A Question of Age.

Freddy—And can you really and truly remember Abraham Lincoln?

Grandpa— Why, yes, of course. You see, I'm a great deal older than you are.

Freddy—Say, grandpa, how old will I have to be before I can remember him?

A Masculine Lady's Maid.

A Bostonian while exploring the files of a paper printed in his town a century ago came across this rather startling advertisement: "H. Rogers informs those ladies who wish to be dressed by him, either on assembly or ball days, to give him notice the previous day. Ladies who engage to and don't dress must pay half price."

When the Proportion Is Right.

"But true love, you know," urged the young man, "can live on bread and cheese and kisses."

"That may be true when the proportion is right," returned the practical old gentleman, "but, unfortunately, in your case, it is about nine-tenths kisses,"—Chicago Post.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Mere Formality.

Haddon Erve—I want to marry your daughter, sir.

Mr. Goldrox—H'm! What are your prospects?

Haddon Erve—Fine. She's willing, so it doesn't much matter what any one else says.—Philadelphia Press.

Claiming Her Privileges.

"I want it understood, mum," said Bridget before signing with her new mistress, "that I shall have me reg'lar afternoons off during the hot weather without prejudyce to me vacation of wan week in October, mum" —Chicago Tribune.

Well Received.

Simpson—We went out last night to serenade the Perkins girls.

Hopkins—Did it go off all right.

Simpson—Their father threw half a dollar down to us and said please play till daylight—maybe it would help him to get some sleep.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Robbers.

"Henry! Henry!" whispered the wife of the good citizen, "there's a robber in the house."

"Lot's of them," replied Henry, "in the house and senate, too, but they ain't a circumstance to those in the city councils."—Philadelphia Press.

Each Anxious to Try.

"Fame," said the man with the melancholy eye, "is but an empty bubble."

"Yes," answered the friend with long hair "But every man has the idea that if he could get hold of it he could turn it into a dirigible balloon." —Washington Star

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirt waist of mine, Nellie."

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Hard Reputation.

"You are wanted in a hurry at Mr. Gazzam's!" cried the youngster, breathlessly.

"Are you sure they sent for me?" asked young Dr. Killiam.

"Yes; they said you could not do any harm, as Mr. Gazzam's dying now."—Philadelphia Press.

Poor Start in Life.

"When I started out in life I didn't have a dollar to my name," said the man who boasts.

"That's notihng," answered his satirical friend. "When I started out I didn't even have all my name It was several weeks before I was christened."—Washington Star.

Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is firmness?

Prof. Broadhead — The exercise of will power, my son.

Little Elmer—Well, sir, and what is obstinacy?

Prof. Broadhead—The exercise of won't power, my son.—Puck

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Gnawing Hunger to Forbid.

Brown—I wonder why big strikes always come on—or come off—in hot weather?

Jones—Oh, in hot weather a man generally gets the idea that he could sustain life on pump water—Chicago Record-Herald

News From the Interior.

"The new telegraph editor is a humorist"

"Well?"

"He heads an account of the cannibal islanders eating the German scientists, 'Trouble in Their Midst'" —Cleveland Plaindealer

Not Interested in Hay.

"They say the hay crop this year will be immense."

"How about the gasoline crop?"

"The what?"

"Hang it, man, didn't you know that I had bought an automobile?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOOD Short Stories

Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, once went to stay with a friend in Devonshire. "It's a beautiful place, is it not?" remarked somebody upon his return. "Yes," said the Bishop, "it is a beautiful place; if it were mine, I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

Attorney Isidor Rayner, one of Rear-Admiral Schley's counsel in the court of inquiry, was once interrupted by Thomas B. Reed, while making a speech in favor of a reduction of the tariff, with the remark: "Did not the gentleman hear my speech Saturday?" "No," replied Rayner, "I was at home preparing a speech of my own."

It is related that Fechter was more than once the victim of an outspoken London gallery-god. On one occasion, in a melodrama, the tragedian was slowly paying over a sum of money to the villain. Everything depended upon whether he had sufficient money for his purpose, and the paying out was most deliberate—so deliberate, indeed, that a member of the audience, wearying of the scene, enlivened the proceedings by yelling: "Say, Mr. Fechter, give him a check."

