favor. The clock's ticking was heard as before, and Phillip spoke: "I was obliged to send for you. What you have heard is preserved. I will transcribe it for you, and forward it to your residence. This is, as you may conjecture, not an open house. I call those who are bidden and have but little choice in the matter."

Arthur sat the same quiet lad who had presented himself at Julian's room an hour before. It all was most wonderful to Julian. He after a little, recovered himself sufficiently to ask Mr. Burnett if he "would please explain to him how he knew of his, Julian's, attack of catalepsy."

Phillip then informed him that he had an office in the same building, and that being acquainted with Dr. Corbett had learned the facts.

Julian seemed satisfied with the explanation, and if he had any suspicion that Phillip had kept to himself anything in regard to his method of getting at the bottom of things, he was not in the proper condition after what he had received, to draw out anything further.

He expressed his sincere gratitude to Mr. Burnett for the interest he was taking in his affairs, and promised that he would follow implicitly as far as possible the instructions he had received. He shortly after took his leave and returned to his quarters.

334730B

CHAPTER XII.

It was with no little trepidation that Phillip Burnett repaired to the office of the Chief of Police. He had no particular desire to do so for the purpose of testing the reliability of his young subject, for animal magnetism and the mysterious realms it opened, were nothing new to him.

But there was a power moving him on, and all he had to do was to obey the mandate received from the lips of the youth, Arthur. He resolved to investigate the matter, even though he should place himself in an embarrassing position.

There was nothing criminal in it, the worst thing that could happen to him would be to bring upon himself censure from a high official for dalliance with him and his valuable time.

He nerved himself for the effort. Ere long he arrived at the massive granite building in which were the various offices of the city government. He paused to collect his faculties which he felt might be severely tested. Being sure that he was equipped with the necessary document — although he would not be apt to refer to it while before the Chief, yet it would act as strengthener to know he could place his hand upon it at any moment — he proceeded up the iron stair way, and soon reached the door on the glass of which was lettered in gold-leaf, "Chief of Police." He tried the door and found it locked, but the knob immediately after turned, and a boy in neatly fitting blue opened it and stated to Phillip, "This is after office hours, sir, besides private business will allow of no one being seen."

"It is upon that very business that I wish to speak to the Chief," answered Phillip, confidently. The door was closed upon him. "Thus far," said Phillip to himself "Arthur was correct," then he looked at his instructions to see what the next step was to be. He did it hurriedly as he knew the messenger would soon return.

He quickly thrust it into his side pocket as the light step of the boy was heard approaching the door. Phillip's heart was in his mouth! he knew he was "in for it," and with his jaw firmly set made ready for what was to follow. The boy opened the door and stood aside as much as to say, enter. In Phillip walked, and advanced towards where sat the two men who had been described.

Politely bowing to the one he took to be the head officer, he said, "Is this the Chief of Police?" "Yes sir, and what do you know of this case? and how did you know I was engaged upon any particular case?" these questions being asked in manner austere, while the speaker with piercing eye seemed to look him through.

"I will soon explain to you. I would like to be of service to you not only in this case but in all wherein the detective service might be required."

"Do you apply for a position in the force?"

"No sir."

"What facilities can you possess that we do not?"

"Some that at first you may not consider reliable; but which I can prove to you are worthy of being made use of."

"Well, we have no time for experiments. If you can throw any light upon the affair we have in consideration, proceed to do so at once."

Phillip thought this was not the exact phraseology he expected would be made use of, but thought it had the same meaning. He listened for a moment, and with inward joy thought he heard footsteps on the stairs outside. "I am all right," he thought, and risking everything he said boldly. "The very man you are in search of is at this moment coming up the stairs. His game is a bold one. He thinks he will throw suspicion upon any one but himself by his words and manner." The Chief looked astonished in spite of his effort to preserve his usual stoicism. This case was without a parallel in all his past experience. It was a case which required on his part peculiar tact in dealing with one seemingly able to afford the clew he sought. He said to Phillip, though firmly yet respectfully, "I will have to detain you for the

present in order to prove the truth or falsity of the remarkable prescience you claim to possess.

If you prove of value, you will be well paid. Please seat yourself in the alcove yonder, and amuse yourself with the morning paper and not appear to be a listener in case your man presents himself."

Even while speaking, a knock was heard at the door.

"Admit whoever it is," spoke the Chief to the attendant at the door, resolved to lose no time in proving the veracity of the one he had been listening to.

Phillip's heart beat almost wildly in his bosom as the door opened and admitted one whose very step indicated the villain. He saw the flush upon the cheek of the Chief, but kept his eyes as closely bent upon the paper as possible. The fellow once inside the door, cast a furtive glance about him instead of advancing promptly to the officer he came to interview.

He shambled up to the desk and bowed obsequiously. The Chief asked him, "Well, your business, sir?"

"I have come sir, to see if I can get a permit to move my stand."

"What is your name, and business?"

Ordinarily the police official would have referred the man to some one else than himself perhaps, or would have informed him that it was not office hours, but the exigency of the case determined the Chief to pursue a different course, and get out of this unlooked for circumstance, what he might be able to, for it is unusual methods that unlock the door of mystery.

"My name is Claude Antonio, and I am a vender of fruit."

"Why do you wish to move your stand?" asked the Chief mildly, so as to not disconcert the man, and thus cause him to open himself more fully.

"Because I have so many visitors prying into my affairs."

"Hm! your name is an Italian name, is it not?"

"It is, sir!"

"Yet you do not speak like an Italian."

"My father came from Italy, but I was born in this country."

"How old are you?"

"About thirty, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"Is it necessary to answer all these questions, sir, to get a permit to move my stand?" he ventured to ask with a show of smartness which he felt he could do with impunity, the Chief being one so gentle in manner, he thought.

"It is necessary for you to answer all the questions I see fit to ask you, sir," his suspicions becoming excited.

"Excuse me sir," replied the mollified Antonio. "What was it you asked me, where I was born?"

"That was it, exactly!"

"I was born in Chicago, sir."

"Very good, and where is your peanut stand?"

"My what, sir?" asked the offended merchant.

"Your stand, your fruit stand. I supposed of course you sold peanuts."

"It is on Draper street, sir."

The Detective moved slightly in his chair, while the Chief's eye glistened with increasing interest.

"Draper street?" repeated his questioner. "Whereabouts on Draper street?"

"Between 128 and 130."

The Detective slowly took a memorandum book from his pocket, and made a note therein. This the visitor perceived, and his manner became uneasy, which also was observed by the Chief. "That particular locality is one of interest to us just at present," fixing his cold gray eye upon the man who was evidently "in for it."

"I suppose it is, sir."

"Why?" quickly asked the chief.

"Because sir, I can read, and it is all the talk of the neighborhood."

"What is?"

"Why, the robbery."

"What robbery?"

"Why, the one that happened at 128 a couple of nights ago, the plate and jewelry," a slight tremor being perceived in his tone as he spoke.

"You are positive it occurred two nights ago, are you. We are glad to know just when it occurred."

The detective made another note.

Claude Antonio thought he had said a little too much, and began to wish he had not applied for a permit to change his stand. He rallied however at the next question.

"Well, my good man, you evidently can help us out in this matter, and you will be entitled to the reward if you will furnish us information which will lead us to the guilty party. Have you any one in mind, whom you think committed the robbery?"

"I have my suspicions, sir."

"Well, what are they?" willing to give the fellow all the rope he wanted.

"Do you want to know whom I suspect?"

"I do."

Hesitating a moment, Antonio replied, "It is a customer of mine, but I don't like to 'blow' on him as he buys of me, twice a day on an average." This he said with a show of conscientiousness.

"A very commendable trait in you, sir," said the Chief, "but the ends of justice require us to allow no private feelings of consideration to stand in the way of bringing to light the culprit, whoever he may be. Speak without reserve, good man."

"Will it be necessary sir, to have my name used?"

"Not necessarily, before his arrest. If you give us a clew, we may be able to follow it up without bringing you in at all."

"Well sir, it is Richard Brennan."

Again came out the detective's note book.

"Is there any regular time of day for him to make his purchases?"

"Yes sir, just after the arrival of the C & R express, at eight in the morning, and about five in the afternoon."

"What reason have you to suspect him?"

"He took the liberty to go behind my stand one day when I was chasing a boy who had stolen an apple from my tray."

"Well, what was there in that to excite your suspicion?"

"I'll tell you. That was what I was coming to —"

"You were, eh? I thought you came here on other business."

"I did sir," answered the fruit vender, a little disconcerted; "but I thought of course when I told you I suspected some one, that you would ask me all about it."

"A very wise conclusion, Mr. Antonio," said the Chief approvingly. "But what did he do besides going behind your counter?"

"I thought, but I couldn't swear to it, that he took an impression of a key-hole."

"A key-hole! Where?" By this time matters were getting interesting. Claude Antonio had become quite an important personage in the minds of the police officials. The Detective now kept his note book in hand. for each answer was of great importance. Claude was himself, and assured that he was not suspected, he seemed free to speak, but it was evident that his wits were at work, for his replies were anything but ingenuous.

"There is a recess between the two buildings where my fruit is kept, and a door at the back of it which is never used."

"Well, what has that to do with the robbery?"

"Nothing that I know of. I didn't know but it might have."

"But where is the key-hole you spoke of, that this man, Mr. — what was the name?"

"Brennan."

"Mr. Brennan, took the impression of?"

"In the door, I mentioned, at the back of the recess," answered Claude Antonio.

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the Chief.

"Yes sir, but can I have my permit?"

"I think you can change your place of business without a permit; but if you will call again to-morrow at this time

I will have one ready for you " — then to throw him off his guard — "I thank you for this little link in the chain as it may be of importance. Please say nothing of this to any one. Call again to-morrow for your permit."

Elated, the man turned to go but was checked. "One minute, Mr. Antonio. Do you think Mr. Brennan will be at your stand this afternoon?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"Thank you ! At what time as near as you can guess?"

"Between five and quarter past."

"Very well, let us see you to-morrow."

With another low bow, the fellow turned and left the office, which no sooner had he done, than the Chief said to Mr. Caldwell: "Shadow that man, and don't lose sight of him. To-morrow at this time we'll have him behind the bars. If he attempts to leave the city, arrest him."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Detective followed the retiring form. There were flights of stairs on both sides of the building, and it was an easy matter for an officer to keep his man in view. While Antonio was descending one flight, Anson Caldwell took the other, and had no difficulty in keeping at a proper distance from Antonio as he emerged into the open square in front of the building, thence into the crowded thoroughfare.

We will return to the office. Phillip with an air of quiet satisfaction approached the Chief who shook his hand and said, "I am under great obligations to you sir for the valuable service you have rendered, but before you leave this

office will you please inform me of the *modus operandi* you employ to get at these things, for it is evident that you have no complicity whatever in the affair."

"I will state sir, to you, that if you will come to my room this evening,—at the same time handing him his card—or what would be better, send a stranger in whom you can confide, I will make known the method. The one making the visit, presenting this card will be admitted, for my rooms are strictly private and I receive only those who come on matters of important business. You then will be made satisfied of my reliability. I do not need to follow this as an occupation, for I am engaged in other pursuits which give me a good living."

"I congratulate you sir," replied the Chief of Police. I would like to see you again to-morrow at this time, or what would be better still, at nine o'clock. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," and Phillip left the office glad that the dreaded interview was ended, and feeling more than ever that he had a jewel in Arthur Arabah.

It is needless to say that Anson Caldwell did not lose sight of Claude Antonio that day. The latter with hurried gait, made his way to his place of business, where, in charge of his stock of apples, oranges, bananas, etc., he had left a dark haired, dark eyed girl of seventeen summers.

"Any business?" he asked in his bustling way, as she retreated into the passage way on his approach.

"Some," replied Ellen Adolfo. "Mr. Brennan was here and wants you to save out two dozen of your best oranges before they are all sold, so he can have them when he calls on his way home."

"I will do so," said Antonio, rubbing his hands—a sale of so many of his best at seventy-five cents per dozen, pleasing him,—then he thought of his perfidy at the office of the Chief of Police wherein he strove to ruin another man to save himself, and that man his best customer. Conscience in him seldom reared its head, and when it did, he sent it back into its hiding place, with "What care I? My motto is to get what I can and look out for number one, no matter

who suffers. I haven't but one life to live, and money I will have."

He bustled about a few minutes and said, "Keep a good lookout for the apples, Ellen, I v'e got to go down street for half an hour. You'd better open a box of oranges and take out two dozen for Brennan. Put them into a bag and set them aside. He pays the best prices you know, so leave out the specked ones."

"All right," replied the girl.

He had hardly disappeared when Anson Caldwell came upon the scene. "A good orange if you please, young lady."

She handed him the best she could select, for which he paid her and carelessly asked, "Where is the proprietor, or do you run this yourself?"

"Indeed, I don't. I have nothing to do with its carrying on. I only help out a little every day and it is poor pay that I get I can tell you. Antonio has just left, he has gone down town for half an hour. Do you wish to see him for anything sir?"

"No. I believe I have given him a penny now and then. This is a good place for business is it not?"

"Yes, it would be good enough if Claude would only stick closer to it. He is off about half the time."

"Buying, I suppose" said Caldwell.

"He may be buying, but it isn't fruit if he is. No, there is something in the wind more than buying. He is as secret in his movements as a cat, but I suppose it is none of my business if he is. He is able to take care of his own affairs."

"Have you any idea where he has gone?"

"Oh, no," answered Ellen. "He may have gone to Mitchell's the jeweller on Knight street. He said early this morning that he was going down by and by to see about getting his watch changed to an open face. He got tired of a hunter."

"Why tired of a hunter? I carry one instead of an open face. It saves the crystal."

"I don't know," she replied, as if willing to change the

subject. "All I know is, I thought he was a fool to take off a nice new looking case. It is just like him though."

"Some men are always trading watches," remarked the detective.

"Well, as to that, he is. I've known him to have half a dozen in his pockets at once."

Two ladies then stopped to get some nuts, and Caldwell walked carelessly away only to go up the steps of the next house unperceived by the little fruit merchant. He produced a latch-key, entered the house, and softly closed the door after him. The house was in his possession just then, and he was authorized to enter the premises any time pending the search for the burglars of a few nights previous. He went to the window in the front room overlooking, and but four feet from Antonio's stand, and saw at once that it was a good point from which to take observations; resolving to be on hand at five to see and if possible interview Richard Brennan, he left the house as quietly as he had entered it, to disappear among the pedestrians of that busy thoroughfare.

It was within fifteen minutes of the hour when Brennan made his usual afternoon visit at the fruit stand of Claude Antonio.

The latter was very busy just then, as it was the time of day when people are on their way homeward, and when if ever, they purchase fruit in any quantity. Both he and Ellen Adolfo had their hands full, and a fine opportunity offered itself for Caldwell to enter the house again, with the fruit merchant none the wiser. He took up his position at the window as before. The closed blinds concealed him from view to those outside, while they did not prevent his seeing what was immediately beneath, and the width of the sidewalk outside. He looked at his watch. It lacked ten minutes of the time. He stood riveted to the spot. Five minutes passed slowly away and eyes and ears were on the alert. He was soon rewarded.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Brennan," came from the hypocritical lips of Antonio; and with eyes pressed closely to the window, Caldwell watched every movement. "The

oranges are ready for you." "Antonio, I am in a hurry, but I must have some of those chestnuts. Just turn a measure into my pocket, will you?" As he turned sideways with his eyes up the street to allow the contents to flow into the side pocket of his coat, Antonio, as quick as lightning took a brass key from his vest pocket, and in with the nuts it went, of course, by its weight to settle to the bottom.

This played a most important part of the game, and, thought Caldwell, "it literally is the key to the mystery." The crowd pressed on; and in a few seconds Anson Caldwell was out of the house, and in the midst of the hurrying throng of humanity. He was well accustomed to the business, and kept not far from Brennan who did not mean to lose his train, and who always liked to have a minute to spare after reaching it. Which ever train Brennan took, Caldwell was resolved to take. Arrived at the station, both were running as were several others to get aboard, as the train was on the point of starting.

"All aboard," rang out the clear voice of the conductor. The bell of the locomotive sent its vibrations through the long depot, as the two men pressed up through the crowd upon the platform of the rear car. "Plenty of room inside, if you like tobacco smoke," spoke a voice.

"Let me get there, then," answered Brennan, and with Caldwell close behind, he forced his way to the car door with his bundles of merchandise. There happened to be an unoccupied seat at the end of the car and down dropped Brennan with a puff of relief.

"A narrow squeak that," observed Caldwell.

"You are right. It was." Answered Brennan. "Have a seat? I pay for but one."

"I don't care if I do," said Caldwell, as his companion took upon his knees the package of oranges. "How far do you go?"

"About ten miles, they call it to C—ville. That's where I stop," answered Brennan. After some few common-place remarks about weather and business, such as strangers are apt to indulge in, Caldwell drew him to the point he had in view. He said:

"Mr. Brennan —"

That gentleman started —

"Sir, you have the advantage of me. I don't know you."

"I suppose not," replied Caldwell, "but it matters not. Unconsciously you carry with you if I mistake not, a clue to a little matter I am interested in. Please say nothing to any one in reference to what I may communicate."

"You are a Detective, I take it, and what for God's sake am I implicated in?"

"Caldwell put his hand to his lips and said in an undertone, "Speak as low as possible. I would ask you a question. Where do you carry your keys?"

"In my pants pocket on a ring. Would you like to look at them?"

"No," said Caldwell, smiling, "but are you sure there is no key in your overcoat pocket?"

"I never knew myself to put one there. You can look if you wish. There is a pocket half full of chestnuts, put your hand in and help yourself."

"With your permission, Mr. Brennan." And he did so and plunging it to the bottom got hold of the key, which he drew out, and held before the astonished Brennan. The perfect innocence of his fellow passenger was apparant to the experienced eye of Caldwell, as the former exclaimed in a subdued manner, "In the name of all that is great and good, what does this mean? You have been following me I see, and it is no accident that has thrown us together."

"You are right. It means this, and nothing less. I have saved you from arrest on a charge of burglary, and that this is the link in the chain of evidence which will bring the guilty party to justice. I saw when the key was dropped into your pocket. The man who placed it there, hoped the discovery of it in your possession would be evidence against you."

"When is a man safe?" feelingly asked Brennan.

"Never, in this world," replied his fellow passenger, "but don't allow this to trouble you. You are not the man I am shadowing. At the next station I will leave you and

return to B. If you will favor me with your address I would like to call on you to-morrow."

"Certainly, it is fifty Union street. Room 5, up one flight."

"Thank you," replied the Detective. "We are drawing into C —, I'll bid you good evening."

"Good evening," returned Brennan completely dumb-founded.

Caldwell was confronted by the conductor, who said: I believe I did n't take your ticket."

The Detective showed him his pass.

"All right," he returned. "All aboard."

The bell rang, and on moved the train for another five mile run.

"He had not long to wait before the return train came in sight; taking it, he was soon again in B. He made his way as quickly as possible through the crowds of pedestrians who were edging and jostling along, each bound for his particular point of destination. He arrived in the vicinity of Claude Antonio's fruit stand, just in season to observe that individual with hand-cart filled, waiting for an opportunity to move on through the snarl of teams that seemed at that moment to be blockaded. His first impulse was to try the key which he supposed would open the door in the passage way. His next was a fear that he might lose track of his man.

This being stronger than his curiosity, he turned towards Antonio who was then having an altercation with a hackman who was threatening to run down the fruit vender.

"I have a license to run my business and my hand-cart, and have as much right to the street as you."

"That's so," said Caldwell, at the same time patting him on the shoulders. "Stand up for your rights."

The hackman perceiving that his opponent had an ally, with an oath turned his horses heads' to the left, and with a little effort extricated himself, and made way for Claude with his stock in trade.

"Where do you put up your team?" asked Caldwell.

"At the foot of Queen street, No. 210," replied the merchant, "but I'll not get there to-night at this rate."

"I wanted some of your fruit, but I'll wait until to-morrow."

"Well, if you would just as lief," said Claude. I am all packed up now and tied up. "I'll be ready for business at seven in the morning sharp, and will be there until nine when I have a little business which will call me away. But Ellen will be on hand to attend to you sir."

"Very well. I will give you a call there perhaps. You had the finest looking oranges I have seen anywhere, which is why I was so anxious to patronize you."

"I have the best fruit there is in the city sir," replied Antonio, pleased to hear the stranger speak so well of his goods.

At this, Caldwell turned to go. He had engaged the vender of bananas in conversation merely to ascertain what necessity there was for following him further that night.

"Where have I seen that man" asked Antonio of himself, as he urged his vehicle along against the curb-stone. He had little opportunity for meditation however, for the oaths of teamsters and the "hi there!" from the driver of a herdie behind him, brought him to the business of making the most of his wits to extricate himself from the mass of teams, horses and impatient teamsters.

The Detective soon was at the arch-way where Antonio had left a pile of empty orange boxes, loose paper and the debris of trade, and cautiously and on pretence of striking a match to light a cigar, tried the key and found to his great satisfaction that it turned the bolt in the lock of the door. It was enough for the present. Further investigations could be made later, he thought. He was well satisfied with his days operation, and turned homeward. On the morrow he would visit the "Chief" and make known results.

CHAPTER XIV.

Julian Favor left the rooms of Phillip Burnett as we have stated after the visit wherein he had received so much light upon a process, of which before he had been comparatively ignorant. He, of course had heard of animal magnetism, and the strange power that one person has over another when conditions are right; but he never had a thought that *he* could be operated upon by another individual.

He was as thousands of others are, positive that only those of weak minds are subject to such control; but when he found that even *he* could be held as within a vice by the simple exercise of the will on the part of a man like himself, he came to the conclusion that all subjects were not mental imbeciles, and that there was something in it, the operations of which were incomprehensible.

He had yet to learn that the one controlled might possess the finer organism and better brain in many respects than the operator, who like the engineer manipulated the forces which are latent within him, and that their operation induced within another a finer process which could bring about the most astounding results.

The one magnetized, becomes not only illuminated, but possessed of a faculty which is far beyond the operator, for he travels in realms, the latter cannot even obtain a glimpse of, and reads upon the scrolls of mystery the handwriting of the great unknown.

A Samson may draw together the pillars that support

the temple, but that which follows the act may be undoing in an instant, the work of ten thousand hands. So the simple movement of the magnetic force may set in operation that, which will enable the freed soul to cross the bridge that connects this with the spiritual world. The broad open countenance of the man in whom seemed vested such occult power, was before Julian's mental vision, as to his room on Draper street he wended his way. He was, as it seemed, treading the air so much absorbed was he in meditation upon the transactions he had witnessed. The distance was traversed almost before he knew it, and he was passing his door way when his little lamp on the stairs attracted his attention through the side lights. He took it up on entering, and softly made his way to the room waiting for him above.

He imagined that it knew he was coming for a snapping in the grate as he entered, he took as a welcome home. Turning up the light, he soon was in the easy fitting costume in which Arthur Arabah found him two hours before. What thoughts rushed through his brain as there he sat before his cheerful fire revolving in his mind the weird scenes that had been enacted before his astonished vision.

He thought of God, the supreme power, ignored by ignorant upstarts calling themselves men.

He thought of the lovely features of the transfigured youth, which for the second time his eyes had beheld. He thought of the words of wisdom that had fallen from his lips, and particularly of the advice to unite his life with that of the one he loved, and that speedily.

He dared not broach the subject, he thought, to her, under the present condition of his finances, yet he also dared not disobey, for he felt the words given him were from a super-mundane source.

Long he dwelt upon it, and at length asked himself, "Can I, can I bring about the glorious consummation of my fondest hopes? It is within my power. What did those words mean? 'A too tardy compliance with the requirements of the laws of love may sever one soul from its earthly covering'—surely it could not mean his soul, for was

he not strong and full of that vital power that almost defied death? Could it mean Nellie? Her's might be the tender loving soul, that longed for the union, if not more than he, yet so sensitive in its relation to the mortal, that the laws governing in her case could not be disregarded."

The more he thought, the firmer became the conviction that it was not a question of dollars and cents, but rather of consideration how he could approach her, and not have it appear as if an unusual haste possessed him. To be sure they had had conversations upon the subject, and it was mentally understood that another year might roll by ere "they two should become one."

He retired to his couch that in vision perchance he might see the solving of the problem. "Oh, for light, more light" was the wish of his soul as he resigned himself to slumber.

Still, as sleep tarried, he could not forget that other declaration that the "Father of his loved one was to become helpless." Should he allow the utterances of the youth to be his guide? More than ever he felt his utter inability to decide the momentuous question. He, weary and overwrought mentally, yet with a heart lighter than it was earlier in the evening, in the darkness of the night waited for that light which in dream land he thought might bring to him its revelations.

His tired physical succumbed at length to the influence of "nature's sweet restorer," leaving his soul free to wander in the land of wisdom and promise.

He soon was floating in space as his reveries imperceptibly changed to a blessed communion, not with his own thoughts, but with the blue-eyed and golden haired boy whom he had seen before. The same sweet lips, so much like a girl's, and the heavenly smile that played around them was to him a reality. He learned from that bright being, that if his union with Nellie were not consummated, her life forces would turn heavenward, as does the seed in the darkness which in germinating throws its tender shoot towards the light. "Nature demands her own," the sweet

voice said, "and with her tender nature the delay will draw still finer the silver cord until before you are aware of it, her soul will soar away. Be wise, be guided. Ignore not the light. Let your course be prompted by your heart, and you will be as the needle to the pole, true to the universal law. Remember my words as you rise with to-morrow's sun. Let nothing divert you from this your purpose. Do you promise this?" "I do." Then as music lulled him into momentary consciousness, that the vision might be impressed more distinctly upon his brain and that the hours of dreamless sleep afterwards might not obliterate them, he floated away again upon the sea of slumber to allow the forces of the physical to perform their work of recuperation.

The morning sun arose upon Julian Favor, and found him a new man, with new resolutions for his immediate future. His appearance at the store was not that of the man of the day before. He walked to his desk with the air of one confident that his right doing would prevail against the machinations of the evil spirit. He greeted Will Clapp as if he were his best friend, and all saw in him a change most unaccountable.

At noon, he and Bob as usual lunched together, and at the first opportunity the latter asked him, "What has come over the spirit of your dreams, Jule?"

"Nothing. The spirit of my dreams has come over me."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely this, that my short comings have been shown me, and I now know more of the duties I owe myself. I have greater love for mankind in general. I feel that justice is God's, and that he will mete unto us what is good in his sight."

"What! turned preacher, Jule? and in a twinkling?" exclaimed Bob surprised at this sudden metamorphosis. "You don't talk like an insane man, neither do you seem like Jule Favor. You are a good scholar to learn so much in one night."

Julian checked him, and in a serious tone asked, "Bob, do you believe you have a soul?"

"Yes when I am hungry, for then it seems as if something was demanding something of me. That involves two things."

"That is good philosophy, Bob," and for a moment Julian was silent.

"Why don't you ask me about my visit to the theatre Jule? how I liked the play and what was said between acts?" asked Bob, desiring to bring before his companion, the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"Oh, I take an interest in theatricals generally, and Booth, I, of course admire; but at present, I have something else on my mind to the exclusion of everything else. Bob, I don't care a fig about Will Clapp, or all he can accomplish in an underhanded way; for I know that is what you are driving at."

"Don't, eh? You know Clapp married Coville's youngest sister, and has great influence upon the junior partner's mind, I suppose."

"I don't care if he married Covill's mother, or the whole family as to that. I have Mr. Adams' confidence and good will. Clapp can bring nothing against me that he can prove; and Coville has stated repeatedly that I know my business, and any story Will Clapp may hatch up about my being drunk on New Year's day, can be refuted by you, by Mr. Fearing and Dr. Corbett."

"Very true," replied Bob. "But being in the family, it is natural to suppose that Mr. Coville would lean towards his brother-in-law."

"I disagree with you," promptly replied Julian. "Mr. Coville is a business man, and though I ought not to say it perhaps, I have heard him say when he thought I was out of hearing, that 'good bookkeepers are to be prized and I never will discharge one without good cause.'"

"Well," answered Bob, "You know he avoided you yesterday as did Mr. Adams."

"I care not," replied Julian. "A vile story about me might have had temporary effect. That is perfectly natural;

but they are pleasant enough to-day. I suppose Clapp showed you his hand last night at the theatre?"

"Yes, he did, and tried to pump me, which he gave up after a time as with every stroke he brought up something that didn't agree with him."

"I told him that I knew for a certainty that you were all right, as far as drink was concerned and that the trouble was due to the extra warmth of the room which brought on the attack of the disease named by the Doctor."

He found nothing was to be gained in that direction, and so hauled off. He wanted to go out and get a drink, after the 3rd act. I went with him but we didn't return to the play and left Othello to die without us."

"Thank you, Bob."

"No thanks are needed, Jule; but I haven't quite finished. On entering the store this morning, I saw both Adams and Coville in warm consultation with Clapp, who looked as if he had been dragged through a knot hole. My sense of hearing was very keen just then and I heard Clapp say, 'I didn't say he was drunk, I said I heard so,' when noticing my approach, the confab ended. Then they left Clapp to himself and went to trying some cheese that was received yesterday."

"Good! I am glad it ended so, and I hope it will not be any the worse for Clapp."

"Why do you hope that?" in wonder, asked his companion.

"Because I don't want him to suffer. The man is his worst enemy. If he had it in him to misrepresent me to his employers that he might be helped by so doing, it will be all the worse for him in the end, not for me. Why, need I concern myself about him as long as his efforts proved fruitless?"

"We don't know that they have," answered Bob.

"It looks that way, at any rate, but whether or no," he continued, "I shall go on in the even tenor of my way, and leave the outcome in the hands of one who only can deal out a retribution; but we have passed the saloon."

"Yes, I knew when we passed the door, but I didn't

desire to break in to your lay sermon, to come down to roast beef and potatoes. It seems as if you had made phenomenal advancement in ethics since yesterday."

"Why since yesterday?" questioned Julian. "Did I ever preach any different doctrine?"

"You never preached at all, before. I don't know what may have been welling up within you; but all your ebullitions to-day have savored of something that I never discovered in your words before. I am glad to perceive it. May I be admitted into your confidence, my boy? and be allowed to enter with you into that temple of learning where so much light is shed upon all who are allowed an ingress? for it is evident that you have had an illumination. You little thought, Jule, that I saw you last night passing the theatre with Arthur Arabah."

"What do you know of Arthur Arabah?" asked Julian, who in turn was surprised.

"I may know more of him than you dream of," answered Bob with an expression never before observed by Julian, upon his usually jolly face; "but come let us return or there will be no time for lunch and our hour will be up before we arrive at Adams & Coville's. I feel interested, Julian and am not altogether the giddy boy you imagine I am."

Thus ended their conversation for that day; as returning from the cafe they were joined by a friend of Bob's who monopolized the conversation by telling about the discovery and apprehension of the ones who entered the residence of Benjamin Doane a few nights previous and abstracted therefrom silver plate and other valuables.

CHAPTER XV.

It was Saturday night. The stars shown brightly upon a thoughtless world. Those glorious orbs whose pure white rays, some borrowed, but mostly coming from suns vastly mightier than our own, glistened in the black vault of the heavens far, far away, obedient to the immutable law that governs them as well as the man who casts but a momentary glance at them and busy with his own little schemes has scarcely a thought to bestow upon the infinite grandeur above him. But there was one fair being, at a window in a little house in the suburbs of the city, looking through soft hazel eyes at the broad canopy over head, whose diamond points to her were as angel's eyes looking into the souls of the children of earth. It was Nellie Lamont who stood there gazing without, seemingly striving to read the language of the heavens. She had not seen Julian for some days. She had received a letter written the day after the evening they had spent so happily together, assuring her of his full recovery, and good spirits.

She longed for his presence. Her pulse was strong and full when he was by her side, and the bright hue of health wreathed her face, but when he was away, her mother noticed the change in her appearance. Though ever kind and obliging and her voice always winning in its tone; yet when her lover was away the face was a shade paler and her voice a trifle sadder than before. The mother's eye and ear had noticed this and she had attributed it to his absence, his, whose presence magnetically sustained and enlivened her.

Mrs. Lamont had not studied deeply into the laws of life and she could not understand why Nellie should not be the same as she was before she knew Julian.

She had the same love for her daughter that she always had borne and labored as assiduously to make her life happy, giving all the attention that a mother should to a daughter's wants and necessities.

Had Nellie ever complained? No. There was the same sweet filial attachment that had always existed on the part of the child.

True, she had wondered why the subject of marriage had not been upon the lip oftener, nor a time appointed for the nuptials in which she granted that the present attachment between the two young people must culminate; yet she had never thought that aside from the manifestations of love, there was a deeper significance than that appearing upon the surface. To be separated from her husband, had come to be a second nature with her; but a new born love, although requited, demanded something more. This Nellie felt in a way her mother never had; for the courtship was short between Mr. Lamont and the girl who became his wife. She could not feel for Nellie, who sighed in secret, and pined gradually, yet none the less surely, in spirit, as the months came and went.

Nellie wondered if it would ever be, and she thought of her old friend, the artist, who had paid the debt of nature, and had passed on; and wondered while she was looking at the stars, where he dwelt, and if he knew her still. She thought of the joy she had experienced in listening to his words. There was a oneness of spirit existing between them. She remembered that he said, "the soul never grows old; a wrinkled face and gray locks are often a covering for the beautiful soul baptised in eternal youth."

As she thought it all over, the stars became dimmed to her vision as though they were dissolved into the nebula of innumerable stars; and out from the star dust she thought she saw a form with golden hair; and from its place in the sky it looked upon her, and adown upon a shining ray, as though upon a telegraphic wire, came the

words, "Wait but a little longer, love. Your spirit will pine no more. Your eye will recover its brilliancy, and your cheek the hue of the rose."

The starry mist was again resolved into the myriad silver points. A movement of a dark object drew her gaze from the celestial to the earth, and dimly descried in the subdued starlight, she saw the well-known form of Julian at the gate. "Oh, Julian is it you?" she said, running to the door to meet him. "I am so glad you have come. I looked for you to-morrow."

He took her by the hand, imprinting a kiss upon her warm lips at the same time. "Yes, darling, I am here. I have come to tell you something." Mrs. Lamont being in another part of the house, he thought it was a fine opportunity to speak to Nellie alone first, of the matter that filled his heart. Divesting himself of his overcoat, and after warming his hands at the stove, he drew her to him, and when thus settled together upon the sofa, said, "Nellie, I could not wait until to-morrow. I wanted to come to-night to speak to you about what concerns us both." Nellie's color came and her heart beat quicker than ever as she looked up into his eyes in a manner that indicated that she guessed what was coming. .

"I think the time has come for us to talk of our union, and make up our minds when I can call you my own." A tremor passed over the little form he held to his bosom as she replied by asking, "Do you?" Then after some hesitation she added, "And don't you suppose I do?"

"Yes, Nellie, I ought to know it, and this delay I am to blame for."

"I don't know that any blame should be attached to any one," she said quietly. "But why are you so suddenly moved to action in the matter? I had conceived that it was a long way off yet."

He replied, "Nellie, we are always receiving impressions. I will admit that it was incumbent upon me to relieve your mind if you were anxious to have our union completed, but your fading cheek seems to me, to indicate

that you pine for more constant loving attentions. Am I right?"

"You may be right Julian; but when did your eye discern the change? Mother says it is when you are away from me that I am pale."

"I perceive it now Nellie. The faint flush of excitement over, after our meeting, the color passes from your cheek as I do not like to see it.

You need to be drawn away from the world you seem to be living in the most of the time. If I can hold you here I will. My hand and heart, and a life of devotion shall be yours. You look astonished and well you may."

Nellie could not help smiling at his manner and his words no less. Although it warmed her heart to hear him, she felt that this outburst of feeling was due to something more than his own reflections, and she told him so.

"I will not deceive you Nellie, or claim to possess any penetration that is not mine. None of us are born with faculties which will enable us to solve all mysteries, and perhaps I even now would not notice your fading cheek but for the light that has been shed upon me. Bitter experience has taught me how to live, but it takes something besides such a lesson to educate a man to a knowledge of how to live true, to not only himself, but others who may be linked to him by the finest threads, which neglect may sever at any time. A few nights ago, this new light came into my soul, Nellie."

"Tell me, Julian, have you seen a vision?" asked Nellie, the color now overspreading her face. "Oh, have you?"

He looked at her admiringly and she continued, "Was it of a youth with eye of blue, and hair of gold, and undying love in his face?"

Julian started. "How came you to ask this? Have you seen him, too?"

"Oh, I have Julian. He it was who has saved your happiness and mine. Thank him for all you enjoy in my love," Nellie answered, drawing herself nearer to him. She then told him of the face she saw while lying in the hammock that afternoon in summer when he, Julian, returned to

her for pardon; and they thanked her bright angel for his ministrations, and the power above all who willed it so.

By this time Mrs. Lamont made her appearance and advanced quickly to where sat Julian, giving him her hand and saying, "I am right glad to see you. We looked not for you to-night. I am glad to see you looking so well. Are you not better Mr. Favor?"

"I never felt better in my life, and I have come — I might as well out with it" — Nellie at the same time turning her head with burning face — "to ask your consent to our marriage as soon as it can conveniently be consummated."

Mrs. Lamont replied, "This is sudden as such announcements almost always are. I did not expect to have Nellie always with me, and knew that sooner or later, I should hear such words fall from your lips. But I am glad to hear them, for the time has come I feel it, for my daughter to marry." Nellie looked at her in amazement. It was for a moment and she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"But we need not leave you mother," she said in a low tone half smothered in the close embrace, "say Julian can we not be a happy family together?"

He answered, "Gladly I accept a home beneath your mother's roof. She would not wish to have you leave her, and I would not wish to have you. You shall not be separated. I have no mother, and nothing would please me better than to be her son."

With a tear glistening upon her lashes Mrs. Lamont clasped a hand of each and placing them together, said in fluttering tones, "Bless you both, and may you never have cause to regret the decision of this night. She quietly left them to themselves, and passed out of the room. We will pass over the evening so pleasantly begun. Sufficient is it to say, that before retiring for the night it was decided that the first week in June if their lives should be spared, would find them husband and wife. It need not be said that Julian sought the couch he had occupied before, feeling that he had taken the most important step of his life, and once resolved, difficulties that had before seemed as mountains,

now dwindled into insignificance. "Where there's a will there's a way," he said, but it required something more than myself to assert the will. To it, alone be ascribed all the praise.

That mysterious something had wrought a wonderful change within him during the twenty-four hours previous, and he strove in vain to fathom it. He, the subject, could not comprehend the laws, the operations of which placed him in a few hours in a position he fancied that months would be required to enable him to attain.

What was this power, and by whom was it exerted? Phillip Burnett was the manipulator of the forces which were brought to bear to produce these results. He felt he was no nearer the first great cause, yet was further on the road that lay in that direction, the road which the wisest savans have ever travelled. To arrive at the termination would be to comprehend all things. But man is ever in the circle which, small or great, has neither end or beginning.

A spark from the Deity, he was co-existent with him, and as such, will ever exist in some form, but never to be equal to the sum total. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Phillip Burnett was a fearless investigator however, and possessed the wisdom which would induce him to travel on a road the ground of which he could feel beneath his feet. He understood the workings of the electric and magnetic fluids. He knew that either if properly handled could induce the other. He could handle them, though he could not analyze either. He knew there was an intimate relation between the two forces, and that the one who was a subject of animal magnetism was, for the time the power was upon him, imbued with a certain undefinable something which brought him into closer communion with the first cause. Distance was annihilated; solid granite became transparent as glass; and many of the questions that had troubled the wisest of all ages could be answered, and the hidden secrets brought into the light of day. It was an easy matter for Phillip Burnett to establish a communication between his office and Fearing's studio. A certain

picture could be so imbued with the mysterious force within his grasp that the attention of the Psychic subject would be riveted to it, and that once accomplished where is the end of developements which might follow. That there was no disease produced is evident. It did not require a man of feeble mind to become the subject of one who was possessed of powerful will; on the contrary it required a peculiarly fine organism whose keys could be operated by spirit fingers. Julian Favor was such an one and Phillip Burnett understanding enough of the law to enable him to select from those he came in contact with, such as would make suitable instruments, made good use of it, employing it for the establishing of justice, the bringing together of congenial souls, and stimulating into flowering the human plant striving to live in the soil of earth but subjected continually to the cold blasts of ignorance, dogmatism, and superstition.

Man in his grasping nature is ever the enemy of man, and he is the Christ who will break down the walls of conventionalism, and show to the world the God side of human nature. Knowledge is power. To obtain knowledge — not of men's theories — Phillip worked day and night. That he succeeded to a great extent, the reader will become convinced.

CHAPTER XVI.

Claude Antonio was promptly at the office of the Chief of Police, according to the appointment of that officer, wholly unsuspecting that he was to fall into the trap he had set for another. Though smart in his own estimation, he was a supremely ignorant man, and found to his cost that to be a successful villain, a man must possess as much intellect as to be successful in almost any other career.

Anson Caldwell was at the office before him, and had reported to the Chief the result of his day's work and had in his possession the key which unlocked the door in the arch way at the back of Antonio's fruit stand. The chief was now possessed of sufficient facts to justify him in arresting Antonio. So when that individual presented himself, he was told that the permit to change his business location was granted and that his stand would for a time at least be behind the iron bars of a cell to await his trial on a charge of burglary. His assurance forsook him and guilt was as distinctly branded upon his coarse features as though made with a hot iron. The key which he thought he so dextrously dropped into the pocket of his victim, was in the Chief's possession. The fellow sank down overwhelmed with fear. His confidence deserted him. The little net which he thought he had so ingeniously woven about Richard Brennan was destroyed as though it were a spider's web; and there was nothing left for him to do, but walk out with an officer, who in answer to the summons of the bell rang by the Chief who merely pressed a knob in the

wall in front of which he sat, presented himself. He was then conducted to a place where oranges are not sold by the dozen.

It is useless to follow the course which the law took in this case. Sufficient it is to say that the fruit stand of Claude Antonio was closed for business from that day out; and the place that had known him knew him no more. All the plate and jewelry were recovered, the criminal having secreted it beneath the ground floor of his dwelling awaiting an opportunity to dispose of it to the best advantage.

Phillip Burnett was in the alcove and witnessed the discomfiture and arrest of Claude Antonio. No sooner had he disappeared in the custody of the officer than Phillip was summoned to the desk of the Chief who handed him an envelope in which was a check for \$500; that being the reward promised to any one furnishing evidence that would lead to the apprehension of the burglars.

The Chief of Police now manifested great interest in his visitor, who became at once a valuable auxiliary to the force. It never became known to the public, however, to whom they were indebted for the speedy discovery of the perpetrators of crime. The Detective force was credited with possessing all the shrewdness. It was well for his subject and for the interest of Phillip to have it so, for were it known that he was possessed of such remarkable powers, he would have been an object of hatred to those disposed to murder and pillage, and it is not difficult to see what the result would have been.

Phillip Burnett sat in his room at the time appointed, expecting a visit from the Chief or his proxy. Punctually at the designated hour the door bell rang. Arthur Arabah answered the summons. The visitor stated, "I have an appointment with Mr. Burnett."

"Come in, please," and he entered, Arthur closing the door behind him.

"Your name please," said Arthur.

"I prefer to withhold it for the present, if it is all the same." He then handed the card to Arthur which Phillip

had given to the Chief of Police, saying, "I believe this will explain it. Mr. Burnett will understand."

"All right, sir," replied Arthur. "Please wait a moment and I will speak to him." He started to go to Phillip's study but that gentleman met him coming towards them.

"Right this way sir," said Phillip.

The caller followed Mr. Burnett, Arthur bringing up the rear.

Once in Phillip's sanctum, the visitor was invited to remove his coat, then taking the proffered chair, stated: "You do not know me, sir. I have come to test your power, which you claim and which I doubt not you possess. You have made certain statements to the head of the Police Department, I understand, in reference to it."

Phillip answered, "I am very glad to see you, and if you are not a departure from mankind generally you will be convinced before you go that I can do more even than I have represented." He perceived that his visitor was in disguise, for a not too well fitting beard revealed the fact to him. This pleased Phillip. He knew that one practicing deception is more easily read than one whose energies are not spent in efforts to preserve an incognito.

"You declined giving your name to my attendant, but you need not have done so, for Anson Caldwell, though a detective himself, has eyes less sharp than mine."

His visitor started to his feet surprised, and placed his hand to his beard to see if it was out of proper position. Supposing that led to his discovery, but feeling satisfied that everything was as it should be, asked, "What makes you think my name is Caldwell?"

"I see it worked in blue silk on the lining of your right sleeve," said Phillip.

The visitor answered, "you are wrong there" at the same time turning the lining outward as best he could.

"I am right," returned Phillip. "I do not mean the coat you have on but the one you have thrown off, hanging yonder" pointing to the overcoat hanging on the wall. "If

there is a name there," replied the stranger "I knew it not. It is a new garment received from the tailor only to-day."

"Get it and see for yourself," said Phillip.

The visitor did as he was bid and turning the sleeve found his name there as described.

"You are right" said Caldwell. "It is useless to 'play possum, with you. You knew more than I did of my own clothes. If you can read a name on the inside of a sleeve, you can tell me what I have in my vest pocket."

"You have a variety there," said Arthur who sat with his back to the rest of the party near the register.

"What! is that young lad in the business too?" asked Caldwell, his curiosity roused to the highest pitch.

Phillip replied, "Arthur is my right hand man, without whose assistance I could not be of aid to even the Chief of Police."

"You astonish me," said Caldwell, then turning to the boy, "If you can tell me what I have in my vest pocket, I will be a convert."

"Well, I see three articles in the lower right hand pocket. A key which is of great value, inasmuch as it is to be used as evidence in court. A fountain pen holder and a gold ring which was taken from the hand of a female now lying in the morgue."

Caldwell started as if shot. I need no more. You know me and deception cannot be practiced in face of such power; but tell me can you give me the name of that female? No one has as yet recognized the body."

The boy said quickly, "Hand me the ring and perhaps I can tell you."

The Detective did as desired. Arthur took it and though his eyes were closed, he held the key to his forehead and said, "Inside of this ring are the initials E. W. S."

"Correct, now if you can give me the name you will do me a great service."

The lad paused a moment and then replied with no sign of hesitation, Elvira "Willard Smith."

The Detective with blanched face took out his little book and wrote it down.

"Would you know more of her?" asked the boy in slow and dignified manner.

"All you can communicate," gladly answered Caldwell.

"I can give you more, and will, but there are some things I am not permitted to give. She has a brother in Albino, N. Y., Charles H. Smith, P. O. box 92 1-2. More I cannot give you now."

"That is more than sufficient," replied Caldwell, then turning to Phillip. "This is astounding Mr. Burnett. I see that you are all you claim. I would know more of this wonderful power. With you to aid us sir, there is nothing that the Detective force can not accomplish. But do tell me, why has not this been utilized before? Why do so many guilty ones go unpunished? And why do the innocent so often suffer when by resorting to you and those similarly gifted, the truth might be known and strict justice done?"

"I will tell you why" answered Phillip. "This is a bigoted world sir. Those in power and those who desire to be, are united in this one thing. They will not encourage the growth of the human mind in anything that will tend in any way to interfere with their bread and butter. What would become of the lawyers if bottom facts could always be got at as though in black and white, it appeared upon your walls? What would become of your doctors if some clairvoyant's eye could be found which never failed to diagnose disease correctly?"

"Would not Othello's occupation be gone?" Would it be for the interest of the professors in any science to encourage me in my methods which enable me to circumvent them every time and arrive at correct conclusions by a short cut inaccessible to them?

You see where we stand before the world; and though each individual man in the great mass of humanity were to become convinced of the truth of our claims, they would not talk it one with another, nor as a body give us the credit of possessing a particle of wisdom, knowledge or power which society does not possess.

Charlatans, pretenders and egotistical professors wish

to monopolize everything, while true worth, ever modest and unassuming, must be content with the crumbs that may be thrown to them.

This is why Mr. Caldwell, that animal magnetism is ignored. Is it strange that mankind believes there is no God, when from their heart of hearts they wish him to not exist?

In the present state of affairs it is best for you to be reticent to the outside world in regard to what you learn here. The time may come when honest, plain dealing will be encouraged, but at present, our work must be done in secret, for obvious reasons."

"I understand you sir," replied Caldwell, "and I cannot dispute you in what you have said as regards the way you as a mesmerist are received by the world. I will see more of you as you have proved your reliability beyond a peradventure. I am a thousand fold repaid for my visit, and will communicate to the Chief what I have witnessed."

