

I am all alone, and am I am powerful glad you have come along, for I was beginning to get lonesome and longing for the old places and friends back in old Kentucky. My cabin is just over yonder under the hill (pointing), on a rich claim o' mine; and I tell you I've got already a good saving hid away under the hearthstones. Come, take this, drink to our friendship and new life, and hie away to our little home by the hillside, where we can breathe the fresh mountain air, with hearts light and free, digging the yellow metal all the day long, forgetting and forgiving those who have wrecked our hopes and blasted our lives. It's going powerful hard with you for a little while, Arthur, to be yer own wash-woman, yer own cook, chambermaid and waiter, and to dig all day long for a handful of gold. But you've got the grit, and you will soon get hardened into it. It will somewhat remind you of our old cadet days, but a very much rougher and quieter life."

"Well, never mind, Claud, I'm willing, and will follow you."

They walked on down the winding foot-path toward the little cabin, and as they went Claud told all about the place and the

miner's life; of its trials, vicissitudes, joys and pleasures, and planned for their future. After reaching the cabin preparations were made for Arthur's comfort. A visitor came over after the night was on—a miner, like themselves—who once knew better days. He spent the night with them. The morning dawned, the 1st day of January, 18—, New Year's day. Breakfast over, the three started for the store, which was several miles away, to purchase Arthur's outfit. The three grew to be fast friends, mining in the mountains of California long ago.

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Oh, could Arthur have read further on in that Christmas morning's paper in D—he would have learned that it was Ethel's cousin that had wed young Hampton; and could he have seen a beautiful girl as she stood waiting in the warm, cosy parlor, with the curtains pushed back from the window, looking out for him, with his telegram pressed close against her pulsing heart of love on that glorious Christmas morn; could he have heard that sigh of joy, and that whisper, "Arthur is coming for me today," he would have believed in woman's love, and loved more dearly.

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" IN TEXAS.

I had stopped with the boys at the mess hall of the Texas Agricultural College. I had given my third lecturette to them in their chapel; and then I jumped in a dinky little iron bed, put my tired head on a tick pillow, with seven straws in it, and had four hours good sleep. Then, at 2 a. m.,

came a knock at the door and Sergeant Fenley said:

"It's time for your train now."

I opened the door and he came in with his bull's-eye lantern and his lively collie. We started off through the mud to the station, the collie wading through the mud