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LET US BE PATIENT.

Let us be patient, you and I,
Let us, like watchful guardsmen, make
Our hearts a haven for the wake
Of those that drift, they know not why.

Let us be patient. Let us keep
Our watch-fires faithful as God's stars.
Whatever storm or shallow mars
The breadth of life's uncertain deep.

Let us be patient. Let men trace
No frown, no insincerity.
In skies of ours that all may see
God's presence in the child's calm face.

—F. W. Hutt, in S. S. Times.

Little Bacchus.

BY JESSIE LLEWELLYN

Author "The Little Red Wagon," Etc.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

We were lounging around a large table in the east sample room of the Palace Hotel, which now is one of the swellest in the city. It was after the theatres broke and Dick Bloom had started in on one of his long-winded stories, which had been running out from Chicago with a line of "ahs" before the others dismissed among us had learned that A. B. and Hickey-ond for yarns was a word beater.

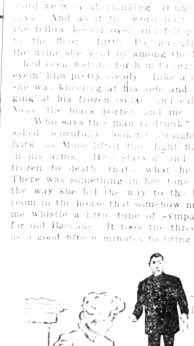
"I'll tell you how I got second husband and No. 3 is alive and thumbing back in the East," he was saying. "I'm the only man this side of the Mississippi besides his wife that's now got her who knows the ins-and-outs of the affair.

Blume was speaking of the pretty landlady of the Palace, to whom we all had been making love, platonically for a year past. We allowed him to continue uninterrupted.

"Brat Bradford was to Nelson Bacchus a good hearted fellow, but with all not much business. He knew he got more from luck in that state. We used to say then, and it's a little back on him very specially kept a devil of a secret from the girl's back eyes and sniping, for Kit was that started things going there was a wonder he never caught on. He never would on the place and of his being a married man, but he stuff out well for a single man. Well, in some way she took a sort of liking to me and used to tell me her troubles when the cook would quit on her summer, and out of any of the good fellows for solitude she was a regular mother to us all.

Things seemed to be going pretty smooth for about six months, when one afternoon, one Bacchus, recently exactly little, they never have any words. He was a soft spoken man, always talking about soul-saving and such things, and I'm afraid he was a little soft on religion, but he was the best man that ever lived. I'm sure of that. He had run away from home when he was a kiddie, every one of his people died when he was a child, and he was kind of brought up by a couple who looked after his property. He was a splendid fellow, and all know lazy Kirk died down in Mexico in '79 for lack of exercise. Kirk took the trouble to knock the stuffing out of his man and consequently he was a very entertaining pastime. And as I'm telling you, he was a fellow kind of went and fell for the door. Little Bo was always she was at my among the boys had room with a cot in it, and every evening when I went up she was kneeling at his side and praying for his forgiveness and asking Nora the black potter and me.

Who says this man is drunk?" In cold, scornful, bookish English it was. Mine stood in the light figure in his arms. He stare—all—full—frozen to death that what he is. There was something in her tone and the way she led the way to the boat in the house that somehow made me whistle a little tune of sympathy for and Bacchus. It took the thing of us a good fifteen minutes to bring the



Who says this man is drunk?"

fellow to himself. I had looked through his pockets and found two dog collars with the inscription "John Sheldon, printer, same as now only now it's John Sheldon, Palace Hotel." There wasn't a son of money about his clothes, and I guess he hadn't had the price of a half cut for some time. The yellow curls lay about his white face like a girl's. He certainly was good-looking. When the doctor came he said it was a case of typhoid fever. She was tending him like a mother when I jumped out of town.

"It was about two months before I was here again. Nelson was behind the desk talking to some slows about the glorious farm country in the East when I registered, but Little Bacchus was over to see me. It was our Mose to whom I addressed my questions as to her whereabouts.

"Oh, she's up in her room with the printer, I guess," he replied carelessly. I persisted with my questioning, and learned that Sheldon on recovery had got a job in one of the morning papers—their were no afternoons then that he was boarding at the Bacchus House, and, it seemed, devoting his leisure moments to Little Bacchus. All this prepared me for the shock when I met her in the office next morning, looking pale and seedy. She came straight to me and held out her hand like a child. "I'm in trouble," she said, with a moist sort of sound in her voice, "and I want to tell some one. Will you listen?" I didn't need to answer, for she had already led the way over by the window, and, looking around to see that none were in earshot, she began talking like a cyclone, fast and furious.

"You see, he loves me, and I love him—I just can't help it. Oh, it's all right. Don't think that—and something's goin' to happen tonight. He's got a proposition to make to Nelson and he's goin' to make it tonight in our sittin'-room. Now, no telling what will happen, and I want you to help me out. It won't be like eaves-droppin', not exactly, and we may be able to prevent shooting if Nelson gets mean. I want you to meet me in the empty room just next ours at 8 o'clock, so that if anything goes wrong we can—"

Kirk and some of the boys lounged in just then, and she ran away like a frightened kitten. She certainly was changed.

Well, maybe you think I wasn't nervous about 8 o'clock when I saw Sheldon walk up to our landlord in the office and—well, I was nervous. They were low down in the corner of the room, and I could hear the first words of Sheldon's proposition, which seemed to be addressed to Nelson, but I was looking up at Bacchus, and I saw her face turn white as death, and she clutched at her throat as if she were choking. Then she turned to me and said in a whisper:

"Will you excuse me? I'm a little sick. I think I'll go to my room."

Well, I was glad to get out of it, and I went to the room and waited. I heard Bacchus' step in the hall, and then a knock at the door. I opened it, and she came in, and I saw that she had been crying. She sat down in a chair and looked at me for a moment, and then began:

"Nelson has refused to sell out, and Sheldon is going to start a rival hotel. He says he can get the capital, and he's going to do it. He says he'll ruin Nelson, and he will, too. Nelson is old and doesn't know how to run a hotel, and Sheldon knows all the ropes. He says he'll get all the business, and Nelson will be ruined. Oh, what shall I do? I love Sheldon, and I love Nelson, and I don't know what to do. Oh, what shall I do?"

She began to cry, and I tried to comfort her. I told her that Nelson was old and could not be expected to live long, and that Sheldon would get the property when he died, and that he would be rich, and that she would be rich, and that she would be happy. But she only cried harder and said that she loved Nelson, and that she would not be happy with Sheldon, and that she would not be happy without Nelson, and that she would not be happy with anybody. I tried to comfort her, but it was no use. She was inconsolable. She said that she would not be happy with anybody, and that she would not be happy without Nelson, and that she would not be happy with Sheldon