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H. W. HOLDEN.

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A CASE.

"The true distinguished man pays me no end of attention just now. Yet neither my brain nor my beauty attracted his highness. I vow I doubt if he knows I have either. His man who's called daily for weeks. He's helped to bring back to my cheeks."

I know there are dozens, aye, hundreds. He cares for as much as for me. I know, though I watch for his coming. So anxiously now, there may be another whose footsteps will come day. Make music more sweet to my ear. Yet now, I admit, but for this man My world would be quite out of gear.

He sits by my side here, oft holding My hand while he studies my face. His steadfast eyes seem to trace. Soul's innermost secret to trace. Yet neither in his heart nor my heart Does sentiment find the least place. To me he is only "the doctor."

To him I am only "a case."

—Mary Norton Bradford in Boston Globe.

NEARLY A DIVORCE.

"Good morning, Mr. Soldene!" said the solicitor, advancing with a professional effusiveness which suggested that the latest bill of costs which Mr. Soldene had settled had been a well-nourished one and of goodly proportions. This was indeed the case, for Mr. Soldene was an amateur vocalist and a composer of songs which were sufficiently good to need the protection of legal process against certain piratical publishers. But the lawyer's office smile immediately gave way to a look of genuine alarm as he caught sight of the haggard face of his client. "Why, my dear Mr. Soldene, you look ill!" he exclaimed.

"I am ill, Beresford," asserted Mr. Soldene, dropping into a chair and speaking in a dry, hard voice.

"You want a doctor more than a solicitor at present," continued Beresford, for his client sat huddled up in the identical posture in which he had sunk into the chair, an uneasy attitude of listless dejection.

"No; it's my soul that's ill. You're the physician I want. And even you can do no good. It's past healing."

Mr. Soldene was speaking quietly and slowly, with long pauses between each sentence. He was obviously in a state of absolute despair. He wanted the energy to proceed with his communication to the solicitor until Mr. Beresford soothingly encouraged him and drew him out of himself by means of a few leading questions. Mr. Beresford did not, in his sympathetic catechism, alight upon the cause of his client's visit, but aroused Mr. Soldene to a realization of the inconvenience to which he was putting the gentleman he had come to consult by delaying his statement.

"No; I care nothing about any of those matters," said Mr. Soldene, pulling himself together with an effort and setting his features in a stern look of angrier determination. "I want you to file a divorce petition against my wife. The sooner the better," he added, working himself into a fury as he proceeded.

The solicitor dissembled any feelings the request may have occasioned and inquired in a matter of fact tone, as he took up a quill and spread a sheet of foolscap in front of him, for particulars of the nature of the case and the character of the proofs.

"The proofs are unfortunately overwhelming. Would to God they were less clear! When I retired last night, I was the most confiding fool alive. She is a slight, childish looking thing, my wife, with dancing yellow hair and laughing blue eyes. Who was the consummate ass who first called the eyes the window of the soul? Pah! The blinds of the soul would be nearer the mark. Whenever I looked into them, I could see nothing but devoted innocence and happy purity. What do I now find? That those appearances cloaked and hid from the sight a mind fostering with deception and corrupt with systematic infidelity."

The solicitor frowned and preserved his glance of patient sympathy with difficulty. This was not the language of a business communication at all. But it might relieve his client's feelings a little to give vent to them in this way, he thought.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Soldene," he said. "Just give me an outline of the facts in your own way, and we'll see what is to be done."

"Yes; I went to bed, as I said, trusting implicitly in my wife's fidelity. I imagined that she was spotless. I arose in the morning with the conviction of her guilt lying at my heart like ice."

"A confession or something of that sort?"

"Yes; a confession, but an involuntary one, and one of which she is even now all unwitting. She kissed me with the usual winning, frank, devilish smile as I left this morning, hoped I would be brighter, forsooth, when I returned, and obviously did not for one moment imagine that I had discovered her ugly secret."

"And how did you discover it?"

