

DARRELL of the BLESSED ISLES.

By Irving Bacheller . . . Continued from Last Sunday.

"Promise only that you will love me if you see none you love better."

They were slowly nearing the door. Suddenly she stopped, looking up at him.

"Are you sure you love me?" she asked.

"Yes," he whispered.

"Sure?"

"As sure as I am that I live."

"And will love me always?"

"Always," he answered.

She drew his head down a little and put her lips to his ear. "Then I shall love you always," she whispered.

Mrs. Vaughn was waiting for them at the fireside. She sat talking awhile.

"You go off to bed, Polly," said the aches presently. "I've something to say, and you're not to hear it."

"I'll listen," said she, laughing.

"Then we'll whisper," Trove answered.

"That isn't fair," she said, with a look of injury, as she held the candle. Besides, you don't allow it yourself."

"Polly ought to go away to school," said he, after Polly had gone above stairs. "She's a bright girl."

"And I so poor I'm always wondering what'll happen tomorrow," said



There was an awkward silence.

Mrs. Vaughn. "The farm has a mortgage, and it's more than I can do to pay the interest. Some day I'll have to let it up."

"Perhaps I can help you," said the young man, feeling the fur on his cap. There was an awkward silence.

"Fact is," said the young man, a bit embarrassed—"fact is, I love Polly."

In the silence that followed Trove could hear the tick of his watch.

"Have ye spoken to her?" said the boy, with a serious look.

"I've told her frankly tonight that I like her," said he. "I couldn't help it. I was so sweet and beautiful."

"If you couldn't help it, I don't see why I could," said she. "But Polly's a child. She's a big girl, I know, but she's only eighteen."

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