He rose to go. Arthur helped him on with his overcoat, and not seeking to detain him, Phillip extending his hand to him observed, "The world will yet have to acknowledge the power which you have seen to a small extent demonstrated to-night. Please never mention my name in connection with what may from time to time be divulged." Then bidding him "good night" Arthur accompanied Caldwell to the door, which so shortly before he had entered — a skeptic.

CHAPTER XVII.

Spring came and with it the hopes the season brings. The pent up forces of nature under the influence of the sun which rises higher into the heavens day by day, revive. and throwing off the torpor of winter send the sap into blade, bush and tree until, newly decked, old earth in gorgeous verdure smiles.

Julian Favor and Nellie Lamont were preparing for the great event of their lives, the principal part of the labor falling upon Nellie of course : for there is always so much sewing to be done, that a man knows nothing about. It seems as if he was an almost uninterested party, so much preparation devolves upon the woman. Julian, however, did gladly all that was required of him, and with smiling face and many a fond caress encouraged her in all she did, revelling in sweet anticipations which were to be realized after a few more weeks should roll by.

Mr. Lamont was to have a few weeks recreation at about that time, and if joy didn't find a dwelling place within that house, then Julian and Nellie would be sadly disappointed. The flush of beauty mantled her cheek once more, and the hope of future happiness with the object of her love, kept it there as a perennial to bloom for the joy of those near and dear to her, as time should come and go. Julian's bank account, though not as large as he could wish, yet showed a good balance in his favor, sufficient to keep the machinery of living in good running order for some time to come, providing sickness or other misfortune kept at a distance.

He, as thousands of others, about to embark upon the sea of matrimony, could not rid himself of the feeling of

uneasiness that would occasionally creep in, that want of confidence in powers above us, which keep glad the heart that is trusting, thus enabling us to overcome obstacles that even in the most prosperous lives present themselves.

The hypochondriac sees mountains everywhere. The most trifling' circumstances in life become spectres to loom before him to terrify.

Plunged in a sea of doubt and apprehension, he rarely attracts to himself any but kindred spirits, and so thick and black is the atmosphere about him, that the ethereal presence of an illuminated soul cannot obtain access to him. But fortunate is he who in the face of misfortune can smile, and with unwavering confidence in the goodness of God and ministering angels, labor and wait for the culmination of events. There was a spot which Nellie denominated the enchanted bower. It was in a dell which descended gradually towards the waters of the pond which nestled between green hills of the town, and was reached after two minutes walk from the dwelling of the Lamonts. Hither Julian and Nellie would repair when the weather would permit, to talk of the future and the love that bound them. Seldom was the slightest mention made of the past, those days of sorrow experienced by Nellie when disappointment brooded within her bosom, poisoning her life blood, those hours of sad reflections on the wreck of noble manhood, which her eye beheld in the person of one she had loved.

At one time she feared she was again on the precipice with ruin staring her in the face. It was on that New Year's day when she saw him borne through the crowd to a carriage, fearing it was inebriation that brought him there. He referred to it on the occasion of one of their visits to the dell, and she held her hand before her to shut out the horrid spectacle, beseeching him to not mention it again. "Let us bury the past," she said "and the living future clasp, but there is one thing I wish to speak of, and it is of what happened to you before you were prostrated in the picture room of Mr. Fearing. I have pondered over it, and the strange connection that existed between it and the picture of Paul Mifflitt. You have told me of your inter-

view with Phillip Burnett and of his relation to the affair, but it is not clear in my mind how its appearance can in any way be attributed to him. 'Can he summon spirits from the vasty deep'?" "I know not" answered Julian, "I only know that he possesses marvellous power in certain directions. Though I cannot endorse all he advances as regards the future, yet if there is a future wherein those we love will meet us, I feel that all will be well with us somehow."

"If there *is* a future," Nellie repeated emphasizing "is."
"Don't you know there is?"

"No," he answered, "I do not know there is. I may believe it. I do."

Nellie looked almost sadly at him fearing a doubt existed in his mind which to her seemed horrible.

"Why," she said at length, "although at the present moment I cannot take it in, yet there is an indescribable joy that fills my heart in contemplation of the future; and an indistinct picture often passes before me of something glorious somewhere, as though I had been there and memory fails to tell me when. At such times I hear strains of delicious music fading into the distance as upon closing the door after leaving a concert room the fascinating notes are extinguished only to linger in the ears as memory. The hum of voices, or blissful communion at other times, become resolved into the silence of my sleeping room as from a dream I return to consciousness. What does all that mean Julian? Nothing?" She continued, "I do not care a whit for this life without a perfect assurance that it is not all."

Julian replied to her, "While I cannot and would not disagree with you, I often find myself in the position of questioner or investigator. Why is it that sermon after sermon is preached from the pulpit by the professed ambassadors of God, the whole burden of which is trying to find arguments to prove the existence of man in a future state? Why is it necessary to be proved? Why hasn't man a knowledge — if he is a spark from the deity — of that life beyond? Why need he go to church to get bolstered up into a belief which he scarcely carries with him a week, if it is a fact?"

"I will tell you why," she replied. "Man is living two lives. One is the interior life which he lives while the body is stretched upon his couch at night. During that state he is cognizant of what transpires about him, not in the physical world however. He can rarely see his prostrate body. If he be so constituted that those he comes in contact with in that life are of a higher grade than are his companions in the normal state, he becomes better educated in spiritual matters, and what he knows in that life he feels in this. We must be in the condition to know it; we can sense another condition however, which we have no clear remembrance of. People who once a week go to learn of a higher life, don't get very far along, and never have doubts which are of the earth removed. While those who every day, and every hour of the day are living that other life to a greater or less degree, need not go to obtain from the lips of another what they already know. Oh, Julian, it seems to me at times as if I stood on the border land. Although not diseased physically I have many days felt that my hold upon life was exceedingly frail, and in those long days and longer nights when you were from me, it seemed as if something was drawing me away. Perhaps that was why my face was paler than before."

Julian listened. He drank in every word as flower does the dew that night distils. He had never heard her speak in that strain before and said, "Nellie. I love to listen to you. You speak wiser than you know at times."

"Do I," asked the girl by his side who looked up into his face with a spiritual expression, he never had before witnessed.

"Yes Nellie," he said with a feeling in his tones which made her look at him with greater interest, "and while it is sweet to drink in your every word, it awakens within me a fear that your spirit side is the more powerful of the two, and that you may float away and leave me alone some day."

"Have no fear of that Julian. I love this earth too well for that. We must mix in a little of the spiritual with our every day lives you know in order to keep in trim. To be afraid to talk of these things is what has done muc'

toward keeping the world in darkness. We mustn't cry like sick babies for the light if we don't need it."

Julian said nothing but smiled with heightened color in his cheeks, which said as plainly as words could speak it. "Well, you surprise me. You are my teacher not I yours,"

She continued, "You said a moment ago that I spoke wiser than I knew. That is true. There are times when I could not express myself as I do to-day, and you will do well to catch the sunshine when you can. It is no matter what the source is as long as I speak the truth. When there is joy in my heart, I must open my mouth to give it vent, as does the little bird in the tree. But that joy is born of knowledge, and you love to hear me talk, because your soul recognizes its truth. It is a matter of course that a man in the earth condition cannot have a full conception of the higher state. The nearer he lives to nature, the better is his conception of what he really is, he being a part of nature. It is not reasonable that one living a vicious life can through his blurred eyes perceive the glory of the supernal. He, in his depraved state can see nothing above his beclouded conception. Argument falls on callous ears when the drunkard or the libertine listens. Absorbed in gratification of his sensual nature, there is nothing beyond it to him. The tiger pouncing upon his prey, voraciously feeds upon the warm quivering flesh of the child, ignorant of the fact that the warm blood upon which he gluts, flows from the body from which he has driven an immortal soul. He perceives no glorious being endowed with love and immense capabilities for the future. To the ravenous beast there is nothing but what satiates his appetite ; and he laps his jaws for more. To his diminutive intellect not glorified by intuition, there is nothing in the sweet flesh which does not exist in a rabbit or a coon. So judges the depraved man, who is steeped in sensualism. Oh, Julian, do not if you value my love put yourself on an equality with one who sees nothing higher than the gratification of strictly animal desires, but we are drifting away from the subject of the vision of which we were speaking. I think I told you the

same had appeared to me in a dream, "which was not all a dream."

Oh how blessed to me are these revelations, when though darkness is upon half the earth, radiance fills my being which for a time lifts me above it all.

I feel there is more in these visitations than we dream of, and unconsciously I find myself drifting back into those days when my soul was wrapt in wonder while listening to the strange words that fell from the lips of Paul Miffitt. Though living what would be called a lonely life he said he never was alone, that it was when in a crowd of struggling human beings if ever, that the spirit of loneliness came upon him. I wondered how it could be then; but I do not now, and every day's experience draws me nearer to him in the sense that I feel more and more as he felt, and I find myself giving expression to thoughts like his. I never can be as deep as he was but I desire to be as true and noble."

"Come, I shall be jealous if you talk in that way;" spoke Julian laughing. "You must come down to my level, Nellie. It will be time enough to be with him when you have paid the debt of nature."

Nellie would have answered him as the phrase, "the debt of nature," seemed to open a new train of thought, and once "wound up" as Julian had expressed it there was no knowing when she would stop, or where she would bring up but the voice of her mother was heard beyond the bushes, "Nellie, someone is home who wants to see you."

"Who is it?" cried Nellie; but no answer came except the sound of her mother's retreating footsteps.

She knew it was no ordinary visitor, and a moment after she jumped to her feet exclaiming, "I know who it is. It is father!" and started on a run leaving Julian to follow at a more dignified pace.

"Come Julian, come," sang out Nellie as without turning her head she was plunging through the bushes, on her way to the house.

He followed her, and on arriving at the cottage, through the open doorway perceived his Nellie locked in the loving embrace of Mr. Lamont.

On perceiving her lover entering the door. Nellie, with one hand still resting within her fathers, while a tear of happiness quivered upon her lashes, turned towards him while with her words for her father's ear she exclaimed with suffused cheeks, "and here is Julian, father. Now won't we be all happy together?"

Mr. Lamont heartily grasped the hand of his son-in-law to be, remarking, "I am glad to see you Julian. I understand you have become a protector to my family in my absence. You are looking well."

"I am well Mr. Lamont and as for my friendship for your little family it is as you know, not a disinterested one."

"I understand," replied Mr. Lamont. Nevertheless it is pleasant to know that there is some one to look after them when I am away; but how will it be when he takes one away entirely to leave the mother bird alone in her nest, eh Nellie?"

"Oh we must borrow no trouble about that father," she replied, as she saw the shade of sadness upon his face. "Perhaps there will be one more bird in the nest, instead of taking one away."

The cloud passed away, and her father replied cheerfully, "Well, things must take their course, I suppose. They did when I was young and this lady," taking his wife by the hand, "became Mrs. Lamont."

Mr. Lamont had returned to his home to participate in the approaching wedding. Preparations ere well nigh completed, and a week was to elapse before the important event.

A commodious room in the front of the house was fitted up for Julian and his bride; and the two who were ready united in heart, waited calmly for the curtain to rise upon the next act in their lives. To them it was to be a strange sequel to their previous life's story, and one marvellous in its unfoldments. The days passed rapidly. Julian had changed his manner of living, and had taken up his abode within the Lamont cottage, there being so many things to

do to get ready for the new order of things, in which he was expected to bear a hand.

There was now no doubt that Nellie was in a physical condition which precluded the probability of her premature demise. In a state of ruddy health, which did not in the least mar her spiritual beauty, she took each step in her earthly existence firmly and trustingly. She would not allow her mother to be sad a moment if she was near her to smother the sigh that otherwise might escape her lips, for it is often that more than a sigh will heave the bosom of the fond mother when the daughter who has been her sole companion, is about to leave her to cleave unto another for weal or for woe.

The father, whatever were his reflections was possessed of too great a degree of stoicism, to give expression to them. The only fear he ever entertained was that in an evil moment the dragon of old might rear his head and get his son-in-law within its grasp, only to bring ruin to the little household where peace and harmony now reigned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The day arrived. It was now June, the month of roses. The trees had donned their richest verdure. The little garden in which Nellie loved to walk early in the morning to catch a breath of the sweet air heavily laden with the fragrant odors that nature exhales as the first rays of the rising sun glitter amid the myriad dew drops, found her like the bright fairy that she was, bidding her plants good morning.

The ground here and there was pierced with tender shoots of the gladiolus, the bulbs having been planted by Nellie's own hands.

The tulips had shed their glory, and were gathering strength for duty for another year. The crocus had done its duty, and the fair gardener had bestowed her approving smiles upon them all; but the rose bushes now claimed her attention. They were full of buds, and to her great joy she found one, the first of the season opening its crimson petals to the life giving sunlight.

Sweet rose; to open on this bright morning to find a resting place upon the warm bosom palpitating with the new joy which filled the heart of Nellie Lamont.

The dressmaker was taking the last stitches in the garment that was to fit the petite form of the bride. The breakfast was scarcely touched by Nellie, so full was her heart. Once more she strolled into the garden she had trodden so many times in her loneliness, now a thing of the past.

She could not help comparing the darkness of those hours, with the brightness of the present, and thanked her heavenly father for what was vouchsafed unto her.

A few particular friends had been invited to the wedding, and a few of their relatives early in the day made their appearance. The service was to take place at 2 p. m. Nellie had retired to her room to get ready for the ordeal, for as such she viewed it as the hour rapidly drew near. The dressmaker and Adelaide Lamont, a cousin of Nellie's, were kept busy attending to the wants of both mother and daughter.

The minister had arrived and was below in conversation with Mr. Lamont. Bob Kelly was there arrayed in all his glory. Phillip Burnett was there with the youthful Arabah, one of the firm in whose employ Julian was, Mr. Adams, had gladly accepted the invitation to be present.

There were but few relatives for the reason that Mrs. Lamont came from a distant state where he who afterwards married her, found her. Mrs. James Lamont, son and daughter, Adelaide, were of the party and a half dozen of Nellie's acquaintances.

It was a modest little party, but all were true friends. It was the wish of the parents to have it so. They were

opposed to display of any kind as were also Julian and Nellie. When all was in readiness, the happy couple descended the stairs followed by Charles and Adelaide Lamont who were to stand up with them. The father and mother entered the room at about the same time. The bride and groom were all ready and the ceremony proceeded. The officiating clergyman, Mr. Hartrann, was a Unitarian, a young man recently settled over a thriving society, who was quite up to the times, and pleased the majority of his parishioners. I say the majority, for if the Nazarene himself were to don the clerical robes and preach his own gospel and in his own divine way, there would be a respectable minority who would take exceptions.

Julian and Nellie soon were declared husband and wife. A tear dropped from the eyes of Mrs. Lamont and fell upon the hands crossed in resignation before her. Her husband was unmoved and took things more as a matter of course. His habitual absence from home perhaps had something to do with the lack of all demonstrations on his part, but the man generally is the more stoical of the two, and however much he may feel on like occasions, the tear is held in abeyance.

Julian and Nellie being now married, it was no longer something to anticipate. They were now to walk the paths of life together. She put her trust in her husband, and he not only confided in her, but looked up to her as his teacher in many things. They had mutually agreed to honor, love and cherish one another as long as they should live, and without this compact made in the presence of the witnesses there assembled, the love was there to hold them all the same. No vow can hold uncongenial souls. No clergyman's or magistrate's declaration can bind souls destined to go apart. The law of God in man as well as in nature everywhere is as a sharp sword to the mesh that may be woven about man and woman united merely in letter. Like flax "which falls asunder at the touch of fire" is every contrivance of man to enslave and hold together what are by their own natures, alien.

It was thought best by the newly married couple not to

follow the fashion so universal of making a journey as soon as the knot was tied but remain in their own quiet home, receive the congratulations of their numerous friends, and not give the mother's heart the pang which such occasions always bring with greater or less severity, to the maternal parent, more especially. They thought it just as well to reserve their visit abroad until a later day, when Mrs. Lamont should become used to the change. It was Nellie's own expressed wish. Julian had left the matter for Nellie to decide. Messrs. Adams and Coville would willingly grant their bookkeeper such time as he might desire; but no, it was decided to remain at home and inaugurate at once the new condition of things. Mr. Lamont's time too, was limited, and their remaining would be a gratification to him; for being held so closely to his business abroad, he would make the most of the present, and enjoy to his fullest capacity the occasion where he had not only, not lost a daughter, but had gained a son.

The few days he had to spend with his family were well employed and he felt before he returned to the scenes of his mechanical labors, that Nellie had chosen wisely in selecting for a companion a man of Julian's established character. He had no fears now of his daughter's future; all apprehension in that direction being effectually removed.

The day drew near for him to leave them, a quiet family of three united in the silken bonds of harmony. The congratulations of friends had been received and many were the gifts of friendship that adorned the mahogany table in the corner of the sitting room; one particularly pleased Julian, "not for its intrinsic value alone" but coming as it did from one he least expected to be remembered by in that way. It was labelled, "To Mr. and Mrs. Favor, with the sincere wish of the giver, that a long life of love and prosperity may be yours. William Clapp."

As Mr. Lamont took his leave of his little family, he remarked, "May I hope the time will come when I can live with you as a husband should. Life is too short to have so many intervals of absence in it. It is cruel to subject you to so much loneliness. I never felt the truth of it as much as I

do now. I will try to find employment in the city where I should be. Try and bear it a little longer. Good by," and he was gone. Although Mrs. Lamont had many times thought the same thing and had written as much, yet it was more deeply impressed upon her than ever that this state of affairs should give way to something more satisfactory. She had asked herself many times, "What is the object of marriage if it be not happiness? And where is the happiness if one must pine alone?" We have no right to inflict upon a bosom companion privations of any kind, if it be within the bounds of human possibility to avoid it.

Months rolled away, and Nellie was in the bloom of health. Her husband ever attentive to her slightest wants became thoroughly ingratiated in the affections of his mother-in-law, and she looked upon him as in truth, her son.

She thought of the days in her early marriage life, and sometimes found herself comparing her condition in those days with Nellie's at the present. Although William Lamont had been true to his vows, and had never given his wife cause to complain, yet there was a certain tenderness that the wife loves to feel the husband bears her, which had been lacking. It never had been as apparent to her as now, as she saw Julian ever studying Nellie's happiness. The unremitting attention he always showed her in company or by themselves, made her heart glad, and it was in some measure, a compensation for what had been denied her, in the sense that Nellie was a part of her own life and blood.

Phillip Burnett with his youthful companion was a frequent caller, and many a pleasant evening was passed by them together in the little front parlor. On the occasion of one of these visits, reference having been made by Julian to the singular circumstances connected with their early acquaintance, Phillip replied, "Yes, singular indeed. In fact all our relations in life—if we will but think of it—are marvellous. What may seem at first as a trifling incident, and of the slightest consequence, may be a link in the chain of life which if left out, would be productive of dire misfortune.

We may not see at the time wherein it has any practi-

cal bearing upon our lives ; but later on, its vast importance is revealed. We often think we do this or that of our own free will and accord, not being able if asked, to give the reason therefor ; little dreaming at the time, that it is the only one act it is possible for us to commit." "Do you not believe in free moral agency?" asked Julian, somewhat surprised. Phillip smiled, which Julian perceiving, for the moment could not account for, but the next his thought reverted to the evening when he sat in Phillip's room with Arthur Arabah, and was rivetted to his chair, while the transfigured youth before him thrilled him with the strange words he uttered.

He thought of his weakness at that time. What volition had he to exercise, then? By what spell was he held, and where was his control of self? Phillip seemed to be reading what was going on within his mind and answered ; "By no means. Man, as much as the veriest brute on four legs, is a creature of circumstances. We grow to what we are. We profit by seeming mistakes. We ripen in becoming educated by the experiences of life. The tender plant of the hot house, if left there permanently, would become softer still in nature, although beautiful to look upon ; but remove it to the open air, where it will become subject to adverse winds, the rain storm, and the drouth, in the end it will have acquired a sturdy growth, though at the first exposure its leaves might wither and fall, and seeming death overtake it. Its juices arrested for a time however, rally, the forces within it once more in motion, a new tree in a new dress flourishes, whose blossoms though smaller, are more manifold but just as fragrant and pleasing to the eye. Unnatural forcing beneath the glass, produces abnormal growth ; but left exposed to God's air, a healthy condition is attained which will be permanent. As it is with the plant, so it is with the man. One is handled by the gardener, and "Man is as clay in the hands of the potter."

"How about our wills?" asked Julian. "Can we not make circumstances?"

"We can modify, but we must be possessed of the will to do it. That very will is a gift, and one's will is often the

will of another. His power to exercise it may depend upon another will outside of himself. The influence of another comes so silently, and imperceptibly upon us, playing upon our nervous system in such a manner, that we mistake it for the workings of our own internal forces. Like a man possessed, he knows it not, because for the time being his nature and the one possessing it, have become melted into one and it is only when the sudden separation comes, that the man feels that truly he was not himself. This sometimes is followed by regret that an act may have been committed which without the union pro tem of the two beings, would not have been performed. Then comes spontaneously the reaching out for protection against the invidious attacks of the destroyer, and the prayer to God to "deliver us from evil" comes hastily from the lips.

"Get thee behind me Satan," can not be spoken while Satan has foothold; for Satan's will is there and not that of the victim."

"Then," remarked Julian, "We never know when we are ourselves."

"We never do," replied Phillip. "We must ask for aid from that source whence aid only cometh. He who believes that within himself is centred all there is of controlling power, will find himself before death knocks at the door, a starveling."

"Who then is responsible for all the crime there is in the world."

"Ignorance is responsible," answered Phillip. "Ignorance of the laws that govern the universe. It is for us to prove all things; to go to work unbiassed, and delve in the earth if necessary, in search of nature's truth. The gold is there; but it requires the pick, the shovel, and the cradle to obtain it. The auriferous quartz must be crushed before the glittering particles can be secured.

As we become enlightened, it is criminal to not take a step in advance of the position we occupied before.

In order to have the best conditions to live in, we must continue instant in prayer, look up, and out of ourselves every minute in the day; bring into our homes the beauti-

ful and let it adorn our walls. It is impossible to go astray with the lovely blue eyes of innocence looking into our souls. Music is the reproving voice of God in the ear of the evil doer.

Strains harmonious soften the passions, and waft the listening soul to higher realms above deceit and wrong doing. The fragrance of the flower causes us to inflate our lungs to their fullest capacity, that we may take in the glory.

The gorgeous hues of the western sky are but a revaluation of the higher law. As each planet exerts an influence upon each and every mortal, so does the red and the blue, the violet, the orange and the gold appeal to the soul, and it is he who is steeped in so called crime, who sees not the beauty painted in the skies.

All nature teems with these sweet and elevating influences, and he is wise indeed who lets the glory in."

Nellie sat as one entranced with the words that flowed so easily from the lips of Phillip Burnett. She felt the power he unconsciously exerted. She felt the inspiration of the hour, and a joy filled the innermost recesses of her being. She thought of the sweet little life whose existence on earth was begun, and her thoughts like sweet incense permeated it. She knew the duty she owed it even now ; and Julian ever willing and anxious, bent all his energies in the direction where they would be the most telling.

Oh that all fathers and mothers to be, would do likewise, would instil into the unborn those pure essences from the divine altar, which will make the future man and woman an honor to its parents, and never a disgrace. Do you ask where to commence the regeneration of the world? I answer with the seed that is sown.

Did Phillip Burnett have a conception of her condition? and did he come frequently to their home to baptize her with the waters of wisdom, that there might be an impersonation of glory a few months thereafter when gestation should be completed?

Perhaps so. Her blessings were ever showered upon him by Nellie Favor, for she felt in his presence an uplifting which she experienced at no other time. Julian himself,

progressive in his tendencies, was, beside this man whose learning had been acquired by deep research into the mystic realms, he could not travel, but a child. He and his wife were content to listen, and by questions put from time to time, stimulate into constant flow, the stream, in which their spirits loved to lave. Arthur Arabah, also young as he was, was absorbed in the topics discussed, and unlike youth in general, was satisfied.

Nellie often wondered why he and his guardian Phillip were so inseparable. It was a pleasure to her to look upon his young face whose mobile features ever responded to the emotions within, and she asked herself if he was not in some way instrumental in drawing to Phillip's lips, the fire of inspiration.

Phillip never had explained the matter, and she never could bring herself to ask in so many words what part he played in these, to her, wonderful revelations. She was satisfied with what she saw and heard, and wisely decided that it was best not to disturb conditions which seemed necessary to the satisfactory moving of these spiritual waters.

How often does man in his conceit imagine that he can improve upon nature, and like the idiot who is said to, have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, fancy by a forcing process he can become rich at once and make more beautiful that which is already transcendent.

If you crush the rose, its beauty and fragrance are destroyed. The petals while living and glowing by the power of the sweet forces within, are a joy to the beholder who in admiration gazes upon their loveliness, but when man in his ignorance of the mysterious laws which operate, ruthlessly clutches at their unfolded beauty, does so only to look in dismay at the wreck he has produced, and sink within himself abashed at his folly and inferiority. For a man to assert any sovereignty in this world of causes; man who cannot recall the life to a crushed and bleeding worm, or cannot look into the eye of the violet, and read one secret of its tiny soul, is an anomaly in the universe of intelligence.

CHAPTER XIX.

What peace came into the souls of his hearers, as Phillip Burnett discoursed upon these subjects, that should be dear to the heart of every human being. The hours passed, and when Phillip and Arthur bade them good evening, and had passed from sight, Nellie could do no more than be silent as the facination passed away, only to leave an impression ineffaceable in the archives of her memory. At such times without speaking of what they had heard, they would sit in meditation, thinking it preferable to conversation for a while as the sound of another voice will often dissipate to a certain extent the effects which have been produced. Mrs. Lamont, generally a listener, had but little to say, feeling that the waters were too deep for her to venture into. While she could not refute what she heard, she wisely preserved a becoming reticence.

At the store, Julian had risen in the estimation of his employers. An increase of salary had been granted him. His old enemy, Will Clapp, had found his level, without getting far up the ladder at another's expense. He had shown his hand, and was known for what he was. His connection, by marriage, with Mr. Coville, amounted to enough to save him from dishonorable discharge, but not enough to influence his employers against one who was tried and true. The blot upon the ledger was a blot upon the already smooched character of Will Clapp; and do what he would to offset it, his innate disposition would crop out whenever occasion stirred up the devil within.

Clapp's education had been fair enough, and the usual effort had been made to patch up what his mother had brought into the world when he was born; but prenatal

influences had been such, that in spite of spurts of endeavor to do as he would be done by, he was ever prone to gravitate into the ruts he was fated to travel in. He had learned one thing; and that was to respect Julian Favor, who always treated him with kindness, and like a burning coal it ate its way into his inner self, acting as a caustic upon the poisonous elements in his composition.

The leopard however can not change his spots, for it is only a second birth that will make such a radical alteration in an animal's anatomy.

Will Clapp had a wife and two children; the latter were started on the railroad of life, perhaps to partake of the father's nature. If such should prove to be the case there were small hopes of an improvement in the next generation of Clapp's.

There was a possibility of redeeming influence in the mother, whose nature was more moral and refined; but being the more sensitive of the two, the positive nature of the father is apt to prevail, and brand the progeny. The race can only be improved through the mother's blood. The child once born, possesses within itself the embryonic tendencies which later in life will surely come to the surface.

As the perfect seed contains the future tree, its blossoms and its fruit; so does the babe nursing at its mother's breast carry within its soul the tendencies to virtue or to crime.

God pity the murderer who is as a rule made one from his birth. God open the eyes of those about to become mothers and fathers, within whose power it lies to nourish even before it sees the light of the world, the love plant soon to grow in the garden of humanity.

Julian Favor knew enough of the laws of life, to know he had the power if he would but exert it, to influence the mother and through the mother, the embryo. They had had many little talks together upon the subject, and right steps were alway taken in the road they travelled, to cause good fruit to grow up on their matrimonial tree. Happy would it be for the race if all prospective parents would look at it in the same light, and bring into the world children born of

love rather than lust, for where in God's universe can a more horrid spectacle be seen than in a rapidly increasing family, the heads of which, multiply and replenish the earth with a poisoned progeny which is destined to fill by and by, the alms house or the felon's cell. Where are the societies whose professed exertions are in behalf of the race, who do not commence to improve the tree by picking off the insects that sap its juices, rather than grow it from healthy stock? They try to make over what is already made, rather than strike at the root and see that reform commences before it is too late. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined" to be sure; but before the twig, is the seed; which "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The months rolled by and one morning in spring a bud of promise lay by the side of its mother. Who so happy as Julian Favor who had waited with bated breath the issue in those hours of travail? Their's was more than a welcome child; and as the father looked upon his young wife who had suffered for them both, a tear of joy dropped from his lashes, and he imprinted a fond kiss upon her lips, while a prayer went up from his earnest soul, of thanks to the Great Giver.

Nellie's mother performed the offices of nurse gladly, and who could so feelingly discharge them as one who had travelled the same road, and bore such depth of love for mother and child? All went well with them. Julian received the congratulations of all his associates when he presented himself at his place of business the second day after the advent of his baby boy.

The feathered songsters seemed to know of the happiness within his bosom, as he passed under the verdant boughs; and they joined their songs with his own spirit of thanksgiving, in pæans to their maker for "life, beautiful life."

Nellie, thanks to the watchful care of her mother, was soon upon her feet, none the worse but all the more perfect in her womanhood, for what she had passed through. The glow upon her cheek was reflected in her offspring's, and they made a beautiful picture.

Oh the rapture of those moments when first the little one, part of her bone and blood and nerve, drew from nature's fountain a portion of the mother life which kept its tiny heart beating. The love of her maternal bosom impregnated every drop that flowed between its cherry lips, and what could be expected of the future of one conceived and reared under such hallowing influences? Julian was all that a father could be, but what was his love compared with the mother love? There are mothers however who are such only physically. They are merely an open door through which a tiny waif enters upon the untried scenes of an earthly existence. Such mothers may seek these little ones in the great future if prematurely they pass beyond this vale of tears. Who can tell? Where we are known for what we are, and where love claims its own, who will claim these of humanity, many who are unwelcome visitors to earth? True to the law of attraction, they will gravitate only to those with whom there will be a soul connection. Their mothers bear children to fulfill the law of generation, not knowing perhaps, that love should ever go with conception, which would make righteous the soul of the newly born; but in ignorance is conception produced, with its attending curse.

To be in one with nature's grandest developements, should be the aspiration of every living being wearing the human form; but alas, how far this is from being the case, witness the misery and woe that stalks the earth; the crowded jails and prisons; the work-house and the asylum. See nations vieing with each other in the construction of deadly implements of warfare, how to send the greatest number of souls into eternity by one discharge of dynamite. The gallows rears its black head in the midst of church steeples and the dead march is played in the streets as poor wretches wend their way to the place of execution that an end may be put to the miserable lives inaugurated by ignorant parentage. Is there a God who can look upon the scene who can say "Behold, I do all things well?"

Phillipp Burnett sat alone in his room. The balmy air of a June morning came in at his open window. He

thought of the past, the struggles he had been in during the first forty years of his life, and of the strange chain of events that bound the present and the past. He knew that others had not passed through just what he had, although every heart has its own troubles, and all have crosses to bear. He had known disease and privation. He had striven hard for many years to keep his head above water, and it was through a strange revelation that he had received that which had changed the current of his life which in the future was to flow between flower decked hills on its way to the sea of eternity. He was about forty years of age when the light broke upon him. It was after a tempestuous day in mid winter. He sat in a poorly furnished room in a crowded portion of the city of B——. The fire was low in the little cylinder stove, and as he sat with his arms about it as though to embrace it to call into his own chilled frame some of the heat enamating from its iron sides, he cried in the despair of his spirit — “Oh God, how long is this to last? Why must I live in misery and want, when there is wealth and prosperity at my very door? Why was I born like the rest of my race not asking for the boon of existence, only to be doomed to torture? Why not go forth and steal, rob, waylay, anything to get from those who know not want, what my emaciated form demands?”

“Why? I’ll tell you why,” came from the innermost recesses of his soul. “You are living your life to glorify the God within you. You are living a never ending existence, and it is through this tribulation that you are at last to emerge into the kingdom of glory. To reach the mount of transfiguration is not through orange groves and flower decked vines, but through briars and over stony places. ‘No cross, no crown,’ Phillip Burnett. To look up and smile, through the storm and as an immortal spark from Deity to see nothing but wisdom in it all, to peer through the gloom above you, and descry the bright star of promise beyond the black cloud, that star that gleams steadily in the far away depths of immensity, is your privilege, and when you arrive at that point in your soul’s existence, your body will no longer feel the stings of the frosty air. Hunger will

no more gnaw upon your vitals. Dejection will disappear as mist before the rising sun, and regenerated, you will step forth into life seeing an object in living you never dreamt of. Out of self you will emerge, to see the claims of suffering humanity upon you; and the way to travel. Behold I give you the key. Enter at once upon the new duties which await you. Water every human plant with wisdom, and magnetize the very seed with my love that glory may dwell upon every petal, to shed fragrance and beauty to the delighted sense of every beholder.

Do as I bid you, and as your own heart will prompt; then instead of a dismal room, the very picture of poverty, you will dwell where plenty reigns in an apartment hung with beauty." He saw before him a closed door. In his hand he held the key — Rising he applied it. The bolt flew back, and the door opened of itself. He entered the apartment, the door closing behind him. He stood alone in a room whose walls appeared to be covered with black velvet.

The floor gave no sound as his footstep fell upon it. What looked to be an electric star, blazed in the centre of the ceiling, which though it could not illumine the apartment, the blackness of the walls being so intense, yet made his own form look all the more distinct in its isolation. He stood awhile awaiting developements. The silence became painful. He looked behind him, but saw no door. All seemed sealed by a hand of the unknown. He knelt, and a prayer went up from his soul though his lips moved not, for instructions. The answer came. Strains of music such as never had fallen upon his ear, came out of the silence, faint at first, but stealing gradually upon the sense, until the room was filled with a rich melody that made his blood tingle in his veins. Oh, how his soul was lifted as the vibrations met an answering throb within his own nature. What bliss to be allowed to leave his earthly tenement, and rise to the higher realms, the home of the spirit.

The full volume reached, the sounds slowly diminished, and at length died away into the same stillness as before. As the last vibration was lingering upon his ear, the star

slowly descended to a position a few feet away from and in front of him, and hung as if suspended in mid air. Again from invisible instruments the harmony filled the room; and as it did so, the star grew larger, its form became changed, and gradually was evolved the form of a female of dazzling beauty, the outlines of whose perfect shape were faintly discernable through the ethereal robe that hung in graceful folds upon her. Phillip gazed in admiration upon this personation of the divine. He feared to speak or move, lest the vision be dispelled or he awake as from a dream to find it was only a phantom of sleep. He was in that peculiar condition wherein a man perceives, and is yet doubtful.

Conscious at such times of his dual existence, he dreads to exchange the present where every sense throbs with delight, for that other darker sphere he feels he may in a moment enter, and which, to many a material mind, is all there is of life.

Still looking intently at him stood in perfect outline the heavenly figure. Slowly her arm was raised. The folds which had partially concealed it, fell away, leaving exposed the limb in its exquisite symmetry. Can it be, he thought, his heart beating gladly with the assurance, that that pulsating figure before him was of a soul that had passed through death's portals, had suffered and struggled as he had; had pined in sickness, had waited in doubt for the fulfillment of the promise, that a man dying shall live again?

Oh, God be praised. There stood the living evidence before him. As he gazed upon it, he perceived flowing from the finger ends, faint streams of light, like pencils of the aurora borealis. These emanations, he followed with his eye, until they came in contact with what he had not before discerned, a withered shrub which apparently had its roots in the floor he stood upon, and but a few feet away.

Its leaves, as though killed by the frost king, hung to the shrunken limbs; but as the rays from the figure's extended hand rested upon the blasted tree, to his astonished gaze the leaves began to move. Erect became the branches, every part of the plant soon assumed its normal condition of health as though filled with renewed vigor. A warm

verdure painted the surface of the smallest leaflet, and the tree which but a few minutes before presented a picture of desolation and death, stood now a living thing of luxuriant growth.

This was not all. The hand still extended, sent its life giving rays deep into the plant's interior nature. Buds appeared upon each limb, which rapidly expanding, unfolded to the eye of Phillip the snow white petals of the flower. For a brief time he looked upon its glory; then the petals dropped, at first green, but anon ripening until they hung in crimson glory before him.

A voice soft and sonorous as from a bell of silver, came from the lips of the beautiful being. It said, "Pluck and eat." Phillip extended his hand, obedient to the command. He but touched one of the many that hung blushing from the limbs, when it fell into his hand in its state of perfect maturity. While holding it before his face enjoying the aroma that came from its velvet surface, the voice again fell upon his ear, "Eat of this fruit, and live to be a blessing to your race, and glorify that God in whose image both of us are made."

Phillip put the fruit to his lips. It melted in his mouth it was so perfect in its ripeness. Its delicious taste electrified him. Its juices rapidly became assimilated into his being, and a new vigor permeated every fibre within him. The blood before stagnant, now coursed warmly through every artery, and love warmed his heart towards all mankind.

Again the lips moved, "Go thou, and do likewise. As ye have seen me do unto this tree, do ye even so to the human plants that may require it. Heal the sick. Applied to those adapted, it will open their lips to speak naught but truth and words of wisdom. It will open their eyes, and enable them to look into the mysteries of nature. It will give them a glimpse of that future which is the birth-right of every individualized soul.

It is the great creative power, the revivifying influence that turns night into day, to the soul that has been plunged in grief and despair. Use the power that this night is given thee. Befriend the forsaken. Pour sweetness into the soul

of the unborn babe by shedding it upon its mother. Let your light shine. Bless the world by living in it. Seek not the remuneration that charletans demand. Degrade not this God given gift to filthy trade. Make not life like this but merchandise to be bought and sold ; for those who thus conduct, do the work of the evil one, and shall have their reward. He who doeth the works of love, has honor and glory in a life everlasting."

The form vanished. The star shone overhead, quivered a few brief moments, then faded away. The velvet walls gave place to those of his desolate room, and again he sat in his chair with his arms encircling his stone cold stove.

CHAPTER XX.

Phillip Burnett started from his position, staring about him like a wild man. "Was it a revelation, or a vision to mock me," he cried. "What shall I do? Where shall I turn?" There was nothing to indicate to his senses what steps he should take. The chilly atmosphere of his disordered room and the blackened walls about and above him, gave no sign. Only the echo, "Where shall I turn." Surely there was nothing there to work upon. No suffering mortal other than himself to do a work of love upon. Almost beside himself he seized his hat and went to the door. A gust of cold wind greeted him as he opened it. There was another sound besides that of the piercing blast. It was the piteous wail of a child in distress at that moment passing his door. Forgetting his own desolation, and with the words of the luminous one still ringing in his ears, he was soon by the side of the unhappy boy, who upon the street was speeding, he knew not where, and for, he knew not what.

Upon asking the lad what his trouble was, he received the reply, "Indeed sir, father sent me out for help. I met a

man who shook me away. He told me not to bother him and I do not dare to ask another."

"Take me to your home, my boy," said Phillip.

Wiping the tears from his eyes he put his little hand confidently into that of his friend and led the way to the miserable quarters he called his home. There upon a bed, lay a man in his prime apparently, but who, wasted from disease seemed about ready to relinquish his hold upon life. His wife was at the stove preparing something, with which she thought to keep the lamp of life burning a little longer; but it was with an aching heart that she did so. She looked up quickly as the door opened, and perceiving who the boy returned with, thought succor could not come from a source, which judging from appearance needed assistance itself. Phillip detected from the expression upon her worn features, what was within her mind, and said, to put himself upon a proper footing in her estimation, "I am sent to you madam, by whom, I know not, to aid you if it lies within my power."

"Alas," she returned, "He is, I believe beyond all aid from a human source. He is out of his head, and in one of his ravings sent Johnnie out for help. The boy went, fearing to stay, not knowing where to go, or what to say. His father—he on the bed—said go! and fell back and remained as you see him."

"Have you not a physician?" asked Phillip.

"We have had one; but he pronounced his case hopeless, and told us we were at liberty to seek other medical aid. For two days he has seen no one."

Phillip advanced towards the bed, and after putting his hat upon a stand, placed his hand upon the head of the sick man, whose breathing was quick and irregular as though nature was making her final efforts to keep the vital spark within the attenuated frame. For an instant the breathing ceased, and a sigh escaped the thin lips. Soon the chest rose and fell more regularly; deeper were the inspirations and sleep took possession instead of delirium. The unhappy wife watched the efforts of Phillip with but little faith that such as he could do what a well dressed, well known and ordinarily successful physician could not; but when she

drew near the bed and listened to his regular breathing, she thought of what she had heard somewhere, that "angels in disguise" do often visit the afflicted, and she thought that perhaps her heavenly father had at last remembered even her; and had sent one to do his will, and show that what had been done, was yet within the power of Providence to do. She forgot the ragged clothing of her visitor, she no longer saw the seedy coat, and the pants all frayed at the bottom; and again to her mind, came the Christ of old, who was despised because of his lowly birth; and she said within herself, "God is eternal, the wisdom of two thousand years ago is the wisdom of to-day. Truth is truth until the end of all things; I will never more lose faith in my God who ever was and ever will be able to lift me out of darkness, into the light." She spoke to the man, who had at the beck of her son come from out the storm of a winter's night, to the bed side of her husband. "Who are you sir? and who sent you here?"

"Never mind, my good woman, who I am. Sufficient let it be if I can help this man. I know not who sent me. It may be the one who knows of your needs as no mortal being can. I only know that I am here."

"Strange it is sir, whoever you are; but he has not breathed so well for many weeks. I have prayed, oh so earnestly for assistance to the good Lord, and has he indeed answered my prayer?"

"Let us hope so," replied Phillip as he continued to make passes over the prostrate form. The fire in their little stove seemed to throw out more heat as a spirit of renewed faith in the goodness of God, pervaded the atmosphere. The heart of the woman sent its red current through her system with a new vigor, and she kissed her little boy and asked him how he came to find the good gentleman. Johnnie with a tearful eye told his story, and Phillip added, "It was to be, my good lady that we should meet as we did. Some power brought us together at the right time. Let us seek not the source when we know that He who noteth the sparrows fall, knoweth your wants and mine."

We will unite our efforts to bring to life and usefulness, the one now helpless and well spent."

Phillip ceased making further efforts, and turning to go, said, "I will return in an hour, and see how he is, and then perhaps be able to leave him for the night. With your permission I will do my best to restore him to you."

A tear of joy coursed down her cheek, which had assumed a haggard look from the many weary hours she had spent in behalf of him, who had, in better days been her stay and comfort. She blessed Phillip for his kind words, and told him he would get his reward.

He answered, "I seek no reward. Content to be of use to a suffering mortal, I am well paid." He left them to return to his room. Its dilapidated walls, the torn carpet, and generally disordered appearance which before had driven him almost to desperation, had no such effect upon him now. He even whistled his favorite tune, "Old dog Tray," although he possessed no dog, nor animal of any kind to whom, to look for sympathy. There was something in the spirit of the song he always had loved, as it found an answering chord in his own bosom. "The forms I've called my own have vanished one by one" he often had sung with a tremulous voice while thinking of his earlier days and their attending joys; but as he entered his room whistling the loved air he felt a new life springing up within him. He sensed no longer the sadness of the words, for they were swallowed up in the new joy which was but the natural effect of that one disinterested act. Oh! how many times in life when surfeited with its pleasures, humanity reaches out for something—anything—to destroy the morbid conditions brought about by the gratifications of simply sensuous proclivities. Phillip Burnett was but one of the many who never had troubled themselves about others' claims upon them. As the light was dawning upon his vision, he began to see that to practice brotherhood was something to be carried out in every individual life. He felt a keenness of joy in doing for another, which he had not felt in selfish indulgence, and saw that which conduced to the soul's growth.

As the magnet maintains its power only by imparting

it to another, so the love element in the individual continues to feed the soul so long as it is exercised in doing for others. The action of one reacts on the lives of all, and this action and reaction in which each shall live for all and all for each, is what will regenerate the race; and not until this is carried out in man's daily life will progress be attained. Self sacrifice, performed not blindly, is incumbent upon every true reformer. Man should not intellectualize too much when the heart prompts to the exercise of the love element, for all spontaneity in performing acts of charity would be destroyed. A Buddhist precept is: "Never put food into the mouth of the hungry by the hand of another." The one charitably disposed should himself dispense, not for the purpose of receiving thanks for so doing, but that gratitude on the part of the recipient may be cultivated. Another precept is: "Never let the shadow of a third person come between thyself and the object of thy bounty."

The "Ultimate Law" of the universe, the great adjuster, does not mete to the third person what belongs to the real giver who is entitled to the moral stimulant which attends the charitable act. Deception is practised when credit is demanded by the party who has made no sacrifice, and altho' the "Ultimate Law" may give the deserving one justice, the deceiver so far from being benefitted sinks temporarily to a lower level. Phillip did not then understand all this; but truth was in the air and as he kindled a fresh fire, the stove seemed to enter into the spirit of the hour as though it was in rapport with the divine law of compensation, and more readily than ever, diffused its genial rays through the room. His stock of coal had run low, but in he ran his shovel, buoyed up by a newly born hope that the day would soon dawn that would find him a happier man. The sequel will prove that his hope was well founded, and that it was indeed the "dawning of the morning," for Phillip Burnett.

After the hour had passed, at the expiration of which he had promised to again visit the sick man, he, true to his word presented himself, and stood at the side of the sick bed. The poor worn out woman met him at the door with a cheerful face and said, "Indeed, I feel you are come

to deliver us out of our trouble—I do sir. You had scarcely left the house when he opened his eyes, and said, ‘Oh Mary, did you see him?’

See, who? says I.

‘Why the angel of the Lord come down with healing in his wings, and said I have come to raise you up to life and strength again; and as he said so, he poured something into a cup and gave it to me to drink, and I drank and felt new life springing up within me.’ then he fell back to sleep again and has remained so ever since.”

Phillip took her hand and said, “We will raise him, aided by the power above which faileth not if we ask for it.” He sat by the bed side a few minutes as if lost in thought, holding one hand of the sick man. He then left them promising to call again in the morning.

With thankfulness in her heart, which was depicted in her countenance, she accompanied him to the door, and softly closed it after him. Phillip sought his room, and after retiring, was soon lost to all worldly scenes to revel in the land of dreams, wherein bowers of never dying verdure he loved to roam. How much of real soul experience there was in it, remains for us to learn, when we have done with things of earth, and have become partakers of the joys of the higher life.

It is needless for us to accompany Phillip in his daily visits to the bedside of Andrew Conway. The hectic flush left his cheek; the fever forsook him, and in a few days it was apparent that he was on the road to recovery. Dr. Corbett called at the time Phillip made his fifth visit, and the two men met. The former was astonished at the improvement he witnessed in his old patient, and asked Phillip if it was due to treatment of his. Phillip answered him as best he could, not being quite fully informed as to the workings of the power he made use of, which interested the physician exceedingly. He asked Phillip to call upon him at his office the following day if convenient, as he would like to know more of it. Phillip promised to do so, and Dr. Corbett, after looking the patient over, pronounced him wonderfully improved, and congratulated him upon finding

so good a nurse. He left the house to return to his office : on the way pondering over the subject, wondering how a man without medical diploma, or previous experience in the treatment of disease, could successfully treat a case, he had given up. "I must know more of it, and I will ;" he said to himself, as he entered the door upon which appeared the name, Darius Corbett, M. D.

The next day Phillip presented himself at the doctor's pleasant office at 254 H street. The physician had a few minutes of leisure just then, and gladly welcomed his visitor. He asked Phillip some questions concerning the silent power which, without the assistance of medicine, seemed to work such wonders, and in the course of the conversation graciously remarked : "Well after listening to you sir, and as you seem to have no distinct theory of your own regarding this phenomenon — for I can call it nothing else — I am disposed to credit you with possessing some power to palliate, in case of disease depending for success upon sympathy, and a certain amount of magnetic force. You may be able to mitigate, to some extent the severity of some particular forms of disease, and thus assist nature in performing a cure. I fail to see, however, that you can diagnose a disease, though," he added smiling, "I don't know how that may be. The power undoubtedly has an intelligence at the back of it which, if it can cure, may be able also to diagnose. That, however, my dear sir, doesn't follow ; for in my practice which is quite extensive, I have found many who are good at finding the seat of a complaint, but who are poor hands to prescribe and vice versa. What I would like to find — and I am free to confess it — is a person who can diagnose for me in difficult cases, and once obtaining that knowledge, beyond the possibility of a doubt, I will undertake a cure. Now I have in mind a case. It is a patient of mine, a miss of sixteen summers. She is troubled with sleep-walking by the way. That is something I do not care to tackle. It is not that which I refer to. She has other troubles which have baffled the skill of several physicians ; myself among the number. Hers is a case I would give all the fees to understand." When Phillip heard Dr. Corbett speak of

sleep-walking, he felt a new interest in the case, and was anxious to try his power as the Doctor was to have him. He, earlier in life had practiced mesmerism, as it was called then, and though not an adept by any means, met with a moderate amount of success in his experiments. He knew that somnambules as a rule made excellent magnetic subjects, for the mesmerist; and without revealing to Dr. Corbett what was passing in his mind, asked him if he thought he could so contrive it as that he, Phillip, could obtain an interview with the young lady.