Once, when the Secretary of War, Elihu Root, had approved a punishment of an offender in the Philippines with a severity which seemed somewhat disproportionate to the crime, a visitor ventured to ask him whether he did not consider such a penalty a good deal like the old law of England which hanged a man for stealing a sheep. "Certainly," was the answer, "and we impose it in the same spirit, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but as a preventive. The thief was hanged, not because a stolen sheep was regarded as worth a human life, but in order that more sheep should not be stolen."

When President Roosevelt was a police commissioner of New York, in 1895, Dr. Ahlwardt, the anti-Semitic agitator from Berlin, visited the metropolis. Not a few of the New York anti-Semites came to Roosevelt in alarm lest the Jews should rise and mob the orator on the night of his first address. The commissioner's response was to select from the whole police force a squad of Hebrews whose physiognomy bespoke their race most conspicuously; these officers he placed in charge of the hall where Ahlwardt was to appear, with a reminder that in this country of free speech they could show their good citizenship in no more striking manner than by protecting the very man who had come to hurl contempt and abuse at their people. The effect of this bit of comedy was to make Ahlwardt ridiculous, and cause his whole crusade to fall pitifully flat.

A wealthy American who took the waters at Carlsbad this summer was given minute instructions by his physician, who dismissed him with this injunction: "As for smoking, you must limit yourself to three cigars daily; three light cigars and no more." After a few days, the patient visited his physician, who asked: "Well, and how are you?" "I should be all right," replied the patient, "but your orders about smoking are difficult to follow." "I am sorry," the doctor said, categorically, "but no more than three cigars a day. You must just put up with it." "But, doctor, it really is an awful business. Wouldn't two a day do? I feel ill every time I smoke." "Why, man, what in the world do you smoke for at all, if that is the case?" the doctor roared. "But, doctor, wasn't it you yourself who said 'three cigars a day and no more?' Of course, I thought they were part of the cure, and began upon them, though I never in my life smoked before."

SQUIRE'S WIFE TIED KNOT.

North Carolina Woman Marries Couple in Husband's Absence.

Squire Wade Bailes is a North Carolina Trial Justice who lives in the neighborhood known as Stewarttown, which is twenty miles from any town.

Half of his house hangs in Chesterfield County, South Carolina, and the other in the Tar-Heel State.

The State of North Carolina requires a license to be obtained for marriages. In South Carolina there is no such restruction.

Because of his location Bailes has found that fees for marriages constitute a large part of his income.

North Carolina couples who are unable or unwilling to pay for a license, or who are in an especial hurry, are invited into the South Carolina side of the house and there the service is performed.

Everything went smoothly until a few days ago. In the absence of the magistrate a young couple drove hastily up and demanded marriage in South Carolina. The squire's wife told them her husband was away. She said that she could perform the service, as she knew it by heart, and also knew the sliding scale of charges.

The young persons were satisfied; they were taken into the house and married.

Several days later, says a Philadelphia North American special, the girl's father heard that a woman had played minister at his daughter's marriage. He promptly procured a license and a preacher and had the knot retied.

Mrs. Bales has been notified not to do any more marrying, but she cannot understand why.

MENDING POCKET KNIVES.

Sentimental Reasons that Lead People to the Cutler's Shop.

A man of an inquiring turn who had read on the front of a cutler's shop the sign, "Pocket Knives Rebladed and Rehandled," and who recalled the fact that, when he was a boy, he used to get a new blade put in sometimes when he broke one out of his knife, found, upon inquiry, that boys still get new blades put in knives as they used to, but that, as a matter of fact, the people who have pocket knives repaired are mostly older persons, and that the knives are likely to be valued for their associations.

"I've carried that knife for fifty years," says one gentleman, and he hands over a knife that he's carried since he was a boy, and that he'd hate to lose.

Many knives brought in for repairs are prized because they are gifts; or they were bought in some foreign country, or they just suit the hand of the man that uses them. There are various more or less sentimental reasons why a man may prefer to keep the old knife rather than discard it for a new one. Then it may be that in some other cases the knife is too valuable to be thrown away. So that first and last and for one reason and another out of the vast number of pocket knives carried a good many come in to be mended.

The repairs made to pocket knives are of a varied character. They may consist, for example, in the putting on of one new pearl side on a pearl-handled knife to replace a side cracked or flawed. With long use the blade at the hinged end or the spring in the handle or the rivet by which the blade is held may get worn so that the knife blade won't close properly, or may be the spring is no longer as it should be, flush with the back of the knife. In fact, a great many things can happen to a pocket knife, and of course the more blades the more things can happen, but the cutler repairs them all.

