An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Float out from my tobacco as the genius from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the unwritten declaration that "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But to write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray:
And we should be so happy that when either's [illegible] lips were dumb
They should not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there.
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"You Delight!" he said, softly. "More angel than woman! what have you done to me? Have you come to redeem me, or to make me despicable in my own eyes?"

"I have come to help her and to prevent a mistake," she replied, her voice faltering.

She made a movement to free herself, but he held her still pressed to him. The voices of the Smythe Smiths, dominating the others, came in from the garden. The guests were returning from the orchids and the vineries.

"We must go back to them," said Lady Elizabeth, whose embarrassment was becoming painful. Woman-like, she was the first to remember appearances and to think of details.

"Yes," said Anthony, with sudden coldness, releasing her and turning away. "This world has to be considered. They must not remember that—" He paused; he was going to add—"that I am married and you are not my wife," but stopped himself in time. There was a suggestiveness in it that would perhaps offend her; and harsh and even brutal as he had been only so short a time ago, he would not now wound her for the wealth of the world or for the whole glory of life.

"Then good-by," said Lady Elizabeth. "I shall leave Uplands to-morrow morning, and shall not see you again."

"We shall meet," he answered, opening the door for her to pass out; but he himself went back into the room, and the restraint of her presence now taken away, he sat down by the table and sobbed like a woman or a child. And his guests, who found Lady Elizabeth sitting alone in the drawing-room, had to leave without formal adieux to their host, whom they amused themselves in vilifying for most part of the way to their respective homes. "Such a boor!" the women said, or "Such a bear!" But the men said, more fiercely, "What a cad that fellow is!"

CHAPTER IX.

TOO PURE TO FEAR.

Even the Smythe Smiths followed suit, and fell foul of their neglectful host with more acrimony than was usual to them. In general they were good-natured enough, as folks are who have anything still to get from the world, and who prefer to coax rather than to compel. But now that their son was about to make a marriage which would ally them with the real aristocracy—albeit with its elbows cooling in the air—they were disposed to stand a little more firmly on their rights, and to resent the slackness of any rope that should be taut.

"It was most discourteous—most unusual!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, severely. "I wonder where he went—what became of him? Where were you, Lady Elizabeth? I missed you when we went to see the orchids."

"I saw him for a short time after then," said Lady Elizabeth, angel as she was, fibbing a little by implication—by the *suggestio falsi* as well as the *suppressio veri*. "He went into the library when I left him, and I heard him lock the door."

"Good heavens! is the man mad!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, irritably. "He is really very ill-bred. I assure you I feel quite insulted, it was so abominably rude."

She was seriously annoyed. To be sure, she had no daughter for whom to find a likely husband; but she none the less desired the friendship, intimate and familiar, of Mr. Harford, and had rather counted on showing off to-day before the rest the good terms on which they, the new-comers at Uplands, stood with the old house of Thrift.

"He was in great trouble," said Lady Elizabeth.

"He has had news of his poor wife; so have I," she continued.

"Good gracious me!" cried Mrs. Symthe Smith, startled into the vernacular of her youth. "Where is she, my dear? What has he heard? Why has she kept him so long in doubt whether she was alive or dead? My! what an extraordinary thing! Wherever can she be? And what on earth has she done?"

"She is ill," said Lady Elizabeth.

"But where?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"At Mentone," said Lady Elizabeth, with a reluctance she tried to conceal and did not.

"Then she did run away with some one!" cried the other. "And it was her old lover, that young Osborne, of whom I thought better things!"

Shrewd woman as she was, she could put her two and two together as accurately as most.

Lady Elizabeth was silent. Her love and pity for Estelle went as far as silence, but not so far as falsehood.

"Is it not so, Lady Elizabeth? Did she not go off with Mr. Osborne?" repeated the young artist's former hostess and quasi-maternal friend.

"What I know I must not repeat," said Lady Elizabeth, very gently. "My friend's secrets are not mine."

"But I am going to-morrow to Mentone to see her," added Lady Elizabeth. "She was always one of my dearest friends, and I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, without one belonging to her near her."

"Is she alone?" asked Mr. Smythe Smith.

"Yes; one friend only is with her."

"Mr. Osborne?" Mrs. Smythe Smith's curiosity was irrepressible.

"No," said Lady Elizabeth. "He is dead."

Husband and wife looked at each other. This admission was a little rent in the veil of mystery in which the whole affair was shrouded.

"And she is following?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"She is ill," said Lady Elizabeth, making a fine distinction not lost on her hearers.