"Nothing could be easier" answered Dr. Corbett. "If you will but pose as a physician on the occasion of one of her visits, we will have a consultation, and you shall have the opportunity you desire."

"Would she be opposed to my making the effort to magnetise her?" asked Phillip.

"I don't know; perhaps not. The subject of magnetism, however, had better not be referred to in her presence. It is hardly legitimate in my system of practice, and possibly might prejudice my interests.

If you can unbeknown to her employ the power, it would be the better way, and it would not compromise me. Results you might communicate to me; and half I get as fees, shall be yours."

"Agreed," said Phillip, "and," added the Doctor, "as you appear not over burdened with lucre, please accept this in advance. Don't say you don't need it, for I know you do. No one shall be any the wiser for the transaction" and he thrust a ten dollar note into his hand, which blushing to the roots of his hair, Phillip accepted. Now in my closet is a dressing gown which I beg of you to try on, to see how you would appear as a physician, even if you are not one. To be introduced as an associate of mine, I suppose you will not refuse, providing I carry on the conversation when at times it might be awkward for you." Dr. Corbett had brought the garment, and Phillip arrayed himself in it at once. It was a good fit, so the Doctor said, and Phillip was in the act of removing it, when a knock at the door arrested their attention.

Dr. Corbett saw through the ground glass the form of the girl he had been speaking of, and said quickly : " It is she. Keep on the dressing gown. She is alone, too, if I mistake not. Now be on your dignity, and appear as wise as an owl."

Phillip did not know how to don the owl's expression. He never had seen one except in a museum. He remembered that the bird had large eyes. He would drop the owl and be himself. So sitting back in his chair, wondering if he looked like a tramp in disguise, he awaited in some trepidation, what would be sure to follow.

Dr. Corbett received his patient — Miss Marie Blackwood — with all the polished manner of the gentleman, that he was. She stopped as she entered the office on perceiving the Doctor was not alone. " Don't be alarmed," he said in an undertone. That is only my new associate. My practice has increased so of late, that I have taken in another to help me out when there is too much of a strain upon me. Come, I will introduce him to you." Reassured, Miss Blackwood advanced; and as they approached, Phillip arose. " Miss Blackwood," said the Doctor smiling. " I have the pleasure of introducing to you my friend and associate, Dr. Dutton." Phillip bowed deeply, so as to get a good look at his pants below the dressing gown. " I am very glad to meet you, Miss Blackwood," said Phillip. The young lady returned the salutation; and the doctor asked her to be seated. Then remarked, " I was just speaking to the Doctor " — Phillip blushed a little — " of your case; and he thinks he knows of a parallel."

" Indeed," and the young lady was about to ask Dr. Dutton concerning it, but Dr. Corbett seeing the embarrassing position it was placing his associate in, and the nervous expression on his face, which was anything but owlish, he continued; " but the case he refers to, if I mistake not, is of one in his dotage. I was speaking of your somnambule propensities, Miss Blackwood, nothing else, I assure you. Dutton has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and tells me that in the hospital where he was employed at one time, that one ward was devoted entirely to somnambulists."

Phillip coughed to account for the increasing color in his face, surprised at the Doctor's invention and vivid imagination, but perceiving that his partner (?) was determined to keep the floor and not give him an opportunity to speak, he settled back with a fixed smile upon his face, which Miss Blackwood might interpret to her liking, and became an amused listener to Doctor Corbett's volubility of tongue.

Occasionally Phillip in smiling, exposed to the view of Marie Blackwood his handsome double row of teeth. She was captivated with the sight of them, and hoped Dr. Corbett would continue to say funny things that Dr. Dutton might continue to smile. Phillip saw in her a good subject, and hoped that nothing would occur then and there to prevent his taking the first step in his investigations.

Marie Blackwood had called at her mother's request, to get a box of the pills that Dr. Corbett had so highly recommended for bilious attacks.

"Ah! is your mother ailing again?" asked the Doctor looking professionally concerned.

"She is," replied Marie, "and thought she would try just one more remedy, and if that fails she will give up in despair."

"Oh, not as bad as that, I hope. Mustn't give up yet, tell your mother."

"I will tell her; but I fear it will do her but little good," replied Marie.

Dr. Corbett took down a small box, and after writing upon the cover some directions, handed it to the girl, and asked:

"And how is it with you, Miss Blackwood?"

"Oh, about so, so." Then looking at Phillip said, "I feel a little embarrassed in the presence of so many doctors. Why not have a consultation over my case," this to Dr. Corbett.

"Quite a happy thought of your's Marie; you see" speaking to Phillip, "I am quite familiar with the young lady. I am their old family physician," then taking one of her hands in his he remarked, "your skin is quite moist to-day."

"Yes, I am feeling quite like myself now," she replied.

"Just feel of those hands, Dutton" exclaimed the Doctor

Phillip smiled, and showed his teeth, but took the hand all the same, and at the same time looked into her dark hazel eyes. A perceptible thrill crept along his nerves at the contact, which told of the movement of the magnetic current. In a moment Marie experienced a new sensation, and said to Dr. Corbett:

"Oh, Doctor, how strangely I feel. It seems as if I was as light as a feather, and was about to be blown away."

"Well," he replied, "it is nothing that can hurt you. I will get my smelling salts."

"No, I do not want it. Oh, I feel so good! I don't want anything. Oh I could die this very minute. Am I dying, Dr. Corbett am I?"

"No, you are not dying, Marie, you are more alive than ever."

"Oh, stay by me, that is all I ask. Oh do stay by me. Don't go. Why you are sailing away from me. Dr. Corbett, come back!" in a raised voice.

"Yes Marie, I am here," moving close to her.

"Are you coming, Dr. Corbett?" She reached out as if for some one at a distance. "Do you hear me? Why don't you answer?"

Phillip spoke. "He did, but did not speak loud enough."

"I should think as much," replied Marie dreamily. "Oh I am almost gone. Dr. Corbett has gone, gone — I feel —"

She did not finish the sentence. The power was upon her, and Phillip lost no time in completing the process. She ceased to speak, or manifest consciousness even. A fixed rigidity of features supervened, then the neck and arms stiffened as in death. Her eyes were closed, and deep magnetic sleep was upon her.

"Now, Dr. Corbett," said Phillip, "will you please to record what may be given?" All absorbed in the experiment Dr. Corbett opened a drawer, took out paper and a

pencil and said: "I'll lock the door, that we may not be interrupted." He did so, while Phillip continued making necessary manipulations.

"Miss Blackwood, do you know me" at length Phillip softly asked Marie.

There was evidently an effort being made to answer, but the muscles of the face and jaw seemed not to be controlled. Phillip made a few movements with his hands outwardly from the vicinity of the lips, and with a smile although the eyes were yet sealed as in slumber, she answered.

"Yes, I do know you Phillip Burnett."

"Who told you my name?"

"You cannot deceive me," she replied.

"Do you see Dr. Corbett?"

"No, where is he?"

Phillip joined them magnetically, and she instantly exclaimed. "Ah, I see you now. Doctor, how came I here?"

"Dr. Dutton helped you," answered Dr. Corbett.

"And who is Dr. Dutton?"

"The one who is sitting in front of you."

"Ah, ah, ah," laughed Marie. "His name is not Dutton. It is Burnett. Don't you think I know him, Doctor Corbett?"

"I conclude that you do," smilingly he answered.

"And so do I."

"Now Miss Blackwood, may I ask you a question?"

"You may but I will not promise to answer it."

"Well, I will ask it and see. Can you look into your own body?"

"Of course I can, can't you?"

"I haven't the power with my eyes."

"Well I can look into yours, and mine too. Why, how funny. Why everything is in motion." Her head was bent forward as though her eyes were really turned in the direction of the centre of her body.

"I see the blood flowing in the arteries, the lungs inflating, and then slowly expelling the breath — the heart — my own heart, pumping away. Oh how beautiful it all is. Oh what a wonderful mechanism. Why I can see every

part of me. Can you Doctor?"

"No, I cannot."

"Why it seems as if you must. Are my eyes better than yours?"

"Evidently they are," answered Dr. Corbett.

"Well, what I want to know," said the Doctor "is, if you can look into your body and tell me if there is anything amiss there."

"Yes there is a Miss, here," she answered laughing, "but I know what you mean. I'll look and see."

"Please do so, take your time."

After a time, — her head moving slowly as though she was inspecting every portion of her lithe girlish form, she shook her head and said, "I see nothing."

Dr. Corbett looked his disappointment but remained quiet for a time willing to grant her further opportunity.

She shook her head again.

"Look again if you please Miss Blackwood," said the Doctor, not wishing to give it up.

"I see nothing but a lack of balance in the nerve forces."

"Well, that is something, but your eyes must be pretty sharp to discern that."

"I can see what you cannot if you are an M. D."

"Doubtless. That remains to be proved, however, but how can a proper balance of her nervous forces be effected? Can you tell me?"

"Why, you are restoring it now."

"How so?"

"The trouble that has baffled the skill of Dr. Corbett can all be removed by frequent application of magnetism. In former somnambulist condition a great deal of vitality has been expended not perhaps to any serious extent; but it needed to be used for a higher purpose as all God's gifts are so intended.

A frequent resort to this will destroy the tendency to sleep walking, as the forces chained within the locomotive become subservient to the engineer. Mr. Burnett is the engineer in this case, and what before existed in a state of disorder is now under control, and all attending troubles

which doctors never discern, will be removed."

"Then somnambulism is not a disease?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the subject. "Excuse me Doctor; but that is the funniest question you have asked me yet. A disease? Why don't you know it isn't. It is a gift, and if properly used, and employed in the right direction, it will be a source of blessing to enlighten the whole human race."

"In what way?" again the Doctor ventured to ask.

"You ought to know in what way. Don't you know that I can see through granite walls? Can traverse a continent in the twinkling of an eye? Can visit the sick at a distance? observe their condition, and prescribe for the same? You know it don't you Dr. Dutton — I mean Burnett" smiling as she turned to Phillip.

"Yes," he answered, "I know it has been done."

"And what has been done, can be done," she answered with strong emphasis. "Mankind is ever slow to utilize the gifts of God. Short sighted science prefers to dabble in the musty byways of old methods; forgetting that the philosopher's stone still awaits the fortunate discoverer."

CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Corbett looked up from his paper, astounded at the wisdom this girl just budding into womanhood seemed to possess. He asked himself, "Can it be possible that out of babes can come instruction to the hoary headed student of philosophy, and point the way with its infant finger, to

the inner chamber of learning, where Gods assemble to work out the problem of evolution?" Oh, Dr. Corbett, be as a little child and learn of this illumined girl, what college education can never bestow.

"Dr. Corbett," said Marie as she turned her face towards him. "Give this girl no more drugs. She needs no opiates. The physical machinery is in perfect running order. Do not tamper with it. Magnetic treatment judiciously employed, is all that is required to remove what you scientific men are pleased to term, nervous complaints. Would you ask me anything further?"

"Yes," he replied. "Will you visit a certain patient of mine at any time if I should so desire it?"

"If you will put your thought upon that patient."

"Can I put you in the condition you now are in as well as Dr. Dutton?"

"Not as well as this gentleman can," replied Marie. "If you can arrange with him to do so, I am willing to be of the party, but this must not go out to the world at present, you know, Dr. Corbett; for it would spoil your business."

"I understand. Leave me alone for that," said he, smiling wisely.

"But there are many things you do not know, Doctor, that I can post you in."

Dr. Corbett's face turned scarlet and he asked in some confusion, "Can you tell me of anything in my own professional line, which will be new to me?"

"I can lead where you will dare not follow."

"If you can accompany me to the one I have in my mind, I will believe you."

Dr. Corbett was silent. The subject ceased speaking, intent upon some mental occupation. Presently she said,

"I am with you. It is a long way from your office. You take a train and you ride ten miles. You then walk nearly a mile until you reach a light green house with dark trimmings and blinds. You enter, go up one flight, turn to the right, and enter the second door on that landing. Upon a bed opposite lies a boy of about fifteen years. A leg has

been amputated. Gangrene has set in." Dr. Corbett started from his seat, "My God! you don't say so?" Marie motioned him to be seated, and continued, "This of itself is not necessarily fatal. Too much carbolic acid has been employed which was not sufficiently diluted. The nurse has not followed your directions. The boy will die if you do not see him to-night. Stop the use of the acid. Use nothing but the purest water you can obtain."

The Doctor was becoming excited and it told upon Marie, which Phillip perceiving he severed the connection between them, and she became calm and silent.

Dr. Corbett, looked at his watch. He had but ten minutes in which to get to his train, the last one that would take him to where he wanted to go. He had heard enough from the girl's lips, to convince him that he could not afford to ignore it. A human life in jeopardy, he had no right to tarry and run a risk. He briefly told Phillip so, and not daring to wait for Marie to be brought out of the State, said, "Please turn the key when you leave the office, and hand it to Mr. Munson who keeps the drug store beneath."

"I will attend to it," said Phillip as his new partner in the medical profession crossed the room, to leave them to themselves. Phillip did not allow himself to be in the least ruffled, which operated upon his subject favorably. He knew that whatever the operator felt, was experienced by the one controlled. As the sound of the retiring physician was no longer heard upon the stairs, Phillip proceeded to throw off the influence. He said, "Now Miss Blackwood we are in the office again, and I guess you would like to return to your mother." He made a few reverse movements at the same time willing her to return to her normal state. She slowly recovered consciousness. Her eyes opened and she looked wildly about her. "Why Dr. Dutton where is Dr. Corbett?"

"He was called suddenly away to visit a patient, and had barely time to catch the train. You were asleep and he feared to awaken you."

"But how came I to go to sleep in this chair?"

"I will explain to you. You remember I took your

hands in mine?"

"Yes."

"I am a professor of magnetism, and Dr. Corbett wished me to test my power. I did so and soon you were in the magnetic state. You know you are a somnambulist."

"I do, I am sorry to say."

"Well it will trouble you no more. That difficulty has been removed by the operation you have undergone. In the clairvoyant state you visited a patient of his, and revealed a fact which necessitated his immediate attendance. You have probably saved a human life. This condition can be brought on to you at any time when you are willing, and where it can be used to advantage. No harm can ever come to you. On the contrary it will be of lasting benefit to you by your receiving a vital tonic which you cannot obtain in any other way.

"Oh, Dr. Dutton, I cannot comprehend it. I am afraid to be subject to control of another. Do let us go from here," she said, fear getting the better of her.

"Miss Blackwood," Phillip answered, "You are not held by me, I assure you."

She arose and as she went towards the door said, "I shall never come to this office alone, again. Dr. Corbett should have told me of this," and added as she reached the door, "Him I blame and not you, Dr. Dutton."

Phillip replied, "I am sorry you are offended Miss Blackwood; I alone am to blame."

She smiled and replied, "Oh, I think I will feel better over it by to-morrow. Good afternoon, Dr. Dutton."

"Good afternoon Miss Blackwood, I hope we may meet again," responded Phillip smiling broadly.

She passed out of the office, leaving Phillip in full possession. He waited a few minutes, then changing his borrowed robe for his own coat, left the office of Dr. Corbett; locked the door, and disposed of the key as he had been directed. He then made his way to his room, better off financially, and considering himself of more importance than when he left it.

Dr. Corbett traversed the distance from his office to the

depot, at a rate of speed he thought he was not capable of. He was fortunate in getting the train, as he was stopped once on the way by Mrs. Blackwood, Marie's mother, who was feeling nervous over her daughter's protracted stay. In brief words as possible, without appearing rude, he told her that her daughter was on the way home, and they would probably meet. He was called to visit a patient who might be dying, so she must excuse his great hurry. Once aboard the train he breathed easier, and if it should prove that Miss Blackwood gave the facts, he would be indeed under the greatest of obligations to both her and Mr. Burnett. The train soon bore him to Clarendon, and leaving it he strode rapidly to the house of the disabled boy. Arrived there, he rang the bell and entered.

"Why, doctor!" exclaimed the boy's mother who met him in the hall, "I didn't expect you today." She perceived his nervousness and would have asked him the cause, but he replied to her while ascending the stairs: "I did not expect to be here, but how is the boy getting along?" "Improving, I hope. The nurse is about to apply the acid again." At this the doctor hurried, and made for the chamber door, which stood ajar. He took in the situation at a glance. The nurse was in the act of pouring from a bottle the acid into a basin in which was a little water. "I am just in time!" exclaimed the man of medicine. "How much of that do you use to the pint of water?"

"Oh, I guess at it. I never measure this stuff. It's innocent."

"It is, eh? I left particular instructions to use one teaspoonful to the pint; and here you are going it blind. Use no more of it." Then turning to the mother who stood fearful that something was wrong, he said: "Mrs. Harlow, if this limb is more inflamed than I expected it would be, I shall attribute it to not obeying my orders."

"Why, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Harlow in alarm, "is there danger of using too much?"

"Too much. Why, it is a violent poison if it is not use with the greatest care. How many times have you applied it of this strength?"

“ Twice.”

“ And diluted it no more than this ?”

“ Well, about the same, wasn't it, Annie ?” Mrs. Harlow asked tremblingly.

“ I fear for the result,” said the doctor, as he commenced to remove the bandage. The boy's great round eyes were looking into the Doctor's face as he listened to all that was being said, and a quivering lip told of the fear born within his young heart.

Dr. Corbett saw the expression on his face, and said in softened tone, “ Don't be troubled, my boy. I'll fix you up all right. It may be a little longer healing ; that is all. I am just in time to save you a good deal of suffering. So don't be alarmed.”

The inflamed stump was now exposed. The dark red line was creeping up the thigh like a fire feeding upon the tender flesh of the youth.

The doctor called for clear tepid water and a sponge.

“ Throw that acid into the street ! No, leave it. I will take it away.”

The water was brought, and he tenderly bathed the inflamed parts, and soon was rejoiced to see the inflammation was considerably reduced. Before retiring he took from his pocket a small vial, turned there from a few drops into a teaspoon of clear water, and gave it to the lad to drink.

“ Now, my son, you will be all right.” Then putting on a clean bandage with the thinnest layer of simple cerate spread upon some sheet lint, next to the skin, he turned to Mrs. Harlow and said : “ It was by a piece of good luck that it occurred to me as things do sometimes, you know, that you might be using the acid too freely, in which case it would act as a poison and not as an antiseptic as it is intended. It seems that my impression was a correct one ; and that your nurse thought she knew better than I how to use it.”

Upon hearing this that individual flushed and was about to resent it, but the Doctor held up his hand to signify that explanations were needless, for upon the bottle were the full directions plainly written. Bidding the boy

“good-bye ” and promising to call again in the morrow, he took the bottle of acid, which had well nigh done its evil work, put it in his pocket, and turned to leave the room, saying: “I would like to see you in the entry, Mrs. Harlow.”

She followed him, and, closing the door, he said to her in an undertone: “I feared that nurse knew more than I did, and for your boy’s sake, as well as my reputation. I advise you to settle with her and let her go; for a good and faithful nurse is as indispensable as a good surgeon. and they are much harder to get. Look out for your boy yourself to-night, and to-morrow I will bring with me one you can rely upon.”

Use the water as I did every two hours if he feels any burning sensation about the cut until I come again;” and out he went, leaving Mrs. Harlow with a beating heart to carry out his orders.

The next morning, Phillip was at the office of Dr. Corbett nearly as early as the Doctor himself, so anxious was he to know if Marie Blackwood had given the facts in the case, wherein she had been tested the day before. The physician met him at the door, and grasping his hand fervently, exclaimed, “Oh, Mr. Burnett: how can I repay you? What your subject told me yesterday was true to the letter; you saved that boy’s life, I am well assured. To you are due all the thanks of my heart. I knew you would be here early, and impatient I was to see you. If we now can prevail upon the young lady to enter into some arrangement with us, which will enable me when occasion requires, to read these difficult cases which distance prevents my attending to as they should be, it will be a fortune for us both. For what you have done you shall be well paid, and I will consider myself your debtor even then, for what money could buy the happiness that mother will experience, when her boy though maimed for life will be restored to her? We will not follow up the case of the unfortunate youth who had lost a leg. Sufficient is it to narrate that the Doctor’s orders were carried out; and the incompetent nurse was discharged. The stump healed over; and a new “Palmer’s”

leg took the place of the one nature gave him. It was not real flesh and bone, but it was better than no leg. In his dreams, however, he was often happy, and could run with the fastest. No crippled member followed him there where the soul lives. Deprived of a limb, of muscles, blood and nerves the undying part knows no loss, living on forever in a world where the body is never shattered by accident or disease. Miss Marie Blackwood was interviewed upon the subject of giving her services in the manner we have described, for a generous consideration.

The mother demurred for a time, but after hearing all the facts stated, and becoming satisfied that her daughter's health would not suffer thereby, she reluctantly gave her consent with the proviso, that she herself be allowed to be present on those occasions, and that all experiments should be made in her house.

Dr. Corbett could do no less than to conform to her stipulations, and it was agreed between them that the arrangement should be entered into at once ; Marie being willing to be used as the instrument.

They did not have to wait many days before the second trial was made, and with like success to the first. Although there was not as much at stake, yet it was equally as satisfactory, and Dr. Corbett was forced to the conclusion that all secrets pertaining to his profession were not in the possession of the faculty, and that which had been previously despised, was to be relied upon in the future more implicitly than the decisions of many men to whose names were annexed the letters M. D. As there are honest investigators among all classes of men, so there are in the medical profession, and Dr. Corbett was one of them. He kept to himself, however, the means he employed to help him out in his practice, for this secrecy was necessary in those days when the few who exercised the power were looked upon as sorcerers by the masses, tampering with that which was prejudicial to health and mental balance. Phillip Burnett became a useful ally to Dr. Corbett. He was granted the use of his library at any and all times, and he became a deep student not only in medicine, but in all the higher branches

of science, particularly those treating of magnetism and electricity. He hired the small room we have before described, and fitted it up as a kind of laboratory wherein he could retire to experiment with those subtle forces which at a later day were to be utilized in a hundred ways. A time came when Marie Blackwood could be no longer the valuable aid of Dr. Corbett that she had been, because she entered the marriage state. Her husband objected most emphatically to her being subjected to any one's influence but his own. This was to be expected, but after a brief lapse of time Arthur Arabah came upon the scene; which brings us to that point in our story which refers to the meeting of Phillip with the little newsboy, to end in subsequent engagement as office boy in Phillip Burnett's place of business.

We now return to the home of Julian Favor. We will pass over a period of two years, during which time the little Favor, who gloried in the name of Jerome René, grew and flourished. It is in him all interest now must centre; in him, the flower of the family whose advent into the world was to be followed by startling events in the quiet and harmonious little circle living in Glen Cottage.

"The beauty of the mother was reflected in the child;" and it is no wonder, for it was the most natural effect of causes. It was no special act of Providence that such a child should bless the union of Julian Favor and Nellie Lamont; for once married, they each were unremitting in fond attentions towards the other. Music and works of art ever captivating the senses of the two, no other effect could be produced upon the new life than good, either spiritually, morally or physically.

Conceived under such conditions, with no moments at any time subsequently, to scar the young being, the workings of natural law alone could work out the result desired. To be conceived alone during the gratification of sensual desire, is one thing; but if added to that be the wish to bear the fruit, and intellectually to aid the work, by the addition of a higher love and continual efforts in that direction until parturition is completed, a better and higher result is attained, and God in man is glorified; and just so much is

accomplished towards bringing "peace to earth and good will to men." Just so much nearer is the millenium, the reconciliation of the lion and the lamb. Crime will not exist, when to commit it is an impossibility.

It is not every one who can be a murderer. For such are made from the mother's womb, and to hang a man for committing murder, is to hang him because he was born. It is through and by cultivation of a plant from one generation to another that an improvement is made in any particular variety. A plant taken today cannot be changed except to give it a healthier growth by feeding and proper attention, ever observing the laws known to the gardener. Unremitting care, however, will show its effects in the third, fourth or fifth generations. External beauty is produced by the working of internal forces; it is never accidental.

Little René resembled both father and mother. There was an undefinable spiritual expression, however, which could not be put on canvas. One could not tell where to place it. It was not in the blue gray eye, the finely formed lips, the straight nose, or the arching brow. The delicate tint of the cheek could not produce it; yet there it was as though perceptible to some other sense than that of sight. Few there were who did not perceive it, and few who were not drawn towards him by an irresistible power. The golden hair reflected the sun's rays in such a manner that, as they shimmered among its folds, they seemed ever in motion; and an almost perceptible halo encircled the head, and a spiritual appearance belonged to the whole, which made its possessor an object of attention wherever he might be.

CHAPTER XXII.

One morning René's mother said to him: "René, this is your birthday. Did you know it?"

"No, mother."

"It is, and you are five years old."

"Is that all?"

"Why, how old do you think you are?" she asked in surprise at the strange question from her little son.

"I don't know," he replied. "I don't think five years is very long."

He then remained in reverie for some minutes, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking about what I should do when I grow up."

"Well, what do you think you would like?"

"I would like to paint pictures."

She said nothing for a time, her mind reverting to the days a few years before when she spent so many happy hours in the studio of Paul Miflitt, in listening to his strange words, as he applied the color to his canvas. It was now his turn to ask.

"Mother, what are you thinking about?"

She turned to him, and saw those soulful eyes bent upon her, and as she gazed, she saw way down in their depths what stirred her soul from its very centre. She saw not her own face there reflected as before, but the one who so many hours had lived in her thoughts. "Why," she would exclaim, starting from her dreaming, "do I think of him so much? him whom the world calls dead, when here I have the living to love? My duties are to them;" and she

experienced a momentary guilt in allowing herself to hold in her memory the picture of one who doubtless was in those far away realms the "home of the soul" when done with earth.

"Mother, why don't you answer me?"

"Why, my darling, you must excuse mother. She forgot herself while looking down into her dear boy's eyes. She will not be so impolite again. I was thinking of one I used to know years before you were born; one who was a painter and who thought a great deal of me."

"And did you think a great deal of him, mother?"

"Yes, my boy, I did."

"And why did you not marry him? Didn't he ever ask you to?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you ask him?"

"Why he was old enough to be my father."

René sat and pondered. He didn't know what age had to do with it. He thought of the love in his little heart for his father and mother, and that no love could be stronger than that, and he failed to see any reason why they could not marry if they loved each other so very much.

She added, "René, you cannot understand these things now. Wait until you are a few years older, then perhaps you will see into it."

"Mother," spoke he after a few minutes thinking upon the subject.

"Well, René!"

"Do you suppose he can think of you now?"

"Well, hardly," she replied. "He is in Heaven now, and probably sees others to love."

"Do you think, mother, if you were in Heaven you would ever think of your René?"

With a tear in her eye, as she took him to her bosom, she said—all her mother love welling up into her tremulous voice—"Would I ever think of my darling boy? Why, it would be no Heaven for me if I could not see you, care for you and watch over you."

She said no more for some time, as with his dimpled

arms about her neck he was content to lie in the embrace of the being of all others his little heart went out to. Their beings seemed melting into one as in that fond embrace they were bound.

He would have followed up the argument—which in a childish method was forming in his brain, but it was overwhelmed by this expression of motherly love; and being the object upon which it centered, he allowed it to be uppermost, resolving as some future opportunity should present itself, to make further inquiries into the matter. She urged him, soon after, to go and play among the flowers in the garden, as she felt he was leading her into too deep water.

That evening, while sitting by their little centre table, René asleep in his little bed, Nellie Favor spoke to her husband of the conversation she had had with her boy, to which he made answer—“Well, René probably is highly intuitive; and has a felling about such matters which came there without any process of reasoning.”

“I think it is well to encourage it and not combat it, except in so far as it might stimulate it; for as I look at it, parents often err when in the tender years of their offspring they seek to check these natural expressions of what is in the souls of their children.

“Convinced against against their will they are of the same opinion still.”

“Encourage them to do their own thinking, and thus promote their soul's growth, and give the growing man or woman a good send-off, so that when they do fairly enter into life's arena, it will be with an unfettered mind and a strong heart.”

Although she did not disagree with what Julian said, she felt to ask him if he thought she should encourage in René's mind anything definite in regard to the future, as she thought it highly important that he should be started on the right track.

Julian answered: “Perhaps it is not in your power nor mine to determine what the right track is. I believe it is best to leave that matter with the child himself. His intuition will be his guide, and if it goes hand and hand with

his reason, it is hardly possible that he will materially err. To have a spiritual perception is the first and main point to be established, and afterwards the road is clear. You can't educate any one into the perception of anything in the range of the spiritual. There must be a partial conception which it is the parents' sphere to develope into a growth.

"I may not be as far advanced in the road that winds about the Mount of wisdom as is my child. How then can I instruct him? Wisdom cannot be taught. Wisdom shows itself in the early years of childhood, and added to knowledge makes the possessor great. If I have led a purely intellectual life even, and am not intuitive, my child in starting, being in advance of the point from which I took my first step, soon will outstrip me and leave me behind. No; I would not instil into the mind of René convictions of mine, cut, ground and polished by my method. I must admit that there are other tributaries to the current of his life than those through my organism. Such as may come from the fountain head shall not be turned aside from their course by my throwing rubbish in the way. Let us, Nellie, learn of him."

His young wife listened somewhat surprised, for at one time she seemed to be in advance of him in matters pertaining to soul life and education. He himself had admitted that she was to be his teacher.

Julian Favor had in his walks and talks with Phillip Burnet improved his opportunities and learned many things which men in their average bigotry think beneath their notice. He felt that the book of knowledge was for every one to read, and that the more one became possessed of facts, the better it was for him, and the further removed he would be from the brute who stands on four feet with nose to the ground.

Nellie was by nature more intuitional than her husband but in his walks in life daily came in contact with more people, and being of a plastic nature learned readily, and a germ existing in his soul became developed as one with set ideas and notions never can.

Not averse to talking about the future, he learned one

thing in his communion with Phillip, and that was that all men are not endowed to the same degree with perception of spiritual truths. While the mass of mankind takes no stock in anything they can't handle, see, smell or taste, Phillip Burnett could go a little further, and demonstrated to Julian's mind that if there was not another, a sixth sense, there was a finer quality of the five in some people than in others, which amounted to the same thing. Some ears can cognize a greater range of sounds than others owing to a more perfect susceptibility, from which we can infer there are vibrations no mortal ear can detect.

If, then, it is a fact that there are sounds no mortal ear can hear, why is it not reasonable that there are sights we cannot see with mortal eyes?

Where is the dividing line and who can say there is nothing beyond what the senses can locate? With man much is impossible, but with the great power beyond man it is not so. It is useless to argue with one who closes his eyes to everything he cannot see distinctly. Such a man prefers to run about in a rat hole to roaming in the green fields under the broad canopy of Heaven. Let him. Let him get all he wants of that narrow existence. Perhaps after a few incarnations on earth, he will get his eyes open wide enough to see a moon as well as a sun, and if he continues looking a little longer, may discern a white cloud sailing across the azure sky, or an eagle sailing through it. There is nothing like allowing a man to get satiated with what he clings to. He must outlive one condition before he will be satisfied to live in a higher.

The worm feeding upon the putrid carcase of a horse, would writhe in the agonies of death if placed upon velvet beneath the rays of the magnificent sun; so would the man whose greatest delight is sensual gratification feel out of his place among those who love to dwell upon the beauties of the landscape, to listen to the song of birds, or dwell among the flowers whose brilliant colors charm the eye, while their sweet breath loads the air they breathe.

A potato or a cabbage would have greater attraction for them. A cock fight would be a more pleasing spectacle than

a group of brothers and sisters dwelling together in unity.

His wife perceived that Julian had been a scholar; for she knew that many of his hours had been spent in close communion with his teacher. She had an inkling of some of those subjects which Mr. Burnett loved to dwell upon, and she longed to know more of them.

Not being obliged to learn those things which are a stumbling block to so many, she was free to move onward providing she was placed upon the road. Her mother, less fortunate, was obliged to carry as long as she could some of the rubbish of superstition which her early education had impregnated her with.

She could not cast it aside entirely as it was in her blood, taken from her mother's veins and fed by that mother's milk. Left early in life to her own resources, she gradually grew out of, and cast aside what she felt to be an encumbrance, and to the best of her ability kept up with the times. Nellie Favor listened attentively to the words that fell from Julian's lips, and she questioned him closely. The substance of his answers was that whatever opinions he might have entertained before, he now stood before her as a child in the great universe, with everything to learn, and he held nothing but profound veneration for the great centre of all wisdom, love and power. He felt his own littleness and fed as eagerly as does the birdling upon every morsel of truth that came to him from whatever source.

She asked him if he thought children should always be left to grow as they would, and the parents stand by and never give a word of counsel or advice.

"No," that was not what he wished her to understand. "We were speaking of our own child at first, and of his seeming illumination, and his evident improvement upon myself."

René was remarkable in more ways than one, and he often said things which might properly come from much older lips. Understanding but little of the law of reproduction, it was becoming in them who knew of their ignorance, to watch the growth of the new life so wonderful in its manifestations, and not contral it, as it seemed to be

operated upon by intelligencies superior to their own. It is not always within our power to improve upon nature, still there are cases where it is possible.

If we see a blemish on the otherwise fair face of nature it is our duty to remove it if it is within the scope of our ability to do so; but where we see it perfect in every respect, we are only to assume to guide it. It came without our aid and does its work without our supervision. It is unfolded in a manner that challenges our admiration, and the same power can carry it on to still other developments. All therefor us to do is to watch and guard what is confided to our keeping against the encroachments of those disposed to destroy it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

William Lamont had up to the present time been a strong robust man. To use his own words: "I never had a sick day in my life." He had presumed upon his strength and vitality to ward off disease in any form. Muscular, a large frame of sanguine temperament, and a good brain for mechanics, he never troubled himself about the future. He was more of a materialist than anything else. He cared not to argue with any one upon the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Feeling the life blood tingling in his veins, and a constant exuberance of spirits, what necessity was there of his thinking of any other life? Two score years perhaps before him, there was nothing to be gained by thinking or talking about his taking off. His wife had been a church-goer

when he married her, but her religious fervor had cooled down gradually under his repeated shower baths, until now she seldom had much to say upon the subject of religion ; though, if her companions were that way inclined, the old doctrines would, if encouraged, like mushrooms, attain a speedy growth, for the roots were still within her every joint, which, if warmed into life, would find expression in a tiny shoot to pierce the soil as the lily of the valley does in May.

A change was to come in Mr. Lamont's method of reasoning. The man who had considered himself death-proof had found that his master lived. Millions have ascertained what now was apparent to William Lamont. In the face of the Deity man has smiled, conscious of his own power, and capability of living his life as he chooses. But the smiles invariably leave the facial lineaments, and concern takes their place. An expression of anguish shows itself in wrinkles upon the brow, and the form once erect becomes bent, stooping from very weakness.

One morning a letter came to Mrs. Lamont. As she received it from the hand of the postman she perceived the well-known hand-writing of her husband.

While wondering what its contents were little René, who was standing by, exclaimed : "A letter from Gampa. Gampa coming home. Gampa sick."

Nervously she replied : "René, what makes you think that?"

"I don't know, Gamma. Open it and see if René is right."

She opened the letter and read as follows ;

CHICAGO, June 5, 18—

DEAR MARY—You will be surprised, I know, to hear that I will soon be with you all. For how long a times, God only knows. Do not be alarmed in advance. A physician in good standing, who is the family doctor of one of my employers, advises me to make a change. My condition demands it. He thinks a heart trouble is developing, which necessitates my perfect quiet for a few weeks, at any rate. I have boasted of my strength you well know, and

that I was equal to anything in my line. I have found my match, however, and will say less and think more. In three days from date I expect to be one with you. Kiss Nellie and René, and give love to Julian. Keep for yourself all you desire to. No need of a long letter.

Yours affectionately,

WILL.

The shadow was creeping across life's pathway. The first cloud had crossed the sun's disk. The sun had reached the zenith, and was settling in the west. The warm breath of summer was changing, and the coming winds, like those of the dying year, told of the decline of life. A few brief minutes turned the tendency of her thoughts, and "we've had our day," like the gloom of approaching night, were the words her tongue would speak.

Mrs. Lamont sat down, and was a shade paler than before at thought of the more than possible outcome. She was a brave hearted woman, and could meet ordinary difficulties without flinching; but this new trouble she feared to cope with, for she thought this letter presaged something to come, which she would shield her eyes from beholding. Little René stood looking up into her face as though with his clean, handsome eye he would read her heart.

His grandmother drew him to her and, kissing his fair brow, said, "René was right. Gampa is coming home."

"And is he sick, Gamma?"

"Well, I fear he is, little one. He doesn't tell us all. I hope for the best, but, alas! none of us know what is before us. Tomorrow we may expect him." And René scampered upstairs to tell his mother that Gampa was coming home. "Gamma just got a letter from him."

Nellie dropped her sewing, and ran downstairs. When she saw the shadow on her mother's face a fearful misgiving took possession of her, and she said: "What's is it, mother? Bad news from father?"

"There's the letter," her mother answered, handing it to her.

Nellie quickly took it and read its contents. "Oh, mother, let it not trouble you. Father has always been so

well that he probably imagines he is worse than he really is. Of course it may be serious, but it is just as apt not to be. Let us wait until he comes, then we can judge for ourselves. Father at home! oh, how nice it will be. We will nurse him and keep him quiet. Nothing shall disturb him. Oh, there is lots of virtue in nurses who love their patient, mother. My father shall not be sick."

"It is all very well for you to be hopeful. You are ever finding the silver lining to the cloud. Would I had more of the same spirit, but I fear all is not well with us. Our lives haven't run along as smoothly as they have for nothing. The cup of sorrow must come to every lip sooner or later. All along I have tried to appreciate our blessings, and bless God every night before I resign myself to sleep, thanking Him for all I have enjoyed. René told me before I opened the letter what it contained, and I dare not question him further about it for fear his pretty lips will speak harder words for me to bear."

"Dear René!" said his mother to him, with her hand about his neck, "don't you want to go into the garden to play a little while?"

She herself feared to have him enlarge upon the subject, knowing of his peculiarities.

"Yes, mamma," and putting on his cap, he ran out to play in the dirt.

Nellie sat down by the window, and in the conversation with her mother tried her best to raise her drooping spirits; but a poor comforter she proved to be, for in her heart of hearts she, too, entertained a premonition of evil. Her mother listened to her words, but she noticed the cheerful manner was forced, and not the spontaneous expression of hope that dwelled within. "René was outside digging a little hole in the ground with a small shovel. He soon had made it deep enough, and left it, to return in a short time slowly pulling his little cart in which was a dead robin, a victim of the house cat. He carefully wheeled it by the side of the little grave, and tenderly took the poor limp bird in his hand, kissed it on the bill, and deposited it in its final resting place. He laid a few leaves across its lifeless form,

covered it slowly and moved away. A little stick he had placed above the mound to mark the spot. All this his mother observed from the window, and felt all the more her mother's forebodings were to be verified. It was a little circumstance, one liable to occur at any time; but happening as it did just then, she felt that it was more than an ordinary incident, and thought it would have been better had she not sent René out to play.

When Julian came home that evening, he noticed the sad expression on his wife's face, and asked her the cause. She told him of the letter received, and of its contents. He cheered her, or tried to, by saying: "What is to be, will be, Nellie, and we must make the best of it. We will do all we can for your father when he comes, and hope for the best." He did not mention to her what was even then in his mind, the recollection of the prophecy of Arthur Arabah some years before, and that he, Julian, must be not only a husband, but a son, for the father would become helpless. He had thought it all over many times, and as the months and years rolled by, he dismissed it from his mind with the comforting conclusion, that that one prophecy was a false one; although his faith in the young man's reliability, as a general thing, was not in the least shaken. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," Julian concluded his remarks by saying; and he might have added and out of evil if it does come, good will come also. "If it is to be that your father is to be brought low, it will be for his spiritual benefit. He will be forced to acknowledge the might of the unseen, and the impotency of man."

Julian succeeded in a great measure in relieving their minds of some of the darkness, the over-hanging cloud cast upon them.

René sat upon his father's knee drinking in all that was being said, and who shall say he did not comprehend? When his father talked in his presence he always expressed himself so his child could understand him. Thus he educated his boy in all things it was best for him to know, and it saved answering many questions in after years, questions which naturally suggest themselves to the juvenile mind.

The day came : and towards noon a hack containing husband and father stopped in front of the house. The smiling countenance of Mrs. Lamont was at the window and by the time the driver had descended from his box, Mrs. Lamont, Nellie and René were at the gate. A moment later, and their arms encircled the one they always loved to well come home.

The driver took Mr. Lamont's trunk into the house and after receiving his fee drove away leaving behind him a reunited family which death alone would ever again separate. William Lamont was at home. The years of patient waiting and longing on the part of those left at home, were at end. No more would Nellie watch for the postman to bring their weekly missive. A half a continent never again would separate husband from wife and daughter. All that was in the past ; but the question came in the minds of all the members of the household : "Is there not to be a harder separation which we will be called upon to bear ?"

His wife and daughter refrained from asking too minutely into his condition, and left him to do the talking. He explained briefly the state he was in, and that he must guard at present against all undue excitement and night exposure. While he did not wish to be considered an invalid, it devolved upon them all to ever bear in mind, that life was uncertain. He spoke of it lightly, but the meaning he would partially conceal had its effect all the same. His wife put her little hand upon his mouth, and told him to say nothing more in that strain ; that he came home to be made well again, and she wanted him to talk of something besides the uncertainty of life. For talking about it would not lengthen it.

He promised that he would not say anything more about dying, and Mrs. Lamont told him of René's giving her the substance of his letter before she had opened it.

Mr. Lamont took his grandson upon his knee, and stroking his golden hair, said, "Well my little prophet, Where did you get your information ? Who told you I was coming home ?"

"Oh, a little bird ; and he tells me a lot of other things

too. He told me I was going to be a painter, when I get to be old enough; same as Mr. Mifflitt was."

"Mr. Mifflitt! What do you know of him?" "What do I know of him," he repeated smiling. "Well mamma has told me some things about him, and then I learn some things in my dreams besides."

"You will tell me all about it some time, will you not René?"

"Yes gampa I will. I have seen him paint, or I have seen what he has painted. I don't know as ever I saw him paint." "Did you ever see him in your dreams?" asked Mr. Lamont.

"No, but I saw some one standing behind me once when I was looking into a looking-glass, and some one said it was Mr. Mifflitt."

"This was in a dream, you mean."

"Yes Gampa."

"Oh well, you musn't think anything of dreams my boy. It is old women who tell about their dreams; and you don't want to be called an old woman do you?"

- At this a tear came into the child's eye, on seeing which Mr. Lamont said, "Forgive me René! I didn't mean to say anything to hurt your feelings." It was too much for the boy, and he burst into tears and said sobbing, "Papa and mamma don't say it's old women who tell their dreams. They like to hear me tell them; they do." "Well, and so will I my little man after I get used to your ways. Gampa isn't very well, and if he says some foolish things, you must overlook it. I never will make you cry again; then feeling in his pocket, he took out a little box and handed it to his grandson and said, "Here, take this from grandpa. He brought it all the way from Chicago for you. Now we'll kiss and make up." The tears dried as if by magic—a bright smile suffused his face, as he embraced him about the neck. A reconciliation effected, and his curiosity to see the contents of the box got the upper hands of him. He slid down from his grandfather's knee, and became intent upon opening it. Mr. Lamont said, "Before we open it René, let's wind it up and see what it will do." René held it in his

hand, while Mr. Lamont took from his vest pocket a small key, then finding where it fitted, wound it up as René had seen his father do to the clock. A clicking sound was heard inside, then a whirring of a wheel, which was followed by a favorite tune, which a nice little music box like René's only knows how to play. René danced for joy as he heard the sweet tones playing all to themselves in the box in his hand. It was something wonderful to him, and furnished amusement for even the rest of the day. When it had played the first piece through René said looking up into Mr. Lamont's face in childish joy, "Dear, good ganpa, you may call me an old woman as much as you like. That don't make me one, does it? I am mama's boy René; and I am going to paint pictures, and I will paint yours some day and have it hung up in gamma's house for her to look at. Won't that be nice?" "It will indeed" answered Mr. Lamont.

That evening when all were gathered together in their pleasant sitting room, the hand shakings and kissing all over with, Julian having been unusually late, a happy scene was presented in Glen Cottage. Mr. Lamont had returned to the bosom of his family for an indefinite period. He had for a time severed his connection with the firm in whose employ he had been for so many years, but was assured that at any time he would be reinstated if haply his health would permit of it. The only thing for him to do now was to renounce all care and responsibility. This was his only salvation—his physician had told him. He knew it was so and resolved if possible to ward off the dread attack which would stop his beating heart forever. He was liable to its occurrence at any time. He had feared that the excitement incidental to his return might bring it on, but fortunately it was avoided and it was the earnest prayer of all that the dread event would be indefinitely postponed.

Days came and went. Mr. Lamont to all appearances was a well man. Julian attended to his business by day, and clubs nor lodges took him from those he held so dear. Mrs. Lamont—now that her husband was at the head of the family group—was a changed woman. Nellie and her golden haired René were seldom separated, except when in the gar-

den he played with his cart and garden tools. At times he would play horse, and with reins fastened to his shoulders, his mother would drive him up and down the street a little way. He could neigh like a horse, and stamp his feet impatiently if his mother, the driver, brought him to a stop while she adjusted a shoe. But when it was time to go in, she would say, "Now I guess my pony is tired, and hungry, so I will drive him to his stall and give him some nice hay." René would take the hint, and as a horse, play he wanted to go to the stall but as the boy René, he still preferred to stay out a little longer. He, however, knew that in order to play horse again he must humor the driver, so, like a tired horse he would reluctantly obey the rein which turned him stablewards.

Mr. Lamont, after some weeks had elapsed, began to think that over-work, in his zeal to please his employers, had brought on the trouble which sent him to his family; but that subsequent rest and the relinquishing of all responsibility had restored him to his usual condition, with no indication of a recurrence of the disease. In his labors in the interest of his employers self was the last thing thought of. In the cold of winter, or the heat of summer, he was always to be found at his post. Blinding snow or drenching rain had no terrors for him. Whatever he did, he did well, and with all his mind, might and strength. This ignoring of self in efforts to place one high in the estimation of employers is the rock that many a human bark has been wrecked upon, whereas, if that same person would only be true to himself, he would be more respected by those same employers, and thus save his vitality and be more of a blessing to his family.

William Lamont, in the hours of this forced vacation, had digested the matter well, and calling his experience a lesson in life, congratulated himself that it had been no more severe. With inward resolves that he would go into the harness again, he consulted his wife in the matter, which resulted in his writing to C. and O., stating that he was so much improved that he thought it advisable to return to them, if it was still their desire to re-engage him.

This he mailed one morning and then returned to his home, well satisfied with what he had done.

The rest of the family were prepared for the step, as he had talked for a week or more of entering again the arena of active life.

His good wife looked at him with a sad smile as he returned from posting the letter, but it was destined to not remain long upon her face. In one hour after, Mr. Lamont felt a premonition of coming evil. His step lost its usual firmness and all his motions, their normal elasticity. Although the symptoms were different from what had before appeared, there was cause for alarm, and the impulse to call a physician was obeyed. Dr. Rialls, a few blocks away, responded to the call, and soon informed the anxious wife that it was nothing serious—merely nervous prostration from which he would rally in a few hours and be as well as ever.

He left some powders, one of which he administered at the time, the remainder to be given one every hour until there should be a change for the better. He left them, promising to call again the next day or sooner if any change for the worse should appear. The drug administered had a temporary effect, and he seemed better in half an hour. The bad feelings left him. His spirits revived, and like magic the load was removed from the anxious hearts of the members of the little family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The day passed, and nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the household. The evening came, and with it Phillip Burnett and Arthur Arabah.

