A Paris Physician's Horrible

Discovery. [Translated.-Cincinnati Enquirer.]

CHAPTER L. On a cold, clear night in January a gentleman with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat walked rapidly up the Boulevard Haussman, his steps sounding loudly on the asphalt of the avenue, silent and at this hour almost deserted, though the hands of the clock in the cupola of St. Augustine marked but a little past eleven.

Pedestrians were rare, but from time to time a tram-car passed on its polished rails, the horses straining and slipping and enveloped in steaming vapor, and the heads of the passengers, on their way to the Trocadero or the Muette, searcely distinguishable through the glass of the windows, opaque with the mist of the interior. There was I ttle need of the conductor's horn to warn carriages out of the way -they were as rare as the passers-by; though at long intervals a volture de place rumbled slowly along on its way to the depot, and occasionally a private | jealousy. coupe, its lighted lanterns and spirited, high-stepping horses, passing like a

As I said before, the night was cold and the moon shone brilliantly, casting upon the ground the perfect contour of tall houses and bristling chimneys, and tracing the streets and pavements with strange lines and distorted silhouettes. The sharpness of the atmosphere, however, seemed only to add to the good humor of our pedestrian as he walked on and on, softly whistling, and revolving in his head all kinds of happy," cheerful fancies; for Dr. Pascal Borsier would have been a malcontent, indeed, to have complained of destiny. Only thirty years of age, a surgeon of note, and also Professor of Science in the College of France, he had achieved an exceptional position in the Corps Medical at an age when his colleagues were still at the bottom of the ladder.

Sufficiently wealthy to be independent of the drudgery of daily practice, he devoted his attention entirely to scientific pursuits, and has taken as a specialty the nerves of the human organism, those mysterious agents which transmit to the members of the body the orders of the brain.

Some of his recent experiments in this line, the results of which he has tust given to the general public, had drawn upon him the attention of the whole scient fic world.

No wonder Dr. Pascal Borsier was happy as he walked along, picturing to himself the future await ng him.

As he approached his home in the Rue de Lamennais his thoughts by degrees took another direction, for he all other considerations. Science, for which he felt such passionate devotion, Lamennais. had a rival, and a powerful one. Pasthe chief employes of the Ministry.

Called to attend her father in one of had found beside his patient at every eyes the unequal battle with death. Charmed from the first with her artless grace and modesty, he was soon completely enthralled by the refined intelligence and pure principles of Christine Dumarias. He demanded and obtained her hand, Christine's mother still remained a widow, with a small but sufficiently ample fortune to meet the requirements of herself and her two children; and as Christine's brother, an engineer and inventor of a specialty in the construction of foreign railroads, was able to visit his family only at rare antervals, Mad. Dumarais felt that she eras exceptionally fortunate in finding a son-in-law established in Paris.

From the day that he was united to years after marriage, loved his wife with the same ardor that he felt for her | for yourself, mons eur.' the day he married her. To say that he loved her is to say little; he simply adored her.

Such as he had believed her to be he had found her in reality, artless, lovmg, always studying how to make his nome more attractive; happy if he was with her, and resigned if the duties of tery did not beat. his profession called him away. At first Dr. Borsier feared that this lonely life was a little sad for his beautiful young me a light,' turning to the coachman. wife, but if she found it so she never "A light, quick-your lantern will do." allowed it to appear.

Educated in a severe and somewhat parsimonious bome, she did not ask herself if marriage ought not to have ing than those which had satisfied her as a young girl.

The few worldly pleasures she at intervals enjoyed in the company with her busband amply sufficed her, and about her table her mother, her nearest relatives and her husband's friends. At least, such were the reasons with which Pascal salved his conscience of the complete isolat on to which he had condemned his wife.

However, there was another reason, more serious than the rest, which helped to form the line of conduct he had gradualty adopted. Mile. Dumarais. who had passed her earliest years in a somber estressol at the end of a court, suffered from a tendency to anemia. complicated with a slight affection of the beart. But this had not alarmed Dr. Borsier, for he was convinced that he could remed; the evil by vigilant care. Already an appreciable change for the better had taken place in Christine's condition. A tranquil life, exempt from fatigue and worre, was not only as important but an absolutely in-dispensable factor in the course of dispensable factor in the course of treatment and he made it his duty to strictly enforce this part of the pro-