"I woke up in the middle of the night with a strange foreboding of impending calamity. I am a man subject to presentiments. They rarely mislead me. A cold sweat came over me, and I listened with such intensity that I could almost have heard a fly walking on the ceiling. There was not a sound. I was on the point of waking Gertrude—my wife, when she moved uneasily in her sleep and began to talk. I was speechless. I could do nothing but lie there in torture and listen to my wife revealing her perfidy in the unconsciousness of her slumber. 'Ernest,' she said—my name is Alexander, you know, Alexander Charles Soldene—'Ernest, you will love me as you should.' Then she threw her arm on my shoulder and raved on. 'Tell me, Ernest, dear, that you will think none the worse of me for what I am doing. For love of you I would sink to any depths, or I would rise to any heights. Oh, Ernest, take me in your arms and tell me you will love me ever!' There were more of these horrible mutterings, all spoken with a pathos, almost a fierceness, which I had never known her to possess in her whole nature. I had never been able to plumb the depths of her emotions. Such passions were not for her lawful spouse."

"What did you do?"

"I got up and dressed, went down stairs and dozed for the rest of the night on the sofa. She met me in the morning with a fine assumption of concern for my health, for I told her that I had been indisposed and was out of sorts. I have not said a word to her about her treachery. In the light of the knowledge I gained by her revelations I have pondered over various matters, and I can now see the cunning which I used to regard as girlish weakness. I can now see how I have been tricked at every turn, coaxed and twisted round the little finger of this designing woman."

"Have you any idea who this Ernest may be?"

"No; it is a mystery. I have been

through the list of our mutual acquaintances so far as my memory would enable me, but I cannot recall an Ernest who would be likely to fit these circumstances. Indeed the only Ernest I can think of is the Rev. P. E. Chellingham, the curate of our parish church, and Ernest is only his second name."

"Is there any man concerning whom you and your wife have had any words?"

"No, excepting one Bracebridge, a stockbroker. She happened to say she thought he was very good looking, and I said he looked capable of any form of felony. She replied that he always reminded her of a foreign count, and I rejoined that the count he reminded me of was a count in an indictment. But this was a long time ago, and his name isn't Ernest."

"Well, I must have Mrs. Soldene watched."

"Sir, you will do nothing of the sort. I cannot be a party to any espionage over my wife."

"Well, my dear sir, I see nothing yet upon which I could think of filing a petition. Who is to be cited as the correspondent, for instance? You either wish me to conduct the case or you don't."

"Well, do as you think best. Find out at any rate this precious Ernest and then let me know before going further."

"I must put some private inquiry agents to watch the house. I see no other way to go about it. You had better keep away from home if you can find a convenient pretext without exciting Mrs. Soldene's suspicions."

"Yes, I will. Let me know the instant you learn anything. Wire me at All-dridge's hotel. You know our house at Hampstead?"

"Yes, I have the address. Goodbye and don't let this trouble affect you too much. I see but little cause at present, Mr. Soldene."

"But this incident of last night makes other incidents look black which hitherto were white. I fear my wife is no exception to the rule which Pope has laid down. My God, to have to think of Gertrude!"

Three days later Mr. Soldene drove up and dashed into Mr. Beresford's office in feverish haste. The solicitor met him with a smile and a cordial hand shake, which was so prolonged that it maddened the expectant client, panting for news. Mr. Beresford, however, declined to be hurried.

"You got my wire, then?" he commenced.

"Of course I did. I should not have been here otherwise."

"Quite so. Now I understood from you in your previous interview, Mr. Soldene, that could that midnight communication of Mrs. Soldene's be cleared up and explained away there would be no reason for you to entertain any unfortunate doubts concerning her fidelity; that it was only in the light of that incident that any matters appeared to compromise her?"

"Yes, that is so," assented Mr. Soldene, looking very bewildered.

Mr. Soldene's features formed a curious study. Gratification at the solicitor's news, mortification at the time the lawyer was occupying before imparting the specific information and surprise at the sudden turn the matter had taken all struggled for supremacy.

Mr. Beresford proceeded: "I had a discreet and reliable person charged to keep an eye upon Mrs. Soldene's movements. Without going too minutely into his report, we come to the part of it which concerns last night. My detective followed Mrs. Soldene to the Cromwell road assembly hall and found there was an entertainment going on in aid of the organ repairing fund of St. Andrew's Swiss cottage. Here is a programme by which you will see that Mrs. Soldene takes the part of Madge in the operetta 'Summer and Winter.'"