Mr. Lamont had seen Mr. Burnett, but never had witnessed any of the interesting experiments in magnetism which he gave at times for the entertainment and instruction of his particular friends. Julian thought to invite him for that evening, and Phillip having no engagement for the time, willingly consented. He came an hour after Julian, and was received with the utmost cordiality by Mr. Lamont

and his engaging wife. Nellie, almost in love with Mr. Burnett, and quiet so with young Arabah, was all smiles. Arthur and René, although so many years apart, were the best of friends, and for this once René was allowed to sit up an hour after his usual bed-time. They sat apart from the rest of the company, René entertaining Arthur by showing him the finely illustrated books with which his father supplied him.

The conversation between the older members of the company turned upon mechanics, and Mr. Lamont, a ready talker upon those topics wherein he felt interested, gave several strange narrations in which he had figured during the past few years while travelling in the interests of C. and O.

An hour had been thus spent. René had kissed all "good night," had taken his little lamp and gone to bed.

Julian asked Phillip if it would be agreeable for him to show Mr. Lamont some manifestations of his powers in mesmerism, as he—Mr. Lamont—was so soon to leave them.

"Perfectly so," answered Phillip, and, turning to Arthur, said: "And I suppose you don't object?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "I enjoy the rest it brings me."

"Very well," said Phillip, "just seat yourself comfortably, and we will send you visiting. He took his hands a few moments, then followed with a few manipulations over the boy's head and body, which brought on the usual change. He asked him: "Arthur, do you know me?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Would you like to become acquainted with a gentleman here, a particular friend of the family?"

"If agreeable to him."

Phillip here stated, by way of explanation, that at this stage of the proceedings the subject was oblivious of the presence of any other person than himself, and it required an effort of will on his part to establish any communication between the subject and any other person.

"That is strange," remarked Mr. Lamont.

"Yes, but it is a law; and you will see before we get through how beautiful it is in its operation. Now, if you

will draw your chair this way, so as to take Arthur's hand a moment, I will introduce you." Mr. Lamont did as directed.

Phillip made passes along the two arms thus connected, and said: "Arthur, do you know this gentleman?"

"I do; it is Mr. Lamont.

Phillip then remarked: "Now, sir, if there is any question you would like to ask concerning yourself, or if you would like to test his power of travelling to any place where you have been yourself, no matter how far away, you have an opportunity."

"Thank you," Mr. Lamont answered, then turning to the subject asked:

"Arthur, can you go with me in my mind to the place where I last labored, in the employ of C. and O.?"

"I am with you Mr. Lamont, and where you go there will I."

"Well, what do you see now?"

"I see a building in ruins." Mr. Lamont started. "Well—"

"It looks to me as if it had been a factory or machine shop, for I see iron wheels, shafting and charred timbers tumbled together, and a tall chimney left standing; also a part of the front wall. The rest of the walls have fallen, and I see the smoke curling up from the ruins, in places here and there, as if the fire had occurred some time ago."

"That is very strange," said Mr. Lamont, doubt and curiosity mingled, being manifested in his tone and manner, "I have in my mind the factory, but it is as far as I know standing to-day. I did not know that you could tell me anything that you could not read in my mind."

"You will soon be convinced that I can see what you cannot. You have shown me the way to the spot and I can tell you what is going on there."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Lamont more surprised than ever, "Do you mean to say that the machine shop of C. and O. is destroyed by fire?"

"I do. It is."

"Then I shall be wanted more than ever, if they rebuild, as of course they will."

"You will be wanted, but you will not go." Mr. Lamont smiled incredulously.

"You say I will not go. Now it is my intention to leave here within a week. What is to prevent my going?"

"You are not in a condition to go. It would be fatal to you."

"How will it be with me if I stay here?" The smiles had left his face and an expression of serious concern took their place.

"Your chances are ten to one to those if you return to C. and O."

"Do you advise me to remain with my family a while longer?"

"There is no need of my advising you for you will not go."

"I must have a reason. I cannot accept anything blindly."

"No, you are not made up in that way; but you will know the reason within twelve hours why your stay at home is to be prolonged. It will not be necessary for you to use your reason in this affair. Another power will reason for you."

"Perhaps so; but I hardly see how that can be. I generally use my brain, and as it has answered my purpose thus far, I believe it will serve me the rest of the way." This last he said with a smile as he looked upon the faces of the little company as if to impress them with his astuteness.

"Well, man proposes and God disposes, you know," answered he with the closed eyes.

"Very true," answered Mr. Lamont, "but to change the subject, can you tell me anything about the man who has been placed in the position I held?"

"I can. I don't think he will hold it a great while."

"Why?"

"He is incompetent. He is expecting to be put back into his old position every day."

"So much the more reason for my returning. Is the man you speak of young or old?"

"He is a man ten years younger than you. Black hair and eyes, swarthy complexion, and a swaggering way that people generally do not like."

"Correct! This is wonderful, Mr. Burnett."

"It would be well for you to heed the advice he gives you, Mr. Lamont. I never knew him to make a mistake."

"I will as far as I can consistently. This is something so entirely new to me, that I hardly know what to say. This young man of seventeen as he appears to me, can tell me more of my self, than I know, it seems."

"Oh yes, he can teach us all when he is in the superior state."

"Please explain what you mean by the superior state."

"It is a long story; but I will condense it into a few words. When this young man's inner self or soul, as I will call it, becomes subject to the will of another, he as a controlling spirit loses command over his body, and is for the time out of it. The minute we are to any degree separated from the body, that minute we see with eyes spiritual, which can discern what mortal eyes cannot. This is a superior state, inasmuch as the man himself is out of and above the sensuous mortal form."

"I see," said Mr. Lamont. "Your theory is quite an ingenious one. A person, however, in order to accept it, must believe without the shadow of a doubt that there is such a thing as an existence out of the body. I would like to feel sure of it."

"You may be so constituted that you cannot see except through external eyes. There are many such in the world," replied Phillip. Mr. Lamont turned to Arthur who had remained speechless all the time, taking in through his soul's ears the words that had been spoken.

"Can you tell me, Arthur, what I shall do for myself?"

"Do as your physician will order you."

"What physician?"

"Dr. Corbett."

"Why, I have never employed Dr. Corbett. Dr. Rialls is the only one I ever consulted."

"That may be, but you will not have Dr. Rialls."

"Is he not competent?"

"Probably; but he will not be found when wanted."

"You mystify me," said Mr. Lamont, now becoming impressed that there was something more than the whims of a boyish mind at the bottom of it all.

"Do not allow this to mystify you. You will not have to engineer your affairs. They are in better hands."

"Well, I will not let it trouble me at all! Is that right?"

"It is," replied Arthur. "Have you anything more you want to ask?"

"I don't think of anything just now. I suppose after you are gone I will think of a dozen things."

Phillip Burnett spoke: "Mr. Lamont, I hope you are satisfied that there is a wonderful power here exemplified."

"I am. I never had any idea of it before."

"Well, you are to see more of it, and if I mistake not, in the person of your little grandson."

"What! René?" asked Mr. Lamont in surprise. "Our René?"

"Yes, little René. I know it is in him, and what is more remarkable, it will not require the operations of another party like myself, although I am not yet quite able to tell you how he will be able to induce upon himself the condition in which you now see Arthur."

"Indeed!" answered Mr. Lamont. "We live in an age of wonders."

"Now, if you have nothing more to ask," said Phillip, "I think I will bring him back."

"Do so. I am satisfied for once. I do not want him in this condition on my account, for it must be very trying to him. Are you not afraid it will injure him, Mr. Burnett?"

"Phillip showing his white teeth by smiling, replied, "Injure him? On the contrary it is the most restful process one can undergo. It is absolute rest. In one sense the spirit has left the body. It is the interior brain that is working

now. His tongue merely is used to convey the ideas forming in the inner temple."

"You don't tell me! How marvellous is man, and how much beyond our finding out; but let me observe your process of bringing him back as you call it."

"It is very simple. All I have to do is to count five and it is done." Then turning to Arthur and taking his hand he counted, one, two, three, four, five. At the last word Arthur started as if shot, opened his eyes, and looked upon the smiling faces of his audience.

"And you know nothing whatever of what you have been speaking to me, Arthur?" questioned Mr. Lamont who had seen his first experiment in animal magnetism.

Arthur smiled as ingenuously as a mortal could as he replied:

"Why, Mr. Lamont. I have been in a sound sleep. How could I? I don't know that I have opened my mouth. I suppose I have, though, as Mr. Burnett sometimes tell me about it."

"Don't you ever remember what you have seen when you are in that condition?"

Phillip made answer: "He sees only what I will have him to remember. Like one in a dream, who, though in a conscious state in dreamland, only carries with him into the normal condition by way of remembrance what was for him to carry. This I do not say of all dreams, but merely of those which as soul pictures are to be used in the daily conduct of life for the advantage of the person."

"Do you mean by that, that when we are asleep we are awake?"

"I mean that in the hours of sleep we are more awake than ever. We are then in the soul life, which our external eyes and ears cannot perceive as, they are not of use, except in the physical life, responsive to impressions in the world objective in a terrestrial sense. It is during these hours when the nerve forces are withdrawn, that the equilibrium of all parts of the physical body is restored. Continual wakefulness, as you term it, would result in insanity. The brain, constantly active under the influence of thought out-

worked by the soul centre, would become so charged with blood that congestion would be produced, and death would be the result.

This constant swinging of the pendulum of life, as it were, between this world and the next, keeps this human machine in operation, its three score years and ten. If the pendulum stops swinging before that time has elapsed, why out goes the tenant of the flesh, to be clothed with a new body."

"This is a very interesting theory?"

"It is more than a theory. It is a demonstrated fact."

"Ah," smilingly answered Mr. Lamont. "I cannot go as far as that with you, for I fail to conceive how the word demonstration can apply in matters not tangible to the senses."

"Neither can it," quickly returned Phillip, "but the senses of one person, though well developed, exist only as a germ in another, and that other, according to the nature of things, cannot accept as truth what the opposite one knows to be true. The blind fishes in the waters of the mammoth cave have no developed eyes, and how could they argue with fishes taken from the Atlantic's briny bosom, who claim that there is a sun whose piercing rays fill the atmosphere of half the globe? The fish, with no sight, however, were he brought to the surface and placed in water taken from his native cavern, and exposed to the light of that same sun's rays, after a time, will find those eye germs developed to that extent, that light will be perceived, though partially, and after reproducing his kind, his children may have well-developed organs of vision, and behold the same glories as does the denizen of the ocean."

"A very good simile, Mr. Burnett, and, although it is very pleasant to dwell upon, I fail to see how you can demonstrate what has for centuries, aye for milleniums, been before the minds of the people--this one theme--the existence of the soul separate from the body. Why has not man acquired a knowledge of the fact as he has other things? Why, if ninety-nine out of a hundred fear death, is not that fear removed, if it is a fact that there is such an

existence ? Truth should prevail over error, and is not the man who perceives truth the one who lives this dual life ? Millions of sermons have been preached, and I have reason to believe that as good arguments were employed a thousand years ago to prove immortality as are used to-day, and with what effect ? None whatever. The same black cloud of doubt hangs over mankind as did before Christ came into the world, and to my mind it always will."

"Mr. Lamont," Phillip impressively replied, "man is a creature of growth and of the very slowest kind. Ages were required to lift him out of the condition of savagery that once he was happy in living, but he gradually emerged from that, and step by step he advanced, until to-day he is not satisfied with living the life of a wild animal. He has grown spiritually, mentally and morally. Instead of a low forehead, the hair of his head reaching to his eyes, behold now the fair noble brow of the man of to-day. See the towering head where dwell benevolence, veneration and all the levers that move the machinery of the noble man. As the sun developed the germs of eyes, so does God the great over soul, by his presence develope in the brain of man the organ that enables him to see his divine origin, and in his own self the epitome, the divine spark, which emanating from the eternal must be also eternal. What are a thousand years of time ? But a passing cloud set in the expanding heavens of eternity. Millions of years elapsed before man in his lowest form could be evolved. If that be so, what can be accomplished in a thousand years towards making the man self-conscious of his own divinity ? his never-ending existence ? Stupid in the gratification of worldly desires, he aspires to nothing higher, being wedded soul and body to the gross objects of the lower life. He lives from hand to mouth, never reaching upward ; contented with the intoxication of animal bliss. To sleep and yawn his life away will not lift him one inch up the mountain, and but for the immutable law of progression he would sink back into the state of brutal degradation. Man grows gradually, as does the germ in the seed, which sends its tender shoot upward, at the same time clinging to earth from which to draw its

sustenance, ever aspiring to reach the Father. At length the bud appears upon the limb after manifold leaves have been put forth, which is the first hope in the soul of something about to be realized. This bud unfolding into petals are kissed by the sun's rays, and they blush into crimson. Later, fructification proceeds. The pistil, the stamen, the carolla and the calyx each performs its sweet part, and down in the ovary, where the soul resides, the glory is consummated and the perfected fruit crowns the stately tree whose branches reach towards the heavens. So with humanity ; in the intermediate states of its development, it cannot comprehend the climax. Only in its fruitage can it perceive the glorious fulfillment of its mission."

To Mr. Lamont's credit, be it said, he listened eagerly, drinking in and appropriating every word. Phillip had evidently made an impression, and when he ceased speaking there was silence in the room. Mr. Lamont had nothing more to say by way of controversy, evidently contented to gaze upon the picture painted by the artist Burnett. It was food for his soul, which was warmed to its centre by the fire from Heaven's altar. It quickened his heart's pulsations, and he saw in the room a glory surrounding every person present. He loved his wife with a purer love. The name of God dwelt less lightly upon his lips, and a prayer ascended from his heart that it might be his to feel the glory that seemed to fill the bosom of his visitor. Not without benefit was that evening's conference : and when Phillip Burnett and Arthur crossed the threshold, the blessing of the Lamonts followed them.

CHAPTER XXV.

An hour was spent by the family in conversation upon the events of the evening. There was but one opinion as to the wonderful nature of what had been witnessed. They were mysteries to Mr. Lamont more especially, and they changed the whole current of his thoughts. He had entered into a brief discussion with Phillip, but had said all there was to say, and having burned out all his fuel had no longer any desire to feed further combustion. The prophecy of Arthur while in the magnetic state was entitled to some credence, but it was not deep-seated enough to give Mr. Lamont a great deal of uneasiness.

Little René had long been in the land of dreams. Whether his soul was cognizant of what had been enacted in the house during those two hours of sleep, we will not attempt to decide. The hour was late when preparations for retiring were commenced. Mrs. Favor kissed her parents, and bade them good night, little thinking what awaited them on the morrow.

Julian went to lock the front door. As he approached it a letter upon the floor arrested his attention. It had evidently been dropped by Mr. Burnett or Arthur. He took it to the light, and read upon the envelope "Darius Corbett, M. D., Do not delay." He showed it to his wife, telling her where he had discovered it. "It must have been dropped by accident," he said. "They evidently intended to mail it the stamp being on it."

"Would it not be well to drop it in the box on the cor-

ner?" said Nellie. "The postman calls for the letters before you go to the city."

Julian thought it was the thing to do, and putting on his hat, left the house for that purpose. On returning, he remarked; "It is the strangest thing in the world that Mr. Burnett should mail a letter to Dr. Corbett when they both do business in the same building. I wish I had not carried it now."

"Perhaps you have done the wisest thing, Julian. I think our first impressions are generally the ones to follow. Don't regret it. I feel you have done right. To-morrow will tell the story."

Julian tried to banish it from his mind. It was a small thing to thus disturb him, he thought, and wondered why it would not down. It often happens that incidents of apparently little importance do rest heavily upon us. It may be because in the chain of events they may be important links; and their very importance may be felt by intuition when intellectual effort would fail to throw any light upon it.

In going to their room they stopped to look upon their sleeping boy. They gazed long and lovingly upon him whose golden hair rested so sweetly upon the snow white pillow.

The night passed and the morning came. All were stirring at the usual hour with the exception of Mr. Lamont, who was sleeping more soundly than usual. His wife believed in sleep, and plenty of it. "It is better than medicine," she said, and she let him lie. While all the rest partook of the morning meal, he slept on. "Why, how strange it is," she said on rising from the table. "It must be that Mr. Burnett left some of his magnetism in the air. Do you think such a thing possible, Julian?"

Thus appealed to, he made answer: "Such a thing is possible, I suppose. I have come to the conclusion that almost anything is possible with that man. His very thoughts are pregnant with emanations which go outward, while they come in contact with the one they are centered upon. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he was in some way instrumental in bringing on this heavy slumber, that is, if it is

slumber."

"I will go and listen at the door," said Nellie, who began to feel a little nervous. She did so, but immediately returned and said :

"The door was ajar, and 'I peeped in, but found him lying on his side, and I could hear him breathing heavily as he always does when he has been up late the night before.'" Assured that all was well in the house Julian left them for the day.

Mrs. Lamont and Nellie went about their morning duties, while René, who had a good deal of dirt hauling to do, got out his little cart and went at it.

Nine o'clock came, and Mr. Lamont had not moved. At ten his wife could stand it no longer, and went to his side. Though she heard him breathing she was not satisfied. She perceived a motion of the muscles of the jaw beneath the skin, as though he was making an effort to speak, but was powerless to do so. She called him by name, but he gave no response. She became alarmed and called her daughter from the head of the stairs. "Nellie! Come quick, something is the matter with your father!"

As fast as feet could carry her, up the stairs came the affrighted girl. With blanched faces, both did their best to bring him back to consciousness. They chafed his hands, feet and arms, but without success. "Go for Dr. Rialls, Nellie, quick as you can," exclaimed the terrified wife.

Nellie snatched a hat from a peg, and flew down the stairs into the street.

René saw her as she ran by the garden fence and called, "What's the matter, mamma?"

"Go in, René. Grandpa's sick," was all the answer that was wafted to his ears. She was but two minutes in reaching the office door of Dr. Rialls. The quick snap of the bell pull brought a servant who answered Nellie's inquiry that Dr. Rialls had gone to the city to visit a patient and would not return before noon.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" cried the poor girl, as she descended the steps, and hurried back to the house. She flew up to the room. By this time the father had partially

opened his eyes, and seemed to recognize those in the room.

"Dr. Rialls is out and will not return before noon," said Nellie panting for breath. Mrs. Lamont bursting into tears exclaimed, "Oh, go for some one; do go! Oh, poor William? Oh, do not leave us!" Nellie was again descending the stairs, when a carriage rolled up to the gate and stopped. "Oh, God be praised," said the girl: "help has come." She opened the front door, and who should confront her but Dr. Corbett?"

"How is your father?"

Nellie, confounded, wanted to know how Dr. Corbett could have been summoned; but there was no time to ask questions then. She answered, "Oh, I don't know, do come and see!" She led the way to the room where stood the equally astonished wife.

"Why, Dr. Corbett! is it you?" she exclaimed, her face whiter than ever.

Without answering he advanced to the bedside, examined the pulse, felt of his limbs, spoke to him softly, and noticed an evident effort being made by him to speak. He said in an undertone to the stricken wife, "a bad case of apoplexy. But keep up good courage, and I'll bring him out of it."

Raising him slightly to bring his head higher than his body, pillows were placed under him to keep him in that position. The bindings about his neck were loosened. The Doctor then called for water—the coldest that could be obtained. It was soon brought, and, with clothes wrung in it, was applied to his head. This, he kept Nellie doing continually as fast as the cloths became warm. Then calling for hot water he proceeded to start the circulation in his lower limbs by frequent application of the same to draw the blood away from the brain, which was in a surcharged condition. These applications soon produced a change in the appearance of the sick man. He could soon speak in a whisper, which caused tears of joy to flow from mother and daughter. "Don't cry," he try to say. "I knew I—wasn't having—all—my nice—days for—nothing." "Don't try to talk, Mr. Lamont," said the Doctor. "You'll soon be bet-

ter."

The genial influence of the good physician was felt by all, and his presence inspired them with hope and confidence. How much of the benefit conferred was produced by his method of treatment, and how much could be attributed to his magnetic presence could not then be determined. He filled out a recipe to be put up at the druggist's, and asked if René was too small to go.

"Oh, no," answered Nellie. "You'll go to Mr. Warren's, won't you, René?"

René was only too glad to be of service to poor sick Gampa, and eagerly took the paper and ran down the stairs and up the street, never stopping until he reached the store where Mr. Warren himself stood behind the counter.

"My Gampa's sick and I want what's on this paper to get him well;" and he handed it to the druggist, who, with some concern,—for he knew the family well, and felt a great interest in his little customer—said: "Your Gampa sick? I'm sorry, René. I'll put it up at once." René waited patiently, and had a good look at the neat and showy contents of the show-case before him. He did not have to wait long, and as the "Doctor"—as Mr. Warren was often called—handed him the package, he ran from the store, and back to the house as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Doctor Corbett called him a good boy for going so quick, and taking from him the vial, poured some of its contents into a teaspoon and gave it to his patients.

He gave directions for the day's treatment of the sick man, and left the room. Mrs. Lamont accompanied him to the door, while Nellie, with René's head resting against her, looked on the pale face of her father.

Mrs. Lamont—when out of hearing of the patient—asked Dr. Corbett, who sent him, "That's what I want to know myself. It was a mystery to me to receive a summons by mail to visit a sick man, but pray tell me when was Mr. Lamont taken?"

She replied: "We saw nothing unusual about him except his long sleep until an hour ago."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, producing and handing

her a letter, "How came this to reach me two hours ago in B—?"

Mrs. Lamont's amazement increased as she read the contents—

"Dr. Corbett—Make all haste, and called upon Mr. William Lamont, Glen Cottage, Allandale. You can save him. Apoplexy. Take the most rapid conveyance.

J. R."

"Why, what can this mean?" she asked, her voice tremulous with emotion. Then looking at the chirography, added, "No one in this house writes such a hand as that. Mr. Lamont was apparently as well as ever two hours ago. He was, as I suppose, in a heavy slumber, and nothing more. Ten minutes before you made your appearance I sent Nellie for Dr. Rialls, as there was no time to lose. He was visiting a patient in town. I was in a quandary what to do when you arrived."

"Well, Mrs. Lamont," said the Doctor, "in all my experience this is the most remarkable incident. This letter must have been received at the B—— post-office this morning. I am completely at sea, Mrs. Lamont, completely at sea."

Lost in amazement, both stood at the door looking into each other's faces.

Breaking the silence, the Doctor asked, "Had you company last evening?"

"Mr. Burnett and his young friend Arthur were here."

The Doctor opened his eyes a little wider.

"They were?" then stopping a moment, he continued, "That, although it does not explain matters, signifies a great deal. Among all my acquaintances I never knew one who so completely mystifies me as Mr. Burnett does. I never could get the best of him in an argument. I never knew him to get excited, and he is always doing something I never knew anyone else to do. He seems to know what is going to transpire twenty-four hours before the occurrence, and makes preparations for the event. He is at the bottom of this I'll be bound. Time will solve the mystery. Sufficient it is that I was permitted to be here in season."

Mrs. Lamont replied : " I believe there is something in this more than earthly. Will you let me keep the letter until you call to-morrow ? Perhaps Julian can throw some light upon it."

" Yes, take it, but please preserve it. I will see you to-morrow. Good morning ?"

The Doctor jumped into his carriage and was gone. Mrs. Lamont returned to the sick room and found Nellie holding one hand of her father, who was now sleeping. She motioned Nellie from the room, and together, followed by René, they left the sick man alone for a few minutes. " I wish to tell you something," whispered the mother.

She then related the circumstance of Dr. Corbett's reception of the letter through the mail.

Nellie seemed thunderstruck, and especially when looking at the envelope she recognized the very same that Julian took from the hall floor the night before. There was something peculiar about the handwriting which caused her to recognize it. A large, round, free hand which once seen would not be forgotten.

" In some way Mr. Burnett must be connected with it," said Nellie.

Nothing more was said about it for a time, each being busy with their own thoughts regarding it. They found Mr. Lamont still sleeping on entering the room. All danger seemed over, but one of them kept watch by his side through the day.

Julian came home early that afternoon. He had met Dr. Corbett at the café at lunch, and had been informed by him of his father-in-law's illness. He furthermore told him that he saw Mr. Burnett immediately after his return to the office. He, Phillip, affirmed that the letter found by Julian after he left Glen Cottage was deposited there by some one unknown to him or Arthur, and he was equally at a loss to account for the strange affair. It looked to him to be one of those inexplicable occurrences one reads of in books of marvels.

Mr. Lamont was able to speak lucidly in the evening. His mind was unclouded, but his limbs seemed nearly

paralyzed. He said dejectedly, "This decides the question of my returning to Chicago. I never again can doubt the truth of that boy's utterances." The fulfillment of Arthur Arabah's prophecy placed him and Mr. Burnett higher in the estimation of the family than before, and it caused them to be looked upon as almost supernatural beings.

Dr. Corbett was a faithful attendant, and on the occasion of his second visit to Glen Cottage he pronounced Mr. Lamont's case to be paralytic apoplexy. He promised to do all in his power to restore the sick man to health, but assured them that it was more than probable that one or more limbs would remain useless the rest of his life. This, though a sad blow to the family, would be more severe on the man himself, having always been among his fellows the most active of men. He was a man who would prefer not to live to be an encumbrance to his family, and his prayer—if he ever had prayed—was that he might not linger, as the time to go approached. He did not see—as he had heard some people talk it—that anything was to be gained by suffering and prolonging the agony. He could not understand how his immortal soul could be made any ripper for Heaven, because of physical torment and excruciating pain. He was quite philosophical in most matters, but in this one point he failed to see the sequence that many looked upon as self evident.

Mrs. Lamont, as we have before stated, had always been an economical wife. She had been a great help to her husband in financial matters and had made every cent tell. If it should prove that he was destined to remain a cripple for life, she felt that she had laid by a sufficient amount to carry them through.

Weeks wore away and Mr. Lamont slowly gained in strength and health; but as predicted by Dr. Corbett his left arm remained nearly useless. His body otherwise, recovered nearly its former vigor. C. and O. had written him concerning the burning of their buildings, as seen by Arthur Arabah, and had urged him if his health would permit to return, if nothing more than to oversee the erection of new machinery when the time should come for placing it in the

new building. Mrs. Lamont, at her husband's request, had answered the letter, and in return they expressed their regrets and sympathy in the misfortune that had overtaken her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

René was a constant companion of his grandfather during the days of his convalescence. He often coaxed him to play horse with him. Mr. Lamont made a very tractable animal, and never was known to run away with his driver, or throw him out of the team.

He made a better family horse than did René, who had a great fashion of stamping in his impatience to be on the go. Mr. Lamont would stand almost anywhere, and René never thought of tying him. On the occasion of one of these frolics, René came up to his horse "Major," the name Mr. Lamont bore when he was a horse, and said, patting him on his back :

"Poor Major, I know he is tired ; but I must drive him down to the post-office to see if there is any mail." The post-office referred to was a decayed old apple tree, in the side of its trunk there being a large cavity, which served as a receptacle for the family mail—not Uncle Sam's mail—but a little affair inaugurated by René himself. His mother falling in with the idea, often wrote him little notes, and at opportune moments would deposit them there. All the members of the family did the same. Sometimes packages

of candy would be placed there instead of letters, and on one occasion a nice pocket handkerchief beautifully embroidered, awaited him.

René turned the tired old horse towards the apple tree at the same time saying: "We'll not be gone long. Major, then you shall go back to your stall and have some oats." At this the horse would neigh and try to prick up his ears, but they were not of the pricking up kind, so he would neigh again instead.

The post-office was reached, and lo, sure enough, there was a letter. René eagerly took it from its resting place and was about to open it when the horse became suddenly imbued with human intelligence, as he read upon the envelope, "William Lamont," Esq. He forgot he was a horse and spoke to René: "That is for grandpa, don't you see my name on it." René felt a little disappointed, which a moment after he felt he had no right to be, a post-office being for the accommodation of all people.

The thought of the real importance of the place, and the fact that "Grandpa" himself had got a "real, truly letter," pleased him highly. He allowed Major to open the letter, although it was a little out of the common order of things for a horse to be thus engaged. He read it through hurriedly and said, "René you must excuse me for not playing horse any more now. I have a strange letter which I must show to grandma."

"Well, let me drive you to the house."

"All right," said Major, and with more life than usual he trotted all the way to the stable and was unharnessed.

Mr. Lamont sought his wife whom he found cooking. "Mary, I have found a letter in the apple tree written to me. What can it mean?" She looked at the letter, and exclaimed, "Why, William, it is in the very handwriting that was in the letter Dr. Corbett received when you were taken sick," and she read.

"WILLIAM LAMONT: Dear Sir.—At the rear of your lot, about two feet to the left of the gate post, and clinging to the wall is a vine with leaves of bright green, the *Ampelopsis Quinquifolia*. It is a valuable alterative. Take

of these leaves one half ounce when dried, steep the same in water an hour, so that at the end of that time there will be one quart of the liquor. Take of this one wine glass full on rising in the morning. J R."

Here was another marvel. What motive could anyone have in giving a little medical advice with so much secrecy. The two letters were evidently written by the same person. The first indicated that the writer was endowed with prophecy, and was more of an object of wonder than the letter just received. Two letters, however, lead to the belief that more may be expected.

This was a topic of conversation but it was as far from solution as the other had been. Julian remarked that evening to Mr. Lamont: "Of course you will try the remedy?"

"Perhaps it would be well to consult Dr. Corbett first," answered Mr. Lamont."

"It can do no harm; at any rate this plant is well known to the simplest. I will see Mr. Burnett and ascertain what he says about it, for he is quite well versed in medicine."

All had been out to the back of the lot, and at the point designated in the letter, grew a vine which appeared to be no more than the common wood-bine.

No members of the household knew the technical term for woodbine, but before twenty-four hours had elapsed all had become posted on the subject. Dr. Corbett was seen, the next day, also Phillip Burnett. The former stated that woodbine was an old agent, and at one time was quite extensively used; but it had gone out of use gradually, as in fact a great many things had, becoming superseded by later discoveries. Woodbine might in some cases be used with benefit. Different organisms require different treatment. Mr. Lamont's case might be one that could be reached by the use of this plant, and as their physician he had no objection to it's being tried.

Phillip Burnett had never heard much about the medical properties of the woodbine, but had no doubt it might be used with benefit in this case, as it was his belief that there

was not a plant in existence but had a power in some direction. He felt now more than ever, a curiosity to learn the authorship of the two letters.

Julian asked him if he did not think Arthur Arabah might in the superior state ascertain.

"Without any doubt," replied Phillip, "but to investigate might be attended with disaster. I have known of many cases, where as long as the author was unknown where benefit was being conferred, the good work would continue, and it is generally in cases where a culprit is to be unearthed, that I feel it to be my duty to exercise the power. To dive too deeply into some things, is to end their usefulness at once. Now be guided by me Mr. Favor, and don't press your investigations too far. If good is being done by a mysterious power, let not the fact of its being a mystery disturb you. The simplest works of nature are past analysis; then why try to get at the bottom of this thing?"

Julian was persuaded that Phillip was right, and the result of the interview was to cause Julian and those with him to bear a feeling of thankfulness to the good spirit, who ever or what ever it might be. Before separating Philip wished distinctly to be understood, that he held within his hand the key to unlock not only this but the other secret.

"Bear one thing in mind, Mr. Favor," smiling as he spoke, which he always did when he was about to deliver himself of something he thought was right to the point, "You know, if you crush the rose to find the source of its sweetness, you put an end to its lovely mission, and the air is none the sweeter afterwards, and you are none the wiser." Julian felt impressed with the truth of his beautiful aphorism, and left him wiser than before. In the evening he narrated the interview he had had with Mr. Burnett, and it made what had before seemed marvellous, more shrouded in the mystical than ever. The following day, enough of the leaves of the woodbine were gathered to treat as directed, and they found their way into a little earthen jar containing water, which was placed upon the stove.

René Favor grew in stature and beauty. He was not like other boys of his age; and while there was nothing

feminine in his nature, there was something that drew all to him as if he was possessed of magic power.

Though decidedly in the world, he seemed like one out of it; endowed with no greater intellectual power than many other boys, he was yet a leader, and an object of their special care at the same time. No one of his mates ever placed himself in an attitude of hostility before him. All manifestations of hate and jealousy became powerless, and without vision in his presence. The influence he exerted was by the exercise of no valition of his, but rather an emanation which in some subtle manner operated as it were psychologically. His desire to become a painter intensified as he grew older; and at the age of eleven his importunities resulted in the promise from his father to procure for him the necessary equipments on the following Christmas—a day they all observed—and towards which René always looked forward with joyful anticipations.

An artist of some note, C. W. Hart, was engaged to give the boy a course of twelve lessons to ascertain his adaptibility for that profession.

This gentleman, at Julian Favor's request, purchased what might be required by a beginner, so that Julian had it ready for presentation when December 25th arrived. René's joy knew no bounds when he saw the realization of his heart's desire. The happiness of the rest of the family increased at seeing his always genial face glow warmer still; inspired as it was by gratitude and love. The day arrived for him to make his appearance at the studio of C. W. Hart. That gentleman received Julian, accompanied by the youthful aspirant, with cordiality, and felt interested in the lad at first sight.

He was a man who believed in first impressions. He saw success written on the fair face of René, and his heart went out to him. He would do his utmost to cultivate the germ of artistic talents which his peculiarly arching brow indicated within him. Having introduced his son, Julian left him with his teacher, to return to his post of duty. Mr. Hart questioned his new pupil as to his desires, and how long he had entertained them.

He told René that the life of an artist was up-hill work ; that years of patient and conscientious labor would be required in acquiring any noticeable proficiency in the art, and as is the result of it all in many cases, a poor living at the end.

René, not a bit discouraged by his words, replied that if a boy could not succeed in doing what he longed to, that he wouldn't succeed in anything.

"There is a great deal in that, my boy," as he stroked his handsome head, replied Mr. Hart, "but the trouble with people nowadays is, that they don't stick long enough to a thing. At the first trifling discouragement they consider it is a sign that they are on the wrong track, and turn in another direction, hoping to do better. Such people never succeed in anything, and often go down to the grave a total wreck ; but they who persevere through all resources, who, if they get knocked down, pick themselves up, and nothing daunted go at it again, are the ones who will triumph in the end."

René felt nerved up at this, and said, "Well, Mr. Hart, I have made up my mind to try, and father says he will assist me as long as I will stick to it."

"Your father is a man who will do all he agrees to. I know he loves his boy, and will do all in his power to put him where he belongs, and not make him a bookkeeper just because he is one. Parents make a great mistake when they arbitrarily place their children where they want them to be, out of mercenary motives, and regardless of their fitness for the position."

This conversation was going on while Mr. Hart was looking over some stretchers, trying to find two of a size. He at length found them, and said, "Now, young man, let's see your palette." René opened his package and Mr. Hart, taking the little maple palette, observed, "That is just about the thing. It isn't fit to use now, nor will it be for some days."

A shade of disappointment passed over René's face, which Mr. Hart noticing, added smiling, "That will not interfere with our work, however, as you shall use one of

mine."

The sun shone on René's face again. "This of yours needs to be filled. The pores of the wood are too open, and I will show you about filling it. This is a part of the business, and we must be thorough as we go along; then taking from a shelf a bottle of linseed oil, he turned a quantity on René's palette, and rubbed it well into the surface of the smooth wood.

"This," he remarked, "must soak into the pores until the wood will hold no more. We will now put it aside until you come again."

He then took René to the north side of the room where stood the easels, side by side. He gave René the best light, then taking from the box the little tubes of color, he showed him how to place them on his palette, remarking, "It is best to have them in about the same order every time, so that your eye will glance instantly at the spot where the white is, the blue or the brown, as the compositor in setting type has a place for every letter in his case."

An uncolored engraving was chosen from a large collection in his possession, as a subject to copy in colors. This Mr. Hart pinned on to the frame of one of the easels so as to be seen by both painters.

When all was ready they took their seats, René's heart beating quickly at the thought of the brightly colored future before him. Before seeing Mr. Hart he had thought of him as a man stern and severe; but to the contrary found him warm-natured and social, and more like a grown up boy; so René felt at home at once.

Mr. Hart remarked before commencing, "Now, I want you to follow me in my movements as I go along. I will explain as we proceed, and if you want to ask any questions don't hold back. I sometimes draw in one color the whole sketch, but this time we will not do so."

He then took upon his palette knife a little white—René doing the same—and placed it upon the centre of the palette. Then followed the blue, and mixing them were ready to lay in the sky color. René followed closely every step. When he took his brush in his hand to make the first

touch to the picture he felt as if he was made. "Here I am," he thought, "in a real artist's studio, sitting by the side of a professional, learning how to become a painter just like him." What more was there to ask for in this world? His thought went out to his father standing at his desk, with pen and ink, working in a few books. With him it was write, figure and study, using nothing but one colored ink. He compared that dull occupation with his, wherein he used beautiful colors such as are seen in nature everywhere, and the blue sky overhead with the endless variety, and shape of clouds sailing across it. He loved his father all the more as he sat by the side of Mr. Hart. "Good father," he said to himself, "to put me where I so long to be, and grow up among the beautiful things of the world, where my labor will be one of love, in copying the scenes of this lovely earth, the gorgeous sunsets, and the storm at sea, all so grand and terrible."

He thought of his mother as well, and how proud she would be when he showed her his first picture painted by all his own self. These flights of imagination wherein we enrobe the future in all the brilliancy we can conjure, occupy but an instant of time in passing through the brain.

And while these pleasant thoughts, like pictures were passing before his mental vision, René was taking in all Mr. Hart said and did, and followed faithfully his every motion, that is, as well as it was possible for a beginner to do. When the sky color was put on, Mr. Hart showed him how to mix the colors for the distant mountains.

"We will not be very particular in the details, the first time going over," said Mr. Hart. "We will get a body of color on first, and do the fine work afterwards."

Each step in the operation was fully explained as they progressed, and towards the end of that morning lesson Mr. Hart asked in some surprise, "Who told you how to hold your brush? You handle it as though you were an old hand at it."

René looked at him strangely.

"I don't know," he answered, his voice almost choking in his throat, "but it seems just as if I had taken lessor

from you before, and as if I had worn this same jacket, and that holding my palette my thumb had ached a little as it does now ! What does it mean, Mr. Hart ? ”

The artist was smiling.

René continued : “ I know I never was in this room before, and I know I never saw you in my life before this morning. ”

Mr. Hart replied : “ I have had similar sensations myself. Some poet, I don't know who, has said, ‘ If one but hears, or speaks, or moves his chair, even the wonder waxeth more and more, until we say, all this hath been before ; all this hath been. I know not when or where ? ’ ” Do you often have this feeling, René ? ”

“ No, I don't Mr. Hart; but I do have funny ideas sometimes. I feel as if I had painted before, a long time ago. The sky in that picture,” pointing to one hanging on the wall, “ looks natural to me, and the side of that hill, too. It seems as if I had rolled down there over the daisies and buttercups, and I feel dizzy as I think of it. Isn't it funny Mr. Hart ? ”

“ It is indeed,” said his teacher, pausing in his work in admiration of René's earnestness. “ That picture is no work of mine, but was painted by a man who died, oh, more than thirteen years ago ; an old friend of mine. I have sat by his side many hours. I was a boy not many years older than you. I loved the old man, for he was a true, natural soul, I always thought, and though he was so many years older than I was, he was to me like a companion in spirit. He had what I call a youthful soul, and if I did not look at him I saw him in my mind as one of my own age. His loves were my loves, and his thoughts, when he gave them expression, found an answering echo in my mind. There were few like him in the world. Even the children whom he loved and who loved him in return, never looked upon him as they did others of his age. There was always something singular in that to me. But I know he has gone and has done his work, and the world is the better because he lived in it. Such people, René, never die, did you know it ? ”

René answered, “ Oh, they have to die sometime, Mr.

Hart."

"Yes, true, in one sense, but they live in the loving remembrance of those they leave behind. Their lives are beautiful pictures, which it makes people better to look at. They are as shining lights in the soul. But this isn't painting, René, is it? Your father doesn't pay me for preaching."

René wanted to lay his hand lovingly on Mr. Hart's arm, and look away down into his eyes, and thence into into his soul, as if once there, he could say something that his tongue couldn't speak as he was. Not a great deal was accomplished in that first lesson in painting, but enough had been done to cause Mr. Hart to remark:

"I think you are going to make a painter, René. You have a soul bigger than your body, and such people if they live long enough, make great men. But a strong wind blows the lights out some time, leaving everything darker than before they existed. Take good care of yourself, my boy. We'll make something of you,"

The picture was outlined and René looked upon it with pride. On leaving the studio he felt as if he was already a painter with his name upon everybodys lips. He went to the store and found his father just closing his books preparatory to going to lunch. As René entered with his quick step, his eyes brightened by the thoughts that in their joy spoke through them, he was an object of admiration to every eye.

"Good morning, René, and how is the little Favor this morning?" came from one and another, as he was on his way to his father's desk.

He replied to all the salutations as fast as he could and with a bright smile which captivated every eye. As he gained his father's side, he placed his fair hand in his and said:

"Oh, father, I do like Mr. Hart."

"Well, I suppose you do. You ought to, as Mr. Hart is a very fine man. But what progress to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know. He can tell you better than I. He thought some one had been showing me something about

holding the brush."

"He did, eh? Have you really got to painting? I thought the first day you would devote to getting ready for work. He kept you longer than I expected."

"Well, he was talking to me father, about something I loved to hear. Isn't he a good man, father?"

"For all I know he is an excellent man. Had I thought differently I would not have allowed René to go to him to be taught. But come, we will go and find something to eat. Bob are you not coming too?" he asked as his friend Kelly approached them to shake hands with René.

"Yes, if three isn't a crowd, and if René doesn't object."

"Oh, no," he answered quickly as he held out his hand to him. "Father can take one hand and you the other," and out they went to lunch.

On arriving at the café, they found a table just being vacated. They promptly took possession and settled themselves thereat, determined to do justice to whatever they might decide to order. They were all in just the right condition to appreciate the cooking of this popular eating house, and a half hour of solid enjoyment was looked forward to by René, whose digestive organs were in the vigor that boys of his age are usually blessed with.

CHAPTER XXVII.

René's mother was delighted with his graphic description of all he saw and did that morning of first experience in an artist's studio. He told her of the progress he made, and of the nice picture he would bring home to her when it was finished. And, "say mother, you'll have it framed won't you, and hang it up by the side of Mr. Miflitt's? I know it won't be as good as his, but then——"

She kissed him and said: "Never mind, René, it will be the work of my little boy, and mother, I have no doubt, will be proud of it. Mr. Miflitt was an old painter, and perhaps his first picture was no better than yours."

Mrs. Favor was pleased for more than one reason. She felt that it was in René to make a painter, and being a lover of the beautiful herself, she looked forward to the time when, with her boy, she might be able to gratify all her longings in that direction.

She thought of one whom she knew years before, and whom it was a pleasure to think of. She thought, and correctly, too, that love and practice of the art would be as a link established, to make her life an entirety which would be at once harmonizing and soul strengthening. She loved to think over those days when he gave her being so much of that peculiarly spiritual food which there is such a dearth of in this money-getting world. She often wondered why her mind reverted to it so often, and notably when her René, dearer than her own soul to her, was looking into her eyes. She, surrounded by all the comforts of home, and living as she was in the sweet influences home brings, loved to revel in the past when home was not like the present, and when hope in her being was ever reaching out for its realization.

But who can dive into the ocean of soul experience, and bring up from the muddy bottom the pearls of wisdom—soul knowledge, which would make what is now enveloped in obscurity, living, burning truths, to make men wiser and better? and once obtained, could the treasure be transmitted to another or must each soul dive for itself for the hidden treasures? Can any human being derive a benefit from another's experience, which to that other was a revelation? or must each one that comes, as the ages roll by, himself make the pilgrimage to reach the shrine?

Nellie Favor had loved, but not lost; for though the grave had taken to its embrace a form, she felt that what she loved was not there. The object of a soul's love cannot be food for a worm. That which glorifies the casket has another setting in a finer casket beyond death's precincts, and another sphere of that jewel's existence. Her darling boy was all in all to her, though his father held the niche that nature designed. Yet bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, there was a oneness and almost fusion of soul,

which the act of marriage cannot produce between the man and wife, but which can and is outwrought in the offspring.

Yet how many mothers there are, whose souls are not impressed with the beauty that conception ought to bring, of the fact of the union of souls. Those who are but open doors for the incarnation of spirit, are not the mothers of souls; for these are but Deific germs which come in ways and through avenues not laid down on maps, and not comprehended by the souls themselves. He who can conceive of God's methods, must be himself a God. One can speak wiser than he knows. The brain may be the soul's store-house for facts, but the heart is God's store-house, where drops from the universal heart occasionally fall, that consciousness of Divine parentage may be infused as intuition into the being human. What marvels could be unveiled to the wonder-stricken gaze, if the door between intellect and revelation were once opened. How the heart would throb as those glories were revealed.

The light electric would be too much for the spirit encased in flesh; as "no man could behold God and live," so no earth-bound soul could perceive the glories of the supernatural and remain a tenant of the palpitating clay. To receive light but partially is all the most advanced can expect. To wait God's time, all are forced to do, though impatient man will grasp wildly at every gleam that shimmers through the clouds of his age.

Phillip Burnett and Arthur Arabah pursued their mysterious ways, obedient always to the dictations of the unseen. What Arthur might hold as a bright picture of his experience in his abnormal state if such were at times permitted, could not be couched in words. No description could be given that would convey to the human mind a realization of what awaits the faithful servant.

Advanced mortals may in dreamland catch a glimpse of the soul's panorama, but it is like the lightning's flash, which burns upon the retina a millioneth of a second, then leaves the being plunged in darkness blacker than before, but the rolling thunder, shaking the very mountains, fol-

lows, making the obdurate heart to quiver, and the soul's every sense to voice the fact, that out of the cloud the eternal's glory had been made manifest.

Did Phillip Burnett, indeed, possess the key that opened the door leading to the inner chamber? That he did, no one reading this narrative can fail to allow. Did he live true to the requirements impressed upon him through the youthful lips of his companion? He did, and many a tear-stained face he wreathed in smiles of thanksgiving, to a newly-found Heavenly father. What grander mission could one follow? In what better way could be observed the injunction, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them?"

Yet he never boasted of his well doing. It was glory enough to him to hear the sweet words of the small voice within, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"To be seen of men,"—he never stooped. He had grown to the stature of a well-developed manhood, and he could hear God's voice in the sighing branches, the song of the bird, the rippling laughter of the child of nature, and the mother's voice wooing into slumber the darling babe nursing at her warm breast.

"The servant is worthy of his hire," and the benefits he conferred upon humanity found ample compensation. He had pearls to cast before no swine. He dropped them here and there as he travelled the journey of mortal life, and as seed sown in good ground sprung up to flower in beauty.

Mr. Lamont followed the directions contained in the mysterious letter.

New life was infused into the nerveless limb. He blessed the day when his driver, René, called at the rustic office for mail which he expected, but found instead the letter that bore no postmark, but whose contents revealed the fact of a mystical origin.

The arm was not perfectly restored to its former strength; yet all was done at his stage of life that virtuous herb could be expected to accomplish.

Dame Nature had within her laboratory nothing more

potent. Still a living instrument in this mundane sphere, the flesh could not keep pace with the spirit as an indestructible servant, but partial restoration made his heart glad, and its joy was felt by all he came in contact with.

René continued to take his lessons, and the sanguine hopes of his parents were becoming rapidly realized. Even Mr. Hart, who had taught many pupils in the beautiful art, confessed to the phenomenal success he met with in this case. René, but a boy, and at the age when boy's highest pleasure is in flying a kite or spinning a top, was becoming master of an art he had longed to acquire, and which to the eyes of his tutor was simply wonderful.

Mr. Hart asked René one day, as he was about through with his lesson, to tell him something about his dreams; he having heard him mention several times something in connection with them.

He replied, "Oh, Mr. Hart, I couldn't begin to tell you all about it. Sometimes I walk in galleries where the most glorious pictures hang; and I see men with bright faces and women, too, who speak kindly to me, as though they knew me, and I try to look at myself and I see nothing, and sometimes, Mr. Hart, I see pictures with my name at the bottom. Isn't it funny?"

His teacher answered, "To me it is not funny; it is marvellous. Young man, you are a riddle to me. I cannot read you yet. The time may come when I may be able to."

"That will be about the same time when I can read myself, I guess, Mr. Hart," he replied, laughing.

His teacher—a thought striking him suddenly, asked, "You say you see your name at the bottom of some of the pictures. How does it read?"

"Why, it reads René."

"Do any initials appear before it?"

René thought a moment. "It seems as if I do see other letters, but I am not sure as there are any after all."

"Well, perhaps the next time you go into that gallery—that dream gallery—you will try and notice particularly about it. I have a reason for asking you."