The phrase "rebladed and rehandled" suggested, of course, the idea of a complete renewal, and the inquirer wondered if it might not be possible that with the repair of a knife in one part and another such a renewal might occur. And the cutler said that not only was it possible, but that sometimes it actually did happen that with successive renewals of its various parts the whole knife came sometimes to be entirely renewed, and there was left of the original knife nothing.

Locating Smokeless Guns.

The English war office's new scheme for the training of Tommy Atkins in maneuvers embraces many novelties, which will in due course see the light of practical demonstration. Among these none is more interesting or fraught with greater possibilities than the device for training soldiers to locate guns firing smokeless powder.

Arrangements are being made to carry out experiments in this direction at Aldershot, and the sappers have already constructed an ingenious battlefield upon Ash Ranges, which will make field firing very realistic. In the trial to come an infantry force will approach the ranges, and will immediately be fired upon by distant guns. Endeavor will be made to locate the field pieces and the infantry will move forward in cover. As they advance surprise targets representing cavalry and mounted infantry will spring upon flank and front, an armored train will run out, and all the features of a modern battle-field will be represented against the advancing force. This method will call for great initiative from commanders, and the targets will be so made that good shooting will be recorded by the targets being knocked over.

As an inducement to make infantry take cover a new device has been adopted. Artillerymen are to accompany the advancing columns, and when a distant gun fires its dummy shell they will produce a corresponding explosion among the attackers by means of a small mortar—thus teaching the lesson of cover and caution as no other means short of live shell could do.—London Express.

Found Fortune and Love.

One of the most interesting romances of the great Southwest has recently come to light, and Miss Maxine Doubleday, a young school-teacher at the little town of Laurel Valley, Tex., is the heroine. Many years ago Maximilian Doubleday was in love with the girl's mother. When she married his brother he enlisted in the Southern army and the family lost trace of him.

The soldier, however, always kept his sweetheart's picture. Later he had a life-size portrait of it made and of recent years it has hung in a costly frame in his handsome castle at Cordova, Mexico. It was this picture which led to the discovery of his niece.

She has since her father's death supported herself and mother by her school-teaching in the little Texas town. A few months ago she went on a visit to Brazos County. There she met a young man, Lee Payson, who told her of her marked resemblance to the portrait of a beautiful woman whom a friend of his loved in his youth.

"And it is a curious fact," the young man added, "that his name is the same as yours—Doubleday, Maximilian Doubleday."

"Why, I wonder if it can be my lost uncle!" the girl exclaimed. Further inquiry proved that such was the fact.

A reconciliation followed. The wealthy Doubleday found his boyhood sweetheart, who is now his wife. He has made his niece his heiress and she is soon to wed Payson, the young man instrumental in bringing about all this good fortune.

A Sand Bow.

A curious phenomenon was recently witnessed from the Antelope Island, in the Great Salt Lake, U. S. One afternoon a gentleman saw what appeared to be a fine rainbow between the island and the mainland, yet no rain was falling anywhere in the locality. The bow was double the breadth of an ordinary rainbow, and there was a secondary bow above it. On looking into the matter he traced the bow to a cloud of sand from the shore of the lake. The sand is "oolitic," to use a geological word, and the pearly spherules reflecting the sunlight produced the bow.

A Wonderful Well.

M. E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention, reports that he has found in the Department Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a "natural well," the depth of which exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,027 feet, but the actual bottom has not been reached.

Whenever you hear a girl refer to a man as an idiot it's dollars to doughnuts that she is in love with him and he is in love with some other girl.

True wit never gives birth to ill thoughts.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXI.

I went out late in the evening to question each of the omnibus drivers, but in vain. Whether they were too busy to give me proper attention, or too anxious to join the stir and mirth of the townspeople, they all declared they knew nothing of any Englishwoman. As I returned dejectedly to my inn, I heard a lamentable voice, evidently English, bemoaning in doubtful French. The omnibus from Falaise had just come in, and under the lamp in the entrance of the archway stood a lady before my hostess, who was volubly asserting that there was no room left in her house. I hastened to the assistance of my countrywoman, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face revealed to me who she was.

"Mrs. Foster!" I exclaimed, almost shouting her name in my astonishment. She looked ready to faint with fatigue and dismay, and she laid her hand heavily on my arm, as if to save herself from sinking to the ground.

