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CHILDLESS.

MRS. M. V. SMITH.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to the gown;
Or that the footsteps, when the days are wet,
Are black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its music on my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss its dead.

HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

I.

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the West."

August is nearing its close and going out in tears. Such mists and watery-looking clouds! Such drippings and droppings and miserable, forlorn little showers! It requires a cheery spirit to bear up under the wholesale gloom, but rain never depresses Dr. John Miles; it rather exhilarates him, like fine wine.

To-day as he rides along through the black mud, he is whistling in boyish fashion some endless tune that falls in musically with the slush, slush of his horse's feet. Now and then it is temporarily stopped by an intrusive drop of rain, or violently interrupted by a great dab of native soil; but even these seal his lips only for a time, for with a laugh he wipes them off, and resumes his merry note again.

His is a joyous nature. Just as he brushed away that last drop of rain does he throw off all the lighter worries of life. Some who know him think his heart is only a surface—all current and no depth. We sometimes find that the deepest, most dangerous pools lie just below the lightest, swiftest currents.

But what is all this expanse of water just ahead of him? He has been in Texas only five years, but he knows what it means. The Blanco river is up! The continued rains, gathering slowly day by day, in the main springs that feed its head, have suddenly rushed together in one mad, bounding torrent, and pouring through the river-bed have widened and deepened it all along its course, tearing up trees and rocks in its way until what in the morning had been a harmless, fordable little stream is now a dangerous, roaring river.

Dr. Miles is a brave man—light hearted men generally are—but looking across the swift, foaming waters, where swimming is well nigh impossible, he admits that his prospects for reaching the further shore are very, very uncertain. He looks down at his horse. Brown Dick has good blood in his veins, and the Doctor always trusts good blood in man or beast. He pats him on the neck. "Old fellow, can you do it?" The horse whinnies back, and his master takes courage. He and Dick have been through many dangers together and have always come out safe on the "other side," so why not this time?

To retrace his steps and find shelter in some friendly farm-house is to become weather-bound perhaps for days, and imperative duties call him home. Patients are waiting for him; an appointment with another physician has been made for the following morning; and then—and then, too—when Jennie Cameron looked up at him last evening and asked him to come to her "little musicale to-morrow night," he had promised that he would, and he had never yet failed to keep his word.

He remembers just how soft and luminous her brown eyes were when, with that little touch of imperiousness in her voice, she had added: "Now don't fail to come, sir." Her eyes would always plead even when her voice commanded, and how he had answered back in his jesting way: "Foul or fair, I will be there,"

He wonders why he did not tell her then how dear those brown eyes were to him; why he did not take heart "to speak out what was in him, clear and strong." He has loved her faithfully all these years, and yet in his humility has never dared to tell her so. But then, he thinks she must have guessed it over and over again—must have felt the tenderness and passion that lap always just back of his light words.

Well, he will tell her to night. This decides him. He will try the river. He promised her to be there, and once told her that to be false to your word was to be cowardly. He remembered, too, last but bitter thought, that his rival, handsome Joe Dudley, will be there, and with the thought there springs into his eyes such a fiery gleam of passionate resentment that the laughing gray orbs become in their fierce displeasure almost unrecognizable. It is a glimpse of the still life of the soul.

"Foul or fair, he must be there"—in terrible earnest now. Commending himself to a Higher Power he cheers his anxious steed and boldly plunges in. The strong current beats them back like huge powerful arms; the uprooted trees and broken branches rush past them in mad haste; the "other side" seems to recede as they near it.

Oh, it is a fiece struggle, but at last they are almost there! But a yard's length and they will reach it! Just here, obeying a boyish impulse, he stoops and kisses Brown Dick on the neck. Brave horse and braver rider! They well deserve to triumph over wind and rain. But that moment of inattention is for the rider a fatal one. As he raises his head he receives a severe blow, which sends him entirely off his horse, dashing him almost senseless into the bank. A loosened stump just above him has been wrenched suddenly away and whirled violently against him.

With the desperate clutch of expiring vitality he grasps the roots of the old tree against which he has been thrown and drags himself round to its further side. There he fights manfully with the terrible faintness that is rapidly overpowering him. In his forehead is a deep gash. The horse struggles to the shore, sees his master's unconscious face and whinnies long and pitifully.

II.