René answered, "I will if I think to. Perhaps I will

not remember if I do. Sometimes there is one walking with me who never speaks to me, but I feel as if he went with me because he couldn't help it. I don't think it is always a dream, for I pinch myself to see, but I can't pinch hard enough to feel it."

"How came you to be named René?"

"I don't know, sir; you must ask my father."

On the following morning, as all sat at the breakfast table, Mr. Lamont asked his grandson, "Well, René, have you become quite a painter?"

"Mr. Hart says I will be one."

"This is the last of the course, isn't it?"

René looked unhappily at his father as though he wished him to answer the question in the negative.

Mr. Favor read his thought, and with a twinkle in his eye that he tried in vain to conceal, answered, "That depends, Father Lamont. I shall see Mr. Hart to-day and question him in regard to it."

At this René could have danced with joy. He well knew that Mr. Hart liked him so well, that he would not fail to impress his father with the importance of continuing the instruction a little longer. Julian Favor saw the joy beaming from the handsome boy's face, and although he did not wish to banish it, he remarked, "But, René, we do not know how Mr. Hart may feel in the matter. Some artists are so jealous of a rising genius, that they will not encourage one after a certain point has been reached."

He looked at René, expecting to see a cloud of disappointment upon his face, but instead of that, René, observing the side glance of his father, burst into a childish laugh, whose merriment seemed to say, "I know Mr. Hart better than that."

Mrs. Lamont joined in with René, and said, "Julian, you mustn't tease him. If you mean to let him keep on with Mr. Hart, why not tell him so?"

Julian made answer, "I don't want to tease my boy. I only wish to have him understand that there is nothing sure in life, and that however much he may desire a thing, it doesn't follow always that it may be granted. I will state

—if it will be any satisfaction to René”—“And you know it will,” interposed Mrs. Lamont—“That it is my intention to give him all the benefit of Mr. Hart’s instructions, that it is within my means to.”

At this, René clapped his hands ; as he did so knocking his tumbler of water on to the floor. A long face followed this ebullition of joy, which his mother quickly dispelled by saying, “Never mind, René ! It was accidental, and if your father had stated his intention in the first place,” she said this smiling and half reprovngly, “you would not have broken the tumbler.”

To make deeper the impression upon the father, who might feel inclined to administer reproof, Mrs. Lamont remarked, “It is a good sign to break a tumbler,” at which all joined in laughter.

The father lost his assumed dignity, and washing down all thoughts of further teasing with a draught of choice Mocha, he finished by saying, “Well, the hour approaches, and we must be off, or we will lose our car.”

All arose from the table. René ran for his cap, and kissing all who were to remain at home, hand in hand with his father, he left the house.

Arriving in town, they went to the store where they remained two hours, when it was time for René to appear at the studio of Artist Hart.

Mr. Favor on this occasion accompanied his son, as he wished to consult the painter as to the feasibility of giving René another term of instruction. Mr. Hart received them cordially, and after the usual salutations, Julian said, “I thought I would like to know what you think of my boy’s progress, and if it warrants his being with you another term.”

Mr. Hart replied, “Without flattery, Mr. Favor, I must say that if if you think enough of my method to continue René’s instruction with me, you surely could not do a wiser thing than to allow him to remain, for he gives evidence of possessing a remarkable degree of talent. In fact, I never saw one of his years take to painting so readily.”

“That is enough, Mr. Hart,” replied Julian. “He can

stay with you until you think he is fit to graduate."

He was about to turn to go when Mr. Hart detained him as he said, "Mr. Favor, if you are not in too great a hurry, I would like to ask you a question. You may think it a strange one, but I have a reason that I will make known to you at the proper time. It is this, "Who named your son, René?"

Mr. Favor laughed, and in turn ask, "Why do you ask that question?"

"Oh, Mr. Favor, as I said before, I will explain to you some time. It is not best to at present. It is a proper question to ask, is it not?"

"Certainly. I will tell you all about it. Phillip Burnett was god-father."

"How," muttered Mr. Hart, looking down at the carpet as though he would peer through it to the floor beneath.

Julian continued, "It was in this way—there is no reason for secrecy. Mr. Burnett had been a very kind and faithful friend to our family, in many ways, and it happened that he was visiting us a couple weeks after René was born. He asked us, while his strange looking eyes were fastened upon him in his infant slumber in the bed, if he had named him."

"Well, no, not yet. We have not fully decided. We think he is such an uncommon bright boy, of course, that he ought to have an uncommonly bright name. Why won't you suggest one?"

"That is just what I was about to ask the privilege of doing," he said.

"Go on, Mr. Burnett," I replied, "but don't let it be an outlandish one."

"Well, if you don't like it—but I know you will—you will not be obliged to adopt it. It is this—Jerome René!"

"All remained quiet for a few seconds," when I said, "I like it," "and so do I," chimed in my wife.

"Babe René then uttered a little cry as though something startled him. His pretty blue eye opened, and a sweet smile flashed for an instant upon the diminutive face."

"See ! He likes that name," laughingly said Phillip, and so he was named René.

"That was an interesting episode in the baby's life," spoke the artist. "Upon my word, it was, Mr. Favor, and when I have unearthed the mystery, I will tell you something, that is, if you do not before that time discern it yourself."

"My bump of curiosity is not quite up to seven on the chart, so I will not press you for an explanation," said Julian Favor, as he bade his boy "good bye," shook Mr. Hart's hand, and left the studio to return to his place of business.

It was decided that René should remain a pupil of Mr. Hart for another term. René was delighted, and so much so that he dropped his palette after his colors were placed upon it with the color side down. He colored to the eyebrows, but Mr. Hart said smiling: "Never mind. It is a good sign to drop your palette."

"Everything is a good sign to-day," said René. "I broke a tumbler at the table this morning, and Granma said that was a good sign."

"Two good signs in one day are one too many. Two good signs mean sickness," said Mr. Hart with an air of mock seriousness.

"I am not going to be sick," exclaimed René, taking up his colors as best he could from the floor with his palette knife.

"I hope not, surely," said Mr. Hart, stooping to assist him. "Oh, by the way, did you visit your dream gallery last night, René?"

"I did Mr. Hart, and as true as I am alive, I read at the bottom of one of the pictures, 'J. René.'"

"Why did it not occur to you yesterday that it might be J.?"

"I don't know, but it didn't. I thought that René was the last name of the artist, and it isn't my last name, you know. But then we don't think in our dreams as we do when awake. There is nothing very queer about that, is there, Mr. Hart?"

"No," he replied. "I don't think there is."

He seemed to be in a deep reverie for some time after that, and René at length asked him :

"What is the matter, Mr. Hart? Are you sorry I am to take more lessons of you?"

"Bless your soul my boy," he quickly answered; "sorry, oh no. You are wondering at my silence. You would not if you knew what depth there is in this apparently trifling matter. But it is something your young brain can't comprehend, as I am sure it is too much for me. So we'll drop the subject and stick to our brushes," then as if something striking on René's canvas attracted his attention, he said: "You have a fine little bit of water there, René. I could hardly better it myself."

René blushed a little, which added greatly to the comeliness of his face. Mr. Hart's discerning eye catching it caused him to say, "I wish René, that color in your cheeks would remain about five minutes, and I would try to match it." At this the color became a couple of shades deeper and René said: "Don't Mr. Hart, my cheeks don't feel good."

"All right," said the teacher of painting. Let us get on to this rock in the foreground. We'll enliven the scene with a figure. We'll have it a boy disrobing for a bath."

Thus the morning's lesson passed lightly. Mr. Hart, enjoying the society of his young pupil, allowed the time to be extended to two hours, instead of one and a half, the time he usually allowed pupils for a lesson.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As René was disposing of his colors for the time intervening between this and the next lesson, a muttering sound as of distant thunder came to their ears. The vibrations were felt, the building sensibly trembling. It had been growing imperceptibly darker for some minutes, and Mr. Hart exclaimed :

“ Why, as I am alive, we are going to have a thunder storm. You’ll have to hurry, René, or you will get wet.”

“ Well, if I do, it will only make me grow the faster.”

“ It is not well to be imprudent, René. Don’t get wet if you can help it. Typhoid is about now and you would make a good subject. That dread disease likes to feed on fresh and tender material. Take my advice and hurry.”

“ Good bye,” said René, grabbing his hat as he started for the stairs.

“ Good bye, my boy. You’d better take my umbrella.”

“ No, I thank you. I’ll run between the drops if they come,” and down the stairs he went two at a time. As he stepped upon the sidewalk, a clap of thunder much nearer than before, shook the atmosphere. A few large drops came spattering here and there upon the flagging.

People, like frightened pigeons started in all directions. Few were prepared for the tempest that was soon to burst upon them. Occasionally an umbrella opened among the throng of pedestrians, but they were scarce as not many wise men were out this morning. The drops came thicker

and faster. René flew over the ground, dodging between the people and sometimes into them, as it sometimes happens when two of the same mind try to avoid each other. Diving into a fat man's ribs one minute, getting his feet tangled in a lady's skirts the next, and again perhaps knocking over a small boy, accidentally, of course, next getting cursed by a cripple he jostled against, he made his way through the crowded street.

The rain came pouring down. Blinding flashes illuminated the cloud-shadowed city. The sidewalks poured their flood into the gutter where a rapid river ran, increasing in volume as the waters accumulated. Heedless of Mr. Hart's words of caution, he, boy like, ran all the way through the pelting rain to his father's place of business. Drenched to the skin, he ran into the store to find his father had gone to the post-office, and was detained there, being caught by the storm.

René in a state of perspiration, his clothes heavy with water, hanging upon and clinging to his body, stood near the open doorway, dripping like a spaniel just emerged from a stream. He thought not of the danger he incurred as he stood there waiting for his father's return. All in the store being absorbed in their various occupations noticed not René, who stood at the entrance wet and chilled. Mr. Favor made his appearance as soon as the storm held up a little and was not a little astonished at seeing his boy in such a plight. On hearing his story, he censured him for not heeding Mr. Hart's advice. Had he done so he would not now be in such a condition of discomfort, if not danger.

It so happened that some overalls, and a woollen shirt belonging to the errand boy hung at the back of the store, and thither René was taken by his father, divested of all his clothing, and rubbed briskly to dry his skin thoroughly and quicken the circulation. The borrowed suit was then put upon him, and though not fitting any too well, yet served every purpose. He was told to keep in the sun as much as possible, and Mr. Favor went out to an adjoining dry goods store to purchase stockings, leaving René standing upon a piece of carpet. He soon returned, dressed his boy's feet,

and made him as comfortable as possible, hoping that no ill effect would rest from his exposure to the storm.

At the baker's, food was procured, and father and son partook of their modest lunch at the rear of the store.

A hot July sun was brightly shining and René's wet garments were subjected to the heat of its rays. The afternoon passed away. Julian kept at his books leaving René to amuse himself as best he could until the time for closing came. The clothes taken from the line were apparently dry, and René was soon invested in that of which he had been divested, and with his father started for the railroad station. Home was reached in due season. Nothing was said by Julian to his wife of René's adventure, as he thought to avoid useless worry on her part, which the disclosure might cause. When bed time came, and his mother was taking his lamp away, René said: "Please mother, bring me a drink of water. I am so thirsty." She exclaimed, "Why René, what can be the matter? You never ask for water at night." The plaintive tone of his voice, as he made the request, probably excited her curiosity as much as the want itself. She then noticed for the first time his heightened color, and feeling his head she found it was hot and feverish. She became alarmed, and hurrying to the room in which sat her husband reading his evening paper in comfort, told him of her fears. Little did he think of the ordeal he was to pass through before he could again compose himself to the perusal of the daily news.

Nellie's nervous manner alarmed him at once, and dropping his paper, he followed her to the room where René was lying and turning restlessly.

"Father," said René, in a tone of voice never heard before, "I don't feel well, please let me have some water in my mug."

His mother, who had for an instant left the room, entered with cold water, right from the well. Julian took it from her hand, and gave it to his boy, who drank it with an avidity that told but too plainly of the fever within.

"Go for Dr. Rialls as quick as you can, Julian," said his wife.

He waited for nothing, but grasping his hat from the tree, started from the door. Whom should he meet but Dr. Corbett coming towards the house, who asked, "How is the boy?"

Julian would have fallen to the ground in almost terror at the sight of this man whom he least expected, yet of all others was the most rejoiced to see. He seemed to come upon the scene of action when wanted, yet without beck from mortal tongue. It was like an apparition to Julian. He rallied, and led the way to René's room, filled with wonder as he went at this new manifestations of the mysterious.

Nellie with blanched cheek looked over the railing, as they were ascending the stairs, and could scarcely believe her eyes. All she could say as she pressed her hand to her bosom, was, "Why, Dr. Corbett!"

"Well, why are you surprised. I was sent for, and why should I not visit you?"

"You were sent for?" questioned Mr. Favor and his wife simultaneously.

The Doctor said in reply, "Let me see him first, and I will afterwards explain."

He was now by René's bedside. His ear, he closely pressed upon René's quickly heaving breast; with his fingers upon his wrist it took but a few moments to satisfy him, and turning to the anxious parents, said, "He is in a high fever. Have you any sweet spirits of nitre in the house?"

Fortunately some stood upon a shelf in the little closet in which René had stored his discarded playthings.

Calling for a glass, spoon and a little water, Dr. Corbett prepared a potion which René took eagerly, anything in the shape of drink finding a ready reception between his dry hot lips. Then taking from his pocket a letter which bore on the envelope the name "Darius Corbett, M. D." in the same round hand that had been twice before seen by them all, he handed it to Julian, who read:

Dr. Corbett—Come at once to the house of Julian Favor. René is in a burning fever. Typhoid will threaten him.

J. R.

Julian stood speechless as he handed it to his wife to read. She could say nothing. There was something supernatural in it all. As many strange occurrences as Dr. Corbett had been a witness to, he knew of none that equalled these unerring warnings that had become common in this household. He put the letter in his pocket without comment. Neither had any advantage of the others, as all were alike in the dark. "Time alone will reveal what is now hidden," was the thought of each.

This letter passed through the post-office at a time when René was apparently in robust health. The eye that seeth all things, even before their occurrence, saw that René was to be laid upon a sick bed, and through some unknown mediumship, the warning had been conveyed to them. With the fear of the natural consequence, was the hope of rescue which evidently was within the power of the intelligence behind the outward manifestation. Had there been a delay of one hour, Dr. Corbett might have been too late. The secret assurance which was conveyed in the missive, gave courage to the hearts of René's parents. Unaccountably strange as it all was, it was evident that a guiding hand, an angel was near them, how very near, the sequel will show.

Grandfather, grandmother and all were now in the sick room. All so willing and anxious out of the great love they bore their darling, and yet so powerless in the presence of that dread foe, that was epidemic in the city of B——. Imploringly they look upon Dr. Corbett, confiding in the skill of the tried physician in whom, if anywhere, the power was vested to stay the hand that would clutch at the wildly beating heart, and stop its beating forever. Darling René, who but a few hours before was so full of the vigor of youth, with a bright bow of promise like a bright halo encircling his handsome head, was now to run the gauntlet of death. Would the fell destroyer succeed in robbing that household of its jewel?

The potion that had been administered had for a time the desired effect. The pulse was somewhat reduced, but there was to be a fierce combat for the supremacy. The red

blood so charged with the vitality of youth, furnished ready fuel to feed the flames of the fever that threatened, and it was with more than ordinary solicitude, that Dr. Corbett watched the progress of the consuming fire. He took from his case what he thought the emergency demanded, and fought in the incipient stages of the disease, to stay its progress. Ready hands there were to carry out his minutest order, and unless it was the decree of the power above that all efforts should prove futile, René would in the end be spared ; but the Doctor's serious face conveyed a dark impression, which like lead rested upon the hearts of all in the room.

Two hours passed, and it was evident that the dread enemy had come to fight. Dr. Corbett felt it. The seed had been planted early in the day and rapidly it had developed as the subtle poison spread through the vital fluid, thence to every nerve and tissue. This, the Doctor knew, and the aching hearts felt.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamont were prevailed upon to retire, as the anxiety of so many centred upon one object, would only operate to neutralize the effect of what had been administered. So susceptible a being as was René could not be benefited, with thoughts so weighted with apprehension directed upon him.

"The fewer the attendants the better," the Doctor said.

He gave such directions as he deemed necessary, and at nine in the morning, left them to their vigils, promising to call in the morning. Other patients awaited him. Other anxious hearts looked for his coming. René sank into a fitful slumber, and the quick pulsations, as the heated blood in throbbing waves wended its way through the arteries, was painfully observed upon his temples, as his head tossed at irregular intervals upon the pillow.

With resolute courage, Julian Favor and his wife stood by the bedside or reclined upon the lounge where a view could be had of René's face. Through the long night hourly was administered what the physician had left them. As the gray light of advancing day was seen upon the curtains, Mr. Favor left the room for an hour of rest out of the

atmosphere of the sick room. undecided in his mind whether, or not to venture to his business.

The decision of Dr. Corbett, he finally decided to await, deeming business of secondary importance. The faithful wife and mother sat by the little bed, when he re-entered the room.

At Julian's request she left the sick room for a change of air, and a short rest, casting upon her boy as she passed out a glance of tender solicitude.

By nine o'clock Dr. Corbett called. After examining his patient, he saw no change for the worse, although he assured them of the settled nature of the fever, which must have its course, and everything depended upon the nursing he should have.

The room was thoroughly ventilated, and all hygienic steps were taken to mitigate the force of the disease. He gave directions which he knew would be followed to the letter, and upon being asked by Julian what urgency there was for his remaining at home that day, was answered, that unless something unusual should set in, it would be best for him to be away, as after a change of air he would be in better condition to minister to the wants of the sick one the night following.

Then there were two others in the house to relieve the anxious mother, which made it less incumbent upon him to remain. With an anxiety in his bosom to which it had heretofore had been a stranger, Julian Favor left the house, trying to feel resigned to the inevitable, whatever it might be.

Leaving René Favor in the hands of those who are well fitted to be nurses, we will visit the studio where before his easel sits Mr. Hart at work upon an ideal piece. It is a head, which he had outlined some days previously. In his mind, the face had stood spectre-like demanding a representation from his pencil, upon the canvas. It would not down, and the artist well knew that its persistence would not be satisfied with anything short of a materialization in some form, sensible to mortal vision.

He had this day before him. He thought of René, and

of the morrow when he would present himself as usual to take his lesson. His easel was moved to one side for the day. Upon it was René's unfinished picture, at which the artist occasionally glanced as though half expecting to see the form of its master, with palette in hand, working upon it. Would he ever finish it. Nervously, he knew not why, he worked upon the face before him. He felt a presence which his furtive glances about the room could not detect. Like all true artists, he possessed that other sense, the materialist denies the existence of. He felt what he could not define. Dissatisfied with the result of his efforts he laid aside his brush, donned his hat, and locking his door after him, went into the street.

It being nearly the hour for his usual lunch, he wended his way thither, taking a circuitous route for the sake of exercise. He met Julian Favor, who at once communicated unwelcome intelligence of René's sudden illness. This was like a stab to his heart, for he had become absorbed as it were into his pupil, and all the demons apprehension could create, stalked before his imagination. He could not hide from Julian Favor's gaze the tumult within, and vainly answered him with cheering words, calculated to be fraught with hope. But little appetite had either of them, as the barely touched food upon their plates when they left the table, testified.

They separated. Julian left his business at an early hour, to return to his home, only to find the fever feeding upon the life forces of his beloved son.

Phillip Burnett and Arthur Arabah that evening sat together in their comfortable quarters at 10 K. Street. The evening was unusually sultry, one not well calculated for magnetic operations. Yet Phillip had something upon his mind, and notwithstanding the unpropitious condition of the elements, he resolved to make extra exertions to offset it. Arthur, always willing, submitted himself for the trial, and after a time succumbed to the operator's manipulations; and strange as it may seem, manifested a more than usual susceptibility.

Phillip then settled himself into an easy attitude and

awaited the result. Arthur's lips moved; the words at first came slowly, and the sentences were more broken than usual. Phillip feared that nothing definite was to be ascertained.

Phillip spoke; "Can you see the condition of the sick boy, Arthur?"

The head slowly nodded, though the tongue was motionless.

Shortly, Phillip remarked: "I judge by your manner that you see that which you do not wish to reveal. Am I right?"

Again the head inclined slowly towards the questioner.

"Well, what are the chances for recovery?"

For a long time there was no answer, and Phillip began to think that in some way his own anxiety prevented the free exercise of the clairvoyant powers, but the right hand of Arthur Arabah slowly arose and a finger pointed in a certain direction. What was meant by this was soon explained for in an altered tone of voice Arthur said—and never did words more distinctly fall from his lips—"A power is vested in a picture that now hangs in Fearing's gallery. The portrait of Paul Miffitt, painted by himself. Take that from its frame, enclose it in several thicknesses of manilla paper. Have this placed in the hands of Dr. Corbett, with directions to place it in a corner of the room diagonally opposite the one where is the bed upon which René Favor lies. Tell him to ask no questions, or answer none but give particular instructions to the family to allow it to remain where placed undisturbed. Do not take the picture from where it now hangs, until you perceive purple radiations from its corners. Look for this in three days. That boy's mission is not yet completed. The disease, however, will make rapid progress. Typhoid symptoms have developed but its power shall be destroyed."

After a pause Phillip asked: "Have you finished?"

The head inclined forward.

"These directions, if followed, will save Ren Favor."

After a pause he added, "Look out for the purple light. It may appear within three days. I would return now. The

advancing clouds are too electric."

Quickly moving his arms upward, Phillip restored Arthur to his normal state, and none too soon, for a blinding flash of lightning lit every portion of the room with a noon-day brilliancy, which was followed by a rattling crash of thunder which rolled overhead and shook to its foundation the building. The rain came down in torrents and for half an hour the electrical discharges were incessant.

When the storm was somewhat abated the door bell ran. Arthur answered it, and ushered in Dr. Corbett.

"I am glad you have come," said Phillip, as the Doctor advanced towards him.

"I take it, by your manner, that you have something to communicate," said the Doctor, who in his frequent intercourse with Mr. Burnett had become accustomed to his ways.

Phillip motioned him to a chair, which the Dr. took; then seating himself before him he said: "I have indeed. We have seen your patients. Your remedies will be of no avail."

"You do not mean to tell me that that boy will die?"

"No," answered Phillip.

Dr. Corbett wiped his perspiring brow as his informant continued:

"Our force must be employed. Within three days I will place in your keeping, a package. . You need not know its contents. Do with it as I will then direct and all will be well."

"But," asked the Doctor, in the time intervening shall I pursue my ordinary course of treatment?"

"Exactly," answered Phillip. "No matter what the symptoms may be, do not deviate in the case from your usual practice."

"I thank you," replied the Doctor, immensely relieved; "I feel an unusual interest in that boy."

"So do we all," fervently responded Phillip.

"What a fearful crash of thunder that was when the storm first commenced," remarked the Doctor.

"It was. Arthur had scarcely returned when it broke

upon us. He had been by René's bedside. I brought him out of it just in season."

"What would have been the consequence had he not returned?" asked the Doctor.

"Well," Phillip replied, "I cannot tell for a certainty, but from what I know of electrical force, I am convinced that discharges of electricity in close proximity to a subject who is under magnetic influence, will disturb the satisfactory working of that influence. There is such an intimate relation between electric and magnetic currents, either inducing the other when properly manipulated, that it to me is reasonable that there is risk in employing one in an experiment when the other, launched from the cloud by the overwhelming force of the elements, cannot only neutralize, but destroy all control by the human operator. It might be that the power to return and again control the body, might be destroyed, and Arthur Arabah, never again in the flesh be able to manifest himself. I do not state this as a fact, you understand, but I would not take the chances.

"Wonderful! isn't it?" remarked the Doctor. "You have been a valuable assistant to me in my practice, Mr. Burnett, and I don't know how I shall ever be able to repay you."

"Don't mention it, Doctor," replied Phillip. "You have forgotten the dreary winter's day when years ago we first met, and subsequently you placed within my hand the ten-dollar note, the first I had seen in years. It was a break in the clouds, Dr. Corbett. I shall never forget it. If I have ever been a helper to you, it is because you made it possible. I am the debtor, not you. I know the door existed, but you opened it for me, and showed me the way."

Dr. Corbett was visibly effected, and replied, "Mr. Burnett, it is very well for you to give me credit, it is in your nature to do it, but it isn't like the world. I know that without the exercise of your powers, I would many times have been defeated in my combats with disease. You are dependent upon me for nothing. You have a competence without my assistance. I am a graduate of the schools of

the day, bound in all the conventionalisms that pertain to them. You have access to a higher school, and are free to roam through realms celestial for your remedies. Your books are from the great library of nature. I come to you to learn what no book of man's contains."

"Have it so," answered Phillip smiling. "Let us consider ourselves as two links in the chain that connects the Father with his children. Let us work for humanity, ever blessing God for the privilege and the ability. We are both factors in the work; let us in humility prosecute our labors, ever bearing in mind that we are instruments merely, and are alike subservient to the sustaining power that holds your soul and mine in connection with the physical this very minute. The day will come, not in my time nor years, when the magnetic forces of the universe will be employed in healing the sick; aye and in conveying intelligence from continent to continent. When science, now so arragant, will become as a child, willing to admit that there is more power in the unseen, than in the visible universe, a new era will dawn upon the world."

Dr. Corbett answered. "I feel that every word you utter is true, and notwithstanding I have grown gray in the practice of medicine, I stand before you as a little child, just learning his letters.

"Dr. Corbett, when all your brothers in the profession stand where you do, society will be different than what it is to-day. Confidence will be established between man and man, and universal brotherhood will be the result."

"I am afraid that day is far distant," replied the Doctor, as he turned towards the door.

The storm was over. The stars shone brightly in the sky which had so lately been overcast by driving clouds, driven by the storm God.

Dr. Corbett had but a short distance to go, and as he walked and he felt his impotence in the great world; and man of science as he was, walked humbly before the unseen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Days and nights of unceasing vigil were passed beneath the roof of Glen Cottage. Not yet worn out yet exceedingly weary was the fond mother. It was on the third day after the interview between Dr. Corbett and Phillip Burnett that all the members of the family were assembled about the bedside of René. Typhoid had indeed set in, and the low and incoherent mutterings heard coming from René's lips filled all hearts with fear and trembling. Dr. Corbett had averaged two visits a day, and all that could be done by mortal man, had been by him. Yet it seemed as if the silver cord was growing thinner hour by hour. The disease that usually runs for weeks, culminated in this case in as many days, yet Dr. Corbett still smiled confidently as ever, which served to buoy up the spirits of all. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont relieved their daughter in Julian's absence as often as she would permit them to. The mother, however, would take but little rest, her heart being all there with him who now was wandering in mind and weakening in body.

Dr. Corbett arrived, and the smell of fever tainted the air. His experienced sense detected the peculiar character of what thus floated in the atmosphere when a crisis approaches. With quiet yet quick step, he mounted the stairs bearing with him a square package which he placed in the corner of the room without speaking.

The silence in the room was scarcely broken by his movements. He listened to the mutterings from the boy. Mrs. Favor seemed ready to break down beneath the strain

upon her. She looked the question she did not dare to ask, and the doctor answered quietly as ever, "I have known sicker than René to live, and have no fears of him, yet he is a very sick boy."

"He has been out of his head all day," whispered Mrs. Favor.

"Well, that is a stage of the disease. It is to be expected," answered the Doctor. "But, see! he seems to be trying to speak to some particular person. Listen."

In a tone hardly to be expected from one in his condition the boy distinctly articulated, "René will be restored to you."

Speaking of himself in the third person, made a strange impression upon all save the Doctor. Yet their surprise was swallowed up in the meaning those words conveyed, "René will be restored to you"—sweetest of words to those sorrowing hearts.

Dr. Corbett advised all to draw away from the bed for a little while, as to the unconscious boy, their close proximity could be of no benefit, and the mingling of so many breaths poisoned the air which was none too good at best. The physician remained two hours with the family, and at the end of that time informed them that he thought the fever had turned, but that he would probably remain about as he was for twenty-four hours. He gave strict injunctions to have the room well ventilated in the morning, and that what he had placed in the corner be allowed to remain there and be touched by no one. When he called the next time he would perhaps explain its use. He advised all to leave the room except one now that immediate danger was over, for if the presence of so many should be detected by the patient it would operate unfavorably upon him in his exceedingly sensitive condition. Above all he cautioned them to not convey the idea to him that he was a very sick boy, and to wear smiling faces when he should first appear conscious.

His instructions were carried out, and the great relief experienced by the family was beyond expression. Nellie did not need much urging to induce her to retire, and

Julian remained to watch René. All was soon quiet through the house. Soon the heavy breathing of Mr. Lammont in the adjoining room was all there was to indicate the presence of life outside the sick room. Julian turned the light down very low, and sat himself upon the lounge in such a position that René's slightest movement could be observed. He could also see the mysterious square package left by Dr. Corbett. In his perfect confidence in what he considered that person's profound knowledge, and wisdom, he did not ask, "How can that bundle on the floor play any part in the business?"

In his experiences with Phillip Burnett, he had sunk into his boots, as repeatedly had been brought to his observation phenomena which to his once materialistic mind would have been impossibilities.

He had at last taken that "sublime degree" which divested him completely of all self conceit, and clothed him in the simple raiment of humility. He knew now how insignificant is man as compared with the great soul centre which holds a million suns in obedience, wheeling in their immense orbits in immeasurable space. He was satisfied perfectly that what might appear strange to him, was not for that reason alone of no account. Reason of course is man's main guidance, but what cannot be handled by reason, must be left until such time as reason will grow to it. Facts are facts. Reason does not point to them. It is the senses that cognize and established them, leaving reason at its leisure as ages roll away, to discover causes which lead to such results. "Prove all things" that ye are able to, "and hold fast to that which is good," but do not ignore what ye are not able to prove, for if you do, ye will ignore yourselves—the greatest of all mysteries.

Julian sat and pondered. Suddenly his eye caught a glimpse, very faint at first, of a stream of white light issuing from a point apparently in the centre of the package the Doctor had left. It was a mere thread, like illuminated glass.

Following it with his eye, he perceived that it extended to the ceiling, and turning the light down a little lower

still, as soon as his eye became adjusted to the darkness, he saw that its course was dimly along the ceiling to a point immediately over the head of the sick boy. In a few minutes, the line descended to the pillow, and a communication seemed to be established between René's brain and the package on the floor.

As soon as the circuit was complete, the line along its whole length became intensified, and brilliantly incandescent. Here then to the astonished gaze of Julian Favor, was manifested that which his eye had never before beheld. Could he solve the mystery? "He could not, it is needless for us to say. Did he then discard it as "false creation" of his brain? There was something visible, something that could not be disposed of, something worthy of investigation because it was a reality. He held fast to it before his reason could prove its existence. It was a burning, living fact, no more marvellous, however, than that mysterious connection between the brain of a man and the finger he would move. He could not cease to wonder, though for a time he paused in his research; satisfied that at some future time with more unfolded discernment, and better facilities for investigating, he might be able to grasp and comprehend what now must remain in obscurity. He noticed when the end of the line came in contact with his son's head, and was lost in the hair as golden as itself, that a slight shiver or tremor passed over his form and all became still again: and also at the moment of contact, the brilliancy like an electric wave traversed the line's length from its source to the brain.

This golden thread was what?

It was a channel through which flowed a vital fluid to enable the beautiful soul of René Favor to still remain a tenant of that fever-burned body. The turning point had indeed been reached, but as the fever fire died away for want of fuel there was sufficient vital force to enable that wonderful human machine to rally, and again continue the operation of living. Faintly burned the flame within, and but for the timely addition of this mysterious force that flame would soon flicker and go out into the darkness, and with it the body's jewel, the spirit, the divine germ. It was al-

most morning. All in the house save Julian and his boy were in deep slumber. Exhausted nature under the influence of balmy sleep was being restored. Julian had for a moment from time to time lost himself only to start to his feet and hurry to the bedside, as if in that brief period of forgetfulness, his boy might have spoken and received no answer, but no, the quiet form of the unconscious one spoke not of neglect on his part, and reassured, the father would seat himself to resume his watch. Suddenly he perceived a slight movement of René's head; and the face now pale with its large blue eyes opened, was turned towards him.

"Hullo, father," came in the weakest of tones from his lips.

As though it had been the voice of the dead, Julian Favor rushed to the boy's side, and as a tear of gratitude dropped upon his dear child's cheek, he deposited a kiss of love upon the pure white brow.

"Bless you, my darling boy. You are better, aren't you," said his father softly.

"I am so weak, father," was all the answer he received. Again his eyes closed and slumber held them so.

This moment of consciousness was as if Heaven had opened to Julian Favor. He walked towards the window, the curtain of which was now becoming visible as the day broke. As he did so the golden wire arrested his attention. The motion imparted to the atmosphere by his movement caused the line to waver—at least he thought so and cautiously returned to his seat on the lounge, fearful that further disturbance might interfere with the mysterious work that was going on.

His wife with mingled fear and anxiety depicted upon her countenance, then entered the room. Julian turned on the light a little. "Why, how long I have slept," she said in a whisper. "Is there any change?"

"He spoke to me a few minutes ago, but went to sleep again."

"Oh, God bless him," exclaimed Nellie in a subdued tone, as she sank by the side of her husband, her head

against his bosom.

Dr. Corbett came in the morning.

"René has passed the crisis," he said, with a cheerful tone, which came from his heart, as he glanced at his young patient. The warm sunlight of hope filled every heart. Joy lit every eye, and fervent thanks to God went up from every soul that René was preserved to them, but "he had had a narrow escape," the Doctor said. Dr. Corbett looked at the package in the corner and thought, "Has that been in any way instrumental in bringing about this result?" He felt that it had. Julian perceived him looking in that direction, and ventured to tell him of what he saw in the darkness early in the night.

The Doctor was surprised. This surprised Julian, for he thought that the one who placed it there, must have done so knowing of the process of the working of the focus contained within it. He also remembered the Doctor's promise to explain it.

"Do you mean to say Mr. Favor that you were awake, and saw the thread of light from the case to René's head?"

"I was," he replied, "and never more so in my life. I turned the light down so as to see it better."

"You astound me." Then perceiving Julian's look of wonder, explained: "I will not deceive you, Mr. Favor, nor take any credit upon myself for what may have been so singularly produced. This package was—"

Dr. Corbett paused. He thought, "I am disobeying orders. I was to answer no questions. I may already have said too much. I will stop now and say no more without permission. What will these people think of me in the meantime?" All this passed through his mind in a second, and as if he saw a movement on the part of René he went towards him and bent over. René opened his eyes again.

"Hullo, Dr. Corbett?" he whispered.

The Doctor placed his hand upon the boy's head and said: "Good morning, my boy. You are doing finely. We'll soon have you on your feet again". Julian and Nellie were on each side of the physician, and a smile broke over

the pale features of the loved one. He made a movement as though to take their hands. The father and mother each took one hand in theirs, and again they were a reunited family. The young life which had hung in the balance, was given back to the loving embrace of anxious hearts. Doctor Corbett advised him to remain as quiet as possible, and after giving a few directions as to diet and avoiding excitement of any kind, retired—not, however, without remarking, “I will postpone the further explanation of my relation with the apparatus on the floor, until the next time we meet. Please allow it to remain as it is until to-morrow, when without doubt I will remove it.

René now laid prostrated with the weakness following days and nights of burning fever. The vitality of his young blood had been well nigh consumed, but there was enough left to build on, and with proper care and nursing, he would recuperate. Julian, though weary from the hours of watching, made so by the uncertainty of the result, returned to his business with a light heart, and increased gratitude to the great source of all life.

We will pass over the days of convalescence which followed. The sun shone brighter than ever into the windows of Glen Cottage as René sat in his rocking chair one afternoon in August near a window that overlooked the lawn. The fever flush had given way to the hue of returning health. As he sat there dreamily looking out at the heavy branches that waved slightly in the soft air, his thoughts turned upon Mr. Hart who though he had made inquiries at Julian's store daily, had not as yet visited his pupil at his home. He thought of the happy hours he had spent with the artist, and he longed more fervently than ever to resume the delightful relations which had well nigh been severed for ever. He thought of the future, and what it was to bring him. Though not by nature a castle builder, he could not help forming in his mind, pictures of the life to come, in which he intended to figure if circumstances would permit. If his soul craved the artist life, why should he not be allowed to live it? All there was for him to do—so he

reasoned that dreamy August day—was to persevere and with the talent inherent, success was sure to follow. As he continued gazing upon the foliage that concealed a portion of the road way, an advancing object he discerned, which on emerging into view he thought he recognized as the familiar form of Mr. Hart just turning the corner of the avenue. He obtained only occasional glimpses, for the shrubbery which formed the boundary line of the lot against the street, obstructed the view most of the way, and it was not until he came within two hundred feet of the house, that he fully recognized his teacher. How glad was the heart of René as Mr. Hart approached the house. The eye of the latter was turned towards the window, and met René's which was bent upon him.

"Mother, there is Mr. Hart coming to see me."

She met him at the door.

"This is Mr. Hart, I believe," with her most genial smile.

"I believe it is," he replied, extending his hand which she took in friendly greeting.

"And this is Mrs. Favor I perceived by your resemblance to René."

"René is my boy," she replied, "but there were days when I thought I was about to lose him," and a shade overspread her pretty face.

"I never missed a person in my life as I have that youth," said Mr. Hart, feeling every word he spoke.

By this time they were at the room of René's room. There sat René with the light of affliction beaming from his handsome eyes, and as Mr. Hart crossed the room to where he sat, he asked most kindly, "And how is my René?"

He took the delicate hand of his pupil in his own, which looked and felt more like a girl's, as René answered brightly, "Oh, I am getting on tip-top, Mr. Hart. I have been longing to see you."

"And I to see you, René. The studio looks lonesome without you. There stands your easel as you left it. I could not move it from the spot, for where it was I imagined I could see you before it."

"Well, I soon will be, Mr. Hart."

After a short pause he added, "Oh, I have been to so many places since I got so wet that day. Oh, you don't know, Mr. Hart, what I have seen, and I have been painting too. I know I have. It hasn't been all lost time, Mr. Hart, I can tell you."

"Yes," said his mother, in part confirmation of what her boy had said. "He has talked about sunsets, back grounds, green fields and running streams, in his wanderings, until I have been lost listening to him. I have almost fancied myself with him."

"I don't doubt it," replied Mr. Hart. "And I really believe he has seen what he claims."

"You do?" asked Mrs. Favor, much surprised.

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Favor. He is a strange boy, René is, and if I am not much mistaken will make a great mark in the world. I have loved to listen to his words as he has sat by my side following the movements of my brush. He has set me to thinking. He has opened to my soul-eyes new avenues and fields. I have seen new glories in the always fair face of nature, and am his pupil in many things. You may or may not think it strange for me to speak in this way, but it is the truth all the same."

René looked at him in wonder on hearing him speak in such terms to his mother of him—René, who was but a boy pupil of the fine landscape painter.

Mr. Hart noticed the expression upon his face and said to him, "Yes, René; although I have never mentioned it to you, I will now. You have been my teacher as well as I yours, and I trust you soon will be well enough to come to my studio again, with the sunshine that always accompanies you. I long so see you sit before your picture that stands just as you left it, for none but your hand shall put on the finishing touches."

"In another week perhaps," said Mrs. Favor.

"No sooner than that?" asked René with feeling. "Why, I could go to-morrow."

"It wouldn't be prudent," she answered. "We must take no risks, René. 'Slow and sure' must be our motto

now."

"You are right, Mrs. Favor. Although I long to see him by my side again, I would encourage the utmost prudence and care."

"Dr. Corbett has shown a great deal of skill, Mr. Hart," said Mrs. Favor, "and he employs methods I never before heard of."

"Yes, I know something of his peculiar practice," answered Mr. Hart. "It is in reality nothing new. It is merely an old system with a new application. Mr. Burnett has been instrumental in many ways in bringing mysterious forces to bear, not only in the case of René, but in others that have come to my knowledge, to aid the physician who is often at a loss to know just what to do. There are so many influences at work which are beyond the ken of the most learned of medical practitioners, and of a nature outside of any known science, that a peculiar endowed mind is required to understand their operations. Such a one is Phillip Burnett. We little know how much we are indebted to him, Mrs. Favor."

"I agree with you, Mr. Hart," she responded. "And what is more to his credit than all else, is his modesty in all this work. You would hardly know that he has any hand in affairs whatever."

"There is one secret of his power," said Mr. Hart. "It is one of the first laws in occult power to appear as near a nonentity as possible when the greatest work is going on."

He paused a moment as if it occurred to him that he was disclosing something that he had no right to, but further thought impressed him that all have a right of way through the realms of spiritual knowledge, and that neither priest, nor magician, has a monopoly. The light is for everyone who can perceive it, as the "rain descendeth upon both the just and the unjust."

As the road to Heaven is open to all, so are all the joys of knowing of the ways of the spirit and the divine manifestations everywhere, if a spirit in the flesh or out of it is able to lay hold upon it. The chief obstacle in the way is man's fear of stepping outside of well-beaten paths. The one who

thus dares and is consequently an innovator, is an improvement upon mankind, and gives a new start to the wheels of the car of progress, as

“ Every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.”

So he who is in rapport with the onmoving force of evolution, although perhaps not comprehending himself the law, is a benefactor to his race in doing the work of his master.

“ Do not your alms before men to be seen of them,” is an injunction to be followed to-day as well as in the time of Jesus, and it seems as if since his day that true ethics are no better understood than they were by him.”

“ Of course you have noticed,” Mr. Hart continued, “ that people who are ostentatious do not accomplish as much as those who work in secret.”

“ Certainly, Mr. Hart,” Mrs. Favor answered. “ I do know it. It is silent force always that works without interruption.”

“ That’s it exactly,” said the artist.

“ The minute we parade ourselves to be seen, that minute our usefulness is gone. All vitality is expended in artifices which are only skin deep.” Looking on René who seemed lost in thought, as if he was anywhere but in the range of Mr. Hart’s voice, he said, “ Is this too much for you, René?” Then turning to Mrs. Favor he added, “ perhaps it is not well to engross his mind too deeply in these subjects.”

René smilingly answered, “ Oh, Mr. Hart, I understand many things I cannot explain in words. If I don’t know the meaning of some of your long words, I can keep along with you. It seems as if I was more than a boy when I get interested in what you are talking about, and as if someone else was helping me think. I do remember, Mr. Hart, when I was a baby, and that I thought then as I do now and could reason. I remember once—now I never told mother this—that it was when I was a little baby and I knew that mother wanted me to go to sleep, although I didn’t feel like it a bit. But I knew I loved mother, and so to please her I closed my eyes to make her think I was asleep. She

then took me in her arms and while singing "by low baby, by low by," she laid me in my cradle, and while doing it struck my baby head against the top of it. She hurt me pretty bad but I wouldn't wake up, and so I cheated my mother."

Mr. Hart laughed heartily at the story and said: "I don't doubt you a bit, René, but I did not know that babies were as wise as you give evidence of having been; "but," turning to Mrs. Favor, "Do you remember the circumstance?"

She replied: "I am trying to recall it. Yes, I think I remember. But it don't seem possible that a boy only seven months old could reason in that way, for if I am right, he was no older when it happened. I know it made an impression upon me at the time, for a little red spot was seen on his head where it struck, for a long time afterwards. Why, René, I did not know during that tender period that you were so thoughtful for mother. You were always thoughtful and good, but way back in babyhood we don't look for such consideration, do we, Mr. Hart?"

"Hardly," he replied. "But it is little known what a baby thinks. I can remember, however, in my own case that I wondered at many things I saw, and it always seemed to me that I was a visitor, that I had come from somewhere, but had forgotten where; and when I looked into my mother's eyes, it was as if I had always loved her."

"Oh how little we know of ourselves," exclaimed Mrs. Lamont. "How little do we know."

"True," answered Mr. Hart, "but we must study ourselves, and if we persevere we will know more of the beautiful being in whose image we are made."

He did not remain much longer, but handing him the little basket he had brought, he said to René, "I have brought you a few sweet grapes, which I know cannot hurt you. They are just what convalescent people, and boys especially need." René's eye kindled as he took them. He thanked him fervently and said: "You are very kind to me."

"No kinder than I ought to be to you, and you shall have more when those are gone."

With a warm pressure of the hand he left him promising to see him again soon.

Mrs. Favor accompanied him to the door, and bidding her a polite "good afternoon," Mr. Hart descended the steps and waved his hand to René as he disappeared behind the shrubbery.

"Isn't he a nice man mother?" he asked, as she re-entered the room.

"I think he is, René, and I am glad to know you have such an one for a teacher."

"I will lie down a little while, before father comes," said René. "I am a little tired."

He walked to his bed and stretched himself upon it. His mother lightly covering him, kissed his white forehead and left him to the quiet of his little room. He heard her as down stairs she went, humming about her work, and thought. "What a dear mother I have got. It seems as if I had loved her in heaven."

He soon slept, and in a dream fancied he stood again in the studio looking at his unfinished sketch. Mr. Hart entering, saw him standing there and said; "Why René, How came you here before me? I thought you were a sick boy at home. I left you in your room sitting by the window eating some grapes I left you."

"Oh," answered Rene, "I fly sometimes."

Then there was a change. The easel before him disappeared, and before him hung upon a wall a picture of Paul Miflet. He stood as one lost, gazing upon the features of that man past the prime of life. The face smiled upon him as he looked. Then the canvas changed to a mirror, yet the face remained.

René thought there was nothing strange in that. Nothing seems strange in dreams, and as he gazed the beard softened down and disappeared, the hair streaked with gold turned to gray. The wrinkles disappeared entirely, and the skin assumed the appearance of youth. The finely shaped lips slightly parted appeared in the place of Paul Miflet's,

and it dawned upon René's mind that he saw himself reflected. Another form appeared gradually to his vision; it holding in its hand a wand. This, the figure held above the mirror. He recognized in him, Phillip Burnett. Opposite and on the right of the mirror, stood a news boy trying to sell papers. He met with poor success, and placing them upon the ground before them, set fire to them, and as the smoke curled up, it enveloped the form of the lad, the mirror and Phillip Burnett. The papers consumed, the smoke floated away, and all had disappeared. A soft zephyr from over new mown hay rattled the window curtain, and he awoke to see his father standing by his side, holding the hand of Arthur Arabah.

CHAPTER XXX.

"René," said his father, "I have brought Arthur with me who is to stay with you to-night. This rejoiced René, who looked upon his visitor almost as a brother. The esteem was mutual, and the meeting was a happy one. René taking him by the hand arose from his couch, and together sat at the window overlooking the garden. Mr. Favor left them together to hunt up his wife."

Though he had arrived at years of manhood, Arthur Arabah looked much younger than he really was, and René having grown from babyhood step by step under his observation, and many of the incidents of his life having such a peculiarly intimate connection with Arthur's own, it is not strange that there was an unusual friendship existing between them. Arthur knew much of the influences that had been brought to bear upon René which René knew nothing

of as René. But there was a something within him that recognized in Arthur what was more than an acquaintance. There was a strength often given him when he was in his company, which Phillip Burnett knew more about than did either Arthur or René. The cord that bound these two together, was one that could not be severed and it was a pleasure to them to be thus held. Arthur was naturally better developed physically than was his companion. Although René was young yet, and there was ample time before he should arrive at Arthur's age in which to acquire a muscular development, yet it was plain to be seen that René's spiritual was in preponderance. Arthur had a dark brown eye, soft in expression, and dreamy at times. A mouth as fine as René's, yet more sensual. The lips full and red, which, when parted, exposed a set of teeth nearly as fine as were Phillip Burnett's. His forehead was not as high as René's, and the dark brown hair curled about his olive temples. His nose was slightly Roman, and his general appearance suggested an eastern origin. He was, however, an American by birth, which could not be said of his father or mother. As there they sat in conversation, one could not but be struck with the singular contrast presented. Both were psychological subjects, yet operated upon so differently there is no end to the knowledge that could be acquired by one who understood how to manipulate the occult forces that slumbered within their organisms.

As they sat together, there was much left unsaid which the tongue could not controlled to utter. The eyes of the two glistened with a mystical light as though the inner soul of each knew of a union which the outward man wot not of, or which in the normal condition was forgotten.

"I dreamed of you two evenings ago," said René.

"Tell me all about it, please," eagerly asked Arthur.

"You'll think it funny, I know."

"Perhaps not," the other replied.

"Well," commenced René. "I was lying on that bed asleep, and I dreamed that I was asleep, but I knew all the time what was going on. I heard myself breathing."