"Have you found her?" she asked, involuntarily.

"Not a trace of her," I answered.

Mrs. Foster broke into an hysterical laugh, which was very quickly followed by sobs. I had no great difficulty in persuading the landlady to find some accommodation for her, and then I retired to my own room to turn over the extraordinary meeting which had been the last incident of the day.

It required very little keenness to come to the conclusion that the Fosters had obtained their information concerning Miss Ellen Martineau where we had got ours, from Mrs. Wilkinson; also that Mrs. Foster had lost no time in following up the clue, for she was only twenty-four hours behind me. She had looked thoroughly astonished and dismayed when she saw me there; so she had had no idea that I was on the same track. But nothing could be more convincing than this journey of hers that neither she nor Foster really believed in Olivia's death. That was as clear as day. But what explanation could I give to myself of those letters, of Olivia's above all? Was it possible that she had caused them to be written, and sent to her husband? I could not even admit such a question, without a sharp sense of disappointment in her.

I saw Mrs. Foster early in the morning, somewhat as a truce-bearer may meet another on neutral ground. She was grateful to me for my interposition in her behalf the night before; and as I knew Ellen Martineau to be safely out of the way, I was inclined to be tolerant towards her. I assured her, upon my honor, that I had failed in discovering any trace of Olivia in Noireau, and I told her all I had learned about the bankruptcy of Monsieur Perrier, and the scattering of the school.

"But why should you undertake such a chase?" I asked; "if you and Foster are satisfied that Olivia is dead, why should you be running after Ellen Martineau? You show me the papers which seem to prove her death, and now I find you in this remote part of Normandy, evidently in pursuit of her. What does this mean?"

"You are doing the same thing yourself," she answered.

"Yes," I replied, "because I am not satisfied. But you have proved your conviction by becoming Richard Foster's second wife."

"That is the very point," she said, shedding a few tears; "as soon as ever Mrs. Wilkinson described Ellen Martineau to me, when she was talking about her visitor who had come to inquire after her, I grew quite frightened lest he should ever be charged with marrying me whilst she was alive. So I persuaded him to let me come here and make sure of it, though the journey costs a great deal, and we have very little money to spare. We did not know what tricks Olivia might do, and it made me very miserable to think she might be still alive, and I in her place."

I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was some reason in Mrs. Foster's statement of the case.

"There is not the slightest chance of your finding her," I remarked.

"Isn't there?" she asked, with an evil gleam in her eyes, which I just caught before she hid her face again in her handkerchief.

"At any rate," I said, "you would have no power over her if you found her. You could not take her back with you by force. I do not know how the French laws would regard Foster's authority, but you can have none whatever, and he is quite unfit to take this long journey to claim her. Really I do not see what you can do; and I should think your wisest plan would be to go back and take care of him, leaving her alone. I am here to protect her, and I shall stay until I see you fairly out of the place."

I kept no very strict watch over her during the day, for I felt sure she would find no trace of Olivia in Noireau. At night I saw her again. She was worn out and despondent, and declared herself quite ready to return to Falaise by the omnibus at five o'clock in the morning. I saw her off, and gave the driver a fee to bring me word for what town she took her ticket at the railway station. When he returned in the evening he told me he had himself bought her one for Honfleur, and started her fairly on her way home.

As for myself I had spent the day in making inquiries at the offices of the local custom houses which stand at every entrance into a town or village in France, for the gathering of trifling, vexatious taxes upon articles of food and merchandise. At one of these I had learned that, three or four weeks ago a young Englishwoman with a little girl had passed by on foot, each carrying a small bundle, which had not been examined. It was on the road to Granville, which was between thirty and forty miles away. From Granville was the nearest route to the Channel Islands. Was it not possible that Olivia had resolved to seek refuge there again? Perhaps to seek me! My heart, bowed down by the sad picture of her and the little child leaving the town on foot, beat high again at the thought of Olivia in Guernsey.

At Granville I learned that a young lady and a child had made the voyage to Jersey a short time before, and I went on with stronger hope. But in Jersey I could obtain no further information about her; nor in Guernsey, whither I felt sure Olivia would certainly have proceeded. I took one day more to cross over to Sark, and consult Tardif; but he knew no more than I did. He absolutely refused to believe that Olivia was dead.

"In August," he said, "I shall hear from her. Take courage and comfort. She promised it, and she will keep her promise. If she had known herself to be dying she would certainly have sent me word."