But, if I must confess it, there was yet a third reason, more powerful than

all the preceding ones, and of which he was, perhaps, himself unconscious-ardently as he loved his wife, his passion was surpassed by his jenlousy. Yes, Dr. Bros er was jealous, absolutely, ridiculously jealous. Although he had not the slightest reason in the world for being so. On the rare occasions that he allowed h s wife to appear in society, instead of enjoying the sensation produced by her beauty and intelli-gence, he had suffered torments, every look of admiration cast upon her seeming to h s jealous heart an abult to be avenged. At any rate he could cut short exhibitions which infringed upon his own privileges and prerogatives, and he kept his word. The beauty of Madame Brosier fully justified the tri-umphat reception she had met with in society. Her hair, worn in a single massive braid, coiled about her head. was of a light golden brown, and when unbound fell in rich, undulating waves almost to her feet. Her complexion was of that milky whiteness which invariably accompan es hair of a redd sh shade, and her eyes long and almondshaped with dark brown pupils, shaded by silky lashes. A laughing, rosy mouth, an expressive face of a charming oval, and great beauty and elegance of form, produced an ideal which justified the immoderate love of Pascal, and even to a certain extent explained his

The nearer he approached to his home, the more Dr. Brosier hurried his steps, thereby hastening the moment when he would meet his wife, and she had promised to sit up reading by the fire until his return.

He could see her now, just as she would look when he entered the room, curled up in her arm-chair, enveloped in her plush dressing-gown, with her little feet toast ng upon the fender and her book in her hand. He was never so happy as when able to quit his work sooner than he anticipated, for it gave her the joyous surprise of an unexpected return. Such would be the case this even ng.

Called in consultation to a patient at Versailles, whose condition was desperate, and upon whom they were going to perform an operation, he had gone away at 7:30, not intending to return until the last train leaving Versailles at midnight. But the patient had not considered it necessary to await the operation, and, at the very moment the faculty were ascending the stairs, had tricked them nicely by slipping from life to death, considering it preferable to steal away in that style to

remaining for a premature autopsy.
"He was a man of sense," cr Borsier, laughingly, as, bidding his confreres good-night, he boarded the ten instead of the twelve o'clock train, and an hour afterward was deposited at the foot of the Rue de Rome, whence he had preferred to walk to his home in the Rue de Lamennais.

As he passed through the avenue Friendland his attention was suddenly arrested by the loud rumbling of a fiacre passing rapidly ahead of him. All at once the yellow body of the vehicle and the white hat of the coachman, which he had followed carelessly with was not as yet so absorbed in his work his eye, disappeared from view. It had and researches as to be indifferent to wheeled about, and, unless the distance deceived him, into the Rue de

A few moments afterward, as he cal was married, and had been for turned into the street himself, he perseveral years, to the daughter of one of ceived the vehicle again, stopped bedescended from his seat, and standing those maladies which science retards by the side of the finere, seemed to be and allevates, but can not control, he expostulating with some one in the carriage. In the silence of that retired visit this beautiful and gentle woman, quarter his words were perfectly audiwatching with sad and questioning ble to Pascal as he walked down the street.

"Madame," cried the coachman. "Madame, wake up! We have arrived. There was no response.

"Madame," he cried again, raising his voice considerably, "wake, up, if you please; we have arrived."

St Il the sleeper did not move. "Well, this is a go," mumbled the oachman, gruffly. "She's a regular coachman, gruffly. dummy. What's the matter with her, I wonder?" And the man in the white hat peered into the fiacre in perplexed

uncertainty. "Anything wrong?" asked Pascal, approaching him. "I am a physician. and perhaps can assist you.

"It's more than I know," responded Christine Dumarais Pascal Borsier had the coachman; "but something's gone been completely happy; and now, four wrong with the fare. Can't move her no more than a block o' wood. Look

Pascal, obeying the coachman's directions, looked into the interior. Stretched upon the cushions, a woman was lying perfectly motionless, her face shrouded in the folds of a thick veil.

He took her hand, his trained fingers instinctively seeking the pulse; the ar-

"Hello," said the doctor to himself; "this is more than a fainting fit. Bring

The coachman obeyed, and the light thrust into the carriage enabled him to see that the woman before him was slender in form, dressed in some kind brought her compensations more amus- of a dark-colored robe, and enveloped from head to foot in a long fur mantle. Supporting himself on the carriagestep the doctor carefully began to remove the veil which concealed the features. Suddenly a cry of horror burst her greatest joy seemed to be to assem- from his lips. He dropped from the step-his legs refused to support him. The I feless woman whom he had I fted in his arms, upon whose discolored lips and ghastly face the rays of the lantern fell broad and full, was his wife-his

own wife -Christine Borsier! Yes, it was his wife, dying, perhaps, dead! But how did she come to be in that carriage, and at that hour of the night? A pain as sharp as the stroke of a stiletto pierced his heart as a terrible suspicion surged through h s mind; but it was only a flash-there was no time to think of such things now; he would consider them afterward. Mastering himself by a powerful effort, he turned to the coachman:

"Seek the concierge of the house, said he, "and tell him to come quickly, Dr. Borsier wants him," and drawing from his pocket a bottle of salts, he held it under the nostrils of the unfortunate woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting. - Taxa: Soft-

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In Russia they soak potatoes and then fry them. There is no accounting for

taste. Frozen fish, game and poultry is an abomination, and one of these days the

law will interfere. For a change, the center of apple p'e is now cut out, and the hole filled in with "some delicious jelly."

In England they hold that ovsters and mushroons are essential to the success of a beefsteak pudding.

Comb honey may be ripened by placing it in a dry, warm room properly ventilated. If placed in a damp room it will receive mo sture, swell and burst the capping.

Halibut fish cakes have crowded to the wall the old-fashioned "way back" ones in which cod used to figure so extensively, and advanced fashionable people call them "piscatorial patties."

Gingerbread Without Eggs-This recipe, sent by a farmer's wife, may prove useful this time of the year: Three cups of flour, one cup molasses, one of sugar, one of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful better, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, two teaspoons ginger, one of cinnamon.

Boiled Cider Apple Sauce-One-half bushel sweet apples, four pounds of sugar, a few quinces; put in sweet cider enough to cover the apples, boil and sk m for four or five hours. This is superior to the old fashioned boiled cider apple sauce, which was made of cider that had been boiled down separately, instead of doing all the cooking in the same operation,

A "bangle board" appears to be an almost indispensible article nowadays in every well regulated home. A board about six inches square and covered with any desirable color of plush or velvet is much prettier than the decorated rolling-pin so often seen. A half dozen of brass hooks and a r bbon to match the cover of your board, to hang it up by is all that is necessary for the completion of such an ornament or ar-

Sardine Sandwiches-Sardines picked up fine and mixed with cold boiled ham, also minced fine, and all well seasoned with a regular mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious filling for sandwiches for a lady's "afternoon" or a cold luncheon. The bread should be cut very thin and sparingly buttered. They can be piled up in slices or rolled and tied with narrow ribbon now in style.

Sweet Potato Lunch-Sweet potatoes cooked in this way are del cious for lunch, although they are liked by many persons for dinner: After boiling the potatoes peel them and slice them engthwise. Put a layer of the slices in a buttered dish, sprinkle them with cinnamon and sugar and put tiny bits of butter here and there; add another layer of potatoes, sprinkling them as before, and continue till all are used, putting a little more butter on top of the last layer. Bake in a good oven a delicate brown and serve.

Hickorynut Cake-Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of cream or butter, two and one-half cups of flour, two tenspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins and between the layers spread the following cream: Two eggs. one cup of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn | starch, one coffee cupful of nut meats, one pint of milk. Beat the eggs, sugar, corn starch and nuts all together, and stir it into the pint of milk while it is boiling; let it cook as thick as a custard, and when cold, spread it between the layers.

Relishing, wholesome salads may without expense be prepared so tastefully that they often prove the most attractive dish upon the table. And what dish is handsomer than chicken in jell ? With only the cost of the small amount of gelatine required to give additional stiffness to the chicken jelly, any farmer's poultry yard and garden will furnish the materials for these and numerous other delicacies that in a city are unattainable save to the comparative few. Equally tempting are quaking motels of jelly, holding in their shining depths fresh, canned or preserved fruits.

The Fashionable Hair Dresser.

But it was the "Thompson wave" which caught the feminine eye with the most pleasure—the pretty waving front hair, which at the time was seen above and close to the eyebrows of every woman, old, young or middle aged. It was not so novel for women to possess waving locks, but Mrs. Thompson had invented something which held these locks to the head-a simple contr vance, which in its way is complete. Next she invented the "baby bang," a little fringe of hair to ornament the bald heads of babies, which can be sewed in their bonnets. Passing her other inventions in hair, it is amusing to hear her account of the manner which the somewhat prevailing style of wearing a loose twist of hair at the back of the neck came to be a la mode.