"Yes, go on," said Arthur as René paused to see if

Arthur was following him:

"While I was listening some one knocked on the door, and who do you suppose entered?"

Arthur smilingly answered, "Well, perhaps you saw me."

René started, "How came you to know?"

"Go on," said Arthur, evidently pleased. "I came to your bedside."

"Yes," replied René.

"I placed my hand on your head, and said, 'How is it with you?'"

"Exactly."

"You replied, 'Well, very well, don't it look as if it was?'"

"Word for word," replied René astonished. "Do you read my mind?"

"No, but my memory is good," answered Arthur.

"Please explain."

"I will pretty soon."

"Did you dream also?" asked René.

"No. I was here."

"Why, father didn't tell me."

"No. He didn't know it himself," said Arthur.

"How could you be here, and father not know it?"

"Hear me out and you will see. I sat by your side talking to you, and I heard a voice and I said to you, 'I must leave you, Arthur. 'Phillip Burnett calls me.' Was that a part of your dream?'"

"Exactly," answered René, "as I would have told you. Now tell me all about it, Arthur."

"If you would like to have me, I will. It happened that the evening you had this dream, it was a little after eight o'clock. Mr. Hart called at the rooms to see Mr. Burnett. He was taken into the reception room. They were old friends. He called to see if he would visit his pupil, René Favor, as he was anxious to know of his exact condition. 'I will if Arthur is willing,' Mr. Burnett said. I replied, 'Certainly. You know I am always willing.' He then put me in the magnetic state, and I was sent on a flying visit to

this room, as you know. In order to be able to see me you would have to be in the magnetic state yourself, or in the dreamland. One Arthur Arabah was at the room of Phillip Burnett, the other was here by your side. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," but do you always remember what you see?"

"No, not always," answered Arthur. "Only when I am willed to by the operator. In this case, Mr. Burnett felt a particular interest, and wishing to question me after his visitor had retired, fixed it upon my mind as though photographing it by an effort of his own."

"You are a strange being, Arthur."

"Not as strange as you are, René."

"How so?"

"I could tell you, but you must wait awhile. When the time comes, Jérôme René Favor, you will know, and without my telling you."

At this moment, Mr. Favor entered the room.

"Well, boys—excuse me Arthur for calling you one—," he said cheerfully. "You seem to be enjoying yourselves."

"Yes, sir. We always do when we get together," answered Arthur.

"So I perceive, and it is very gratifying to me to know it. René is not like other boys, and when he finds a congenial spirit it is generally one outside of the common herd."

The tea bell rang, and Mr. Favor said, "Suppose we answer the summons. This has been a red letter day for René. Mrs. Favor informs me that Mr. Hart has been here, and now the bill is full. With Arthur Arabah to finish the day's proceedings, it will be a day worth chronicling. Take my arm, René. He cannot trust his legs yet, Arthur."

They soon were seated at the pleasant tea table. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont had before this, resigned the administration of household affairs to the younger members of the family. Julian had proposed the arrangement, which made it much easier for his mother-in-law, who now was getting along in years. This was an harmonious family circle.

What differences of opinions once existed, were long ago settled or avoided by mutual agreement, and the machinery of life ran as smoothly as one could wish. Arthur was a favorite at Glen Cottage, and more than all, he was one who was looked up to by all as a more than ordinary human being.

After being cordially received by the family, Arthur felt at home. During the meal the conversation was principally upon Phillip Burnett, and his discoveries in medicine. It was known to Julian and his wife, that he was a valuable helper of Dr. Corbett, for the Doctor had admitted as much, but the precise manner in which his assistance was rendered, had ever been withheld. Arthur and Phillip were as one being, as both worked for one object, each was dependent upon the other.

René's appetite was good as he was now on the rapid road to recovery. Mention was made of some of the strange remarks of his, while he was wandering in mind during his sickness.

Arthur was very much amused and ventured the remark, as he had heard Mr. Burnett say the same thing, that "perhaps the wandering, as some people term it, is not wandering at all, and that many things are said at such times which it would be well to have preserved as mysteries are thereby often cleared up. Not thinking it advisable to enter too deeply into conversation upon that topic, as both might find themselves in deep water, Julian turned the subject by saying, "That may all be as you say. All the utterances of our lips partake of the mysterious. We are mysteries to each other. Children are as a sealed letter at times to their parents. But speaking of letters, has any one been to the tree office lately?"

After a pause, Mrs. Lamont said, "René is about the only patron of that mail service, and he will soon be ready to drive that way again if he hasn't grown too old to drive, eh, Mr. Horse?" The last part of her remarks being addressed to Mr. Lamont.

Grandfather laughed, and replied, "Any time that the driver is strong enough to handle the reins, I will willingly

practice metempsychosis."

Arthur laughed with the rest, but not with the same spirit, for he was ignorant of the fact that Mr. Lamont ever took the part of the horse in any of their family entertainments.

Mr. Favor explained to Arthur; then he laughed with an understanding. René said "he would probably drive that way in a couple of days, as there would probably be considerable mail waiting for him by that time."

An hour after rising from the table, all were gathered in their cozy sitting-room.

"How pleasant it would be," remarked Mrs. Lamont, "if Mr. Burnett could join our party to-night. He has not been here for so long, it would really be a treat to see him."

"It would, indeed," spoke her husband. "To me he is a wonderful man. I felt a marvellous interest in what he had to say upon subjects so new to me, and which I could not comprehend. I suppose Mr. Arabah has become quite well versed in those things by this time."

"Oh, no," replied Arthur, who considered himself addressed, "I know but little of it. Mr. Burnett keeps it from me purposely."

"Yet," said Mr. Favor. "If I am not mistaken he could do but little without you."

"Well, sir, as to that," replied he, "if he hadn't me, he would find some one else who would make just as good an instrument perhaps."

"What is his object," Mrs. Favor asked, "in keeping it from you? I should think he would make you his confidant in all things."

Mr. Favor answered, "Nellie, my dear, to make him a confidant, would perhaps destroy the very conditions required to keep him a perfect instrument." Then turning to Arthur, he said, "I suppose you read nothing upon the subject?"

"No. Although Mr. Burnett is very kind to me, and I have free access to his library, those upon animal magnetism he keeps under lock and key. He don't lend those books, and while I hold my present relations to him, he pre-

fers to keep me out of magnetism as a study. He did say to me one day, "Arthur, don't think it strange that I keep these books from you. It may seem a paradox to you, but the less you know of these things the better teacher you are to me."

Mr. Favor smiling, said, "Ah, there is a great deal in that."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lamont, "that a teacher cannot know too much. I must unlearn all I ever learned to be able to see into that apparent contradiction."

His wife laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Now, William, don't go to getting into any controversy upon that subject, for you know as sure as you do, you will come out second best. Julian has been with Mr. Burnett a great deal, and probably has studied into what you would not call a science."

Mr. Lamont colored slightly at this, and made answer, "It wasn't for the sake of argument at all that I opened my mouth to say what I did. I confess my ignorance in these things, and am willing to learn even if I am getting along in years."

"There, there, no more of that," playfully said his wife, putting her little thin hand to his lips, which he took the liberty of kissing.

"Father Lamont stands just where thousands of others do in this world who have devoted their lives to their business, having an eye to that alone," said Julian kindly. "Not feeling a particular drawing in another direction, they cannot be expected to walk that way. Until I met with Mr. Burnett, I knew nothing of this power, and I am free to confess that my eyes have been opened since, and what was covered up before as something not for me to know, has become illumined, the rubbish removed, and beauties before unseen by me, have been revealed."

Arthur and René were attentive listeners. Little did the rest of the company dream that within the two who sat with them, was folded as is the miniature oak within the acorn, the strange possibilities that it requires more than an alchemist to evolve. Yet there they sat, the two types of

the occident and the orient, hand in hand united, the mystic force of the Egyptian with that of the modern American.

An hour passed, and it was time for René to retire. While nature was rebuilding what a burning fever had well nigh consumed, it was necessary that all the aid that could be rendered, should be, and René only too anxious to again be able to sit in the artist's studio, was only too willing to seek the rest and strength that slumber brings.

Mrs. Favor remarked, "René, it would be well for you to not remain up a great while longer while you are getting along so nicely. We don't want any pull-backs, you know, and if Mr. Arabah wishes to accompany you, of course we cannot object."

René replied, which obviated the necessity of Arthur's saying anything, "Of course—he is my company—it wouldn't be polite in me to leave him, so he'll have to come too."

That settled it, and together they went with a pleasant "Good night" from all. Though they had not participated to any degree in the conversation, their presence had operated as an inspiration to those who had, which was lacking when the door closed behind them.

A desultory dialogue was continued for half an hour after the young men had retired, when with one consent those remaining, dispersed for the night. Arriving in René's room, Arthur and his companion made quick work of preparing for bed, and soon were ensconced between the snow white sheets. It was an hour before sleep touched the eyelids of either. The topic of conversation upon which they were engaged before being called to tea, was resumed, and in a low tone of voice was continued until the words from René's lips came less promptly in answer to Arthur's questions, and at last ceased altogether. The arm of René which partly encircled the bosom of his bed-fellow, became limp and heavy as its spirit was withdrawn. Heavy breathing supervened, and René involuntarily turning upon his side, left Arthur Arabah alone in his wakefulness. Full of the vigor of his young manhood, and his imagination wrought to a high pitch in consequence of nocturnal com-

panionship, something he was unused to, together with the fact of being in a strange bed, his thoughts held sway and slumber could obtain no foothold. He counted a hundred several times over as he had before done successfully when sleep was coy, but now it had not the desired effect. It seemed to him as if he was kept awake for a purpose, and that something was to come. He thought of Mr. Burnett who now might be lying thinking of him, yet as no mental telegraph had been established, he could not know whether he was or not. The old clock in the hall below had told its story twice since they retired, and Arthur began to think he was a victim of insomnia. In fact it was evident that it was an attack of the disease, but a change at length came over the spirit of his thought. Was he dreaming, or was he not? He could not decide the question, but in the darkness dimly seen, was a figure moving about the room.

The sound of no footfall struck his ear. He tried to move his arm to ascertain if René was by his side but found himself powerless to do so. Without fear he watched the floating form. It settled at length into a chair in front of René's writing desk. A drawer was opened by the phantom figure's hand, and a sheet of paper taken from it and placed on the desk. Though dark the night, not a ray from star or waning moon finding its way into the room, the curtains being down, yet the form was distinctly visible to Arthur's eye, as if it shone by its own light. In another moment a scratching sound was heard, as if of a pen writing upon upon paper. This continued for a few minutes, when an envelope was taken from the drawer, and what had been written was enclosed therein. Then all was still, the figure appearing to be undecided what step to take. He at length had determined, for he took the letter and going to a chair upon which laid Arthur's clothing, deposited it in or about it somewhere. The letter and all the minutest movements of the figure, were plainly seen by Arthur. Towards the bed the phantom came, and then disappeared.

As it disappeared there came the first premonition that sleep was about to visit him. A wave of relief as though a film was being drawn from his brain was the sensation, and

he became unconscious. How long he remained so he could not tell, but a motion of the bed as though some new weight was being added to it, aroused him for a moment and all became still. The rigidity had left his arm, and he extended it towards his companion and found René lying peaceably on his side, and by his breathing he conjectured he was in deep slumber.

"Had he been dreaming?" he asked himself. Morning perhaps would tell. He commenced counting a hundred, and before half was told sleep came and wrapped about his senses the mantle of oblivion.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Morning came. Arthur was the first to awake. Streams of light were forcing their way into the room by the sides of the curtains. The sun had been up for an hour, and why should not Arthur Arabah follow his example? The vision of the midnight hour suddenly occurred to him. Was anything deposited within his pockets?

Now was the opportunity, before René's eyes should open, to ascertain. His curiosity would not allow him to wait until he should be away from the house. Carefully he raised himself upon his elbows. He was obliged to get out over the foot-board or over René's body, as the latter occupied the front of the bed, standing as it did against the wall. He tried the foot and had just got astride of it, when René turning and opening his eyes, saw him in that position and exclaimed in merriment:

"Hullo Arthur? What are you about? Trying to ride the foot-board for a horse? Here, take a pillow and use it as a saddle."

Arthur burst into a roar of laughter, in which he was joined by René, which put an end to further rest or quiet in that room. Arthur by way of explanation said; "René, I was trying to get up without disturbing you, but I see it is of no use."

"It's just as well," replied René. "I ought to be up myself by this time." Then jumping out of bed he drew up the curtain, which instantly flooded the room with the sun's bright glare. After making their toilet they descended to the ground floor. Busy preparations for breakfast were being made. The aroma from steaming coffee was deliciously perceptible. Footsteps were heard about the house, but the doors leading from the hall were closed. René suggested a visit to the garden and the post-office tree. Arthur, glad to go, took his hat from the hook. René throwing over himself an extra garment, donned his also, and they passed out of the front door, into the garden.

The fresh early morning air was grateful to the lungs, and a delightful sense of invigoration filled the whole being. The fragrance of new-mown hay in an adjoining lot added to the pleasures of the senses, and as the two strolled down the walk leading to the old apple tree, the flowers in the borders nodded to them a "good morning."

A small bed of pansies attracted Arthur's attention, and he had to stop to take more than a passing glance. "Mother planted them," said René. "She says they have eyes."

"And your mother speaks truly. They have. Mr. Burnett says that all things have eyes, and especially organic bodies. Flowers especially have them."

"I wonder how that can be?" said René, meditating.

"Well, he could explain it better than I could," answered Arthur. "He says that God is in everything, and if he is an intelligence he must be in the flower as an intelligence, and if he is in the flower why can he not see from the flower?"

They had reached the tree. René found nothing there for him.

"It is just as well," said Arthur. "No news is good

news.' So that is your post-office?"

"That is where the postman leaves letters," said René. "Perhaps it is a ghost."

"You will find that it is no ghost at all by and by," said Arthur. "Someone with real warm flesh and blood like yourself René, that comes to the apple tree."

"Perhaps so," René replied. "But let us go back to the house. I smelt coffee as I was coming out." Then turning to his companion he said: "Arthur, I want you to talk to me more about the eyes of flowers and what you know about our post-office. You meant something when you said some one like me puts letters there."

"I meant that some one with flesh and blood instead of an airy ghost, did it. That is all," coloring as René's blue eyes were fastened upon his face.

They were at the house. On looking up to his window, which opening quickly attracted his attention, René saw the smiling face of his mother.

"Well, young gentlemen, how did you get out of the house without my hearing you? I came up to your room to call you, and found the birds had flown. Good morning, Arthur!" "Good morning, Mrs. Favor," he responded.

"Breakfast is waiting, you'd better come in," she said and disappeared.

In the sitting room they met René's father who asked Arthur how he had spent the night.

He replied: "After I got to sleep I was in the land of dreams. I passed the time then very pleasantly. Do you have ghosts in your house, Mr. Favor?"

"Not that I know of. We don't believe in ghosts in this house. Why do you ask? Have you seen one?"

"Before I got asleep I saw something floating about the room. René was asleep."

At this René asked in surprise, "Why didn't you tell me Arthur, so I could see it too?"

"I tried to move but couldn't."

"You were dreaming, I guess," Mr. Favor remarked, not wishing to have Arthur enlarge upon a subject which might cause nervousness in René.

At the table no further reference was made to the ghost story. Arthur felt that it was no dream, but perceiving by Mr. Favor's manner, that he was averse to further consideration of it, he laid it aside mentally, resolving at the same time to inform Phillip Burnett of the circumstance at the first opportunity.

We will pass over the breakfast hour during which justice was done Mrs. Favor's extra biscuits, and her husband's coffee, which he took it upon himself to make scientifically, the subsequent leave-taking of Arthur Arabah, and his return to Phillip's office.

While on the way, his thoughts reverted to the visit which evidently had been made by the figure in white for his—Arthur's—own benefit.

"I believe," so his unspoken words ran, "that is a clew to the mysterious writing which has been going on at Glen Cottage. If it is best to sift the matter, Mr. Burnett will do so. If not, there can be no harm in relating what occurred."

The dog days of 18—passed, and with them many souls, "to that bourne whence travellers do not return," as it is said. That, however, is a question of opinion. At any rate, it had been a sickly season. Crape had hung from many a bell pull in the city. Funeral processions had been a common spectacle, family ties had been severed, and hearts had wrung with anguish as the rattling of the earth upon hundreds of caskets told the sad story, gone from sight forever. It was towards the end of August. The artist—Hart—sat one morning before his easel. He had been thinking of René's narrow escape, of the gloom that would have penetrated even his picture room, had he been carried, as had so many in that brief season of his illness, to the cemetery to mingle with the dust.

He was engaged upon an ideal sketch, which for days had demanded expression upon the canvas, still his brush was slow, and the inspiration lacked the usual fire. René held sway in his meditations. For four long weeks his easel had stood there waiting for its young master. Mr. Hart had been expecting him for some days past, and he listened at every foot fall on the stairs for his.

"Strange," he thought, "how I am drawn to that boy. I don't know why it should be strange, though. His is a handsome face to look upon. His disposition is genial and loving. He is an apt pupil and original. Still there is something more than all that, which I in vain try to fathom. There is a magnetism which he carries which is heavier than a mere boy's. I cannot see him, but I feel an impulse to bow before him, not because of what is inherent there as a germ to be developed, but of what is there now, like the aroma from ripened fruit."

He had got so far in his meditations, when the perfume of violets came in at his open window. "Some one is passing who carries them," thought he. "Ah, it is a vender of the same coming up the stairs," he added, as foot steps he heard below. "I shall patronize him surely," but as the foot steps drew near the door, he recognized, not the violet merchant, but the light foot fall of René. The familiar knock was heard as the landing was reached.

"Come in, my boy!" in glad tones came from Mr. Hart, who rose to meet him.

The door opened, and as though from a bed of violets was wafted the perfume as René Favor crossed the threshold. He was looking handsomer than ever, and as hearty a greeting as mortal ever received was accorded the young pupil. René returned the cordial salutation as fervently as it had been tendered, and with both hands in Mr. Hart's he stood once again in the room he loved.

"It seems a year since you were here, René," Mr. Hart said. "There stands your picture just where you left it. I have tumbled against the easel as many as fifty times."

"Why didn't you move it out of the way?" asked René, laughing.

"I didn't want to. I thought it would be a bad omen if I did."

"Oh, Mr. Hart, do you believe in omens?"

"Yes. I do believe in some, not all, but let us not dwell on that. Have you come to work again, or merely to make a friendly call, preparatory?"

"To work, Mr. Hart. I mean business now; that is if

you haven't got sick of me.'

"That is an impossibility, René, but I guess the next time I offer you an umbrella you will take it."

René thought of the almost fatal day, and replied, soberly, "Yes, Mr. Hart, I will. I have no one to blame but myself for the sickness that followed."

"It was to be, René, and the lesson, though dearly learned, will last you through life. It will nourish within you caution, which may enable you to avert a more serious calamity hereafter. It is not wise to wish it had been different, for you have passed through the ordeal, and are for all I can see as sound as ever."

Fresh colors were put upon his palette, and René was happy again.

Arthur Arabah never knew his father or mother. He was one of those unfortunate little beings known as waifs. He was thrown upon the world as the result of an act. He was not a "welcome child," yet as the future proved, he was an exception to the rule that those conceived in lust will grow to be animal, sensual and low minded. We cannot always tell what the outcome is to be. No law can be formulated by imperfect man which will determine in all cases what results will be, for the reason only that man knows but little of the forces being employed. He jumps at conclusions when one cause is presented, but as man's ways are not God's ways, and He the great originator, alone understands, man's conclusions are erroneous, and to him the end is not made known. The prophet is not necessarily gifted with a stupendous intellect, and the best educated men are seldom prophets. To reason from cause to effect is well enough where all the causes and influences brought to bear are made known, but for man to predict the future from an intellectual point of view, is rarely a success. A prophecy is, as a rule, an inspiration, which though given through the lips of a babe is more sure of fulfillment, than that of the learned whose conclusions are algebraically arrived at.

Arthur had reason to believe that his natural father still lived. It had been told him when he was a boy, and

also that that same father would present himself to claim him if he should amount to anything as he grew older. If he should turn out no better than his sire, then the latter would preserve the secret, and Arthur never would be any wiser. Being brought up by a friend of his mother, at no cost whatever to the one who would try to prove his paternity, the latter individual had no equity in the boy's existence, if he should prove a success financially. But as time rolled by and Arthur grew to manhood, no apprehension was felt by him for the law would uphold him in asserting his independence and freedom from parental control.

On the morning following the night Arthur spent with René Favor, he appeared at the office of Phillip Burnett, expecting to meet his friend and guardian. The proprietor had not returned from his visit to C——, where he had gone on business. Arthur having a duplicate key took possession as was his custom, until Phillip should return. Hours passed yet Mr. Burnett did not appear. He amused himself as best he could, looking over the finely illustrated works of which his patron had a good supply. Scientific works, Arthur took no interest in, and it was just as well that he did not, and, as Phillip had often told him, a great deal better. The office presented an entirely different appearance to the disorderly curiosity shop that we described earlier in the story when Arthur Arabah first came upon the scene. A partition had been taken down and two rooms made into one. It was now a spacious affair, finished in good style, floor handsomely carpeted and the walls adorned with pictures. A book case, well filled, occupied the space between the two windows, and opposite, stood a handsome writing desk with drawers upon either side. A comfortable lounge, half a dozen easy chairs, a large mirror, and a centre table comprised the furniture of the room. In this commodious apartment, we find Arthur Arabah on the occasion we have mentioned, waiting for the return of the master spirit of the house. There was a large volume of "The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands," by "Mudie," which took his eye. He became deeply interested in a description given there of the skylark; its methods of flight; the exquisite intonations of

its song, as it spirally ascends towards the clouds. There was something sweetly captivating to him in the glowing descriptions of the bird's habits. its songs of gratitude tendered to its benefactor, man, near whom it loves to build its nest and rear its young. The bird evidently imagines it is in some way a part of man's existence, and an important part at that, in enlivening his hours while at work in the field.

There is something sweetly romantic, Arthur thought, in laboring under such conditions. He thought of his city life, of noisy teams thundering by continually; the harsh voices of laborers, half paid, in their toiling after what when obtained barely kept the "wolf from the door." He thought of the news boys crying through the streets, and of the number of steps they took, and the piteous importunities it required for every penny taken; of the misery that stalked abroad, and the temptation to steal what could not be honestly obtained, that a miserable life might be still retained within emaciated bodies, and of the perpetuation of the race under such vile conditions.

Arthur had a mind that dwelled upon all such themes when left to his meditations, and on this occasion while waiting for his guardian his imagination ran riot, and like the lark he had been reading about he often soared high, but unlike the lark he seldom sang.

While roaming thus in fancy, the door opened, and a man with a dark skin, a piercing eye, black curly hair and poorly dressed entered the office. He looked about him as if half fearing to meet any one but the young man before him.

As if satisfied, he accosted him in a manner, the chief characteristic of which was insolence, with the words:

"See here, young feller, is your master in?"

"Phillip Burnett, do you mean?" asked Arthur, shuddering, he knew not why.

"I don't know whether his name is Phillip Burnett or Billy Hornet. It is all the same to me. Is he in?"

"He is not, sir, but I expect he will be soon. Will you take a seat?"

"Will I take a seat in this house of devil dealing?" retorted the visitor in a tone of mingled fear and hatred. "I think not. Perhaps I would like to see the gentleman and perhaps not, but I will not take a seat. I'll wait outside;" yet did not turn to go, which added to Arthur's nervousness, but he replied, as if trying hard to appear dignified and unconcerned: "Well, as you prefer."

"As I prefer?" provokingly echoed the fellow. "Of course it is as I prefer. I am not to be compelled to sit down, if it pleases me to stand. Claude Antonio never was known to do a thing he didn't want to do."

Arthur started at the mention of that name.

"Antonio, Antonio," he repeated to himself. "Oh, the dark, gloomy past, whether, in my dreams or a previous life. I cannot tell." Fear took possession of his being, and in spite of all his exertions to control himself, he trembled visibly.

"What ails you?" asked the visitor, his snake-like eyes peering at him beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"Nothing that I care to speak of sir," he said with forced manner.

"Perhaps you can tell me of my boy, and Mr. Hornet be saved the trouble," almost hissed the being who like a venomous serpent was gradually nearing the terrified Arabah. A dagger seemed to be thrust into his bosom, as the black picture the dark-browed man had conjured, grew more vivid; but he answered chokingly, requiring his whole power of will to do it: "I know you not, neither do I know anything about your boy."

These words, and uttered as they were by Arthur with pallid cheeks, operated like magic upon the questioner.

"I believe you lie. you young upstart. I believe you lie;" and the fumes of brandy filled the air as he crept towards him.

Arthur retreated behind the table, his fear no longer disguised.

"Oh, that Phillip Burnett might come," he thought.

"I think I hear Mr. Burnett upon the stairs sir," he ventured to say, thinking it might have an effect upon the

ruffian to deter him from making further advance.

The only effect visible was a villianous sneer, and he stood like one frozen to the spot, his eyes like a basilisk fixed upon his victim. Thus they stood looking into each other's eyes. Arthur, like the bird beneath the serpent's gaze, stood powerless. The serpent seem to be getting ready for a spring. Nothing more escaped the lips of Arthur. The power to speak was dead within him. His constant prayer was for some one to enter and break the horrid spell. Another step was taken by Claude Antonio, and joy filled Arthur's heart as Phillip's step, though light, he heard below. Antonio may have heard it, for with an audible grinding of his teeth he took another and a longer step. His frame trembled with a strange agitation as he neared his prey. The door opened and Phillip Burnett entered. He was about to speak but his quick eye took in more at a glance than many would in an hour. He saw the demon in the room, whose influence was directed upon his protege, who, paralyzed with fear, stood but a few feet away. Phillip quickly, yet softly, moved to a point from which he could fasten his eye upon that of the enemy. Antonio still stood, his eye fixed upon Arthur, whose heart almost had ceased to beat. Phillip was at work. The invisible fire of the Gods, like threads of molten steel shot into the orbs of the advancing serpent. In a moment Antonio slowly turned his face toward his antagonist. The look of the fiend softened and a horrid expression of fear began to take its place. As his eyes became fastened upon Phillip's they seem to start from their sockets, so penetrating were the glances that shot into his weaker brain. Phillip made quick work with him for he knew his ward was in need of support. Conquered the villain stood; all power of attack being dead within him. Defence was equally out of the question. He trembled, and reeling, while a cry of pain came from his white lips, fell to the floor powerless as if laid there by the lightning's bolt. Then, for the first time, Phillip Burnett spoke with his eye upon the prostrate form like one dead. "There lie, until I have undone the mischief you have worked upon my son."

He stepped to Arthur's side, who still stood rigid as death, leaning against the table, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

Phillip understood the power that had been employed, and worked vigorously upon the form which he took in his arms and bore to the sofa. Intelligently applied, the force within the professor of magnetism neutralized that which had well nigh forced apart the soul and body. He was rejoiced on perceiving the rigidity leaving Arthur's limbs, as the eye lighted with its wonted expression, the chain of the "black art" falling from the now supple limbs. A long drawn sigh escaped his chest, as Arthur looked towards the prostrate man. Who ever he was, Phillip determined that he should not again fasten his villanous eye upon the one who was the object of his special care, and quietly he led Arthur to the little room made by a curtain which at pleasure could be drawn across one end of the apartment. He cautioned him to remain perfectly silent, and returned to dispose of the fallen fiend. He gained his side. "Get up!" shot from the square set jaws of Phillip Burnett.

With a convulsive movement, the figure started to its feet.

"Now, who are you and what brings you here?" sharply asked the conqueror.

In husky tones the fellow, trembling, answered, "I am Claude Antonio, and are you Mr. Hor—Burnett?"

"That is my name. What do you want of me in addition to what you have received?"

"I have heard," Antonio, cringing, replied, "that you know something of my son—my dear boy. I have not seen him for years." And then looking about as if in search of the one he had designs upon, added, "I think I saw him there!" pointing to where Arthur had stood when Phillip entered the room.

"He is no son of yours. He could come from no such stock as you are made of. Such as he could not be the fruit of the loins of one who could help in breeding devils only. If an angel from God's white throne should tell me you were Arthur Arabah's father, I would tell him he lied. Came you here to seek your son?"

"I did, sir, but you have taken him away. I think I can prove that he—is—my—son."

"How prove it?"

"Upon his arm, in blood red color, are the letters P. A."

"Upon which arm?"

"His left arm, just below the elbow, right here," indicating the position on his own arm.

Phillip, strong in nerve, did not allow his emotion to show itself before such a piece of vile clay as that before him. He asked sternly, "What is his name?"

"Paul Antonio, sir."

"When did you leave him?"

"Do you mean when was he stolen from me?"

"I mean nothing of the kind. When did you abandon him? When did you, coward as you were, abandon your infant son to the mercies of an unfeeling world?"

"I have not seen him for many years."

"What makes you think he is a son of yours?"

"He has the beauty of his mother, sir."

"But takes not after the fiendishness of the father," replied Phillip, severely. "But you were speaking of the boy's mother. Is she the woman you murdered?"

It was Claude Antonio's turn to blanch and quail before the eye now fastened upon him. He moved uneasily towards the door.

"Stay!" said Phillip, "until I am through with you. Hear me. If you ever step your vile foot within this building again, or I become knowing to the fact of your addressing Arthur Arabah, or attempting in any way to interfere with his freedom, I will hand you over to the police. A hempen cord is making now that will end your existence if you dare to disregard me. I do not believe in hanging, but if ever there was a vile cur who deserves it, you are the one. Now go!"

Panting along, Claude Antonio skuffed on the carpeted floor, his face to the ground, crossed the threshold, descended the stairs, and was swallowed up in the maelstrom of humanity that whirled along the street.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Phillip turned the key, and called to Arthur, who came to him, and falling upon his breast, said, as the tears coursed adown his cheeks, "Oh, Mr. Burnett, you are the only man who can save me from my—"

"Tut!" said Phillip, cutting him short in his speech. "Don't utter that word. A soul as pure as yours, can claim no kinship with such a mass of corruption. Never look upon him as a father. I adopted you years ago, and protect you, I will, while the blood flows in my veins. Have no fears. That thing will not dare me again. I can hand him to the police at any time. You know what the end would be."

Claude Antonio, glad to get away from one who proved to be his master, moved like a serpent through the mass of people, down one street, to another, then through a dark passageway leading into another street, which turning to the left, he followed until he came to a groggery kept by one Callahan, which place entering, he called for brandy. This furnished him, he took it down as one well used to the operation, nor needed cooling water afterwards to appease an inflamed membrane within. Nature in him had ceased to warn the man of the danger he incurred, and stimulants had to be taken straight, for he craved the fire which burned within the maddening cup.

He left the den, and entered the next doorway, where sat a half-naked girl of six years playing with clam-shells on the lowest step of the stairs.

"Get out of this!" exclaimed the brute, raising his boot to kick the child.

She screamed, and ran away, when up the rickety stairs he staggered. He ascended two flights and turning to the left on reaching the landing, entered the second door. A strong smell of smoking herring, as he opened the door, stimulated him, and he slammed it to after him.

"Well," said the meek-voiced girl who was standing at the stove, and whom we recognize as Ellen Adolfo, "You make noise enough."

"Don't you like it, girl?" asked the drunken Antonio, slapping her upon the shoulder which, through the torn dress, gleamed and quivered from the force of the blow.

The poor girl bit her lip as she turned the herrings to be roasted on the other side.

"Say, don't you like it?" he repeated, not having received an answer, then to add insult to injury, remarked in his brutal way, "That's a pretty arm; why don't you have a bigger hole in your dress so a fellow can have a good look at it?" at the same time inserting his bony finger and tearing the sleeve to the elbow.

"You miserable wretch," she exclaimed, her face reddening with indignation. "Cook your dinner yourself," throwing the broiler with what it contained, to the floor, as she spoke.

"You'll go hungry for that Ellen, my dolphin," said the ruffian, as he staggered to pick up the smoking herrings.

"I don't care if I never eat another mouthful of victuals as long as I live. I wish I mightn't," she answered, retreating to the further corner of the room and holding together the torn sleeve which revealed a perfectly mangled limb.

"Where's marm?" asked the intoxicated man who was trying to scrape the dirt from the herring with a piece of shingle dirtier than the thing he was scraping.

"She's gone for salt to the grocers, and you'll get salted for this. I've stood about all the abuse I am going to from you. You were bad enough when you went to jail, but you are worse than ever since you got out of it. It would have been a blessing to all of us if you had been sen-

tenced for life. It would have been a good twenty years for you if you hadn't given your pals away, and returned the boodle. Twenty years would have made an old man of you."

"Shut up, you hussy, or I'll make you so you can't talk," he answered infuriated by her taunts, and reeling towards her.

"I'll not shut up, and if you kill me you'll get your neck stretched, and I'll be out of my misery."

The stretching of his neck being mentioned to him the second time—the first by Phillip Burnett at his office—operated to cool him off somewhat. She took advantage of it to intimidate him still further by saying: "Claude Antonio, an officer was here inquiring for you this morning."

He stopped rubbing the herring.

"What did he want, Ellen?" sobered a little.

"He wanted to know how you were conducting yourself, and if you was drunk all the time."

"What did you tell him Ellen?"

"I told him no, that you wasn't drunk more than half the time."

"You helped the matter, you young fool, didn't you? Oh, I'd like to cram one of these herrings down that pooty throat of yours."

"What's that I hear?" Cram a herring down whose throat?" said Mrs. Craque, entering the room.

"Mine," demurely answered Ellen.

"You cram a herring down Ellen's throat? You miserable drunken loafer. You just lay your hand on that girl and it will be the worse for you. Have you found out any anything about Paul?"

She softened down somewhat as it occurred to her mind that he had been to make inquiries concerning him.

"Aye. What would you give to know?"

"Nothing. I don't want to know. He is best off where he is, wherever that may be. He'd find a happy home here with a drunken fool whom he would hate to call father, and who comes crashing into the house every other night, too drunk to stand."

Antonio, too well used to having such language addressed to him was not affected by this harangue, and as though taking notice of what she had been saying, replied :

"Oh, but he's a beauty. Ellen, set your cap for him. He's a darling. He thought I didn't know him, but I did, and if it hadn't been for that terror he lives with, I would have had him here this minute. Oh, he's a beauty, Ellen, I'll have him yet. You just hold your horses Marm Craque. Claude Antonio isn't a fool if he does take a drop now and then."

Mrs. Craque heard him, and while he was talking she was busy calculating on her fingers. When he had finished, she said in a tone of triumph : "Do you know you are making a fool of yourself?"

"I am always making one of myself in your estimation. What are you driving at?"

"Just this, that Paul Antonio is a free man. He is of age. What does it amount to if he is your son?"

"Beg your pardon. He is only seventeen."

"I know better than that. He is twenty-two, if he is a day."

"What did he cringe for like a whipped puppy if he is of age? Tell me, Mrs. Craque, if he knew that, why didn't he face me? No; he knew I had the dead open and shut on him."

"I suppose you was practicing some of your devil power on him. When they hung the witches it was for less crimes than you are guilty of."

She paused and Claude Antonio with a wicked leer was grinning at her as though he thought it was a compliment she paid him.

She continued : "With your vulgar ways and drunken sprees, you'd be a fine tutor wouldn't you for a young man to look upon? God pity him if he was here. Who does he look like?"

"Just like his father. I was once a handsome man," replied Antonio, trying to look smiling.

"Just like his father," repeated Mrs. Craque with a slur. "His father wasn't a bit like you."

"How do you know, you old clam eater?"

"How do I know?" she said. "I know just this much. That boy was five years old when you married his mother. When she died—and you was so drunk you couldn't attend the funeral—you wanted to get rid of the brat as you called him, and he was put into an institution. After that you never paid out a red cent for him. Can you deny that? Now what claim have you on him?"

"You're a great calculator, Mrs. Craque. You ought to have been a man and studied for a lawyer," said Antonio, making great effort to appear her equal in the discussion; then as if determined not to be outwitted, exclaimed, warming into a passion: "I've got only your word for it and mine will stand in law better than yours, do you know it?"

"You needn't get into a heat over it," she answered coldly. "I can bring plenty of witnesses to back me up, Claude Antonio."

"Oh, you're smart, d—d smart," he replied.

"I know that you'd like to have it go out that Paul Antonio is your son, but you know that I know he isn't. You'd like to have a likely looking young fellow carry on your business for you, and you sucking a bottle. But its of no use, Claude. It's of no use. If you have found Paul and he is anything like his mother, you'll never hold him. He's too good by nature."

"Hold on now! You've said enough. I've just heard all I'm going to of your chin music. You and the girl there, have put your heads together to dispute my authority, but I'll have you know that I run this flat, and I'll keep running it till I run it into the ground.

"Sh—" said Mrs. Craque. "Somebody's coming up the stairs."

A knock at the door ended the conversation. Mrs. Craque answered it.

A smart looking lad handed her a sealed envelope. "Please give this to Mr. Antonio," he said. "I'll wait."

She partly closed the door and carried the note to Antonio, who had retreated to a closet. He crawled out and

said as he opened it:

"A bill, I suppose. It is nothing but bills, now a fellow has nothing to pay them with."

He found it was a bill for rent, due ten days before.

"Has he gone?" he asked.

"Not far, I think," answered Mrs. Craque.

Antonio reeled to the door and looked down the stairs and met the gaze of the lad who was half way down, looking up to where he stood.

"See here, young fellow. This is next month's rent bill. It's illegal. I'll pay it when the month comes round."

"All right, answered the boy, who turned to go down the dilapidated stairway.

"I'll tell Mr. Bruce."

"You fool," said Mrs. Craque as he reentered the room. "Let's see the bill."

"Dotcher s'pose I can read, you old crab mouth," he replied, handing her the letter.

She read it aloud:

"B——, Sept. 1, 18—.

C. ANTONIO,

To D. P. BRUCE, DR.

To rent of flat one month in advance, according to agreement, \$15.00."

"Can't c'lect it," said Antonio.

"He'll find a way to," she replied. "This bill says according to agreement. You paid the first month in advance, and you'll have to keep it up, or you'll find all your stuff in the street some night."

"I'll make a h—l of a pile," replied Antonio, with a drunken attempt at levity. "Where's your dinner? Here's yer herrings all cleaned for yer, 't Ellen threw at me."

Mrs. Craque looked at her inquiringly.

She briefly related the story of Antonio's ill usage of her, and the tearing of her sleeve.

"I only wanted to see her poaty arm."

This angered Mrs. Craque, and she felt like beating the fellow, which she was well able to do, but in her forcible

way exclaimed: "Claude Antonio, we had enough of your brutishness. Either you'll mend your ways at once or you'll find yourself alone."

"What, 'cher don't mean ter say you'd leave me, you an' Ellen, when I've brought you clams and herring and all the luxuries of life; when you've lived like fighting cocks. Yer couldn't, now you know you couldn't," softening down, and going towards Mrs. Craque with a clownish show of affection.

"Get out of this," said the irate woman. "No such a drunken lout as you are shall make of me. Sit down I tell you, or there'll be no dinner for you to-day. Herrings are good enough for you. A man who has laid in the gutter, wallowing like a hog can eat dirt as well as anything. Sit down now," saying which she nudged him, and losing his balance he fell upon the floor.

"'Ears a case of 'sault an' battery," he muttered as he found himself measuring his length upon the floor. "You'll get 'rested for this."

"I'd like to get a rest," she said, as she helped him to his feet.

"Funny, ain't yer?" stammered he, as he tumbled into a chair.

The scanty meal over, Claude Antonio staggered to his bed to sleep off the effects of the liquor he had taken.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was evening. Arthur Arabah had recovered from the effects of the shock he had received, although a feeling

akin to fear still possessed him. His early years were as a confused dream to his mind. He thought it a possibility that Claude Antonio might be in some way connected with him, though his inmost soul revolted at the idea. He had read of such cases where parents who had not seen their children for many years, suddenly felt a new born interest in them, after the period of childhood had passed, and they were able to care for themselves, and particularly if there were any indications of their being an improvement upon the parent stock. It weighed heavily upon his mind to think that such a state of affairs existed in his case.

Phillip Burnett, however, succeeded in a great measure in lifting the load from him, by telling him that in no case could Antonio claim him, for he—Arthur—had been neglected in his early years, and virtually had been abandoned, and more than all that, he had attained his majority, which destroyed all claim Antonio might assert.

"There is a probability," Phillip said, "of your being able in the magnetic state to solve the problem and obtain possession of facts."

Arthur said, "I am willing to aid you."

"Very well, then, we will try the experiment."

The door was locked, and the light was turned down somewhat.

Phillip said, "Now, Arthur, be perfectly passive, and go into the state feeling secure. I never will give you up to any man. Remember we are now about to flank the enemy."

As Claude Antonio fell to the floor under the influence that Phillip Burnett threw upon him this morning, a knife fell from his pocket. It was not discovered by Phillip until Antonio had left the building. This was held as a connecting link between them. He had placed it upon a shelf, and covered it with a silk handkerchief.

When all was ready, and Arthur had seated himself in his usual position, Phillip commenced operations. Having entertained visitors, it was now quite late. The clock on the mantel had struck eleven. Neither felt disposed to sleep, and in Arthur's case there was not the necessity, for

the magnetic state into which he was to be thrown, was more restful, and its effects upon his system in the present instance would be more nearly that desired than the ordinary slumber could produce. The knife which Phillip had taken from the shelf, laid upon the table at his elbow. Soon the proper condition was induced, and his subject was ready for the important business of the hour.

Phillip placed the knife in Arthur's left hand, and said, "I now want you to go where this knife will take you, and observe closely all that is going on. will you?"

Arthur inclined his head as a token of assent.

For a minute all was silent, the ticking of the clock being the only sound to break upon the sense. Outside, an occasional footstep was heard as a belated pedestrian wended his way homeward. The more measured tread of the night police across the way joined with the echoes of retiring-footsteps, as his beat he mechanically travelled. Sitting facing each other were these two strange beings, not strange either, for they were moving in direct accordance with that finer spirit law which mankind in general knows not of, but strange to the ordinary comprehension of the materialist who is yet in the shell. One held the key that turned the bolt, the other was the door ready to open to reveal the secrets supposed to be known only to the all seeing eye. This marvellous power which has for centuries been known to comparatively few, was now to be exercised in a manner rarely employed. Phillip, always patient, waited for the words to come. Arthur never yet had failed him, and had always been as true as needle to the pole.

By the movement of his hand, Arthur was evidently following the motion of some moving form, as his face turned this way and that, his eyes closed and his lips slightly parted. A dark frown grew upon his brow, and a look of fear overspread his features. He dropped the knife to the floor with a startling sound; yet Phillip's eye was fixed steadily upon the face of his subject. Suddenly his hand clutched at Phillip's, and the fear became intensified.

"Be calm," slowly spoke Phillip. "Be calm and tell me what you see."

In an audible whisper Arthur said, "I see Antonio. He is in a state of drunken frenzy. I see him stealing to the side of a beautiful girl. She sleeps, and knows not of his presence in the room. He draws nearer. He gazes upon the sleeping form. Her white arm naked to the shoulder supports her head. She is slightly covered. Her perfect form is seen beneath the thin sheet. His eye is upon her, and his breathing is heavy. His face is flushed, and he seems bent upon her ruin. The fumes of brandy fill the air, and make the atmosphere oppressive. I can hardly breathe."

Phillip made some passes over the throat and chest of Arthur, which relieved him.

"Oh," exclaimed Arthur in terror. "He is about to seize her. Save her!" he cried in anguish. "Save her, Phillip Burnett."

Phillip said, "Be calm, I'll try. Stand upon the bed and fix your eye upon Antonio."

He then centred all his vital force upon his subject. The same rays of glittering steel emanated from his eyes that had paralyzed Claude Antonio, as we have before described.

A glow came upon the whole figure of Arthur, as he sat with his eye balls quickly rolling behind their closed lids.

"He sees me!" cried Arthur in exultation. "He sees me, Phillip Burnett. He falls. She is saved!"

The shock was a severe one. Phillip calmed the perturbed spirit of his subject by withdrawing him from the scene, then used his power to make him oblivious to all that had transpired.

A peaceful calm settled upon the clean cut features of the young man, and gentle as the fragrant breath of a summer evening was the power that Phillip poured upon him, who was now returning to consciousness.

All was quiet in the flat of Claude Antonio. Eleven had struck in the belfry of an adjacent church.

Mrs. Craque had been called to assist in the accouchement of a neighbor, a fair girl, who had been betrayed by one too cowardly fiendish to save her reputation.

Claude Antonio was half asleep upon his bed in a rear

room.

Ellen Adolfo, lost in sweet slumber, knowing not of the absence of her bed-fellow, Mrs. Craque, lay in the little room off the front room. A small lamp upon a little pine table was dimly burning, its rays faintly revealing the condition of poverty that existed throughout the apartment. She slept. Upon her fair round arm, rested the head whose profuse tresses waved upon the pillow. All unconscious of impending danger, she was held. But therein was her security. There was a movement in the next room, and a creaking of the floor, as though a heavy weight was being moved upon it. Ellen's ear detected it not. Nearer came the sound, and by the light of the little lamp, a dark form could be seen filling the doorway. But a few seconds it rested there. Two burning eyes were fixed upon their owner's intended prey. Inflamed with brandy, the animal nature of Claude Antonio was aroused. The long coveted prize was before him. He saw not the spiritual beauty of a virtuous girl now stretched upon her bed. His was no artist's eye, looking with admiration upon the finely turned limb. He saw only the opportunity which had not before presented itself. He had noted the departure of Mrs. Craque from the house, and knowing something of the affair that required her services, rightly conjectured that her absence might be for hours. Conscience, if he ever possessed any, was blunted. Alcohol had done the damning work, and there stood the man---a fiend. Oh, God, be praised that virtue sometimes can summon forces which will enable it to obtain the victory in its righteous warfare with crime. Why did not Ellen's guardian angel, if any she had, arouse her before it was too late? before the serpent's fangs should poison her life?

Alas, how many times may that question be asked, but the still voice that we pray for, speaks not, and the evil one runs riot in his career. One step, and Claude Antonio has crossed the threshold. Oh, how he gloats over his anticipated joy. As quivers the jaw of the ravenous cat at sight of the warbler whose sweet notes came from out the grass within easy springing distance from the beast, so does the

devil who now looks upon sleeping beauty, allow his imagination the fullest play. Nearer and yet nearer he approaches the bedside! He listens to the quiet breathing of the sleeper. The rise and fall of her bosom is seen in the motion of the frail covering. The time has come. With a quick movement for a drunken man, he extinguishes the light. It was the work of an instant. In another second, the darkness with a black pall concealed the bed, the walls, everything the physical eye beheld. Why does he not seize his prey? He stands with eyes protruding, motionless in terror. Before his besotted vision and above the sleeper's form appears like an avenging angel the form of Arthur Arabah. Like a luminous cloud it appears, still in the likeness of a perfect human form, erect and angelic. The index finger of the right hand is pointed at the guilty creature. Fire glances from the eyes, to pierce the soul of him whose desire and power are shrinking within his villanous body. More than mortal terror seizes him. He loses all control of self, and with a shriek he falls prostrate across the sleeping girl. With a piercing scream, she awoke, sprang from under the heavy incubus, the half dead ruffian, and in night apparel ran from the room.

The fearful note of terror that escaped her throat, was heard by the patrol outside. It was a common thing for deeds of violence to be committed in that neighborhood, and the officers were constantly on the alert. In less than half a minute two officers entered the doorway downstairs, and quickly rushed up the stairway. All was dark.

"A match, quick," shouted the foremost. Light from a burning lucifer fell upon a form lying across the threshold. Over this, the officer stepped, and finding a lamp, light was produced. This revealed the whole scene. Ellen Adolfo had fainted as she was leaving the room. For the moment, not thinking of seeking for anything further, she was tenderly lifted from the floor, and placed upon the bed of Antonio, which could be seen through the open doorway. As she was placed thereon, the sound of curses, deep and loud, fell upon the air, proceeding from Ellen's room. Leaving the girl to regain consciousness as best she might, they

turned their attention to the source from which the sound proceeded. There they found Claude Antonio in half nude condition, with eyes staring from their sockets, as though a yawning hell was before them. Soon he became oppressed with new fear, and grasping the legs of the officer near him, cried, "Save me, save me! The demons of hell are after me! quick, quick! They're choking me!" His hands clutched at his throat as if to tear away what threatened his life, and his screams seemed stifled by the pressure upon it.

"He's got the horrors," said one.

"Yes, he's got it bad," said the other. "Let's get him out of here. There's a crowd about the house."

