

while he got his bearings—and began floundering along home like a drunken man. The sun on his back felt good to him, though he was hot and dry and consumed with thirst. When at last he stepped in the shade of the gallery, it was as though Death had struck him with his icy wing. Felicite ran and caught his clammy hand in hers.

'Mamma!' she called, 'quick! oh, mon Dieu!'

Father Angell came and lifted him in his arms. Garth never knew what he did with him. A wave of icy heat rolled over him.

He did not know how he came to be in Vermont where they had such icy cold. He wondered how he came to be so exposed. He thought his mother would come and cover him from these icy blasts, but she sat there smiling and indifferent. He had not remembered her as being so huge. What a great face she had! What a smile—oh!

'Father Angell?'

'Yes, my son!'

'I thought it was my mother. I thought—Where am I?' he cried out, clutching the bedclothes with icy fear.

'Safe, safe, my son, here in my arms.' The priest held him down, weeping over him and praying, while that poison of the Bayou that he had sucked in with his breath galloped through his veins. It beat at the citadel of his heart. It caught him and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then it ran its stealthy fingers through his brain and a deadly stupor closed down upon him like a leaden hood.

When he again opened his eyes Madame LaCoste and Felicite stood at the foot of his bed. To his weary eyes they were at first but pale shadows, but when they slowly grew into shapes he knew, he smiled his faint greeting. Madame LaCoste smiled and nodded back to him through her tears.

'He ees make better, Felicite! Oh, the good God! He ees—what you call dees—Re-form. Yes, he ees reform, Felicite.'

Then as the leaden hood closed over him again, he saw them kneel, making the sign of the cross.

When the long weeks of suffering were over, it was Father Angell's cool touch and Father Angell's commanding voice that seemed to Garth to have held him back from that land of shadows into which for so long he had been about to slip. He stole a hand up to the Father's cheek, a hand weak like a child's, and in that faint, far-away voice of his he whispered: 'Forgive!' and again, 'forgive!' And as often as he turned on his pillow, it was 'Forgive me! oh, forgive me!'

One late afternoon in October, when he could walk a little, he made his way out to that place in the woods where he had fallen into that strange ecstasy that had all but stolen his life away.

Under the crimson fires of the black-jack and the sweet gum that were now painting his cathedral windows, he saw Father Angell walking slowly with bent head, he carried his missal in his clasped hands. His lips were moving in prayer. 'Garth bent his head too and walked by his side. When the prayer was finished, Garth caught the Father's hand in both of his. He could not still the tumult of his heart. He had given up. He was going home. He saw it all as in a vision. He and his little laws and rules were great jarring discords in a quaint and unworldly harmony. These simple homely lives, so peaceful, so loving, so far removed from unworldly ambition, were as the echo of a woodland rill. It had no part in that great workaday universe of which he was a part. Now that he was going, a sudden sweetness in all that he must give up overwhelmed him. If only he had not wounded them—ah! that was it. That was what made it so bitter. And most of all this friendly old man, whose hand had held him back from the very brink of death.

'Father Angell, he said, 'I am going home. I have given it all up. I did not understand. I give it all back, my charge, my mission, into your keeping.'

Father Angell smiled. It had been in his keeping for more than forty years. Madame LaCoste was not yet born when he came.

'But your forgiveness, Father. I want you to forgive me.'

He bent his head before him. His voice shook.

The gentle old man put his arms around the boy's shoulders.

'My son, my dear son,' he softly chided. Then they moved forward and fell upon their knees together in that spot made bare by many prayers. Garth caught Father Angell's hands and placed them above his head.

'Say a little prayer for me,' he said.

Afterwards they stood together a moment in silence, Garth's head fallen upon the neck of Father Angell. It was as of a son making an eternal farewell.

Garth looking back saw the faint crimson light shining still upon the tansured head, and the face lifted heavenward, and the hand raised in lasting benediction.—San Francisco 'Monitor.'

LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP

Taking down his hat from the rack, Peter Sands went to the desk to pay his bill. Incidentally he glanced at his watch, and a moment afterward made a bolt for the door, throwing it open and running down the street toward the station. Holding his hat firmly upon his head, he put additional speed into his flying limbs. Several people turned to stare after him, wondering at the cause of his hurry, more interested than ever when they observed the man with the white apron who came out of the restaurant and tore after him.

Seeing the flying man, and noticing that the tradesman following was in a good way of being out-distanced, several others took up the chase. Pretty soon there was a rush behind Peter, but he knew nothing of it. The first thing he realised was that some one's foot neatly tripped him up; he rolled over in the mud, but jumped up instantly and was off again. He had only gone half a block when the same thing happened to him a second time. But now he was not allowed to rise; violent hands were laid on him. His hat rolled out into the gutter; some one stepped on it and smashed it.

Hotly angry, the man struggled to a sitting posture and looked about him. A score of excited faces greeted him, and in his astonishment he forgot his anger.

'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Where's the fire?'

A policeman edged his way through with some difficulty.

'What's the matter?' he demanded.

No one answered him.

'Who are you? What's the matter with you?' asked the policeman of Sands.

Just then the shriek of the locomotive was heard as it steamed out of the station. Sands began to dance up and down in a fury.

'There goes my train!' he shouted, 'there goes my train!'

'Can't any one tell me what's the matter?' asked the policeman again.

'I can,' howled Sands. 'I was running for that train—the last train until six o'clock—and I have an appointment in the city at four. I was running for it, when a lot of you confounded, addle-pated, silly, foolish, pumpkin-headed joshes stepped on me. Where's the man tripped me up?' he shouted, pulling off his coat and rolling up his shirt sleeves.

'Here now, here now,' warned the policeman, 'you can't talk like that here. Move on. Don't be disturbing the peace.'

'Who disturbed my peace?' demanded Sands. 'Come on now—there's some reason for this idocy. Isn't there a man among you?' he implored; 'some one to stand up in front of me until I knock his brains out?'

At that moment, a round, fat fellow, still wearing his white apron, and very red in the face from his exertions, forced his way through the crowd.

'What has this fellow done?' demanded the policeman; 'state your complaint, and I'll run him in.'

'Run him in!' echoed the gentleman with the apron. 'For what reason would you "run in" monsieur?'

'Come now, no more fooling,' said the policeman, roughly. 'How much did he steal?'

Thoroughly nonplussed, the Frenchman bowed low before 'monsieur.'

'I have to return to you the twenty-five cents change from your dollar piece,' he said politely. 'You eat but seventy-five cents' worth. Allow me, monsieur?'

Peter Sands stared at the Frenchman, took the quarter, handled it a moment, and then returned it with a bow as low as the Frenchman's own.

'Permit me to return it to monsieur for his splendid service,' he said. 'And now will some one please give me my hat?'

A man in the crowd returned it to him. Holding it in his hands, he turned his face toward the station, but the crowd of listeners, now sympathisers, let him go mournfully.