"You see the life sized wax ngure conder," said madam, as we were siting in one of the rooms of her luxurious establishment in Fifth avenue. It was in one of my windows in Fourteenth street and was accidentally broken. The hair was in a tangle, and fearing to still further injure the figure carelessly twisted up the bair into a knot, leaving a tangle at the nape of the neck. There was a crowd at the window all day inspecting the new coiffure, and as you know, this back hair tangle is gaining in popularity."-New York Star.

Justice in Dakota.

Over at Rock Rapids a drunken fellow was taken before a drunken Judge to answer the crime of trying to chaw up another drunken fellow. In course of the trial one of the attorneys told the Judge to go to-somewhere-whereupon the Judge fined the legal light for contempt of Court, then lammed him over the head with a dressed turkey. After the lamming the Judge adjourned the Court, for a day or two in order to give all parties a chance to sober up. -Leaver Creek (D. T.) Graph c.

HIS PLACE OF REST.

"I know a place" the old man said, Where such as I, can rest; Where there's a she ter for the head Of every aged guest."

"Where none that are infirm and old. Are driven from the door;
For all are welcome to that fold,
And doubly so the poor."

"You doubtless speak of heaven, my friend?"
The listening parson said;
"Ah! yes, up there all sorrows end,
Up there no tears are shed."

"Nay, nay," the ancient one replied,
"Tis not of heaven I speak;
I mean the work-house, sir," he sighed,
"Where I have been a week."

—Hal Berte, in The Arkansaw Traveler.

Mildred's pretty face wore a new expression as she toyed with her teaspoon and tried to finish her roll, and coffee. John had just left her for his office. They had been married three months, and the serious Aspects of life were for the first time presenting themselves.

The problem of income and outgo had made a fair showing on paper. A small apartment-fuel and gas included-one servant, and with such loads of wedding presents, absolutely nothing to buy, they could actually save money. But, somehow, there were leaks which had not been considered. and ten dollars covered a much smaller | flaws in what seemed to ordinary readamount in time and space than John or Mildred had supposed.

"I wish I could do something to help John," thought Mildred, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window. "He has to work so hard," and she gave a little sigh.

"What can I do?" she pondered. What can I do?" she asked herself again and again, as with deft touch she apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if a door had opened and flooded it with sun-

"I know what I will do: I will write a story. I know I can if I try. People do not have to be so awfully clever to do that. It is a knack, not a talent. There is Mrs. —, who has made heaps of money; and her stories are only poor trash-all of them. John says so,

Before another hour had passed the outline of a plot was dancing in her excited young brain, and as soon as she could get the time she sat down with pad and sharpened pencil. Then came a pause. "How shall it begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on the margin of her paper as she reflected, her thoughts seeming to revolve in a circle, returning even to the place from whence they started. Finally she

"In a small village on the banks of-" "Oh, that is so commonplace. No; that will not do." And she tore off the first sheet of her pad and reflected again, then wrote:

"Frank Atwood was the only son of "No, no; that is too stupid," and the

second sheet of the pad went into the waste paper basket. She recalled what John had said of

the superfluous three pages, which might with benefit to most stories be eliminated-for John was a journalist and literrry critic, and his standard and ideals were just on the measure of her own. So she thought with great deference of what he had said about tedious preambles.

"He is right," she said with decision. "It is the personal interest in the characters which we are looking for in reading a story. All that comes before that is tedious superfluity.

"I will dash right on with a letter from the heroine, which will at once explain the situation." So with the confidence which came from feeling herself at last on the right track, she

"DEAR FRANK. I return herewith the letters, which of course I have now what it costs me. "I have reflected much upon what

you said vesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break the resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has-' "Please, ma'am," said the cook, com-

ing suddenly in upon the young authoress. "Please, ma'am, the butcher is here. Will you come and see him and give the order yerself about havin' them chops frenched or whatever it "Oh, what a bore," sighed Mildred.

"I was just getting into the swing of And she left the manuscript upon her desk to be resumed later.

The matter of the chops disposed of there were other things requir ng atten-

At last, however, she was at her desk again. She red over the letter with which her story opened to see how it sounded. "Realty, she said, "I think do?" that starts off very well," and then she it; h took up the broken thread. 'Only yourself to blame that this marriage has-" A violent ringing at the telephone again broke the current. "Hello," said our young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you?" "Yes, Is it you, Alice?"

"Yes. Mamma does not feel very well and w shes you to take luncheon with us She has sent the carriage. Be ready to come as soon as it arrives." Obviously no more authorship to day. So slipping her paper in her desk she departed.