"How very sad!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, with genuine sympathy, not stopping to consider that fracture of the wedding-ring which was all too certain, and thinking only of the suffering human being.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, whose eyes were, as so often before to-day, filling up with tears.

"And you are going, my dear?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith, a faint little accent of surprise, that might mean almost displeasure, in her voice.

"To-morrow," was the answer.

"How will your people like that? Will your mother and Lord Kingshouse approve of it?"

"Surely," said the earl's daughter, emphatically; "they know how much I loved poor Estelle. They will think me quite right in going to see her now, in her time of trouble."

"But if she went off with that young man?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"That does not make her sufferings less painful nor his death less pitiable," said Lady Elizabeth.

"No, not for herself; but for you? Those who touch pitch, you know; and Lady Elizabeth is too pure to be defiled."

"If I am good for anything at all, I need not fear defilement!" she answered, quickly. "And defilement from Estelle! Dear friend! you do not know her as I do. She is the purest of the pure—the sweetest and best of all the girls I have ever known."

"And left her husband and gone off with another man?" said Mrs. Smythe Smith her eyebrows uplifted.

"Whatever she may have done she cannot be corrupted," said Lady Elizabeth warmly. "Mistaken, yes; but not corrupted."

"It does not do to palter with sin or to give soft words to wickedness," said Mrs. Smythe Smith, gravely. Between her desire not to offend Lady Elizabeth, and that curiously strict propriety belonging to the socially insecure, she was in a cleft stick; but on the whole she inclined to propriety as the more lasting condition and the more stable foundation.

"If you knew her as well as I do you would think as I do," said Lady Elizabeth. "It would be impossible for Estelle Clanricarde to be evil in heart."

"Only in deed?" queried Mr. Smythe Smith, making a neat point.

"I do not defend all she has done, but corrupt in heart she certainly is not," answered Lady Elizabeth. "I know her so well! I have known her ever since we were quite children together, and she cannot have suddenly changed her nature."

"Still, I do not think I would go to her under all circumstances, if I were you, until you had your parents' sanction," said Mrs. Smythe Smith, sensibly enough.

"I know they would not object," she answered.

"Then, my dear young lady, let me advise you, wait till you are confirmed in your assurance," said her host, in his heart enjoying the new attitude he had suddenly assumed of half-censuring mentor to the earl's daughter, his social superior.

"Perhaps it would be best," she said, sweetly.

"Without question," was the rejoinder. "Do nothing rash, and then you will have nothing to repent. Your actions, remember, Lady Elizabeth, while you are unmarried, belong to your family your control. Your credit and your name are theirs, not your own. Wait, and let my lord decide."

"I can telegraph to-night, but I am sure of their consent," she said.

"In which case you can start, as you propose, to-morrow, with a clean way bill," he answered, with a strange smile.

But Lady Elizabeth was right. My lord's curt answer was simple and direct. "Do as you wish," it said—dictated partly by real kindness toward this desolated, misguided young creature—this Estelle, whom they had known in the days of her innocence, and loved in the heyday of her beauty—and partly by the innate pride of the British nobleman, holding himself and his too high for any kind of danger by contact with any kind of inferior. Had Estelle been one of themselves he might have hesitated; being George Clanricarde's child, his dear Delight might throw over her the mantle of charity, and her snow-white purity would get never a stain in consequence.

So that little hitch was overcome. And Lady Elizabeth made ready to start to-morrow for the Riviera, where she was to take the comfort of her presence to that poor faithful heart half distraught with its self-imposed charge—the soothing of her speech to that guilty soul, beaten down to worse than death by woe, yet too full of her life-long love to have the sense of either repentance or contrition.