Cameron Hill looks strangely beautiful in the pale, placid moonlight. The rain has stopped, but the air is heavy with the promise of more. Just outside the parlor door, on the southern gallary, Jeannie is listening in a happy, absorbed way, to Joe Dudley.

This man, with his handsome face and smooth tongue, has never attracted her. There is about him a certain half-developed tendency to deception, from which she instinctively withdraws. A woman weakly accessible to the least touch of the real, the earnest, the true, flattery puts her on the defensive, and hardens her into a statue of contempt. So these two souls, while often meeting, have never touched. But to-night he is, for the moment, carried out of himself by the force of a real passion, and is wooing with all the tender simplicity of humblest, truest love,

She is following him surely, surely, across the borders of that misty, dream-enshrouded land of unreality and delusion, led on by the magic of his voice.

Across the borders into the heart of the beautiful, mystical country, when she is called back by the sound of a name—just a dear, commonplace name, uttered in tones of careless inquiry, but it startles her spell-bound soul from its strange enchantment, and wakes her heart into a very rapture of life. Joe Dudley can win her mind; he can almost absorb her intellectual being into his own, but the mere syllables of John Miles' homely, old-fashioned name sent every pulse a throbbing. She starts up and goes into the parlor. "What are you all saying? Is the Blanco up? Where is Dr. Miles? Why don't you tell me what you all were saying?"

Some one answers her that it is probable that the Doctor has attempted to cross—he is so reckless of danger—and as he has not returned yet, anxiety is felt for his safety.

With the unreserve of a great fear and a great love she excitedly demands, "Why did you not tell me this before? Why don't some of you go and see? Do you intend to let him die? He may be drowning now. Oh, won't some of you go and help him?" The pretty voice grew so pitiful here, and the dark eyes became so full of intreaty, that every man feels ready to serve her, even to the death of his own hopes.

"I will go and find him, and save his life, too, if you will give me my reward," Joe Dudley whispers in her ear, and she thinking only of the kindly face that may be already set in the rigid outlines of death, impulsively answers:

"Yes, yes; I will give you anything—everything, if you will only go now and quickly, and save the life of that brave man!"

My poor, pretty Jeannie! You do not know that you have unthinkingly bound yourself by a fatal promise, which only a generous wooer will let you take back again!

III.

Lying against the rough side of the old tree, protected from the water by the spreading roots, they find John Miles. The horse is pathetically licking his master's face.

They carry him home, and through the long fever that follows, Joe Dudley nurses him with all the faithful devotion of a friend. With returning consciousness Dr. Miles notices this, and puzzles his mind over it. One day, when he was almost well, he gratefully acknowledges the kindness.

Joe Dudley laughs as he makes this answer:

"You need not thank me; I am only paying off a debt. I promised to save your life if it could be done, and I have been successful; that is all—except that in six months Jeannie Cameron will be my wife."

The sick man starts up, flushing painfully:

"Who says so? Does Jeannie Cameron say so?"

"I say so," the other answers triumphantly, "and that is sufficient for all purposes. In six months that lady will be my wife or prove false to her word—and you know as well as I that she will never do that."

John Miles rises to his feet and exclaims:

"Joe Dudley, I believe you are playing me false! I will see Jeannie Cameron to-night and ask her to be my wife; and if she loves me, as I have reason to believe she does, no power on earth shall keep her from my arms. You are deceitful to the heart's core, and my pure, proud girl never promised to be your wife unless you maddened her into it. Leave me! I am weak, but if you were to tell me any more falsehoods I might be tempted to strike you!"

Dudley is, physically, no coward, but his puny, moral nature falters before the grand, heroic soul shining out of the sick man's eyes. He laughs uneasily, and goes out of the room. He has so falsified everything to Jeannie and so worked upon her exaggerated, strained sense of honor, that the careless, heedless-spoken words—"Yes, yes, I will give you anything, everything"—have been construed into a solemn, plighted troth, from which there is no withdrawal. Although wickedly false himself, he estimates at its full value the fine, sensitive nature of the girl and feels secure accordingly. That night Jeannie, in a big chair by the window, is startled out of a troubled reverie by what she thinks is a ghostly visitant.

"Don't be frightened; it is only I," a familiar, well-loved voice calls out, and she goes forward gladly, to meet and welcome Dr. Miles.