Now John was a nice sort of fellow. But we may as well acknowledge at once that he was not so heroic, nor so wise, nor so infallible an authority as his wife supposed.

She had taken the outline of the real John, touched it up with the glowing colors of her imagination and out of it had made an ideal John, which, while it bore a strong resemblence to the real, was nevertheless largely a work of art. But, after subtracting these additions

for the real. there was still left a very excellent fellow, with good talents, wh ch he was using with rather bril-liant effectiveness in journalism and

was adorningly fond of his wife, and had not yet recovered from his surprise at his excessive good fortune in possessing that much-coveted treasure-for whom he had much contended, with many others, in those anxious days of courtship. And now-there she was at home, waiting for him, while he was urging his brain to the top of its speed, and driving his quill in eager haste, thinking only of what it would bring

for him to lay at her feet. Mildred was right in thinking he felt anxious at times, for things did not always turn out as he hoped. And he oftentimes felt disheartened when he thought that with the fullest measure of success which he could achieve in his profession could never yield what so peerless a wife as Mildred deserved. For, of course, he had with his imagination retouched the real Mildred too.

The new purpose of authorship brought a great light and hope into Mildred's life. She felt importantindeed that she was much more important than people were aware. That she was carrying a very large secretthat if John only knew!

Then she pictured to herself his readin her story, possibly reviewing it. Af ter he has written all kinds of nice things about it I will tell him that I am the author; or-and her heart turned cold and sick-what if he should say it was trash? For, of course, like other good critics. John was seldom pleased. If things were all excellent, what would be the need of critics? So he had cultivated the art of discovering ers pure gems. He had developed rather a talent for pillorying people in a single terse phrase, and was much valued for his skill in beating down with the editorial club tender young aspirants who were trying to make themselves heard. This sounds brutal But he was only professionly brutal. In his personal characteristics none could be more tender or sympathetic.

M ldred knew of this caustic vein and believed it, too-as she did also of straightened and arranged the dainty John's attributes and gifts-"but," she thought, if he should say any of those dreadful things about me; what should I do? I should never-never-tell him?

And so during the entire day she thought and planned. Few intricacies of plot suggesting themselves-vivid and interesting scenes coming before her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and sending for her husband to dine with them. Her secret desire was to return, but she looked at her mother's wistful face and had not the heart to refuse. She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at the usual hour. As he put his latchkey into the door he smiled, thinking of the quick ear which was listening for it, and of the pretty apparition which would meet him in the hall. "By Jove." he thought, "what a lucky fellow I and"

But the expected figure did not meet him. He was conscious of a little chill of disappointment, and still more as he wandered through the rooms and found all silent and deserted.

He rang for the maid. "Where is your mistress?"

"She is out sir. There's a note, sir, somewhere," and she looked anxiously about. "Oh, it is on the desk," said she with returning memory, starting to day?"

"No matter; I will get it, and John turned his impatient steps toward his wife's room.

There was no note on the desk, and quite naturally he opened the lid. His held up the paper. eyes were riveted upon the words before him.

"DEAR FRANK: I return herewith the right to keep. I need not tell you what and amusement. She understood it

He felt as if his blood were turned

into ice. "I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday-

going mad. so trusted her! The room had growt but could not. black and a great sledge hammer was beating his brain, but he read on- she was mad. -"upon what you said yesterday, but you again. Any attempt to make me said: break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has -'

John stood for a few moments as it turned into stone, his face blanched, his muscles tense. Then a ray of hope seemed to come to him. "There is no signature; it is not hers." He looked again. How could he doubt it? He knew too well the turn of every letter. He was alternately livid with rage and choking with gr ef. His dream of happiness vanished. Something like s curse came from between his closed teeth. "She loves this man, and she meets

him and tells him so, and only yesterday. Oh, it is too horrible!" too horrible!" He buried his face in his hands He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "I shall go away; I shall At that moment the telephone bell rang. He took no notice of it. "I shall never—" Again it rang long and and loud. What should he There was no one else to answer it; he must go. So he said huskily, stern look came into his face. "Hello!"

Mildred's silvery voice replied, "John, is that you?W The situation was shocking. How could be reply?-but-there was no

time for reflection. He knew that the Central office would share all his confidences through that infernal piece of black walnut and ebony. So he said.

"Why do you not come? Dinner is waiting for you.' How well he knew the pretty inflexions of that voice!