Even then, Mrs. Craque alarmed on being informed of trouble in the house, she had left, rushed up the stairs into the room, where she found the officers binding the limbs of the frantic inebriate. A gag was between his jaws.

She, half crazed, cried, "What is it? Where's Ellen? Is she murdered?"

"There's a girl fainted in there," said one of the men, "if she is the one you are after."

She entered the room, found a lamp and was striking a light as the two burly policemen bore away the struggling form of Claude Antonio. A cart was at the door, and through the assembled crowd he was borne and dumped into it. They took him to the station house, and he was placed in a padded cell. A physician was summoned, the gag removed, unbound were his limbs, and to the corner, shrieking went Claude Antonio as though all the serpents of the infernal regions sought his life. He tore at the padding of the walls, and screamed in fear as to his senses the vision of the demons was so real. He fell at length, striking his head with a horrid thud upon the stone floor. His ravings ceased. A concussion of the brain, added to the effects of delirium tremens, did the work, and Claude Antonio lay a corpse.

The morning came. Phillip Burnett was up and dressed. Arthur still locked in slumber, his soul perhaps roaming in Elysium, lay upon his bed. A smile was upon his face, and the perfume of heliotrope and violets was in

the room. No flowers, however, were visible, but to the soul and sense of Phillip Burnett it was apparent though on earth, yet still they were in the midst of perennial bloom, whose gardens know no blighting frosts or cutting blasts.

Phillip's movements soon restored Arthur to his normal state, and with a strange buoyancy of spirits, considering his depression of the night before, he was soon ready for what the day might bring. Phillip, rejoiced at witnessing his cheerfulness, expressed his satisfaction at seeing him. so. Arthur clasped his hands and said, "Oh, I am happy once more. I feel as if my soul was free again, and that the demon has lost his power."

"Let us hope so," said Phillip. "There is a just God who is a righteous judge. Let us put our trust in him."

Few were the tears that were shed over the lifeless remains of Claude Antonio. He had endeared himself to no hearts by any acts of kindness. No hand was outstretched to him the second time asking for a penny. His apples and his oranges were always securely guarded, and wee to the luckless urchin who took as much as a nut from his stand. Too mean to take to himself a wife to support, he had lived such a life as he could, the last few years of which he had associated himself with Mrs. Craque, who had befriended Ellen Adolfo.

At first he paid his way by employing Ellen to sell fruit for him. "There was money in that," he had said, "for her pretty face and winning way" drew many a quarter from the pockets of men, old no less than young, which else would have remained undisturbed, for Claude never drew any trade himself. He depended upon the extra quality of his goods for success in trade when he was salesman, but Ellen had a way of working off anything, good or bad. Claude had an eye to business, and was shrewd enough to keep away to allow Ellen to carry it on. He paid her three dollars a week for her services, lucky dog, and had said to Mrs. Craque that "Ellen was worth six dollars a week to him."

These three dollars went into the family pool, and by making himself useful about the house, and turning in such

fruit as was not saleable by reason of partial decay, he fancied he was paying his way, but as the weeks and months passed, his services became less valuable as pressing business demanded his frequent attention, although he found plenty of time in which to harass Ellen with his vile professions of esteem.

Mrs. Craque good naturedly smoothed over or tried to, these annoyances, with some such remarks to Ellen as "Well he is like all the men. They are good for nothing when a pretty girl is about," or "Claude doesn't mean any harm. He needs a wife but lacks the courage to take one," which last remark would elicit from Ellen's lips :

"I must be hard up to marry such a disgusting thing as he is. I could pick out a dozen of my regular customers who would be better husbands than he, and those who have plenty of money, too."

Claude Antonio never had made any improper advances to Ellen, although under the influence of liquor his repulsive attentions became intensified.

He had on several occasions ventured to steal a kiss by coming to her slyly from behind; but whatever bliss which was but momentary, he experienced, was sure to be cut short by a stinging blow on the side of the head, which made his ears ring as though he had overdosed himself with quinine, for the rest of the day.

But all that was over now. The lips closed by death's icy touch would never again venture to take such liberties. The tongue that had wagged in mock pretention of fondest love, was silent now, never more to offend the ears of Ellen Adolfo. Never again would that form, now enclosed in a cheap pine coffin, come reeling up the stairs, nor would oaths from the rum soaked mouth fill the atmosphere with foul profanity. To the embrace of the cold ground, unwept he went, a sad ending to so selfish an existence. An end did we say? Who knows that?

The form disappeared at any rate and a new order of things was inaugurated at the flat that had been ostensibly hired by Claude Antonio. Mrs. Craque paid up the rent, and together with the aid of a more respectable lodger, and

by dint of the strictest economy, they managed to make both ends meet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

René Favor was progressing finely under the tuition of Mr. Hart, and the latter was looking forward, sadly, it must be confessed, to the time when their present relations would cease. He and René had become as attached as brothers, and more so in fact than the average brothers are, and it became a subject of consideration how the relations might be continued to the advantage of both.

Mr. Hart at length matured a plan within his own mind which, if it could be carried out, would remove the unpleasant reflections, as it would remove the cause. As soon as his regular course of instruction should be over, he would propose to René that sufficient space in the studio would be allowed him—if he would accept it—for his easel. A good north window would be at his disposal whenever he should feel disposed to avail himself of it.

There would be no charge; René's company being sufficient compensation.

The talent that René possessed to such a marked degree, could then be better cultivated by working in an atmosphere of art, surrounded by gems from the brushes of others than Mr. Hart, who stood high in the profession.

The many friends of René's benefactor would necessarily become the friends of René, and his progress would be certain and rapid. The proposition was made by Mr. Hart,

mourned to himself what he had considered the inevitable, viz., a long good bye to the room he loved so well, and the companionship of the one who hallowed it.

René made known to his parents the kind offer Mr. Hart had made him, and all the dwellers in Glen Cottage congratulated him upon the auspicious opening. They entered into that arrangement at the end of the third course of lessons. René had acquired a good knowledge of the art of painting, considering the time that had been taken in instruction. With the increase of knowledge, the love also was strengthened, and it did not, as it often occurs when the newness wears off, get to be an old story. The trite saying "that a new broom sweeps clean," did not apply in René's case, for it was not a new broom at all. From infancy, the almost infatuation had possessed his soul to the exclusion of any other desire, to become a painter. It seemed almost as if he had been one, and for some reason it had passed out of his life, only to return, to again exert itself and become established.

René now fancied himself as good as made. He remembered his impressions the first time he left Mr. Hart's studio, how he fancied himself a painter of celebrity with his name upon everybody's tongue, and smiled to think how little he knew at that time in comparison with the present. But he had the good sense to cut his smile short, for it suddenly occurred to him that he had got up only one round of the ladder, and he would smile better when a few more rounds had been reached, and he could look back over a road which he had travelled, wherein he had surmounted obstacles and swept impediments from his path.

It is needless to say that he improved the opportunity, and that his soul feasted upon the ideal which is a reaching out for what is the soul's own. A something to be a living reality in the beyond, when the song of the poet is to be a prophecy fulfilled: "The substance of things hoped for."

René spent hours by the side of the one he regarded as teacher more than ever. He studied color and effect now as he never had before, although as some new effect was outwrought, it seemed to open a door for a second to allow him

to look in upon himself, and in that brief interval reveal the same thing which existed as a part of him, when education in the artistic was something more than a dream.

Julian Favor had fitted up a part of René's chamber as a studio, and all by himself with no one but invisible teachers nigh, the young artist employed a good portion of his time. He did some really fine work, and never was so happy as when he could hand to his mother a little gem of his own production, and say 'This mother, I have painted for you.' She was in love with her boy, not as mothers usually are, however. To her eyes a halo encircled his brow, which kindled an adoration within her heart. He ever had been obedient and kind. Not a moment of trouble had he ever caused her, except on that one occasion when sickness kindled her apprehensions and fears undefinable as to the result.

One afternoon as he sat before his easel, lost in meditation while he was softening down the outline of a cloud against the azure sky behind it, his mother sitting where she loved to sit with a little sewing in her lap, he said abruptly: "Mother, what was Paul Mifflitt ever to you?" She dropped her work as these words came to her ear, and after looking at him a moment as if to learn what was in his mind, said: "Why, René Favor, what an odd question."

"I suppose it is, Mother, dear, but I have often wondered over it, and never until now had the courage to ask it."

"Well," she replied, while the warm color mounted to her temples. "There is nothing to conceal from you. Paul Mifflitt was a man a great deal older than I, with whom I became acquainted in my childhood. He was a lover of children, and as a consequence young people were drawn to him. He used to say he stole a little of child's life by associating with them, but though it benefitted him, they were none the losers by the operation as the magnet imparts of its life a portion to the negative iron, imbuing it with its own life, yet losing none. So Paul Mifflitt felt he was no thief by partaking of their youthful vitality. I do think there was something in it, for he always appeared to be younger than he was."

and it only occasionally occurred to me that he was advanced in years. When listening to him, and receiving his loving caresses, I saw only the love nature there exhibited, and coupled with his strict honor and nice sense of morality, it made him to me something more than an ordinary man. I felt for him an attachment unusual, and one as lasting as that which exists between man and wife, although much different in character. Had he been a younger man, René, and had he asked me for my hand,"—this she said with a noticeable tremor of voice—"Why, you might not be my son to-day."

René looked at her, and she into his eyes, the mother, with flushed cheeks, smiling upon the dawning of manly beauty before her.

"Mother," said he, "which do you love better, a husband or a son?"

"Oh, my dear boy, how can you ask such a question?"

She paused a moment, and continued, "In the son are the virtue of the father and my ideal combined. The father was formed before I knew him. I took him with what few imperfections he had. I love him as a wife should love a husband, but are you not of my own soul, a part, wedded to me by motherhood? Are you not the realization of my fondest dreams before your little eyes opened upon the day? Are you not all that Julian Favor is, and all I hoped for beside? Do you not resemble him, who though not my husband was yet my soul's own kindred? and you ask me whom I love better, the husband or the son. In Heaven, it is said, 'We never marry nor are given in marriage,' but I do believe there is a union of soul's there, where in two beings are as one, whose hearts beat in unison, which constitutes a marriage holy and divine, compared to which the marriage tie of earth is but a chain of sand."

Mrs. Favor was evidently under some strange influence. Never before had she expressed so much to René, and never had he felt in all its fullness the beauty of the sentiments she had expressed and which had dwelt almost unnoticed in his own brain.

What she had said cleared the dust from the mirror,

within which he now saw plainly reflected his own thought pictures, and his heart beat quicker within him as he saw the glorious halo over his mother's head, but he could not see how sweetly it blended with that encircling his own. But it was that blending which mysteriously quickened his pulse, for the heart is ever responsive to the soul's mystic impulses, beating as it does from birth to the spirit's translation, by virtue of its presence, and accelerated when the mortal through the intellect senses its master.

On the evening following the day in which the conversation we have narrated took place, a happy party was gathered in the room below. It was a surprise party gotten up for René's benefit. All in the house knew of what was going on, but René himself knew nothing of it, although through the day the house had been permeated with delicious odors as from spices and steaming extracts. But René wholly absorbed in his work in his cozy studio, dismissed it from his mind with the reflection that "mother has spells of cooking up things once in a while," so thought no more about it. His father came home an hour earlier than usual that night. Grandfather and Grandmother Lamont were below when he entered the door. René thought there was a strange amount of talking going on in subdued tones, and resolved to ascertain the meaning of it. He laid his palette and brushes one side, and in his little velvet slippers he made no sound as nimbly he tripped to the head of the stairs.

His motion was perceived, however, and a quick hurrying of feet and closing the doors below was the result. His curiosity excited, he made his way to the room where the rest of the family were, and his eager looks provoked laughter which could not be repressed.

His father was the first to speak. "Well, René, how do you get along with that picture you were to finish to-day?"

René saw no particular cause for laughing when his father asked that perfectly natural question—for he perceived that it occasioned some merriment—but replied, "Oh, it is all done but touching up a little. Some of the

colors are a little dead, and I'll have to lighten them up. But what are you all so merry about?"

Mr. Lamont replied, "Why, René, didn't you know it is my birthday? and they have made me a present. See?" and he held out a pair of gold spectacles for René to inspect.

This was to some degree satisfactory, although it was the first that he knew of its being such a noted anniversary occasion.

Tea was served early. René, however, did not "catch on," his thoughts that day having been turned a little out of their usual channel, creating some considerable confusion. A forced composure took form on the faces of all but René himself. Strange speeches, and as he thought "far fetched," as though there was a dearth of usual topics, obtruded themselves upon his reason. Yet he did not comprehend nor suspect.

His father, after tea was disposed of, and the lamps were lighted, made the most natural remark, as he thought that had escaped his lips.

"René, I'd like to take a look at your picture, and if it suits me, will measure it for a frame."

"Shall I bring it down, father?"

"No. I can just as well go to where it is."

"It looks better in the day-time, father, but it isn't very bad in the evening."

"Of course, René. but I am impatient to see it. I can't wait until day-time."

This pleased René, and he took his lamp and led the way to his room. Mr. Favor carelessly closed the door after they had entered. René held the lamp while his father stood off and looked at it.

"Charming," said he, after a minute of inspection through an improvised tube made by rolling up a sheet of paper. "Mr. Hart couldn't do better himself."

As he said this, René thought he heard a commotion downstairs, but his father kept his attention by telling him of what had happened to him during the day—he walking about as he spoke.

René wondered why his father didn't stand still as he usually did when he was talking, but his story ended at about the time the door bell rang. Mrs. Favor was heard below going to the door. An instant after, from the foot of the stairs, came a cheery voice, "René, you had better come down. Some one at the door to see you."

"Ernie Burrill, I'll bet," said René. "Excuse me a minute, please father. I'll be right back."

"Oh certainly," he replied with a twinklè in his eye and yet following him.

"I guess I'll go down and look after my paper."

René went to the front door.

No one was there, but he heard his mother's voice in the parlor.

He said: "Mother, there's no one here," at the same time opening the door where he had heard her speaking.

"But there is here," said she. "Come in."

He went and at the moment a light was brought in from the adjoining room, and exposed to René's view a room full of his friends old and young with faces all wreathed in smiles. Then all dawned upon him like a flash, the two day's cooking, the inconsistent levity early in the evening where no cause for the same could be seen, the confusion reigning down stairs when he was talking with his father about his picture, and his useless walking about; all was now explained. As he stood there before them all with their pleasant faces turned towards him, he was for a minute speechless, but as Mr. Hart who stood near him saluted him the ice was broken, and merry laughter and cordial handshaking followed. All tongues were now loosed, as the first surprise over René was himself again. Phillip Burnett, Arthur Arabah, Bob Kelly, Doctor Corbett, Mr. Fearing, several young friends of René, boys and girls, and the neighbors, who were not left out, as all held the one they came to honor in high esteem. Mr. Hart had executed a fine picture of René Favor.

No one knew of it, however, until later in the evening. He had put it in charge of an acquaintance of his in the express business, who put up his team but a little distance

from Glen Cottage, with instructions to deliver it at nine o'clock. It had been decided by Mrs. Favor to have the supper at that time. The hour between the arrival of the guests and the hour mentioned, was pleasantly employed by all in lively conversation, looking over the illustrated works of Mr. Favor's and examining René's paintings which hung upon the wall. Reference being made to the apple tree post-office which had been for a long time neglected, one of the young friends of René proposed making it a visit. René readily assented, and taking his little bull's eye lantern and lighting it, the procession started from the door.

"I haven't been there for a month," said René, as down the path they went.

Arrived at the tree, René was surprised at finding a letter directed not to himself but his mother. It was taken to the house at once. Mrs. Favor, who was up to her eyes in work, could not stop to read it then, but she laid it by the side of her plate at the table. René returned to the room where the company were assembled, and found them in an animated conversation upon the subject of the mysterious letters which had been deposited within the tree and about the house. No one did or could advance any theory which would account for the strange manifestations. Phillip Burnett, however, explained how it might have been done by a member of the family, providing that one was a somnambulist. He knew of no other explanation to give.

"But," said Mr. Favor, "as there is no person here thus gifted, we are as much at a loss to understand it as ever."

"Unless," added Mr. Burnett, "you yourself are that person, which is quite possible. For we know you are of that peculiar temperament. Of course the sleepwalker knows nothing of his nocturnal performances, and unless he be observed in the act by some one in the normal state, the secret would never be revealed."

"What makes you think I might be a subject?" asked Julian.

"Well, there are several indications. At one time, before your marriage, you were attacked with what the physi-

cians termed catalepsy, in the picture gallery of Mr. Fearing."

"Yes, one New Year's Day. There are three witnesses to that affair present."

"Yes," said Dr. Corbett. "It was a well defined case of the disease, if I ever saw one."

"I never can forget that," said Julian.

"That, then, you call one of the indications?"

"Yes," replied Phillip, "one of the surest. I never saw a somnambulist who was not a good subject for magnetism. There was no catalepsy about it," then turning to Dr. Corbett, added, "the decision of our illustrious M. D. to the contrary, notwithstanding."

This he said so pleasantly that that individual could not be offended. He felt it incumbent upon him to say something to save his reputation, so remarked:

"Yes, I did call it that for want of a better name. But what's in a name after all? The disease, if it be one, is of such a peculiar nature that it is not fairly understood. You doubtless understand it better than I do, Mr. Burnett. We will let it rest there."

Julian Favor then said: "Supposing I am a somnambulist, how do you compare the handwriting with mine? That upon the mysterious letters is a full, round hand, much handsomer than my own."

Going to his secretary he brought the three letters which had been received and they were alike.

All were convinced that Julian Favor could not have written them. For the time, the subject was dropped as Mrs. Favor then appeared at the door and invited all to the other room.

A bountiful repast, for the most part fruit, was before them. A large bouquet occupied the centre of the table. Its fragrance filled the room with an odor in itself satisfying to the senses. An elegant fruit piece, the work of Mr. Hart, hung upon the wall, to which Mr. Favor had just directed the attention of the company when the bell rang. Excusing himself for a minute, he left them to ascertain the cause of the demand.

"A package for René Favor," said the man who brought it. "All paid for."

"Thank you," answered Julian, who took it and conveyed it to the dining room.

Of course all was excitement on René's part. It must be opened, for he could not wait to ascertain what was inside. Mr. Hart seemed to be the least interested one in the party. For a brief time, the eatables remained unmolested as with a sharp knife Mr. Favor cut the strings. The wrapping paper removed, to the admiring gaze of all, was revealed a perfect likeness in oil of René Favor, in an elegant frame which set off the perfect finish of the portrait to the best advantage. René blushing, looked at Mr. Hart after reading upon the back of the canvas:

"A tribute of respect and esteem from his old teacher to René Favor. May his spirit ever remain as youthful as I have endeavored to make this counterfeit. C. W. HART."

This was a surprise to all. Mr. Hart received the congratulations of Mr. and Mrs. Favor at his success, although they could not find words to express their thanks for the elegant gift.

René could say nothing. He evidently was trying to be equal to the occasion, and express his thanks which his mobile face did admirably, but Mr. Hart came to his rescue by saying:

"Say nothing, my boy, I am your debtor. You have brought me many happy hours. If that attempt at portraiture affords you any pleasure, you are heartily welcome to it. Here's to the long life and health of René Favor" In sparkling water the toast was drank.

This pleasant episode over, all became engaged in the pleasant duty before them. Mrs. Favor's cooking, always good, could not but be acceptable to the palates of the visitors.

The eating and drinking formed but a part of this season's enjoyment. All felt the spirit of the occasion, and many references were made by those who were of this pleasant gathering to the incidents that had made René famous. Not the least among them was Mr. Hart who never tired of

quoting from the odd sayings of his pupil. René enjoyed with the rest, although he had but little to say about himself. There were others and older who could voice his heart, and did so acceptably to him. It was about time for them to leave the table when it occurred to him that the letter he had delivered to his mother had been forgotten and said abruptly, "You have forgotten the letter, mother."

"Sure enough," she said. "It must have fallen to the floor. Ah, here it is."

"You'd better open it; if I am not mistaken it is from our mysterious correspondent," said her husband.

"I think it is," she replied, as her face blanched a little. "I hope it is no bad news."

She opened it, and, observing the signature, handed it to her husband to read aloud.

He took it and read—

"Mrs. Favor—Allow me to express my heartfelt thanks through you to Mr. Hart, who has so kindly remembered one whom he has known, and who still holds him in remembrance; also to the many kind friends of René who honor this occasion with their presence. J. R."

"What do you think now, friends?" said Mr. Favor, as he finished reading the letter.

The members of the family had almost ceased to be affected by these seemingly supernatural events, so common had they become. But surprise rested upon the faces of the rest of the company. René seemed absorbed in studying the fine work displayed in reproducing his own fine features, and was to all appearances unconcerned about the letter which had been received.

"Here is another of that somnambulist's feats," continued Julian, as he turned to Mr. Burnett.

Phillip seemed not inclined to speak just then, but Mr. Hart did, and remarked, "The most wonderful part to me is the writer's reference to me, and my holding in remembrance one I have known, implying that he is lost to sight."

Mr. Burnett smiled as though he knew more than he cared to express. Arthur Arabah also gave evidence of like intelligence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Suppose we adjourn to the sitting room," said Mr. Favor, rising from the table as he spoke.

Justice had evidently been done to the cooking of Mrs. Favor, and one and all arose and followed the host. There was another entertainment in store and of a character the projectors of this affair knew not of. Mr. Favor, however, scented it in the air that there was to be an unfoldment, and remarked, as they were disposing of themselves according to their inclinations, that "he felt that events were ripening fast and that soon the mists of doubt would pass away, the unknown be revealed and these now unaccountable occurrences cease to be a wonder."

"I think you are right," replied Mr. Burnett. "In fact I am sure that before another sun shall set that this mysterious writer—and one you little dream of—will be introduced to you."

They all passed into the front room, and soon became engaged in the pleasures of the evening.

All the members of the family were prepared with something by way of entertainment, from Grandfather Lamont done to René.

Nellie Favor, though not accomplished in any musical direction, had a sweet way of her own, and could delight any one having any soul for music. René had a fine tenor voice, but seldom sang except with his father. They opened with a duet. The company was not at all critical; had it been, Julian would not have volunteered his services, but he

liked to show off the varied capabilities of his son René. Mrs. Favor accompanied her husband and son on the piano. Their effect was a surprise to their little audience, and an encore was demanded. They responded with another selection, which was about the extent of their repertoire. To the surprise of all, Phillip Burnett remarked that he had known Arthur to sing, and perhaps he would favor the company now with a selection of some kind.

Mrs. Favor, who had moved away from the piano, was wondering if she was to be considered accompanist for the evening, but was speedily relieved, when with firm step, somewhat at variance with his usual light and boyish mien, Arthur Arabah advanced to the instrument with the confidence of an artist, and took the place so recently occupied by Mrs. Favor. His fingers ran over the ivory as though he was a perfect master of the keyboard. Even Phillip Burnett looked with all his eyes. The brief prelude over, the voice of Arthur, clear and strong, startled the ears of his audience. A ballad of olden time, as though the singer himself had lived then and there, was rendered in a manner which seemed to the listeners unsurpassable. Each ear was strained to catch every tone that came from the almost boyish throat. Whence came that power and perfect control of that marvellous human voice? Arthur's name had never been coupled with the rendering of music in any form, instrumental or vocal, yet to those who listened, nothing seemed wanting in the superb rendition. The fire of genius burned in every note, which was in strong contrast with the being from whom it emanated. The strains died away into silence. With a convulsive movement, the performer turned from the instrument to encounter the delighted gaze of this little audience, and amid the applause that followed took the seat he had formally occupied by the side of Phillip.

"Bravo!" cried Dr. Corbett, as he vigorously brought his fat hands together. "There's a fortune in that voice. I never knew you were such an artist. Why have you not told me before, Mr. Burnett?"

If a meteor had burst in the room the audience could not have been more amazed than they were when Phillip

answered, "Arthur does not know one note from another."

Thunderstruck, no reply came to this announcement, and Mr. Burnett continued, "Arthur was simply in the magnetic state, which unbeknown to you was induced by me. I have my little theory in regard to these things, which I may yet introduce to the world. My ideas are in a crude state, so much so, that I could give you nothing concise at present. Arthur Arabah is a remarkably susceptible subject, and with careful manipulating I think he will before long startle the public."

Of course, after this explanation, it would be in bad taste to call for anything more from that source.

As Arthur, unconscious of having done anything whatever, sat between Phillip Burnett and René Favor, looking as if he was the last person from whom anything in the musical line could be expected, he was a study for the deepest investigator of occult power. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before by any one present, excepting Phillip Burnett himself. The most obdurate materialist could not but admit that all hypotheses he could advance from his standpoint failed utterly to account for the marvellous performance. The worn-out "mind reading" theory had to be abandoned, from the fact that no person present had within his or her composition the ability to produce the like, and it stared all in the face as a manifestation of spirit power, and cultured intelligence far above that possessed by any person in the room.

This performance became of course the theme of conversation. Phillip Burnett was besieged with questions upon the subject, and it seemed as if he had reduced animal magnetism to a science, so readily and felicitously were his answers given. To be sure, there was the mystery of the first cause even in Phillip's mind, and he could not tell what the magnetic fluid was any more than could Franklin analyze the electricity which he drew from the clouds and bottled up.

There are secrets which it seems must ever remain locked up in nature's heart, away from man with all his penetration. He may indeed be able to handle and utilize

the forces which permeate all things, but he is no nearer now than he was two thousand years ago, the solving of the great problem—the law of life—the God in man, and the subtle forces of the universe that make God manifest.

Phillip promised at some future time to give some illustrations of the power when it would be agreeable, which delighted the ears of the company assembled. The hour was late to commence then, but his promise to entertain them at some early date was perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Lamont ventured to observe, "It must be very gratifying to you, Mr. Burnett, to be able to control another in that manner, and thereby bring to the surface what is latent in the subject."

Phillip answered, "To be sure it is gratifying, but it is not for that end that I prosecute my researches. I wish to learn more of man, his nature and possibilities, in brief to know what man is, and that knowledge once obtained, we will know of our relations with one another, and how the power existing in one can flow into another to make two souls at once as it were control one organism, for it must be evident to every thinking man, that flesh can not hold the soul that is ambitious to soar to greater heights, that temporarily the tenant can move out, leaving enough of its vital essence behind, to enable it to return to its own."

Mr. Lamont said, "It is not given to man to know all things. Nowhere do we find in revelations that to man is made known the ways of God. In parables, even Christ spoke. Symbols have always been given when man has sought to know the unknowable. The tower of Babel was allowed to go to only such a height, when God saw that man sought to circumvent him. Man was made in the image of God, and is therefor the crowning product of creation. To man it was given to rule over all the animal creation. Man was made the sovereign under God. There is no intelligence superior to man's when God has set him in power. When he looked over the work of his hand, and pronounced it good, he had done with creation as I look at it, and left the finished work in the hands of man, with all laws inherent in matter, in which he had breathed the

breath of life."

Phillip was somewhat surprised at hearing Mr. Lamont express himself thus, and replied, "Mr. Lamont, I must disagree with you. You are older than I am, and I have no doubt that you have thought long and deeply upon this subject, but it seems as if you have come to the conclusion that God has done his work and has left it with man to carry it on. Now, if ever there was need of a God it is to-day. If he has given man dominion over the sea and land, he has since that first day after creation was completed proved himself a very poor custodian. One might just as well assert that law was inherent in matter from the very first, and thus do away with a God altogether."

Mr. Lamont nodded his head and said, "True, true," then after a short silence, during which Phillip saw that he had more to say, he added, "It was necessary to start the machine a-running, and then after it ran itself."

"It seems, then," answered Phillip, "that it did not run to suit the Creator, for the same book you quote from, says, that it repented God that he had made man, and he drowned all he had made except a chosen few to perpetuate the race, which proved him to be a very unphilosophical God. For the tendencies to crime were in those he had selected, which was proven in the case of Noah, who in gratitude after the flood had abated, got drunk before his God. Now, if man was delegated as a sovereign, he has proved himself an inefficient one, to say the least. Now we are not masters of the situation. The man of intellect supposes he is all sufficient, that he is his own arbiter. He is engineer, fireman, captain and all, and that he can drive his vessel whither so ever he will, can avoid the breakers and the shoals, that no wind can prevail against him, and that the ocean in its various moods is but a pleasing spectacle upon which he can gaze in calmest serenity. You claim to be sovereign of the universe, yet cannot with all your studendous might make a mosquito. You cannot perform the simplest act of nature understandingly. An insect circumvents you when you fancy you are sure of a crop, and devastation stalks where you have been dreaming of golden

ears and well filled garner. More than all this, when we should witness the crowning glory of mankind, crime is rampant. Murder is reduced to a science, and excuses are invented to cover up the vilest infamy, not among the least is that misguiding cant that 'there is no evil, but what is a lesser degree of good.' Man has dived into the ocean's depths, only to bring to the surface, clutching with eager fingers, shiny sea weed instead of shells filled with pearls. Yet worlds still hang in space, and move on an overwhelming reproof to him who claims a sovereignty. Man desires in his conceit and arrogance to be considered the head of all created things, which is father to his belief and claim. As the lesser cannot comprehend the greater, so the lesser imagines himself the supreme, but the mind intuitive comes to the front, and says to the material reasoner, 'Get thee behind me.' Take thy place with 'dogmatism superstition and ignorance. Your present attitude is but the reaction after that trinity has for ages held man in subjection, cramping his soul, compelling all aspirations to remain in abeyance.'

More he would have said, but at this moment a pallor was seen to overspread the fair face of René Favor.

"Dr. Corbet, look at René," quickly spoke his alarmed mother.

"It is nothing," said the Doctor, after looking instantly at him. "Merely the effect of the concentration of his mind upon the subject you have been discussing. It seems to be a little too deep for him. In fact, I think it is for the most of these young people."

He stroked his head affectionately, and his wonted color slowly took the place of the former ashen hue.

There was more than the Doctor had described that effected René, as was soon proven, for no sooner had the Doctor resumed his seat, than René went to the side of Arthur, and putting his hand within the breast of his coat, he drew from a pocket, which Arthur did not know was there, a letter, which it suddenly occurred to him, was the one placed there by the figure in white on the night he and René spent together.

On the envelope was written in the same hand as the previous letters had borne:

“Phillip Burnett, Esq.

By the kindness of

Arthur Arabah.”

The contents were read by Phillip, who, taking it from René's hand, opened it at once.

“Please accept the compliments of the writer. I congratulate you upon your zeal in the noble work of your life. A faithful servant in your master's vineyard, you will have your reward.

Respectfully yours,

J. R.”

Arthur was called upon for an explanation, and he related his experience on that night which he spent with René. After he had concluded, Phillip asked him, “Did you look into your pockets in the morning?”

I did, but without thinking I should find anything, for at the time it occurred to me that I had been dreaming. I looked in the outside pocket, and had forgotten that there was one on the inside.

“And you cannot account for the presence of the letter?” inquired Phillip.

“I cannot,” replied Arthur.

All eyes were now turned upon René. Whether a suspicion of the facts in the case had commenced to creep into the minds of his parents or not, we cannot say but a feeling of anxiety came upon Mrs. Favor, and noticing René put his hand to his head as if in confusion, she asked her husband in an undertone, if he not think it was rather late for René as she saw some signs of fatigue. He made no audible answer, but Phillip Burnett sensed the situation, and suggested that “the minds of those present, being centered upon the boy, it probably had an effect upon his sensitive organism, and the hour being quite late, he proposed that the party adjourn.”

There was no expressed opposition, and all at once began to make preparations to retire. That René was not exactly himself was apparent, but a few passes by Phillip over his head, did much towards restoring his usual cheerfulness.

With hearty shakes of the hand, the friends gradually withdrew. Phillip Burnett and Arthur remained as the former had something for the ears of René's parents.

Phillip asked Arthur to sit with René a few minutes and beckoning Mr. Favor, said he would like to see him and his wife on a private matter. They retired to the adjoining room and Phillip remarked:

"I wished to see you in reference to what I think is about to be a revelation to you. I have a long time known that your René is peculiarly endowed. You probably have no suspicion of what I am about to tell you. I have proof positive, and I know that you will excuse me if I do not reveal all, but your son is a somnambulist. This is no cause for anxiety while you follow my directions."

Mrs. Favor clung to her husband's arm as if for protection.

"His is a peculiar case, as I have opportunities for knowing what you have not. I attribute all the letters you have received from the unknown, to your son René."

"How can that be?" asked the father. "The first letter we received came before my boy could write, and the handwriting of the last one does not deviate from the first, one hair."

"That signifies nothing," said Phillip. "You witnessed the seeming proficiency in Arthur Arabah this evening in the musical line, when he cannot out of that state play the scale in the key of C. He knows not a note of music, yet under the strange influence he is as you have seen him."

"I am sorry to hear of your suspicions, Mr. Burnett," said Julian.

"On the contrary you should rejoice. Hear me out. In the first place, if properly handled, you will have an unfailing source of information upon knotty subjects. which I will explain to you later. When first you observe your boy in that state do not be alarmed, and above all do not make any attempt to awaken him. While in that condition he will be extremely sensitive, and sudden return to consciousness brought about by the ordinary methods might produce serious results."

"What shall we do? Leave him to himself?" asked Julian.

"Exactly," answered Phillip. You can watch him closely, is you desire, but do not speak to him. Follow my advice in this respect, and you will meet with some remarkable disclosures. The difference between Arthur and René is that one is a natural somnambulist and the other is one only as he is wrought upon by another party for special purposes. The same law operates in both cases. I believe that this very night you will see what you have never before, and I would like to be here to witness what will undoubtedly take place. I may be a source of strength to you and be able to place within your hands the means which if properly handled, will insure perfect safety in all future developments. Believe me, I have spent many years in the investigation of this subject, and I am as yet but on the threshold of knowledge."

"Mr. Burnett," said Julian impressively, "I believe you, and will gladly allow you to remain here not only tonight, but till that takes place which I almost dread. But is it not necessary that René be not informed of your presence in the house?"

"Yes. I will, with Arthur, take our leave of you all, and in ten minutes thereafter, or as soon as you will give a signal we may agree upon, will quickly return to the house, if you will leave the door unlocked."

"Very well," answered Julian. "I will leave a lamp burning in the front hall when René has retired. You can then come in, and I will then assign you the room you are to occupy."

They then returned to the front room, where Arthur and René were looking over some colored plates. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont had retired.

"Well boys," said Mr. Burnett, "I beg your pardon for leaving you so long, but I had a little private business with Mr. and Mrs. Favor which kept us. Come Arthur, I think it is time we were on our way, or we may be compelled to walk all the way home. If I am not mistaken, the last car has left already."

"I think not," said Mr. Favor. "At any rate, I will not urge you to stay. If you find the car has left you, you can return, and we will give you such accommodation as we have and welcome."

Then bidding them good night, the two passed out, leaving the Favor's to themselves.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

René needed no urging to retire. The sound of the retreating footsteps and of his own mounting the stairs intermingled. The experiences of the evening had been such that half induced had been the spiritual state, and as he made his way to his room he hardly knew whether he was sleeping or awake. He had reached the top of the stairs when he suddenly remembered his picture and calling to his mother said: "I must have another look at myself."

His father heard and understood, and replied: "You mean your portrait. I will take it right up to your room." He went for it and soon bore it to René's room and placed it where he could see it from his bed. Then advising him to get between the sheets as quickly as possible, bade him good night. "Leave your door ajar, René, it is so warm," his father said as he left the room. René always did, but Mr. Favor thinking that to-night might prove an exception to the rule, thought it best to advise him. René soon was composing himself for slumber, little dreaming a close vigil was to be kept over his movements. Mr. Favor placed a lamp on the lowest step of the stairs in the hall, and a minute after Phillip and Arthur softly opened the door. Julian

stood in the parlor and beckoned them to him. The door was then closed. Mrs. Favor said, "Oh, dear I am all in a flutter," and then as if considering a calamity was about to befall them, added, "Oh, Mr. Burnett, can nothing be done to avert this?"

"Yes," he replied. "You can allow some one to sleep with him, keep a constant watch, and by use of force prevent it occurring, but it will be only to delay what will be accomplished at the first opportunity and under less favorable circumstances, perhaps. And more than all that, we wish to ascertain that he is the one who has written the letter. This doubt must be cleared away."

"But why," asked Julian, "are you so positive that it will occur to-night? It is not of nightly occurrence, is it?"

"No. I will tell you all to-morrow. Hark! Who is stirring upstairs? I hear footsteps."

"So do I, as sure as fate," said Julian, then going on tip-toe to a point from which could be seen any one going upstairs, the others following, they listened.

"Some one is in the store-room," whispered Nellie. "Go up, Julian, softly and ascertain."

He was about to mount the stairs, and his foot was on the lowest step, when he heard footsteps descending. There was a dim light through the house, as the moon, being nearly full, sent its rays through the windows, across rooms, and through half open doorways. Steps were heard approaching, and a moment after were distinctly heard retreating in the direction of René's room.

Phillip thought they were safe in going up, so as to obtain a view of what might be going on inside.

The four wended their way upstairs in the semi-darkness as slowly and as still as smoke.

They reached the door of René's room, which was wide open, and stopped as they obtained a view of what thrilled the hearts of the watchers.

Standing in his night gown, was René before his easel. With pins he was securing to it a piece of canvas. Once fastened in position, and as though by the light of the noon-day sun, René could be seen taking from his case a tube of

some color, which he deposited upon his palette. Then with brush in hand, he for a few minutes worked in the lower right hand corner. He looked a moment at the result of his labor, then laid the palette aside with the color still upon it, with the brush by the side of it. Then with a sigh of relief, he turned to his bed, got into it, and composed himself as if to sleep.

All listened a few minutes, standing at the open doorway. Soon the measured, heavy breathing told of the normal sleep, and Phillip, in a low tone, spoke, "All is over for to-night. If you would like to go in now, Mrs. Favor, as though you feel anxious to see if he is sleeping, you can at the same time ascertain what he has been doing. Do not let him know that you have been watching him."

She took from the mantel in the next room a lamp, lighted it, and entered softly, yet with unrestrained movements, René's room. She bent over her boy to ascertain if he was asleep. She became satisfied on that point, and turned her gaze upon the easel. She could have screamed, but controlling herself by superhuman effort, she regained the room whither the three had retreated as she came out. She fell into a chair overcome. "Oh, Julian! the picture. Paul Mifflitt's picture is on that easel! What does it mean?"

"Do not be alarmed, my friend," said Phillip, "all will be explained to-morrow, I have no doubt."

Mr. Favor, almost as excited as his wife, said, "Where is this going to end? I see now who is the author of those letters."

"Not yet," responded Phillip. "Not yet! You know not the depth and breadth of it all."

"Hold me, Julian. This is too much for me. Indeed we don't know it all yet," said Nellie, as though she was on the verge of fainting.

"What cause is there for grief, my good woman?" asked Phillip kindly.

"Oh, you don't know, Mr. Burnett. It isn't grief. I cannot explain it. I believe I shall go distracted!"

Julian, with a pale face, did his best to calm her. His

perturbation proceeded more from witnessing his wife's distress than from anything in the occurrence itself. He said, "Mr. Burnett, have you any power to employ which will aid her?"

He answered, "I will try." Then standing before her, he gently made passes over her head and shoulders. She became gradually calmer, and a few minutes later looked up into her husband's face while a heavenly smile lit up her features. "Oh, Julian! oh, Mr. Burnett! Paul Mifflitt, Paul Mifflitt."

"What of Paul Mifflitt, Nellie?" asked her husband.

"Oh, I cannot tell you now."

It was thought, upon the recommendation of Mr. Burnett, that Mrs. Favor had better awaken René, and tell him that as he and Arthur had lost their car, they had returned to pass the night with them, and Arthur would share with René his bed.

This suggestion was acted upon. She took a lamp, and going to his room brought him to consciousness. He opened his eyes, and said, "What's the matter, mother?"

She bent down and kissed him, and told him of Mr. Burnett's return with Arthur, "and will Arthur sleep with me?" delightedly asked René.

"Yes. If you would like to have him."

Arthur then entered the room. Mrs. Favor bade them both "Good night," and the boys, as we still must call them, were left together.

Mrs. Favor regained the room below whither the gentlemen had retired, while a comparative calm filled her bosom.

"It would be as well for René not to see the canvass to-night," said Phillip.

"He cannot," answered Mrs. Favor. "It is turned away from the bed, and towards the window."

Mr. Burnett was assigned his room for the night, and all soon retired.

Before long the house was as silent as the tomb, and perhaps nearly as tenantless, for who can follow the soul when slumber holds the physical?

Mr. and Mrs. Favor, however, were the last to succumb to its influence, the latter especially, as within her bosom were many conflicting emotions which her husband could not feel.

The morning came. It was to be an eventful day in the domicile of the Favors. The rays of the rising sun seemed to be possessed of more illuminating power than ever. They said to the soul of Mrs. Favor, as she drew up the curtains of her room, to let the glory in. "We light your earth and we penetrate your inner beings. We unfold the mysteries of the world of spirit, as well as drive darkness from half your planet. We point the upturned petal of the flower to cheer your eye, and cultivate your sense. We give the roseate hue of health to the cheek that otherwise would be wan and sickly. We make your life worth living. We bring joy, life and hope to the disponding heart, that otherwise would pine in the darkness of despair. We do all these, and still secret misgivings like a worm at the heart, gnaws away at its strings as though to make thinner and finer the subtle thread that binds the soul to its dwelling-house. Be ye full of the hope and faith which it is our mission to inspire you with, and as ye draw the curtains of your earthly homes, do likewise so with the veil that hangs before the windows of your soul, that sweet peace may flow in upon the wings of the life giving rays of the sun that burns eternally in the far away centre of God's universe, freighted with wisdom and with love."

The susceptible bosom of Mrs. Favor did heave with a fuller inspiration, as from the rosy east the bright messengers came and baptized anew, she awaited the developments which she felt that day would bring.

Arthur Arabah and René were not the last to quit their beds, but before doing so they chatted away in the light-hearted manner of boys generally. René was glad that they lost the car the night before, and wondered how long he had been asleep when his mother announced to him the fact. Arthur told him "it could not be long, as they were not out of the house more than fifteen minutes." They at length left their bed, and the process of dressing was soon

completed. There stood the easel facing the window, and upon a chair rested the palette, upon which still was the little bit of black color and the brush beside. René's eyes rested upon them as they were about to leave the room. It was not his way to leave things in that condition. Mr. Hart had instilled into his mind the necessity of always caring for his painting materials and his brushes, especially after using them, and he wondered as he saw them there, what ever possessed him to leave undone this most important part of the artist's work.

"What got into me," he said aloud, "to leave my things in that manner?"

He took the palette in his hand, and for the first time, apparently and certainly to his physical eyes, appeared to him the canvas placed upon the easel the night previous. Wonder took the place of mere curiosity. Perceiving which Arthur asked him, "What is it that is so strange to you?"

"Why," René replied. "It all is. Who has done this? Father never touches my things, nor mother. Grandfather would not and grandmother is the last person in the world who would."

"Perhaps you got up in your sleep and did it," suggested Arthur.

René turned his eye upon him, and said, "Who knows but I did?" Then with a laugh, added, "Perhaps you did it, Arthur. You would be more apt to leave things in this way than I. I must tell mother. Perhaps she can throw some light upon it."

Then looking at the color on the palette, he said, "But what could any one use that black for? I never use it clear unless to put my name at the bottom."

"Perhaps that is done," suggested Arthur. "See! there is a name," and looking closer the words "Jerome René" were seen among the foliage in the foreground, at the right hand lower corner.

"Why! my name, a part of it, only the Favor is left off. Let's go downstairs," and before he had arrived at the room where his mother was, he commenced to tell the wonderful story of his discovery.

She interrupted him by asking him where Arthur was, trying by a little delay to prepare in her mind some reply to make to him.

"Here he is."

"Good morning, Mrs. Favor," said Arthur, smiling, as he appeared in the doorway.

"Good morning, Arthur," responded the hostess.

"What is this René is talking of; some one 'taking liberties with the artist's tools'?"

She evidently knew something about it, and René, with his sharp eye, detected it.

"Mother, you know' something about this. Now tell me, please. There is a strange picture on my easel, and the strangest part of it is my name is at the bottom, and it has been done since yesterday, for the color is yet green. I touched it with my finger."

Mrs. Favor now opened her eyes without dissimulation. Her wonder was not feigned, and in her face René saw nothing but genuine surprise. He was convinced of her innocence now, and said, "Does father know anything about it?"

"Perhaps so," said his mother. "You had better ask him."

"This beats all the mysterious letter business," spoke René, "and I wouldn't wonder a bit if the someone who wrote the letters did the painting. I'll bet someone is hid in the house. I have read of such things in stories."

"It may be," his mother replied.

Mr. Favor and Mr. Burnett then, with smiling faces, appeared upon the scene, and the whole story was gone over by René, and corroborated by Arthur.

Mr. Favor then said—he having been advised by Phillip before hand—"Listen to me, René," at the same time taking his hand. "Don't get excited over what I am going to tell you, will you?"

"I'll try not to," answered the boy, wrought up by intense curiosity.

"You know, then, what a somnambulist is, do you not?"

"Yes; one who walks and does things in his sleep."

"Exactly, and who in this house do you suppose does it."

"I don't know; perhaps mother."

"No," with a forced laugh, replied his father. "René is the one."

"What! I get up in my sleep and go about in the dark, and know nothing about it?"

"Yes," answered his father, and all joined in the laugh to mitigate, if possible, any serious effect this statement might produce upon his mind.

René looked at one and another, his astonishment so genuine as to excite the mirth of all.

"Well, who knows that I do? Has any one seen me?"

"We all saw you last night, not fifteen minutes after you went to bed," said Mr. Favor:

"And did you, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"And did not tell me when you saw me looking at the picture on my easel?"

"Yes. It was by my advice, René, that he kept it silent," said Mr. Burnett, for it is a peculiar state of affairs, and a somnambulist must be handled with great caution. By and by, after you get used to the idea that you are such a wonderful person, I will explain it to you and may be able to offer you a remedy."

Although the subject as a topic for conversation was dropped for a time, it was still uppermost in the minds of all. Mrs. Favor went to complete preparations for breakfast, and while Julian went to look after other affairs which came within the scope of his duties, Phillip Burnett, Arthur and René amused themselves as best they could. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont were as yet in ignorance of what had transpired "in the dead waste and middle of the night," but it was not long before they were apprised of it.

Her daughter made it known to Mrs. Lamont the moment she appeared. The latter raised both hands, and viewing it in the light of a calamity, said: "Why Nellie Favor, I wouldn't have such a thing happen to a body for

the world. Just think of the people who have walked out of windows, and tumbled down stairs, and climbed up on to the ridge pole of houses. Oh, dear, dear; and to think that our René is one of such people."

Mr. Lamont who had listened thus far, said: "Mary, don't get worked up over it. Don't you see that you make Nellie nervous? She probably knows all about the danger there is, and your painting the picture in such horrid colors, will not help matters any. There is a cure for it, I am told, but I don't know enough about it to suggest anything. Perhaps Mr. Burnett does. He seems to know all about these marvels."

"I wouldn't wonder if he did," said his wife, who had become quite composed. Nellie also felt better, although she had not allowed her mother to unnecessarily alarm her, for all that she had expressed she had revolved within her own mind during the hours her mother had spent in peaceful slumber. At the table but little was said upon the subject, as its discussion was not calculated to improve the appetite or aid digestion. At its close, however, Mr. Burnett remarked that he was perhaps in possession of facts that would in a measure relieve their minds of some of the anxiety which all were feeling and not without good reason. Julian suggested that they retire to the sitting room as he had an hour yet before him.

They did so, and Phillip said: "Now there is a great deal to be said on this subject, and in fact much more than I have time to devote this morning to it, or that you would care to listen to, but it is a matter fraught with interest and importance to all of you. I would not want a son of mine to be a somnambulist, as it is evident that René is, for although if properly controlled there would be no danger, I would advise you to allow him to submit to such treatment as would remove the cause, and prevent a recurrence of what you have seen,"

All listened attentively, as it was evident that he was about to cover the ground, and he was allowed to proceed without interruption.

"The remedy I would suggest is, that he be allowed to

submit to magnetic treatment. Many besides myself could put him into the peculiar state in which you have seen Arthur Arabah. Being controlled by another the disposition to walk in the sleep is removed. By the operation of some psychic law, a change is brought about in the mysterious relations between the soul and the body, the minute an intelligent application of magnetic force is made upon the subject. Natural somnambulism then becomes subject to guidance, and like steam and electricity, once in subjection to the will of man, it becomes instead of something to be dreaded, a power which will prove a blessing and unfailing source of instruction."