He notes that these few weeks have changed her too. She is thinner and paler, and has a restless, uneasy manner, as if she were always, mentally, warding off a blow. He watches her with anxiety, and feels that she is troubled and unhappy. In a little while he tells her what he has come to say. She listens to him nervously, and the troubled look deepens. When he finishes she struggles feebly with herself, and then, looking at him through tear-dimmed eyes, opens her poor, depressed, heavy-laden heart, and tells him all.

How he loves her! She was dear to him before, but never so madly loved, so fondly worshiped as now, when he sees for the first time into the very depths of her pure soul. So spotless it is, and so free from guile, that he almost hesitates to take it unto his unworthy self.

But when he tries to prove to her that her promise to Joe Dudley is no promise at all, but only the mean advantage of a base, ungenerous man, he finds her immovable. She loves him, but she cannot marry him. His own words, "To be false to your word is to be cowardly," have haunted her of late, and now rise up to keep them apart. She knows he loves her dearly, but will he respect her as highly if she break her word, even though it be for him?

He is still vainly pleading, when Dudley's dark face appears at the door. With a malignant scowl, as he looks at John Miles, he says in a threatening voice:

"Jeannie Cameron, you belong to me. You can't marry that man."

She rises at sight of him, and stands looking helplessly from one to the other. Was ever a woman so terribly tried? Love, happiness, rest on one side; on the other her sacred, plighted word, and misery, dull, hopeless misery.

"Jeannie," Dr. Miles' voice is husky from emotion, "will you be my wife?" He holds out his hand to her.

She turns despairingly to Joe Dudley. "Won't you give me back my promise? I cannot love you. You would not have an unwilling bride?"

The obstinate gleam only deepens in Dudley's eyes as he crosses over and takes her rudely by the hand. "I would have you now if I had to drag you to the altar. You have promised to marry me, and by all the powers above, you shall!"

There flashes into John Miles' face a look that comes into gray eyes only when there is something desperate to be done.

Going toward the trembling girl, who is mutely accepting him with her beautiful, soft eyes, he says, firmly, but tenderly too: "Jeannie, darling, you are mine whether you will or no, so there is nothing else for me to do but to steal you from yourself. I don't like to do it, but I see I will have to run away with my wife and get her consent afterward."

Before either can guess what he is going to do, he takes her lovingly in his arms and carries her, weak as he is, to the carriage that is in waiting, and which he had brought in anticipation of this very scene. A few minutes' drive brings them to the old parsonage, where she is absolved from all the promises and responsibilities of Jeannie Cameron, by becoming Mrs. John Miles.

Joe Dudley, helpless with rage, remains standing where they left him. As he realizes the whole truth he mutters a curse and rushes from the house.

Years afterward some one meets him in Eastern Texas, leading a religious meeting—a deluder of souls to the last.

* * * *

It is hard to tell which gets the most petting—Brown Dick or his master—but it remains an unanswerable fact, that they are both terribly spoiled.

She Didn't Dare to.

The other day a man and woman came to a sudden halt on Grand River street, and the woman dropped a basket she was carrying and called out:

"I will! I will! I'll not live with you another day!"

"You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will!"

"When?"

"Now—right off—this minute!"

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me! I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it!"

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They will want your description, and I shall give it. You wear No. 7 seven shoes; you have an extra large mouth; you walk stiff in your knees; your nose turns up at the end; hair the color of terra cotta, the newest in fashion; eyes rather on the squint, voice partakes of ——"

"Wretch! you wouldn't dare do that!" she screamed.

"I certainly will, and the description will go into all the papers."

They glared at each other for a minute like cats.

"Then he walked on. She looked up and down the street, gritted her teeth together, and then followed on after. He had what they call the deadwood on her.—[Detroit Free Press.

TED'S ACCOUNT OF NEW YEAR'S.

"By the way," said Mr. Samuel Gloss. "I've a letter from little Ted; it's quite a heavy one, you see, for a chap of ten; but I can't make out such a scrawl. Here mamma, you read it."

Before Mrs. Gloss could reach out her hand Uncle Joe, Mr. Gloss' bachelor brother, interfered with:

"Let me have the boy's letter; I always did like that young scamp of yours."

After smiling at the down hill tendency of the supercsription, Uncle Joe soon became absorbed over the pages that began in text-hand, continued in spider tracks, and at last rose to the dignity of hieroglyphics.