"I wish no dinner-I am going away good-bye. It might have been the convetional telephonic "good-bye," or it might

contain a profounder meaning. The effect at the other end of the line cannot be described. Ten minutes later a cab drove furiously up to the nany privileges." door of the Apartment house, and Mildred, with white face and fast beat- s a darling, and I will stand up for her ing heart, rushed into the room, and would have rushed into John's arms if I run away from school."

he had let her. "You are going away?" she said said Mama. breathlessly. "You are a very clever actress," said Weekly.

various kinds of literary work; who | that gentleman repulsing her intende embrace.

"A what?" said she, amazed. "John, what's the-"

"A very clever actress," said he, quite as if she had not spoken, "but hereafter we will have a more perfect understanding, and you need not trou-

ble yourself. "Why, John," said she, "have you lost your senses?"

"No; on the contrary, I have recovered them. I am no longer a dupe. I was fool enough to think you-' 'John, for God's sake tell me what

this means!" "Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he, breaking down utterly. "Why did you not tell me like an honest woman that you loved some one else?" "John, you know. I—"
"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain

your soul with any more falsehood. "You need not have married me," went on the wretched man. knows I wish you had not.'

She tried to put her arms about him as he paced to and fro in rapid strides, but he pushed her away angrily. "No, no more of that. That has lost its charm.

Mildred burst into tears. "I never-would-have-believed you would be-so-so-cruel," sobbed she. "What-have I done?"

"Done?" shouted the exasperated man. "Why, you have spoiled the life of an honest man, who doted on you. believed on you-like a trusting foolwho would have risked his life on your

honesty-"
"Stop!" said Mildred, and she gathered herself up to a fuller height than John's eyes had ever before beheld in her. She too was angry now.

"If you have charges to make I demand that they be definite, and not in base innuendo. You are very cruel and and also very insulting to me. I shall not remain in this house to-night, nor return to it until you have apologized." And she swept from the room and from John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the messenger call, then heard his wife give an order far a cab, then saw her packing a handbag. He intended doing the same things himself. But somehow having her do them was infinitely harder to

Mildred was very angry. "Not a thing of his," she said to herself, as she stripped off her rings and gathered her trinkets. "My purse, too," she thought and went to the desk to find it. Her husband had been watching for this. He knew she would try to secure

"Ah," said he, "you are a little too late. You should have thought of that before.

These, to his unmeaning words, uttered with much concentrated b tterness made her seriously doubt his sanity. She looked at him curiously. How else could she construe the incomprehensible fury? She pursued, the thought had calmed the resentment. She went to his side, placed her hand kindly on his arm. "My dear John," said she, "will you explain to me what all this

means? He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold, "explain to me where you were yester-

Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm. "Ah, yes," he went on. "You can

look very innocent, but, woman, look

at that," and with tragic gesture he Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read, "Dear Frank." A gleam of light came into her face, and gradually letters which I have no longer any deepened into an expression of interest

John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary, change; and laughter-peal "Yesterday!"—John felt as if he were after peal of silvery laughter—rang through the rooms. She tried to speak,

John in his turn began to think that At last, with tears rolling down her

no right to keep. I need not tell you I am at last resolved. I will not see cheeks, not from grief this time, she "Oh, you dear silly-silly thing. Oh, you dear goose-that's my story-and I was going to surprise you-and bring von ever-ever so much money-and

now you have gone-and spoiled-'

and here she began to cry in earnest.

"And--you-have-sa d-such-cruel -cruel-Her sobs, together with John's great enfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, my angel. I have been such brute. Can you ever forgive me?" That was what John said; but this pen refuses to attempt the portrayal of what he felt. He had been a willing and a loving slave before, and now he was in addition a penitent and crest-

were riveted anew. As hinted before, John had a professional character quite distinct from his domestic one. This quality affords a much needed outlet to perturbed spirits; hence as he turned towards his office the next morning an ominously

fallen one besides. And so his chains

The unfortunate man whose first book he reviewed that day never suspected that the average criticism which very nearly threw him into a nervous lever, and quite into despair, was almost entirely inspired by the misadventures just related .- New York Graphic.

His Aunt Was a Dalsy.

"I wish you would go away on another visit, Mama," said a little boy to ais mother, who had just returned from two weeks' visit in the country. "Aunt Mary is a daisy housekeeper." "Did you have a good time, Bennie,

while I was away?' "Well, I should smile," replied the ooy. "Aunt Mary just let us bave all the fun we wanted."

* I guess she allowed you children too "That's all right, Mama. Aunt Mary every time. She is just like me, when

"I do not understand you, my son," "Well, she is a tru-ant"-Pretzel's