

THE HOTEL CHILD.

The hotel child who chatters through the hall... a weary shout of empty gloom...

DENISE.

They had been three years married. They adored one another. She was young. He was young also. Two happy hearts!

Why had they come to this little old isolated village 100 leagues from Paris? Surely the guides had never recommended it.

It was Cecile who had thought of this trip. Roger had at first said, "No," but she, coming closer to him, said coaxingly:

"Was it not down there in the little village, close to the mountains, that you were born, passed your childhood and became a man?"

He searched for the path and regained it. He resolved to walk rapidly, but as he approached the village he slackened his pace, and it took him over an hour to get to his lodgings and ten minutes more to mount the stairs.

At last he entered. Alas! What would she say, if she deigned to speak at all? He awaited a sad discourse or a sadder silence.

had died in the autumn, before having received his first kiss. But Roger had never forgotten her. Now, before this grave where he had knelt down, he seemed to see her again alive, and so pretty, with her sweet, pale eyes and delicate lips which would never again be red.

He walked a long time—it mattered not where—across the fields, not knowing whither he went, not having the courage to enter the village. He feared to meet Cecile, for, loving and jealous as he knew her to be, she would be furious—or sad, which would be still worse.

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But the garden interested her most of all. She at once recognized the well, and she in her turn dropped in stones to hear them splash in the water.

He traversed the village, passed the hotel house and entered a graveyard. He stopped in front of a slab of stone upon which was inscribed a name, "Denise," and the age, "15 years."

This space belongs to Dr. Wm. Tatom, DENTIST. Keep an eye on it for his announcements

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