And now, on the journey, Lady Elizabeth had leisure to think. For the last twenty-four hours all had been excitement and turmoil and a confusion of feelings in which desire to help Estelle had been the only clear and simple line. She knew that she loved and admired, and, in spite of his late defection from the nobler way, respected Anthony Harford. She did not quite know how passionately she loved him. Girls do not understand themselves as do women of experience when the well-known fires are rekindled, and the familiar eyes of re-awakened love shine out afresh and that which has been is again, under other forms and different names. Still, she felt that she bore something in her heart she neither wished to look at too closely nor to let others see at all. She was conscious of a sense of blessedness in feeling that she could serve him, influence him to good, be of living use to him in any way. She was remembered how he had held her in his arms and she had felt the beating of his heart against her own. She was not accustomed to be held in the arms of men, and yet it had somehow seemed natural to be in his. She said to herself that it was just the impulse of a brother conquered by her prayer and yielding to the victor. She knew that she was nothing to him—not even his sister—while Estelle was still his all. Yet that silent caress had been more precious than she liked to own or dared to think. Her father's favorite name for her danced in her brain to the music of Anthony's voice, not his; and "You Delight!" was hammered out with every beat of the piston, and swung through the air in every turn of the wheels. She did her best to get away from these conscious, too, of a strange sense of happiness of which she was half afraid, and of shame for which she blushed, when she thoughts, through which ran an unacknowledged thread of disappointment in that Anthony had not come to the station, as she expected. But, clinging as they were, they did not make her central feeling—her duty to Estelle—the less potent or clear. Still, they distracted and disturbed her. She tried to banish them; to fix her thoughts on Estelle's sufferings, her despair, her loss, her sorrows; but these faded away into a vague kind of mournful cloud, while "You Delight!" rang out between the iron staves like sweetest music—that silent, strong embrace repeated itself in her memory—and the thread of disappointed hope in that she had not seen Anthony at the station as she had hoped waxed broader and thicker and deeper in tone.

Then, wearied and overcome by all this emotion, she burst into tears as she buried her face in the pillow provided for the night journey and with a sudden conviction of unspoken sin prayed for pardon, grace, and light with the whole fervor of her throbbing heart. And then she slept.

When she awoke the sun was shining; Estelle was near; and Anthony was banished from her thoughts. She had been through the Valley, and the fire had scorched and blistered her overnight. To-day she was in the clear light of heaven, and her pain had passed.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

Hard words break no bones. Neither do angry ones mend them when broken. Anthony Harford proved this when he was lying on the road with a snapped "tibia"—happily the fracture was simple, not compound—because his fiery young horse, with the hot temper and highly strung nerves, had first shied at a traction engine, then bolted, and finally smashed the trap into match-wood, and emptied its contents by the way-side, leaving groom, luggage, and master in a mass of moving conglomerate, while he himself ran up a bank and snorted like a demon over the spill below.

Had it not been for this untoward accident, which Anthony's full-flavored Americanisms in no wise helped, Lady Elizabeth would not have gone to Mentone alone. He had fully intended to go with her, partly for her own sake, but in greater part for Estelle's. The fire of his wrath against his faithless wife had died down, and that conversation with her dear advocate had left only infinite compassion for the suffering woman. He had no love for her now—at least so he assured himself. Still it was exquisite pain to him to think that Estelle should be in need of aught that he could give her. That girl, whom he had so passionately loved—that fair-faced, bashful, and reluctant maid, whom he had held in his arms and called his own, and who he had made himself believe was his own in heart and mind as well as person—her reluctance counting for shyness—that she, who bore his name and was the mother of his son, should take from another what it was his duty to supply—what torture! what degradation! He longed to be the hand to lift her above all forms of want; but in his own clear mind he wished that she would die. He saw no good for her should she live. He would not take her back; and for his son's sake he did not care to divorce her. He did not wish to put her shame on the record forever, and so sear the mother of his child with such an ineffaceable brand; and if she were ill, as Lady Elizabeth had said, he would not harm her, and he did not mean now to kill himself because of her. But he would forgive her. He wanted to forgive her before she died—to know that she sank into the deep river of eternity with his blessing, his pardon, and the sense and glory of his past love about her. Then she would be at peace with herself, and he would have satisfied his conscience.

Had Charlie Osborne still lived he could not have come to this state of mind. But as things were, with his rival dead, all the passions roused by the late bitter tragedy had faded into so many shadows, and the only concrete fact that remained was the physical distress and pecuniary need of this poor simulacrum of her former self. The essential Estelle had died when she left Thrift and her child for the evil ways of unfaithfulness and dishonor.

Still, though only this simulacrum of the woman he had so ardently loved, Anthony would have gone to her had he been able. But when a man is lying on a heavily metalled road, with one sturdy leg bent and broken under him, he is not very fit for a twenty-four hours' journey by land and sea, let the desire be never so strong, the need never so pressing. Patience, in the form of splints and plaster of Paris, has to be taken instead, and full-flavored Americanisms do not help matters one jot.

So this was the reason why Lady Elizabeth was disappointed at the railway station, and the construction she had put on Anthony's words was not justified by his deeds. She understood it all when she reached Mentone, and a telegram gave her the bare outline of what had happened. A letter would follow, said the brief notice; and with this Lady Elizabeth had to be content till the letter did arrive which gave all the details.