The Gloss family, tired out after the holiday season, were having a domestic evening in the dining-room. The library, artistically hung in old Spanish leather, lacked the embellishments that grow out of daily use, and oppressed one like a great bronze extinguisher; the long drawing-room, the conventional parlor, was too like a mammoth and splendid hearse to admit of even its proprietors feeling home in it. So about the dining-table were gathered papa and mamma Gloss, the Misses Lou and Rosie Gloss, Mr. Sorghum, a gentleman of many smiles and compliments, of many suits of fine clothing, of a dog-cart, and gorgeous living generally, and Uncle Joe, unmarried, crusty and rich. There was also a young fellow called Fred. Tremane, but he was only a chap in papa's office at a small salary, though he had six feet of uncommonly good looks, still he was very modest. "And no wonder," as Lou whispered to Rosie, "he ought to be. Twelve hundred a year, indeed."

Sorghum remarked, in his sweetest tones, "How seldom a poor dog of a bachelor like me has the chance of enjoying a happy family gathering.

A sigh, carefully given out for only Rosie to hear, was a graceful hint of his dissatisfaction with a bachelor's existence.

Mamma Gloss clasped her plump hands in a little ecstasy, and answered: "No one can have any idea of the peace and content of family life." A smile both maternal and encouraging showed that Mr. Sorghum was an approved candidate for the position of son-in-law.

Lou, who was clever, and had a lofty bearing, a marble-white skin, and wonderful rows of coal black scallops on her pretty forehead, made a properly innocent and girlish comment on the bachelor remark; but Rosie, who was a confiding blonde with big gray eyes, said nothing, and kept on with her crochet work. Sorghum used inwardly a warm emollient of Wall street invective, and wished himself the Afghan stripe that could so hold her attention.

Just then Charlie Hedge (the young stock brokerage firm was Hedge & Sorghum) dropped in, and nodding familiarly to his partner, joined the family circle by taking a place at Lou's side. He exclaimed:

"How jolly?" A regular boom in domestic evenings, eh, Miss Lou?

Now Uncle Joe was sixty at least, tall, grizzled, clean-shaven, heavy-browed, with a cast-iron look that seemed expressly made to withstand humbug, and steel-cold, sharp eye that could pierce the neatest coating of sham. Having at last finished his reading, he sat awhile shading his face with his hand; then looked up suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to something, cast a searching and discomforting glance around the table, and asked:

"Who would like to hear Teddy's letter?"

"I, said Sorghum, with the liveliest interest. "Ted must be a capital boy. He' your brother." (This last in an aside to Rosie.)

"Fine boy," confirmed Hedge. "Saw him here New Year's. So cheeky. Cheek is business capital. Ted will succeed. Let's have the letter."

"I think my Teddy is very bright," remarked Mrs. Glose, "and so I always keep him at school, where he has the best advantages."

"Yes,'" answered Uncle Joe, with an inscrutible intonation, "the boarding-school is such an advantage to a child of ten."

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly," sighed mamma, with a pensive look at the diamonds on her nice fat fingers; "and we mothers sacrifice everything to the good of our dear children."

Uncle Joe coughed noisily, and then asked, "Are you all sure you want to hear the letter and that you'll sit still until the end?"

Quite an amiable clamor of voices assented; so he began the epistle, which, grammatically, and orthographically ran in this wise:

"Dear Father & Mother—Professor Whacker gave us a subjec for our first composition when we come bac after the new Years & put into it all we saw & herd wile we was home at New year time so i rote mine & yisterday he gave it back onto me with very good marked onto it and he sed for me not to leave it Lyin roun luce So I guess he thort it was pretty good & i guess I will send it to You so as you see I make progres i brush my teath very carefull evry nite & I am entirely out of pokit money your aff son "Teddy."

A murmur of amused admiration went around, and every one composed himself with a smile, for further listening.

"An Account of New Years

"Boys & gurls hav fun at Christmas and get presints in there stockings &c but new Years times is for grown folks christmas eve children has lots of fun so i think Grown folks ort to have fun New years eve. i dont want to be mean about nothin so I didunt anser back nothin to my Sister loo wen she called me a trublesome boy for sittin down in her room after dinner New years eave she was

"Skolding a little woman wot was a dressmaker and had brort a long tailed pink dres home sumhow fixed up wrong and she had her hair all in little iron griddions to make it skullup nice the next day.