"It is a long time to wait," I said, with an utter sinking of spirit.

"It is a long time to wait!" he echoed, lifting up his hands, and letting them fall again with a gesture of weariness; "but we must wait and hope."

To wait in impatience, and to hope at times, and despair at times, I returned to London.

CHAPTER XXII.

One of my first proceedings, after my return, was to ascertain how the English law stood with regard to Olivia's position. Fortunately for me, one of Dr. Senior's oldest friends was a lawyer of great repute, and he discussed the question with me after a dinner at his house at Fulham.

"There seems to be no proof of any kind against the husband," he said, after I had told him all.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "here you have a girl, brought up in luxury and wealth, willing to brave any poverty rather than continue to live with him."

"A girl's whim," he said.

"Then Foster could compel her to return to him?" I asked.

"As far as I see into the case, he certainly could," was the answer, which drove me frantic.

"But there is this second marriage," I objected.

"There lies the kernel of the case," he said. "You tell me there are papers, which you believe to be forgeries, purporting to be the medical certificate with corroborative proof of her death. Now, if the wife be guilty of framing these, the husband will bring them against her as the grounds on which he felt free to contract his second marriage. She has done a very foolish and a very wicked thing there."

"You think she did it?" I asked.

He smiled significantly, but without saying anything.

"But what can be done now?" I asked.

"All you can do," he answered, "is to establish your influence over this fellow and go cautiously to work with him. As long as the lady is in France, if she be alive, and he is too ill to go after her, she is safe. You may convince him by degrees that it is to his interest to come to some terms with her. A formal deed of separation might be agreed upon, and drawn up; but even that will not perfectly secure her in the future."

I was compelled to remain satisfied with this opinion. Yet how could I be satisfied, whilst Olivia, if she was still living, was wandering about homeless, and, as I feared, destitute, in a foreign country?

I made my first call upon Foster the next evening. Mrs. Foster had been to Brook street every day since her return, to inquire for me, and to leave an urgent message that I should go to Bellringer street as soon as I was again in town. The lodging house looked almost as wretched as the forsaken dwelling down at Noireau, where Olivia had perhaps been living; and the stifling, musty air inside it almost made me gasp for breath.

"So you are come back!" was Foster's greeting, as I entered the dingy room.

"Yes," I replied.

"I need not ask what success you've had," he said, sneering. "'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?' Your trip has not agreed with you, that is plain enough. It did not agree with Carry, either, for she came back swearing she would never go on such a wild-goose chase again. You know I was quite opposed to her going?"

"No," I said incredulously. The diamond ring had disappeared from his finger, and it was easy to guess how the funds had been raised for the journey.

"Altogether opposed," he repeated. "I believe Olivia is dead. I am quite sure she has never been under this roof with me, as Miss Ellen Martineau has been. I should have known it as surely as ever a tiger scented its prey. Do you suppose I have no sense keen enough to tell me she was in the very house where I was?"

"Nonsense!" I answered. His eyes glistened cruelly, and made me almost ready to spring upon him. I could have seized him by the throat and shaken him to death, in my sudden passion of loathing against him; but I sat quiet, and ejaculated "Nonsense!" Such power has the spirit of the nineteenth century among civilized classes.

"Olivia is dead," he said, in a solemn tone. "I am convinced of that from another reason; through all the misery of our marriage, I never knew her guilty of an untruth, not the smallest. She was as true as the gospel. Do you think you or Carry could make me believe that she would trifle with such an awful subject as her own death? No. I would take my oath that Olivia would never have had that letter sent, or written to me those few lines of farewell, but to let me know that she was dead."

There was no doubt whatever that he was suffering from the same disease as that which had been the death of my mother—a disease almost invariably fatal, sooner or later. A few cases of cure, under most favorable circumstances, had been reported during the last half century; but the chances were dead against Foster's recovery. In all probability, a long and painful illness, terminating in inevitable death, lay before him. In the opinion of my two senior physicians, all that I could do would be to alleviate the worst pangs of it.

His case haunted me day and night. In that deep undercurrent of consciousness which lurks beneath our surface sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly eating away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after a consultation that I came accidentally upon the little note book which I had kept in Guernsey—a private note book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made or a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now, that a better chance was thrust upon me in his favor, I shrank from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heartsick at the thought of it.