The arrival of Lady Elizabeth at the first gave Estelle a spell of renewed mental vigor. She recovered her intellectual tone as a slackened fire blazes up with a fresh supply of fuel. It was almost like the shadow of her beloved thrown across the darkness of her days to have Lady Elizabeth here—she who was so bound up with the earlier part of this grievous history, and who in a manner reproduced the past and redeemed the present. And oh, for ingratitude of the beloved who do not love!—it was a relief beyond words to have some one about her other than that faithful slave who did all that was necessary for her material well-being, but who supplied no element of personal happiness and no spiritual sustenance. She could bear with his queer awkward ways and irritating devotion now that Lady Elizabeth was there to, in a manner, share the burden of his personality; and she felt altogether freer than she had done—freer, that is, from the incubus of her dark depression, and more able to understand herself and her surroundings. Thus it was that Estelle rallied for the first days and even weeks of Lady Elizabeth's arrival, and cheated her friends into the delusive hope of possible permanent recovery.

It was a curious psychological fact that she seemed to have entirely forgotten her marriage with Anthony Harford and her motherhood of his child. Though she left off living on his grave, her whole talk was of Charlie. She spoke of him, however, more in relation to her girlish life—more as the young lover forbidden by the authorities—than as the dying husband of these later times. Lady Elizabeth did not know if this was a purely mental phenomenon or an act of reticence for the sake of morality she had outraged. She never discovered which it was, for she was too tender to bring the poor sinner to book, and force from her the confession of a sin she did not regret and the expression of a repentance she did not feel.

Meanwhile Anthony Harford's broken bone was knitting together as vigorously as such a man's naturally would, with his certain advent when he should be able to move, supported on crutches and strengthened by splints.

One day the three were sitting on the seat outside the garden of the hotel where they were staying, basking in the sun and looking at the gentain-colored sea before them. Estelle was in one corner of the seat and Lady Elizabeth was next to her. Screwed up as far away in the other corner as was possible, and sitting awkwardly, as beseemed his modesty, Caleb watched each breath of those parted lips, studied each expression of that flower-like face—lovely and flower-like yet, for all its comparative deadness—looking every now and then at Lady Elizabeth as a dog looks to its master, a deaf-mute to his instructor. It was one of Estelle's favorable days, when her brain was clearer than usual, and the dulness of her senses was broken up, as it were, by light and the free air. She was almost the Estelle of her former happy and innocent days—had she ever ceased to be intrinsically innocent? and Lady Elizabeth, whose mission was to heal, not scarify—soothe, not sting—felt her own heart all the lighter for the temporary sunshine over her friend.

Suddenly voices only too well known struck on their ears, and the Medlicotts came into view. They had been as far as Florence, but had turned back on their steps and had taken Mentone on their way home. This was against the wish of the husband, but by the will of the wife; and that will—quiet, persistent, unrelaxing, undeviating—was beginning to make headway against the other's wish. One of those unaggressive women who are never in open opposition, Anne knew how to have her own way without a quarrel and without defeat. And as she was devoured with curiosity to learn all about those dreadful people, as she called Estelle and her faithful slave, she was determined to gratify it. It was the curiosity of ignorance just dashed by prudency, with the desire of outraged propriety to have its say on the evil litany chanted between love and sin. She had heard by now of Lady Elizabeth's last craze, as Mrs. Aspline termed it; and she felt that she must see with her own eyes how far that madness of sympathy had committed the Lily of Kingshouse to complicity with crime. She felt so much stronger and bigger in her perfect spotlessness than them all, even than Lady Elizabeth! She, Anne Aspline, the somewhat snubbed daughter of a decidedly snubbed mother, now holding the ferule over the heads of those who had formerly rapped her knuckles! To be sure Lady Elizabeth in her own person had never rapped her knuckles, nor any other's, but she belonged to those who had; and class solidarity is a fact like any other.

The persistency of Anne's mind in her eager contemplation of Estelle's fault was a strange study in human nature. For all her strong condemnation, she could not forego the unwholesome fascination which this naughtiness had for her. It was the same fascination that a book of Zola's has for his readers. They condemn it, and call it shocking and horrible and monstrous and depraved, but all read to the end. No one shuts the book and puts it in the fire unfinished—that fascination being even more absorbing than the condemnation is strong. So with Anne. This fearful corruption, as it seemed to her, of a girl whom she had personally known, and who had been on a higher social platform than herself, was a page of living Zolaism which she must read to the last words, that bad taste in her mouth notwithstanding.