Miss Lou flushed, then laughed aloud nervously, to show that she enjoyed the joke. Uncle Joe, without so much as a quiver of his busy eyebrows, went on:

"Rosy was sitting with her feet kurled up under her eting candy and reding a story book in her room she sed go way Teddy and ma she was in her room having a row with Kamil the made about her cloes and she said go way Teddy too, then I says were shall I go to, and she says you may go to the Club and find your father. I know where the Fenix Club is. Just roun' the korner but father was bussy playing cards with some men and he said go and sit down my son.

"So I set down & looked at some pictures there was two men talking & i guess they didunt know me but they knowed my sister good kause one says Charlie, you go in for loo if You can stand her temper & He go in for the blondy then we will make the old man gloss settil our bills ile brake her temper if I get her says charlie & i will get more capatil for the Firm.

"blondy is meek & will stay at Home & not interfear with me i Guess says the other feller any way we will share the proffets."

A funereal silence feel upon the room. Hedge looked unnaturally child-like and unconscious. Sorghum pulled his mustache over a bad imitation of a smile.

"then father he after a good while he got up & put on his Cote to go home & just outside the door of the club House a man said something to father and father said lots of Swear Words that ain't allowed boys in Professor Whacker's skool & It was all about a Settilment.

"And father said he hadunt got the money for it. So i thot it was a newyear's presint that the Man wanted pa to buy him.

"then we went home. Mother says to pa the gurls will look ellegant tomorror & they will be sure to ketch something wurth wile at last.

"Father says they hed better ketch it pretty quick then for things is comin' to an end then all of a suddin pa pounsed on me & sent me to bed.

"the nex Day which was newyears no boddy et breatfast down stares but me, and father looked splendid & so did i. we had on our bes cloes & the carriage was ready to take us callin. wen ma & the gurls came down they were very butiful espeshully loo tho I like Rosy best.

"ma says pa what do you think of your chick er Biddys and kissed him.

"Pa says humf! And we went Out and he banged the front door."

Mr. Gloss used every wile to turn Uncle Joe's attention; but he went on mercilessly:

"Some of the Ladys we called on was old & some was yung. the ole ones mosely had no necks in their Dresses & a good many had orfully pink cheeks & dirty eyes with black Smudg under them.

"but Pa sed the Same thing evry wheres.

"how charming You Are to Day says pa to all of them & he bowed & bowed. And he kinder laffed & Bobbed round & looked Silly then he come out & jumped in The carriage & says Swear words agen.

"says i is it Fun to make calls pa.

"Says pa its a nusense so says I wot makes you do it Pa.

"Sosierty says pa then i asked who Sosierty was & pa says Nusense agen then he tells me to hold my tung

so "then we went to see a ugly old woman with lots of dimons & she wanted to Kiss Me & i wouldunt do it & after Wards pa skolded me & said she was Misses Koopons & I must always kiss such a Rich ole lady Then I asked pa if he was sick & he sed he wasunt and I told Him I herd Misses Koopons say he was a sick Offant.

"And father sed more Swear words & made the Coach man drive me home. ma & the gurls wer in the parlor & so was the two men that talked A Bout loo And rosy at the club The big feller with the mus tash said to Rosy she was a crewel darling & rosy She turned her back to him

"then ma pinsed Rosys arm and said she was a little fool & had no fealing for her family & rosy cryed softly rite down on the Mackaroons i was eting cake all i wanted & no boddy notised

"charlie forgut all a Bout loo s temper I Guess bekause he said to her my butiful kween i will be a good abbediunt husband loo laffed & hit him with her fan then lots more came in & they all looked silly like father & all the ole men told ma she looked like rosy's sister. that aint so bekause ma is orful fat."

By this time the whole company had risen, and were trying to interrupt the reading; when Uncle Joe, in a voice of thunder, commanded attention. They all fell back into their seats, and remained, with many curious changes of countenance, silent to the end.

"then Nite come on & Loo & rosy went Up stares & put more wite powder on there faces & looked at there Back hair in the Glas & loo said rosy ort to mary mister Sore Gum bekause he was so rich & loo said she was going to mary mister hedge bekause He was rich All tho he was a fool & then they went Down Stares.

"a big tall yung man come into the liberary were i had hid my kandys & rosy sed out loud i want to show you this Nice room. they was behind the door & he sed haven't you got eny new years for me Rosy & she sed yes fred & gave him a kiss behind the door & he sed o rosy if i was only rich & then ma came to the entree & they ran out & looked Silly two.