Mr. Burnett paused and Julian ventured to say: "Well Mr. Burnett, there is no man in whom I have more confidence than I have in you, and if you can remove from our minds the anxiety we all feel in this matter, I think I but voice the sentiments of my wife and the rest of the family, in saying, do as you will in the matter, and exercise the power you possess."

Mrs. Favor added, "Certainly, we will be only too glad to have you." Then turning to her boy said: "I suppose René himself does not object. It isn't like pulling teeth, is it, Mr. Burnett?"

"On the contrary it is attended with the most delightful sensations," he replied.

"When will you make the attempt?" asked Mr. Favor.

"As to that," he answered, "suit your own convenience. I would suggest evening for two reasons. One is that all thought of business of the day would be banished from the mind, and the other is that the one to be operated upon is in a more negative condition, and consequently more susceptible; for the vital forces are more vigorous during the day and are with greater difficulty controlled. There is an ebb and flow of nerve power during the twenty-four hours, and during the evening, while at its ebb, is the time when success is most easily attained. If you wish it and think it advisable, I will this evening come again with Arthur, and before the time comes for retiring, I will demonstrate the truth of the assertions I have made.

All were satisfied. All breathed easier than before, under the influence of Phillip's assurance, and in their confidence in his ability.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Soon after, Phillip, Arthur and Julian left the house, Mrs. Favor turned to her domestic duties, her mother assisting, while Mr. Lamont went out for a walk in the sweet morning air, accompanied by his grandson as was a common indulgence.

Later in the day all were assembled in René's studio engaged in earnest conversation upon the strange occurrences, the picture which had been taken from its resting place in the store room, and all the mysterious circumstances connected with it. Various were the emotions which rose tumultuously, within the bosom of the mother of René. There was more significance to her in what was transpiring than to any other living being. She could not define it, and there was something she yearned to know more about. She wondered especially at the singular coincidence of her son bearing the same name as was upon the picture, and which she found on the other pieces which were from the brush of Paul Mifflitt. If his name appeared there instead of René, there would be less perplexity about it, yet nothing less marvellous. All these questions she presented to others, but no satisfactory response could be elicited. They were doomed to thus remain for some time longer. Would another sun find her wiser than to-day?

Evening came, and with it Julian. Great expectations filled the minds of all to the exclusion of everything else. Their evening meal over, all assembled within their cozy front room. They waited not very patiently, it must be confessed. Still they did not come. René, as anxious as a candidate for initiation in the degrees of masonry, sat the centre of attraction, for he was the one in whose soul nested the secret that it required more than an alchemist to drag to the light.

As they were beginning to wonder that their expected visitors did not arrive, steps were heard approaching the house. A quick pull at the bell was answered by the eager Julian. Phillip and Arthur were at the door. A moment after they stood in the presence of the little company who were on the alert to witness what they considered was to be the climax of events.

By degrees Phillip brought them to the business of the evening. There was nothing abrupt in any of his movements. To "make haste slowly" was a motto of his, yet every motion told when he did move, and no "fuss and feathers" activity was he ever guilty of.

Being gradually brought to our issue, Phillip said calmly, "I think it would be better for us all to remain quiet for a few minutes, and I will see if I can influence René any. It may not be possible for me to succeed the first time, at any rate I can make the attempt, and after each trial I think you will perceive a marked advancement."

Then seating himself in front of his subject, he said, as he took his hands within his own, "Now, René, you can close your eyes or keep them open, as you prefer. Perhaps if you close them, your attention will not be diverted from me. You can imagine yourself looking at me; it will be all the same perhaps."

René closed his eyes. Phillip then, touching the closed lids, remarked confidently, "I think you cannot open them now if you wish to. It, however, will be useless for you to try. See if you can open them."

René made the effort; Mr. Burnett continuing to speak so as to employ the force in the most effective manner. "I

wouldn't try any more, René."

All present were smiling, yet no one spoke. Phillip held the hands and intently gazed upon the closed eyes.

Soon René exclaimed, "Why, I am floating away. Don't let me go, Mr. Burnett."

His mother felt a fear which she could not express. "Oh, dear," she said, "is it all right?"

Mr. Burnett smiled and nodded his head, not taking his eyes from René's brow.

Julian took his wife's hand in his own, and said in a whisper, "That's the way they always are the first time."

She said no more, yet it could be seen that she inwardly was agitated by vague fears of impending trouble.

Phillip laid René's hands upon his knees, and bringing his hands slowly down over his head, chest and lower extremities, asked, "René, do you hear my voice?"

A motion of the jaw indicated that he was trying to answer. A proper movement was made by Phillip over the stiffened muscles, and again he asked the question.

"Yes," softly answered René.

"Do you see any people in the room?"

"I see you."

"No one else?"

"No."

"Would you like to see any one else?"

"I don't know. You suit me pretty well."

"I would like to introduce you to Arthur, my friend Arthur."

"I would like to know him if he is any like you."

Thus taking his hand, he placed it in Arthur's, and after making a movement over them as if connecting them, René said, "Oh, I am glad to see you. You are Arthur Arabah, aren't you? We have met before."

"Yes," replied Arthur. "We have, and we will meet many times more."

"We will," answered René.

"Now," said Phillip, "René, can't you tell me about the picture in your room?"

René laughed outright. "Oh, Mr. Burnett, I'll not do

so any more, nor write any more letters."

"Do you mean to say that you wrote the mysterious letters?"

"I do, and no one else."

"Well, how is it that the hand-writing is so different from your own?"

"It is not; it is just the same."

"It doesn't look so to me."

"Well, it does to me."

"Isn't your name René Favor?"

René, laughing, said, "What's in a name?"

"Very true," said Phillip, "but can you tell me your name?"

"If you do not press me for an answer I shall tell no lies."

"This is a curious case," said Phillip. "I never had a subject who gave me such evasive answers."

"You never had me for a subject before, Phillip Burnett, did you?"

"No."

"Well, you may never again."

"How is that? Will you resist me?"

"Oh, no, but there is a secret that I must retain for a while."

"Well," answered Phillip, a little chagrined, "I wish to test your powers a little, for I seek only the good of René Favor."

At this René laughed again, and said, "René Favor is a good name, and so is Jereme René. Which do you like better?"

Mr. Burnett answered, "Both are good. Now will you answer me one question?"

"Perhaps so, but you needn't ask it aloud, for I can read it in your mind. I will answer it all the same, however. You have done a good work for the boy before you, and never will he give father or mother further cause for anxiety. His sleep-walking propensity is destroyed, but you have done more, you have unlocked the door so he can go at will through space, and bolts and bars cannot prevail

against him. It will be well for you to exercise this power upon him from time to time, and thus keep equalized the forces within, that he may live long upon the land where first his mortal eyes gazed into the loving ones of his mother."

"You have answered my question. Now perhaps your mother would like to speak with you."

"I would like to hear my mother's voice," came from René's lips in an altered tone.

A connection was established between them.

"René, will you answer me one question which I will ask mentally?"

His head nodded assent. She then looked for a few moments intently at the closed eyes. The lips of René parted, and the words came with startling distinctness. "Yes. and I will love you always. The soul never loses the object of its love. For a time it may appear to have drifted away, but it lives somewhere, nurtured by angels' care, and only waits for the fruition of events to bring them together to be more strongly cemented than ever."

She dropped the hand of her boy, and, covering her eyes with her own fair hands, burst into tears.

"Do not cry, mother," said René, in familiar boyish tones. "You are not feeling badly, are you?"

"No, oh no, no! not badly, but this overwhelms me."

There was a secret meaning, which none ventured to extort from her, but the words coming from René's lips impressed all, and Phillip no less, that something deeper than what should be revealed, had a lodgement within her being.

Phillip wisely withdrew him from further communion with his mother for that time, and asked him if he knew of the whereabouts of Ellen Adolfo.

"Well, perhaps I can find her, but Arthur will not have to seek her. Would it not be better to ask him?"

"Yes, perhaps so," answered Phillip, "but I don't care to know just now. Some future time will answer as well. I think you had better return to your folks. They may like to see you."

"As you say, Phillip Burnett."

The operator remarked that he thought it would not be best to keep him too long in that state the first time, and he brought him into the normal condition, but not with the same ease that he had Arthur.

René opened his eyes, and looking upon the faces of those turned towards him, said, "Why, I have been asleep, haven't I?" but what is the matter, mother? he asked at seeing the redness about her eyes.

"Nothing, René," she replied. "It is something strange to see you as you were, and you must not wonder that it affected me."

René looked at Phillip as though for an explanation, which he gave him, telling him that he was successful in his experiment, that he was a capital subject for the mesmeric operator, and that he would be troubled no more with sleep-walking.

The subject was changed and a general conversation ensued.

Mr. Lamont at length spoke :

"That, Mr. Burnett, is a mysterious power that you are a master of."

"I a master? Mr. Lamont, I am master of nothing. I am but a feeble operator. I make use of my faculties, and a chemist can handle certain elements, and form combinations, but the master is beyond me. I have learned of the great teacher some things, and I hope to learn more."

The object Phillip Burnett had in calling at Glen Cottage that evening having been accomplished, he made movement as if to go, when Mr. Favor restrained him by remarking:

"Do not be in a hurry, Mr. Burnett. There are one or two questions I would like to ask you. You are at liberty to answer them or not. Were you ever acquainted with Paul Mifflitt?"

Phillip answered, "Few knew him better than I did. In fact I knew him from boyhood. Although of a different turn of mind, yet we were in perfect sympathy, and he made me a confidant in most of his affairs."

Mrs. Favor said: "I knew there was something you

have been concealing. I have always felt it."

He replied, "It was not because I wished to keep it from you. There are certain particulars in regards to which I must preserve a strict reticence, at least for a time longer. The time has indeed come when I may make known to you a few circumstances of Paul Mifflitt's life. May I ask you, Mrs. Favor, if he ever told you of his early history?"

"But very little," she replied. "I only knew he was a bachelor, had been disappointed in love as many men have been, at some time in their lives. He told me that he would tell me a strange story some time; that it was his intention to write his life. He said he believed every man and woman before they died ought to write a book. He had written many articles for papers and periodicals, and few had ever found their way into the editor's waste basket."

"Have you ever suspected that Paul Mifflitt was not his true name?"

"No, I never did."

"Perhaps if you should examine his papers you would come across something which would inform you upon the subject."

"I know he showed me one of his articles once, I forget what paper it was clipped from, and the name Paul Mifflitt was at the bottom of it."

"That was his nom de plume," Phillip answered. "There were reasons, and good ones for his being known by that name, but let me tell you something more. It was twenty years ago, when we were on very intimate terms. I had just married, and Paul Mifflitt—as you call him—had called on us to tender his congratulations. My wife found him to be a very entertaining man, and for a wedding call he had remained much longer than callers usually did, but it being a stormy night, and no others having presented themselves, I prevailed upon him to ignore the custom and spend the evening. He willingly consented. My wife took to him at once, and a little feeling of jealousy possessed me which, however, found no expression. It was merely a passing fancy, but it is not necessary to go into the whole story. My wife after a time thought she would retire, as she had

duties in another part of the house, but she begged he would remain as long as he liked. After she had left the room, Paul said to me:

"That's a deuced pretty woman you have for a wife. She resembles the girl I loved once, but who, alas, did not reciprocate. I have ceased to think of her as I used to, but there is still a spark left which could easily be fanned into a flame. There is one request I want to make, and that is that you will name your first boy after me."

'Agreed' I said, and gave him my hand on it, 'providing my wife is willing, and she ever has a boy. She never had a boy, but you have, Mrs. Favor, and he bears his name.'

"What! Jerome René?"

"The very same."

"That explains it," she said with emotion.

Mr. Favor added, "It indeed explains the appearance of the name at the bottom of the pictures, but the mystery is unsolved—that of the letters. The mere fact of Jerome René being the artist, does not clear the other up."

"No," added his wife, turning a shade paler.

"There is something strange, oh so weirdly strange in it all. It is more than I can understand. I am sometimes almost beside myself when I get to thinking it over. These mid-night wanderings, the letters all written in the same bold hand, René's odd speeches, and in fact everything seems to be pervaded with an air of mystery. Mr. Burnett, and particularly when you come into the house."

"Well, Nellie," spoke her husband, "would it not be well to think no more about it to-night. Suppose you give us a song. We may learn more to-morrow."

"Yes, a song," smilingly repeated Phillip.

Mrs. Favor went to the piano, sat a moment and thought. Suddenly she struck the keys and after a few chords rendered in her sweet way sang:

"This life is but a seeming ;
This life is but a dreaming ;
We'll wake some day
And find the way
To a star that's brightly gleaming.

Then bless the star in heaven afar
In the midnight sky now beaming;
The light in the window placed for thee,
For the wakening from thy dreaming."

This was a fitting close to the evening's entertainment and soon after Phillip and Arthur took their leave. A few more rays of light had come into the souls of Glen Cottage, but the walls of the inner chamber as yet reflected it not.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was some days after the partial revelation we have described had been made that René sat in his little room with a clean piece of canvas mounted upon a stretcher before him on his easel, with a small print above it for a copy. He sat apparently undecided what to do. His mother sat near by, as she found no sunlight as bright as that surrounding him. She was sewing and talking, not the garrulous kind, for when she spoke it was to say something which it was pleasant to hear. René at length put aside the new canvas, and took from the wall the largest painting of Paul Mislitt's, the same he worked upon as a somnambulist, and placed it upon the easel.

"What are you going to do with that," asked his mother.

"I don't know," he answered. "It seems as if it was not finished."

She said no more but resolved to watch closely what should follow. He took it from its frame and then sat looking at it as if in deep thought.

"Mother," he said at length, "When did I work on this before?"

"You never did, except on that night when you put the name in the corner."

"It was not that. I have worked in here among this foliage," pointing to a point representing a path beneath overhanging trees, a romantic spot. "And here is a place where I remember of working in too much sienna and tried to cover it with light foliage, but it didn't suit me. You can see it yourself, see?" pointing to it with his brush.

"You must be mistaken, René. You probably dreamt of it some time, or you may have visited some such place and your memory indistinctly may associate it in some way with painting. You know you are very imaginative, René."

He replied, "Mr. Hart has told me that we never imagine anything."

"Mr. Hart is artist, René, and we know that being one his imagination or ideality is always large and so vivid is it that it becomes a reality to him."

René sat and thought. At last an idea occurred to him.

"Mother, as true as I sit here, I have worked on this picture before. I remember now of outlining it, and—now it is gone again—yes, and the picture was painted to order, and the lady who ordered it never called for it. She could not pay for it."

Mrs. Favor had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Paul Mifflitt had told her something to that effect, yet it was so many years ago, and so exceedingly vague, that she didn't feel sure enough to admit it to René. To hear strange things from the lips of her son had become so common that it ceased to effect her as it did formerly, and she didn't evince much surprise now. She had settled down to one conclusion, that there was a mystery about her boy which she felt she never could unravel. He was looked upon as a wonder by those out of the family as well, and some old women shook their heads and said "he will not live long," but he lived on and on, as handsome as ever, and

he grew and enjoyed perfect health, notwithstanding dire prophecies and wise heads shakings.

Both Mr. Favor and his wife, also the grandparents, allowed him to have his way and humored him in all his eccentricities, but the time was to come when the lance should strike deeper, when arguments failing stranger manifestations would knock into ruin all attempts to cover up excuse or explain away.

René took to painting faces, and met with remarkable success. It seemed as if a master hand controlled his own. He did not understand himself. As one often speaks wiser than he knows, so did René Favor handle the brush in a manner that his tuition under Mr. Hart did not warrant.

He still continued his relations with that artist, who was satisfied to look and wonder at the phenomenon, as he regarded René.

It was late in the Autumn of 18— that Mr. Hart remarked to René one afternoon, "René, I think I will take a couple weeks of outing. I want to visit the Adirondacks. There are some fine views, and if it isn't too late, which I almost fear, I shall try to catch some of that brilliant foliage coloring. I will leave the key in your charge, and a card on the outside of the door announcing my temporary absence. You may admit callers or not, as you feel disposed. Perhaps it would be as well to lock yourself in, and you can spread yourself and perhaps astonish the world with your productions."

René was sorry to hear of his friend's determination to leave the city, but consoled himself with the reflection that there would indeed be an opportunity to make an effort in the direction of portrait painting, the result of which might be a surprise to himself, if to no one else.

He, therefore, as soon as Mr. Hart had packed up and taken an affectionate leave of him, set about it, and without communicating his intentions to another soul, invoked the shade of Raphael to aid him in his work.

And so the days passed, to René, blissfully away. He was where he loved to be, and who says he did not in those closing Autumn days enjoy the companionship of those

enfranchised souls who done with the physical body for a time were attracted to those congenial to themselves in art, and all that is beautiful? The soul recognizes soul, no matter how it is dressed whether in mortal robes or the garb of celestial inhabitants. The one who has known death is a stranger to doubt, and divested of the clogs of earth seeks its own wherever it may be.

The one life eternal, God's brightest gift to man, all souls live, and he is blessed indeed who knows it for himself. All will come to a knowledge of the sublime truth in time, but it is a weary pilgrimage for many who wedded to the fleeting pleasures of earth, grasp at the grass that fringes the border of the stream of life that is bearing them on to éternity. The knowledge that is possessed by the few is only obtained after repeated births.

One short life will not enable the eye to perceive the glories of the beyond, or give to tottering age the hope of eternal youth.

Man is a creature of growth in spiritual conception no less than in the physical, and having eyes only for the embodiment of the spiritual, he lies down on the brink of the open grave and sighs away the last moments of his earth life, praying for that which an eye of faith alone will not enable him to perceive.

The hours spent thus in the studio of Mr. Hart were the pleasantest of René's life. There was only one spot else where his soul enjoyed its existence keenly, and that was by his mother's side.

Some can understand this. To others less happily constituted, it may seem a morbid growth, an unnatural development of the love element, which will enshrine the maternal parent with itself. To some, love is not love, unless hymenial joys are an important factor. If they are right, love dies when the eyes take their last look at the setting sun. But as the mortal cannot see the immortal, so the earth-bound soul cannot know of those finer joys which are for those who have passed on through the golden gates in the west. The first frosts completed the work of maturity in the vegetable world. The trees had vied with each other

in the brilliant garbs they had assumed, and leaf by leaf they commenced to strew the ground with the vestige of their summer's existence.

It was only a brief period that elapsed after the golden leaves began to quit the parent branches, before stark and naked, the storm scarred trunks threw their arms into the air and sighed in the wind for the glory that had gone.

The sap that had nourished the leaves that now hurried over the ground, impelled to chase each other wildly wherever the fickle wind might take them, slowly ran back into the roots drawn there by nature's summons, to hold for another Spring time yet to come, the force to enable the tree to don its verdure again after the winter should have passed.

Mr. Hart returned invigorated after his escape from breathing the air of the crowded city, to find René, with palette in hand, industrious as ever. Joyful was the meeting of the two kindred beings, which was in itself an outpouring of praise to the author of eternal life.

Mr. Hart had made a dozen fine sketches, and a good Winter's work had he thus outlined for himself.

A picture covered with a green cloth occupied a modest place among its fellows on the wall, and René, actuated partly by modesty and partly by something we will not attempt to define, said to his teacher, who was casting his eye about him in search of what René might have accomplished in his absence, "Please not look at that until I have gone, will you, Mr. Hart?"

The promise was given, although the teacher yearned to know what was behind the little green curtain. He knew of René's peculiar ways and wishes, and had found after months of intimacy with him, that his whims, as some would call them, must be gratified, for it was a sad picture to the artist's eye to see discontent creep over the fine, soulful features of René. He had come to the conclusion that there was more in the boy than a boy, and as a true student of humanity he wisely decided that to learn of him he must not ever seek to make him walk in a path in which his own natural bent did not take him.

He, therefore, observed him closely without showing it, and learned more than he ever could hope to by any forcing process.

As soon as René, however, left him for the day, and had descended the stairs, he carefully lifted the veil, and was as delighted as he was surprised on beholding what René had achieved.

"That boy is inspired," he said. "No amateur could ever paint like that. If I ever doubted the possibility of a soul's return I cease to do so from this hour."

He carefully covered it, took his overcoat upon his arm, left the studio, and went into the street, resolved to leave untouched his brushes until he had pondered awhile upon this latest wonder.

Christmas morning opened brightly upon Glen Cottage. The crisp morning air reddened the blood, and sent it leaping through the arteries.

The occasion always brought an increase of joy to the members of that happy household. Although not habitual church-goers, they held a devout veneration for the name of Christ. They believed in the divine origin of every man, but in him they considered was a flower of humanity in the beauty of whose life the Divine was especially manifested. They believed as they were forced to, for it is not optional with any man what he shall believe. They saw in Jesus a soul whose whole heart beat was for humanity, The being who preached love to all mankind, and through that love to God was to them, one whose name should never rest lightly upon any lip. Christmas morning, accordingly, was one fit for their observance, and the chiming of the bells vibrated upon the air and within their souls with a music sweeter than ever.

There was but little snow upon the ground, but the ice upon the ponds was of sufficient thickness to permit the skaters to indulge in their pastime without danger.

René, however, indulged no more in the sport, for upon one occasion he was immersed in the ice waters, betrayed by the apparent solidity of its frozen surface. That was one of his life's lessons that he had to learn but once, and he

concluded that terra firma was good enough for him until he should be in a condition to rise superior to gravity, and soar according to the will of the spirit.

Glen Cottage received a few callers towards noon, who came to give expression to their merry wishes, and, observing the customs of the day, made René especially the recipient of many tokens of love and regard.

The clock was striking eleven when an expressman drove up to the gate, and descending from his high seat presented himself at the door with a large package securely tied, and looking as if it had come a long distance.

"Mr. Favor, I believe," said the bearer, as Julian answered the ring.

"That is my name."

"Here is something for you. It is all right. The express is paid."

"Thank you," said Mr. Favor, "and a merry Christmas to you in the bargain."

"The same to you," cheerily responded the man of many packages, as he turned to his team.

All was excitement in the house. A general gathering of all to the front room where the package was taken to be opened. Upon the side was a tag upon which was written in a bold round hand,

"Mrs. Nellie Favor—With the best wishes of the giver, and a Merry Christmas to all. For particulars look inside."

The strings were cut and the wrapping paper was removed. It was handled with caution, as they could not imagine what was inside.

It was soon exposed to view, however, and to the surprise of all, and especially to the recipient, the face of Paul Mifflitt in his palmiest days was before them.

In an elegant gilt frame it was set. The coloring was superb and the shading so well executed and the expression was so true to life that it seemed as if the man himself was there.

All looked at René, but not a muscle of his face moved, nor a smile or twinkle of the eye to reveal its authorship. But the particulars, where are they?

A letter fell from between the stretcher and the canvas as search was made. It read as follows:

"Mrs. Nellie Favor—How sweet is life, eternal life wherein the soul can grow into the Divine, where love is the ruling element and the possessor finds a kinship in the swelling bud, and the opening flower which dispenses its odors on the pregnant air. All nature turns with the expression of thanksgiving to the great source of all. Man is the only exception. He, doubting his origin, denies his God, the Father. Placed upon the little earth, he, like the actor, struts upon the stage for a brief period, to have the sable curtain of oblivion fall when the play is o'er, only to be soon forgotten. Others take his place upon the boards to go through the fleeting show. But there are souls who know the truth, whose eyes look upon the light celestial, whose ears catch the strains from lips that never stiffen, and whose arms embrace in love eternal the objects of their hearts desire. Accept this Christmas morning, this painted reminder of one you once knew, and who knows and loves you still. Paul Miflitt."

The letter dropped from Nellie Favor's hand, and trembling she looked long and earnestly into the eyes that moved not. With a fixed and far away expression they returned her steadfast gaze, looking through her as it appeared. It carried her back to the days when in his little cottage she sat by his side, listening to his voice, trying to catch the subtle meaning he would convey.

Julian Favor looked upon the sweet features of his wife as she sat absorbed in what was before her. Did a feeling of jealousy take possession of him as he noted the fond expression that dwelt upon her face?

We know not. We only know that he loved her, and would as long as life should last. She was to him all a true wife should be, and he could ask no more. He knew that God's ways were past finding out, and that to labor and to wait for what the future was sure to bring was all there was for him to do.

"What is to be will be," he reasoned, and with a sigh he said to himself, "She is mine and I am content."

At length she put her arm about her husband's neck, and said, as the moisture filled her eyes, "How filled with mystery are our lives. I fain would know who painted this, and whose hands wrote these lines. My heart, Julian, recognizes the original. René, with all his skill, cannot paint like that. Oh, what tongue will reveal it all to me. I am lost in wonder. Do you think it strange, Julian dear, that I love to look upon the face of the dead? No, you are too good to be so uncharitable. Do I not love you as a true wife should?"

"Yes, Nellie," came in husky tones from her husband. "You are all my heart can desire."

"Do you think our souls are so small that they can hold but one? The mother loves her children be they never so many. Should the eldest be jealous of the latest born? If then a mother can so many love, why cannot she love another soul in Heaven?"

"You are a strange, sweet girl, Nellie," and they found a place on the wall for the picture which ever looks at her with that far-away dreamy expression.

Christmas passed, but other days came and the ever recurring question came up. What mortal hand held the brush that was so faithful;

Did René paint it? Was Mr. Hart the instrument? Being questioned, the expressman's answer invariably was, "It was left at the office by a fine looking young man whom we never saw before nor since, who paid for it and disappeared."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The holidays passed and a new year was entered upon. The young friends of René had been invited to a new year party at Glen Cottage, and several misses had looked their prettiest so as to please the eyes, and if possible touch the heart of the best looking boy in the neighborhood, but René, although susceptible to a high degree, would show no preference, appearing to like them all. He didn't believe in flirtations. Matters of the heart, he thought, should not be made light of, even between young people. He carried himself with a juvenile dignity quite unusual for one of his years, and so studiously avoided creating false hopes among the girls, that it only stimulated a minority to capture him if possible.

"The time has not come," he thought to himself, "to enter into that sort of thing. A few more years may bring me to it."

He and Arthur Arabah, at about this time, were exchanging visits, and Phillip Burnett, with the consent of René's parents, took advantage of these occasions to put him into the magnetic state occasionally for a purpose.

It was not a mere idle curiosity that actuated him, for he was a student in psychology, and with two such fine subjects as Arthur and René he made the most of his opportunities, and learned a great deal of the mission of the soul, and what it was capable of accomplishing in the present life.

It was on the evening of one of these visits that Phillip thought he would see if any impression objectively could be

made upon René's parents through magnetic operations. The result proved to be most startling, as we will soon perceive. It was about the middle of January when the experiment was made.

At Glen Cottage all was quiet on the evening we are now to speak of.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Julian Favor and Nellie were seated as usual. Julian was reading his evening paper, Nellie was at work upon some sewing, not because it was a case of necessity, but because at that particular time she felt like it. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont were near the stove in easy chairs, making themselves comfortable.

The conversation had been upon past events in their lives, and the lessons learned. Mr. Lamont had said he "felt that there were but a few years at the most before him, that his life's story was nearly written, and that if it never should be published it would be just as well. He felt that he had filled some kind of a niche, and that perhaps he had been of some consequence in the world, but it required more of a head than he had to describe the niche, or tell where it was located."

"Why, father," his daughter replied; "Didn't you marry mother? and wasn't I born, and haven't we been a happy family, and you have forgotten your grandson René, who is a rising man, and isn't it a thing to be proud of to be grandfather to such as he? and if you were not a man of good quality I would not be what I am, to be the mother of René?"

She said all this merrily, which caused Julian to drop his paper, and join in the general good feeling.

Mr. Lamont answered, "Thank you, my daughter, for the compliment, but I think that a very small fraction of the virtue existing in your boy can be attributed to me. You are leaving your mother and your husband out entirely in your calculations. It is possible for a child to inherit the good qualities of one parent, and leave out the objectionable ones of the other."

"Now, father, you are not going to belittle yourself in my presence. It is not kind of you."

"No, William," added Mrs. Lamont, "if you really entertain such opinions of yourself, don't express them."

"Why not, if by relieving my mind it makes me feel better?" he answered.

"If really you think it benefits you, I have no objection to listening to you," his wife replied, "but, William, I do not think it is lasting. It is a morbid way you have got into lately, and to tell your own family that you are not filling an important place, is to give us pain. It is the serious manner in which you say these things, more than the words themselves, that grates so harshly upon the ears."

Mr. Lamont would have replied, but a knock at the front door put an end to the conversation. Julian answered the summons. A stranger stood there, and though not recognized by Mr. Favor, the caller evidently knew it.

"I would like to pass an hour in your midst," in pleasant tones came from the lips of the unknown.

"Certainly, you are welcome," and Julian opened wide the door.

The gentleman—for such he appeared—stepped inside, and followed Julian, who led the way to the sitting room. A pleasant smile was upon his face, and he walked with an air of composure that was most remarkable. As he entered the room where the family were assembled, Mrs. Favor and her mother started with an expression almost of fear upon their faces. Nellie was the most affected, and trembled as though an apparition was before her. Julian handed him a seat. The visitor held his hat in his hand, which was a soft felt, and as Julian motioned as if to take it from him, he shook his head, and dropped it by his side upon the floor. Nellie recovered somewhat, and all looked surprised, but showed no indication that he was not welcome.

Julian said, "I do not remember of having seen you before, sir, still your countenance is familiar."

The visitor, with a tone of voice which added to the astonishment of the ladies in the company, answered, "I hardly hoped to be recognized, but it is gratifying to me to know that I have made an impression upon Mrs. Lamont and her daughter, for believe me friends, I feel very near to

you."

It seemed as if Nellie was making a great effort to control herself, perceiving which the stranger said, "I hope I am a welcome visitor, Mrs. Nellie Favor. I observe, however, that the sight of me affects you unfavorably."

Nellie felt called upon to speak, and with a tremor in her voice, which she strove in vain to subdue, said, "Indeed, sir. It is not unpleasant to me to look at you, but you resemble so closely a dear friend of mine who has been a long time dead, that you must not wonder at my being affected as I am."

"I know the resemblance is great, but perhaps you are not aware that the one I resemble had a twin brother," the stranger explained, smiling as no one but Nellie's "dear friend" could.

"Indeed, I did not know it," she answered, gaining a little of her accustomed composure.

"You never have examined the contents of that little green trunk, I take it," said the strange man.

"Paul Mifflitt's?" she said, turning pale.

"No, yours; the one Paul Mifflitt gave you."

"I never have."

"That is very strange, but will you please tell me why?"

"Because the trunk was stolen by some one the day after his funeral."

"Are you sure?"

"I never found it," then correcting herself she added, "That is, after a week had passed. I saw the trunk with other of his effects brought down into his studio three days after his funeral. It bore my name in red letters, as he had promised it to me. I preferred leaving it there a few days as I was informed that Mr. Mifflitt had a brother somewhere, and the things were to remain as they were, until tidings could be obtained of him. I was at liberty to take the trunk, but for some reason I could not then bear to look at it. When I did go to get it, it was not to be found."

The stranger replied after she had finished, "Did you never receive a letter written on the occasion of a visit to

René by Arthur Arabah signed J. R., which was deposited in the old apple tree?"

"No. Although we received other letters from a mysterious source signed with those initials. At the time of Arthur's first visit, those letters had ceased to appear."

"Then that letter was never taken from the tree, and it is there still. You will find it if you will look again, and make a thorough search. It has found its way to the bottom of the cavity. It will inform you of the whereabouts of the trunk. That obtained you will find within, papers of value to you."

"You are here, Mr. Mifflitt—I suppose that is your name—to take possession of what your brother Paul left."

"Not exactly," he replied smiling and looking into her face in the same manner in which Paul Mifflitt used to do so many years before, "but excuse me, my name is called. I have an appointment with Phillip Burnett. You will see me again," and without further remark he arose, and went to the door. Julian jumped to his feet to escort him out, but by the time he reached the hall the stranger had vanished."

An hour after the disappearance of the man who was supposed to be the twin brother of Paul Mifflitt, René Favor came home. The rest of the family were awaiting his return that they might communicate to him the strange occurrences of the evening.

They knew that he had been to Phillip Burnett's to spend the evening, and they did not know but he might be able to enlighten them somewhat, as Mr. Burnett had in the past proven to them that much of what was veiled in mystery, to him was clear as the noonday sun. It was therefore a welcome sound when René's footsteps were heard at the door.

He had hardly entered the room before his mother said, "René, dear, we are so glad you are come. We have had a strange visitor while you have been away."

"Tell me all about it mother," then seeing the eager faces turned towards him, and at an unusually late hour,

for the old folks especially, he thought something extraordinary had transpired. "I believe you had. I almost wish I had been here. It always happens when I am out of the house or asleep, that you have these good times."

"Before you say anything further, Nellie, I would like to know René, where you were, and what you were all doing an hour ago," said his father.

"What I was doing an hour ago. Let me see. I was coming out of the magnetic state. Arthur and I both were in it at the same time. Dr. Corbett was there and wanted to investigate a little."

"Do you remember anything that transpired while you were in that condition?" asked his father.

"No. All is a blank to me. I never was in a deeper trance than this evening. I have a feeling though, which is not memory, that I in that state made a revelation. I cannot understand it, father. I wish I could, but there seems to be a veil drawn over a scene that now I cannot recall. But father, why do you ask?"

"René," his father said in a manner more than usually serious, "We have to-night entertained a man about whom hangs a veil. That he was a man is evident from the fact that he knocked at the door, and I went to the door, and admitted him. But the strangest of it all is that he was a person in the perfect image of one who died before you were born, and the resemblance was so perfect, that it made your mother feel very uneasy. Your grandmother also recognized him. He stated that in the old apple tree there is a letter which was there on the first night Arthur Arabah stayed with you."

"Why, father," interrupted René. "The morning after that night Arthur and I visited the tree and I found nothing."

"This person says it is there, and that it dropped into a cavity below the one where you expected to find it."

"I will go out this very minute father and see."

"And I will go with you." Then taking a lantern from the hook, where it was always kept when not in use, a light was soon produced and father and son sallied forth.

In less than a minute they were at the old apple tree. René inserted his hand and was about to withdraw it, disappointed when his eye suddenly brightened and he said, "There is a place further down, and I can feel the corner of an envelope. How can I get hold of it?"

By picking away a little of the rotten wood, he succeeded at length in getting a hold, and delighted, drew fourth the letter which had lain so long. The superscription was nearly obliterated by rain, which had found its way there. The address effaced, it was of course common property.

"Let us go to the house and open it there, said Mr. Favor.

They reentered the room where sat the rest of the party and astonishment was upon each face, as Julian held the letter up before their eyes.

They were soon seated and Julian remarked, "The letter we found as predicted by the unknown visitor, but it has been there so long that I fear its contents are not legible, for see upon the outside there is scarcely a trace of ink." He carefully removed the envelope, and all were rejoiced to see that the moisture had not to any serious degree effaced the writing within. He read aloud:

"To whom it may concern—The green trunk which was left by Paul Mifflitt for Nellie Lamont is still awaiting the pleasure of its owner. In the front of the larger of the two upper rooms, and close to the right corner, is a small closet, which only Paul himself knew existed until it was discovered after his death. The door to this was open. Pending the action of Nellie Lamont, the trunk was placed within the closet, and the door was closed and so tightly that a joint was scarcely discernable, a small keyhole with no escutcheon which was the only thing to indicate the existence of the door. The one who placed the trunk within the closet was Mr. Wooding, who received summons to visit another State the next day, and neglected to mention the fact of his disposal of the little chest.

A subsequent tenant of Violet Cottage papered the upper rooms and all trace of any door was destroyed. By re-

moving a square yard of the paper close to the floor, and the right hand corner of the room, facing you as you enter the apartment, you will discover the keyhole as I have described. The key is lost, but the door is unlocked.

J. R."

"The same handwriting and the same signature as before," said Julian, as he held the letter to the lamp for all to see.

Amazement was upon every face. Nellie was the first to speak. "And I am after all to have my green trunk dear Mr. Mifflitt left me,"—a tear shone in her eye as she uttered these words—"but I don't dare to go after it."

"Leave that with me," said her husband. "Mrs. Brown will allow us to enter and investigate. To-morrow we will go. It is too late in the evening to go now, as she has probably retired."

CHAPTER XL.

There was little sleep in Glen Cottage that night. Nellie entirely oblivious to what awaited her, thought only of the little green trunk as containing papers which would throw some light on Mr. Mifflitt's past life, papers of no particular intrinsic value perhaps, but the fact of even that mystery being cleared up, was enough to stir curiosity to such a pitch that for hours she pondered in wonder, but the morning came at length, and all in the house were astir much earlier than usual, although it was Sunday, that day of the week, when the great majority of humanity take a little more license and leave unheeded the advice sung by the

poet, "Rise with the lark."

Nellie was willing to await until after breakfast, but René was for going at once to ask Mrs. Brown for permission to go up to her chamber.

Mr. Favor said, "René, the trunk has been there all these years, and I think that it will be willing to wait one short hour longer, and besides, don't you see, Mrs. Brown's curtains are down. You surely would not wish to arouse the old lady from her sweet slumber, just because you are impatient."

"Forgive me father, I didn't think," said René coloring slightly at the kind reproof. Nellie was moving about the room as though it was a busy week day instead of Sunday. Mr. Lamont was out walking in front of the Brown cottage, ever and anon looking up to see if the curtains were still down. A call from his good wife to "come to breakfast" caused him to change his beat, and he recrossed the street to partake with the rest as the Sunday morning repast.

Since Julian Favor made the acquaintance of Phillip Burnett, his entire interior nature had undergone a great change. Although the latter was bound to no church creed, he had the love of God in his heart, and had a natural right to a good seat in the temple of his Father. It required no ticket of admission to be signed by an influential member of society, that he might come and go at pleasure. His own face was his passport, and good deeds like bread cast upon the waters, had made him what he was, a good and faithful servant, by virtue of which he was free as the angels of God to mount the ladder whose base was upon the terrestrial, but whose summit was lost in the azure vaults of the heavens.

By being associated with such a man what wonder that Julian became a new creature? As they sat at the breakfast table, they made no unusual one day out of the seven professions of kinship to God, for all the days of their lives were now consecrated to him, and to walk humbly as did Christ, with the lilies, roses and violets as teachers; seeing God's smile in the sunshine, there was no necessity for weekly doses of religious tonic, to keep their spiritual circulation as it should be. Natural children of God need no unnatural,

artificial props to keep them in good favor with the great spirit.

When the time came for the visit to Mrs. Brown's Julian Favor and René presented themselves at her door. She had not been a long time up and looked pleasantly surprised at seeing her visitors so early in the morning. Mrs. Brown was only too glad to admit them, for as she had said before, "René never never comes in and goes out, but he leaves the perfume of flowers behind him, and as for his father he is one of a thousand." She asked them to wait in the room below while she "put things a little to rights," in her room, which though tidy at all times was not exactly as she would have it look when she entertained gentlemen callers. Her heavy foot fall overhead as she stepped about the room, jarred the little porcelain image of a soldier that stood upon a little book case, and as it did not boast of a very good underpinning, it nodded to René as he looked at it, with every step Mrs. Brown took. The imaginative René in some way, associated the figure with Paul Mifflitt, who was the first occupant of the dwelling wherein he now found himself. A feeling as though he was very much at home there, came over him, and he waited not only patiently for Mrs. Brown to get through "fixing up," but he was most happy to be there, it being good as he felt for his soul.

His father amused himself looking over a volume of "Pilgrim's Progress," which Mrs. Brown had evidently been reading, and his eye fell upon these lines :

"This place has been our second stage,
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things that from age to age
To others hid have been.

The dung hill raker, spider, hen,
The chicken, too, to me
Have taught a lesson ; let me then
Conformed to it be.

The butcher, garden and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree doth yield
Me argument of weight."

He thought of the rotten apple tree which yielded up the communication which brought him to the little house, the first few lines of the extract quoted; how applicable they were, considering the good things Paul Mifflitt had said to his wife and which had done so much towards making her sweet nature sweeter still, and which had blossomed so marvellously in René who sat there looking at the nodding soldier on the book case.

Mrs. Brown came down the stairs, and the picture in Julian's mind was put away to look at some other day when he should be in a retrospective mood and con over his mental curiosities.

"You'll have to excuse the room, which is all up in arms, Mr. Favor. René won't care. He has been here before."

"Not a word of apology, Mrs. Brown. Your room is good enough for you, what is it to me? It would be impossible for you to be otherwise than neat, and even if it were not so, the business that calls me here is uppermost in my mind just at present. It will be necessary to cut the paper on the sheathing, but I will do it carefully and repair all damage afterwards."

"Do as you have a mind to." replied she.

René and his father then went up to Mrs. Brown's chamber.

It became necessary to tear off more of the paper than he anticipated, but he was rewarded at last by finding the joint, which was easily followed then with the point of his pen knife. A door two feet high and as many high was discovered. René was so excited that he seemed beside himself.

"Good, father! Now for the little trunk. I can see it there, red letters and all, as plainly as though the door was open, and the key is lying in a corner on the floor."

"Keep cool René. I hope you are not doomed to disappointment." By forcing the point of the larger blade of his knife into the keyhole, a good hold was obtained and the door swung upon its hinges. Though it was what they came to obtain, the sight of the trunk as it stood there, as

the door opened, was an apparition to them, as it seemed a part of the strangely connected train of circumstances, that had stirred the souls of all the family for so many months. Julian took the trunk—it was not over twenty inches in length—by a leather strap that encircled it. René put his hand upon it to see if it was a reality, and a thrill as from a magnetic battery passed through him.

“Where have I ever seen that trunk, father?” asked René as they were crossing the street to meet the expectant family.

“You could never have seen it. It was deposited within that little closet long before you were born, and no eye has been upon it since,” answered his father.

Although he knew his parent was a man whose words were entitled to credence at all times, yet he was not satisfied. The image of that trunk was as surely in his mind as was that of the apple tree post-office. But the astonishment of all in the house drove reminiscences from his mind for the time. Mr. Favor placed the trunk upon the table. Nellie seemed on the point of fainting from the excitement. Her husband waited until she obtained full control over herself, before he proceeded further. A smile from her soon reassured him, and he unbuckled the strap which Paul Mifflitt himself had secured so many years ago.

Then came the eventful moment. The lid was raised and the contents disclosed. Papers and documents of all kinds filled it. Upon the top was what was eagerly seized and opened. Upon the outside it read, “The Last Will and Testament of Jerome René.”

Nellie looked pale, and so did her mother, who stood with clasped hands, waiting and watching for the next development. René, too full, gave vent to his feelings in a convulsion hurrah, and danced about the room in perfect delight. Who was Jerome René? He opened the document, and read it through. It was filled out, and sworn to in perfectly legal manner, and the person to whom all his property was given was Nellie Lamont!” She could not control herself, but burst into tears as it was read aloud in the presence of the little company.

Paul Miflitt had well said to her, "Nellie, any pictures you may choose shall be yours." All were hers now.

Mrs. Lamont had been appointed administratrix, there being no evidence of a will being made. But investigation was necessary. "Who was Jerome René?"

This question was soon answered, for immediately under the will was another document which was a statement to the effect that "Paul Miflitt" was merely a "Nom de Plume." He had been a contributor to several magazines and had been an author of considerable note at one time. Nothing of his ever had appeared over the signature of Jerome René, although at the bottom of his paintings that name was always to be found. One letter directed to Jerome René, Esq., was found in the trunk, which read as follows:

CHICAGO, Dec. 20, 18—.

"Jerome René:

"Dear Sir—It was through a mistake that the article, 'The True Life,' was published over your name of René, all of whose articles appear over his own signature. Please sign your articles Paul Miflitt to prevent mistakes.

Yours truly,

C. S. P.—"

Another letter was found in the trunk which informed him of the death of his twin brother. This was dated July 1, 18—. He took the fever at the Isthmus, died and was buried there by one Albert Mauning, a companion of his. He left nothing of value. In a diary kept by Paul Miflitt—as we continue to call him—was found the following written on the reception of the letter informing him of his brother's death, "July 10—Poor Phil has gone. I am now alone in the world. Father, mother, and now brother have joined the silent majority. How long am I to remain a solitary traveller on the road of life? No wife, no child, none to love me as all men wanted to be loved; no one to smooth my pillow as my last hours come; no one to close my eyes in death. Well, the good God will take care of that. I will plod on until the end of my journey comes and the pearly gates open to admit this weary traveller."

Nellie broke down as these lines were read, and for a time she allowed nature to have its way.

Her mother then put her arm about her neck and said, "Now, Nellie dear, do try to control yourself. It was many years ago that those lines were written, and think of the bright skies of Heaven under which your friend has lived since then with those he loved who have preceded him."

"I know it, mother," she said, as the tears were checked, then holding out her hand to Julian, he took it, and with her head still bowed, she said, "Don't think anything of this, will you? You know he was a kind, dear friend of mine and I loved him before I knew you. I am not to blame, am I, Julian? Oh, this brings it all back to me so vividly. Forgive me. You know I loved you, don't you, and René." The tears burst out afresh. There lay the open trunk that had told a portion of its story; that little trunk that had been given up as lost. Why asks the reader, was not its whereabouts made known before? Why were they all suffered to remain in ignorance of those matters which the finding of the trunk could reveal?

The time had not come. It was best that it should be withheld until the ripening of events. The ways of the spirit are not always of the flesh, and the books are not opened until we are ready to read them.

CHAPTER XLI.

The winter months over, the Spring time came again. The budding trees told of the life within. Though to all appearances withered and dead, the forces in the bosom of mother earth obedient to the magnetic mandate, stimulate into activity the fibres of vegetable life and swelling buds tell the story of life eternal.

When the winter of so called death comes to man, does he lie down to decay and rot, and will no recurring Spring say unto the soul, "Arise?" Is what is granted the oak to be denied the man?

The tree has no brain, has no expiration. It bows humbly to the storm wind, and when its huge bulk comes crashing to the earth as the fierce tornado more violent than ever carries all before it, as the dumb beast it falls without a murmur, but unlike the beast, senses not the oncoming messenger of death. Not so with man. He sees the messenger afar off. He timidly looks about him, and if his years have been many, he totters about among the glad youth and with palsied hand caresses luxuriant locks, and in trembling tones, faintly querulous, says, "Ah, my young friend, be joyful while you are young, for the time will come to you, as it has to me, when you will see the end of your days drawing nigh, and you will see no pleasures in anything of earth."

These, and similar words, came from the lips that should speak hope and gladness rather, for the ears of those entering upon life.

What more cheering sight in life is there than the smile of glad joy which is the expression of hope, faith or knowledge upon the face of the aged? Hope in the case of some, to whom it is a boon, for it paints the indistinct future in rainbow colors. Faith in others who have a deeper conviction of the certainty of future existence in a state when the soul will be a step higher than in the present, and knowledge to the fortunate minority who as the blossom turns towards the light, knows that it will be to be kissed by the life giving rays of the sun that is life everlasting, love and the perfection of wisdom. And as another year found nature bursting afresh into beauty, so Nellie Favor saw new beauties in life, and in the unfolding nobility of the one she loved to call her son, more of the divine in man. When she took by the hand the soul, and giving it a dress from the particles of her own sweet body introduced it to its life on earth, though unconscious of all the operations, she had done the noblest work that it is accorded woman, and performed the divinest act it is possible for a human being to achieve. To be a mother in its truest sense is to keep God incarnate upon the earth. But when will the blessed year dawn upon the world when men and women will know what it means to pluck fruit from the matrimonial tree, and more than all, so love and so nourish and nurture the tree, that it shall bear the perfect fruit, and the approving voice of God will be heard saying, "It is well?"

Nellie Favor saw in her son all that could gladden a mother's heart, and more which she could not define. He looked into her eyes and the longing was mutual to know the other's thought. Each felt that the other concealed a soulful secret, which hinted at a union of lives no marriage law can confer. Together they would walk arm in arm as evening threw its shades along the pathway, and folks would say as they passed. "See the mother and son lovers," and René with his arm about her waist as together they sat in the enchanted bower, her head upon his shoulder, wondered if others were as happy as he. He felt that even though he was a part of nature, as an individualized being he had attained the position he now occupied partly through his own

exertions, but mainly under the influences that had been brought to bear upon him. For that reason he felt—unlike many—that he had not earned it all. It was, therefore, but the natural expression of a grateful heart to the divine source from which he sprung, to look up and out of self to the great giver in thankfulness and adoration, and he felt it was the crowning blessing of his life that he could say to the being by his side, “If I cannot be your husband, I am your son,” which would fall upon her enraptured ear to make her bosom thrill, and for a moment almost check her heart’s beat, as she seemed lost in contemplation of the great mystery of life.

THE END.