"Yes, I knew she was to act and sing in these amateur theatricals."

"You did? And that fact suggested nothing to your mind, Mr. Soldene?"

"Nothing apropos of this matter."

"Well, it did to me immediately. I sent along to French's to get a copy of 'Summer and Winter,' and if I can find the place I will read you some of Madge's lines. Yes, here they are: 'Ernest, you will love me always. Tell me, Ernest, dear, that you will think none the worse of me for what I am doing. For love of you I would sink'—and so on. When you thought you were listening to a confession, you were simply overhearing a private rehearsal. It was just as well I was not too hasty over filing that petition, eh?"

"Great heavens, what an escape!"—Exchange.

LOVE AND DEBT.

Mr. Rhodes was the high sheriff of county, Mass., and his good name, inherited from the father and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often, but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth—Mr. Rhodes was 35 at least—which was known only to himself and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed—"some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all. Nobody ever thought that Mr. Rhodes had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt; no doubt of it. And to hear him, too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said Aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes, and I have frequently thought that during services in church he was about to make proposals before the congregation, as he kept his eyes continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was as fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church and seemed to blush when, by any means, she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings and of his infirmity."

Mrs. W. smiled, and Aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest she rather pettishly replied "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together, then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes' single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look in church who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding toward her aunt.

"No," said Aunt A., with a hearty smile, "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass, ever to be looking over Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes.'"

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the sheriff, with some feeling. "It is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person tomorrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative. As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject; how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities. And when he reached the door he had conned his salutation to the lady and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door. Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the subject of his visit, so he offered, by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan, "but yet, cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes, "it seems that, though there may be a great deal of coldness, nature will have her own way and in time assert her prerogative—late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and, looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that were hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased," said Miss Morgan, "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly toward the bush on which three roses were clustering in most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an attachment."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a

SUNSHINE LAND.

They came in sight of a lovely shore, Yellow as gold in the morning light; The sun's own color at noon it wore And had faded not at the fall of night. Clear weather or cloudy, 'twas all as one, The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun; Its secret the sailors could not understand, But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing— It will make you smile when you know— Touched by the tender finger of spring: A million blossoms were all aglow; So many, so many, so small and bright, They covered the hills with a mantle of light. And the wild bee hummed and the glad breeze fanned Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we were bound, What port, dear child, would we choose for ours? We would sail and sail till at last we found This fairy gold of a million flowers. Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we staid, Of many small joys our pleasures are made; More near than we think—very close at hand Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—Edith Thomas.

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distasteful date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed—that, indeed, instead of trusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes—the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have, and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered if there was any deficiency in the value of this property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I nevertheless," said Mr. R., "mean to speak very plainly when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my profession my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—the attachment."

"I was," said Miss Morgan, "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid that was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes."

"Am I, then, to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you—in other words, that it is accepted?"

"Mr. Rhodes," said the lady, with much hesitation, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she. "Say next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer. The attachment is of an old date, and time now is everything. My feelings are deeply interested, and may I not hope that, while you are using so short a time to consider a subject which you are pleased to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract?"

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own vehemence, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place deeply occupied with his good purposes toward Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her she could not doubt. That he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse and was readmitted to the little back parlor which he had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have considered all the circumstances of my situation and yours and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years," she added, casting a glance at a looking glass that showed only matured womanhood, "to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider, Miss Morgan, consider favorably! May I not hope you mean that you will accept it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then, it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes. "Having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days. You seem to be in a haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan."

"But why limit us to ten days?"

"The attachment requires it."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly toward the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that for once in my life I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your name, and this property?"

"Is the disputed possession," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?"

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So, Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now, as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan; I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ. You will see—look at it, if you please—for want thereof take the body."

"But, Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released."

"No, not at all. You are required only to fulfill the promise just as you intended when you made it. And as to the attachment for the widow and her property, I'll serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate, was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And Aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had she did not think she should violate it.—Indianapolis Sun.

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