"then i went to sleep sittin on my bundil of candys & when ma woke me up every body had gone away & ma sed she hated new Years & loo sed the men were all munkeys and rosy had a Hedake. then i went to bed but Some thing had made me orful sick tho i dont belief it was cake & i went To rosys Room softly. She was cryin & setting on the floor by the fire then i went into mas room & She was cryin too and Pa was sayin We are Livin on a Volcaner i tell you.

"i was kinder skared bekause volkaneers burn you all up & are verry dangerus. Ma says Samuel i Kant help it the gurls must dress & we must keep up appearances. says i ma why kant we moove off the volkaneer and buy a new House up to Sentril Park.

"pa says where did that yung skamp come from & then the flor jumpt up & hit me & ma sed it was kause i had et two much terrash.

"& i was orful sick all nite. The next morning Kamil the made helped me git up and sed i was to go rite off to skool Agen and the Coachman was to take Care of me i went to say good By to loo. she was in bed with gridirons in her hair eting lots of brekfast. rosy kissed me & her eyes was al red & she sed teddy deer they are braking my hart & I promised Her when I grow up I will lick them all.

"i like Rosy pretty well considerin she is my Sister. pa and ma was shut up in the liberary & pa had lots of little papers on the tabel.

"He said look at them.

"dresses, bonnits, fineary, jewelry, i kant pay them I tel you we are livin beyond our menes. So is evvery boddy says ma but the gurls will marry wel, says pa look at rosy she is in love with that good lookin Rasgal on 12 hundred a year.

"She shant hav him says ma now don't be a brute and cut down expensis perhaps jo will help you out my brother jo is a Stingee ole kur says pa. & if he knows we are Hed an ears over in det he wuddent leve Ted a cent.

"I dont want a sent pa says I five sents aint much & one sent aint nothin & unkle jo is an ole bare says i. o Send the boy to skool he makes me Cray Zy says pa & ma kissed me in a hurry & pusht me Long to the dore.

"pa had his hed burryed in his hands & kept sayin roo-ined, rooined, and all for appearances So i am tired of riting such a long Compersishun and the coach man took me bac to skool & that is al i know a Bout new years.

Uncle Joe quietly folded up the scrawl and looked out from under the thatch of his eyebrows at Hedge, who, glancing at Lou, and seeing she was dangerous, silently left the room and the house. Sorghum followed, also politely escorted to the door by Uncle Joe's steady gaze. The method failed with Fred Tremaine, for the look only sent him as far as Rosie's side, where he sat down with determination. Mrs. Gloss was sobbing hysterically, and her husband seemed inclined to drop down dead.

"Well," Uncle Joe began; "well, arent you a pack of idiots to sacrifice your own comfort and honesty for this wretched show of fashionable life? Now I've always disappointed you in the money way, and I'll do it still." Mr. Sam Gloss trembled. "I'll do it still; for you think I'm going to see you to ruin and I won't. I will look over matters with you, Sam, and find out how I can put you on your legs again. But stop this high-pressure living, and give this girl, Rosie, to Tremaine, who is a good fellow, if he is poor."

Rosie and Fred tried to say some words of thanks, but failing to do justice to their feelings, consoled each other by clasping hands.

"There is worse misery than poverty," Uncle Joe went on, "and Miss Loo had better cast about for some good boy at a thousand-dollar salary, for no more brokers will desire her dowry to mend their capital. As for Ted," and Uncle Joe rose to go in the library with his brother—"he's an example to all young writers—exact, truthful, impartial. I value his manuscript. I shall keep him in pocket money and make him my heir."

The story of Reuben Porter Lee, who has just been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for embezzling $200,000 from the First National Bank of Buffalo, reads like a romance. Entering the institution as messenger boy at the age of fifteen, he had filled the positions of book-keeper, teller, cashier, vice president and president at the age of thirty-two. He was elected to the latter position last January, at which time the stock of the bank was worth 160. Three months afterward the institution closed its doors, hopelessly insolvent. Lee obtained the money by discounting his own, his wife's, and his father's notes, each in excess of the ten per cent. of the bank's capital stock, which is the highest limit allowed to any single borrower. He allowed the reserve to be drawn below the fifteen per cent. required by law and carried paper for a worthless firm to the extent of one million of dollars at times. He received his sentence with seeming indifference, but his young wife was nearly heart-broken. He appears to have been a consummate and heartless scamp, who richly deserves all the punishment he got.