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with terrible distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the certainty that he must die. I took up my note book, and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight.

It seemed cruel that this power should come to me from my mother's death. If she were living still, or if she had died from any other cause, the discovery of this remedy would never have been made by me. And I was to take it as a sort of miraculous gift, purchased by her pangs, and bestow it upon the only man I hated. For I hated him; I said so to myself.

But it could not rest at that. I fought a battle with myself all through the quiet night, motionless and in silence, lest Jack should become aware that I was not sleeping. How should I ever face him, or grasp his hearty hand again, with such a secret weight upon my soul? Yet how could I resolve to save Foster at the cost of dooming Olivia to a lifelong bondage should he discover where she was, or to lifelong poverty should she remain concealed? If I were only sure that she was alive! It was for her sake merely that I hesitated.

The morning dawned before I could decide. The decision, when made, brought no feeling of relief or triumph to me. As soon as it was probable that Dr. Senior could see me, I was at his house at Fulham; and in rapid, almost incoherent words laid what I believed to be my important discovery before him. He sat thinking for some time, running over in his own mind such cases as had come under his own observation. After a while a gleam of pleasure passed over his face, and his eyes brightened as he looked at me.

"I congratulate you, Martin," he said, "though I wish Jack had hit upon this. I believe it will prove a real benefit to our science. Let me turn it over a little longer, and consult some of my colleagues about it. But I think you are right. You are about to try it on poor Foster?"

"Yes," I answered, with a chilly sensation in my veins.

"It can do him no harm," he said, "and in my opinion it will prolong his life to old age, if he is careful of himself. I will write a paper on the subject for the Lancet, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart," I said sadly.

The old physician regarded me for a minute with his keen eyes, which had looked through the window of disease into many a human soul. I shrank from the scrutiny, but I need not have done so. He grasped my hand firmly and closely.

"God bless you, Martin!" he said, "God bless you!"

I went straight from Fulham to Bellringer street. A healthy impulse to fulfill all my duty, however difficult, was in its first fervid moment of action. Nevertheless there was a subtle hope within me founded upon one chance that was left—it was just possible that Foster might refuse to be made the subject of an experiment; for an experiment it was.

I sat down beside him, and told him what I believed to be his chance of life; not concealing from him that I proposed to try, if he gave his consent, a mode of treatment which had never been practiced before. His eye, keen and sharp as that of a lynx, seemed to read my thoughts as Dr. Senior's had done.

"Martin Dobree," he said, in a voice so different from his ordinary caustic tone that it almost startled me, "I can trust you. I put myself with implicit confidence into your hands."

The last chance—dare I say the last hope?—was gone. I stood pledged on my honor as a physician, to employ this discovery, which had been laid open to me by my mother's fatal illness, for the benefit of the man whose life was most harmful to Olivia and myself. I felt suffocated, stifled. I opened the window for a minute or two, and leaned through it to catch the fresh breath of the outer air.

"I must tell you," I said, when I drew my head in again, "that you must not expect to regain your health and strength so completely as to be able to return to your old dissipations. But if you are careful of yourself you may live to sixty or seventy."

"Life at any price!" he answered.

"There would be more chance for you now," I said, "if you could have better air than this."

"How can I?" he asked.

"Be frank with me," I answered, "and tell me what your means are. It would be worth your while to spend your last farthing upon this chance."

"Is it not enough to make a man mad," he said, "to know there are thousands lying in the bank in his wife's name, and he cannot touch a penny of it? It is life itself to me; yet I may die like a dog in this hole for the want of it. My death will lie at Olivia's door, curse her!"

He fell back upon his pillows, with a groan as heavy and deep as ever came from the heart of a wretch perishing from sheer want. I could not choose but feel some pity for him; but this was an opportunity I must not miss.

"It is of no use to curse her," I said; "come, Foster, let us talk over this matter quietly and reasonably. If Olivia be alive, as I cannot help hoping she is, your wisest course would be to come to some mutual agreement, which would release you both from your present difficulties; for you must recollect she is as penniless as yourself. Let me speak to you as if I were her brother. Of this one thing you may be quite certain, she will never consent to return to you; and in that I will aid her to the utmost of my power. But there is no reason why you should not have a good share of the property, which she would gladly relinquish on condition that you left her alone."

(To be continued.)

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Molly—My little sister's got measles.

Jimmie—Oh, so has mine.

Molly—Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has.—London Tit-Bits.

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