

CHILD OF THE CITY STREETS.

Well may you sigh for flowers, Child of the city streets! For a leaf from green wood bowers Where the cooling breeze retreats.

MR. VAN TWILLER'S ALIBI

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cap of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat as she turned into Fifty-fourth street at a swinging pace.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision; a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being so little a man, would not have looked a second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that at any other time Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but, unfortunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last faux pas, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society."

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection upon her taste and discrimination which she was not ready to endure.

idental manner within the seductive radiance. Dorothy had made a mental comment of all this before becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal.

"I have been expecting you," he remarked calmly; "won't you be seated?" "But I called to see Dr. Robinson," explained Dorothy, fully expecting him to claim the distinction.

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably. "I am Dr. Robinson's nephew, Neil Sawtelle; he was very uncertain about your keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but left me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

As my uncle is no longer a practicing physician, I am sure that cannot have been your object. He drew himself up to his full height, which Dorothy found rather overwhelming, and adopted a sterner tone.

of fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy overcoat, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything and sailed on a Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about her. He knew the whole thing would come out, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see he has married her—married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I have kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours. She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so agitated that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

"Black, staring eyes and big as an Amazon." "You didn't say that. This one is small and thoroughbred to the finger tips."

"Well, well, we must see about it." And accompanied by his anxious nephew, the doctor hustled into the room with an apologetic good will that somewhat disarmed the hanteur Dorothy was trying to assume.

Prize Fat Men of the Northwest. The competition for the prizes for the greatest amount of adipose tissue finally narrowed down to three candidates. The prize for the fattest man was carried off by F. S. Hammond, of Alpina, who tipped the beam at 873 pounds.

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