To herself her desire to still pursue and denounce this evil-doer made her no more cruel than was the Jewish executioner when he flung the first stone at the sinners against morality, and offered them up as sacrifices to the offended virtue of the race and the mutilated majesty of the law.

"Oh, how can Lady Elizabeth do such a thing!" she said, loud enough to be heard, as she forced her husband to halt within ear-shot of the trio. "I wanted so much to speak to her, but how can I when she is sitting familiarly with that infamous woman and that awful man!"

"Hush, my dear!—softly, Annette!" said Mr. Medlicott, in a lower voice.

He was not so keen on this testifying of virtue as was his young wife, and he was naturally more pitiful to Estelle.

"Why should I hush?" cried Anne, shrilly. "Do you think it very pleasant for me to see Lady Elizabeth—a friend who has dined in our house and we in hers—lower herself to such infamous surroundings as a runaway wife and a common miner like that horrid Mr. Stagg?"

"Lady Elizabeth is not a child, my dear; she knows her own affairs best, and what she wishes to do, and how to conduct herself," was the reply. "Come on, Annette," he added, moving away. "I dislike this publicity so much! It is not ladylike, my dear. It is not Christian."

"It is right," said Anne, her mouth set close, and her upper lip pulled down, as was her wont when recalcitrant and determined. "This creature is a shameless sinner, and Lady Elizabeth ought not to be with her."

All this was heard with cruel distinctness by the three on the seat. Such wind as there was set that way, and brought the sounds sharply to the senses. Estelle's face first paled as her ears took in Anne's words and their meaning became clear to her mind. Then it flamed with fever and excitement, and her large eyes glistened and shone with dangerous brilliancy. Caleb stirred in his place like a hound held in leash, looking now at Anne, with indignation staring in his round red-lidded eyes, now at Estelle with half-terrified compassion, and again at Lady Elizabeth as if for direction.

"That she ever could!" he kept on saying to himself. "That she ever could—and this queenly lass—as she is not herself, as one might say!"

"That fearful girl—she is like a ghoul!" said Estelle with a shudder. "She helped to kill my darling. He would have lived longer if she had not spoken as she did. And now she has come to kill me."

"Do not mind her, Estelle," said Lady Elizabeth, soothingly. "She never had much intellect, and what she has is all perverted by false views. Do not care for what she says."

"No, I do not care for what she says to me," said Estelle, feverishly, knocking up the dust with her parasol. "But she killed my darling," she added; "and for that I can never forgive her."

"You are a clergyman," then came Anne's voice, speaking still more distinctly to her retreating husband. "You ought to speak to them."

"My dear, I am a man and a gentleman as well as a priest," said Mr. Medlicott, with firm rebuke.

"But the priest comes first," said Anne, "and you ought to speak both to Lady Elizabeth and that infamous creature. She should not be allowed to remain here. It is too bad of these hotel-keepers—insulting proper people like this."

"'Who maketh His rain to fall on the just and the unjust,'" said Mr. Medlicott, in his parsonic voice.

"We are not God," said Anne; "and Lady Elizabeth no more than any one else."

"I must put a stop to this," said Lady Elizabeth; and with the words she rose from her place and went straight to where the Medlicotts stood, he temporizing and she testifying, while Estelle knocked up the dust with the end of her parasol, and Caleb stood so that she should not see the group, which by now had moved away out of hearing. But something had come into Estelle's face that had not been there before, and she had a certain look of recoil on herself that might turn to danger.

(To be Continued.)

Niagara Episcopal Endowment Fund.

The *Evangelical Churchman* says: There seems to be a reasonable prospect that the long-standing dispute between the Dioceses of Niagara and Toronto, with regard to the Episcopal Endowment Fund of the former, will be amicably settled at an early date. The Synod of Niagara claims that portion of the fund of the original Diocese of Toronto which had been raised in the Niagara district of the diocese, and valued at about $10,000. Upward of twenty years ago a clause was added to the by-law on Episcopal Endowment, declaring that when the fund yielded more than $4,000 annually the surplus should be given to Niagara. Thus far such is practically the statement of the Toronto Synod, the fund has yielded only $4,000, and nothing more; if anything, less. But whatever be the exact state of the case, the question in reality turns largely upon the relative value of the investments already made. It is understood that as a result of correspondence between the two dioceses, the dispute will be settled by the payment to the Niagara Synod of about $5,000. It is to be hoped that, in the interests of peace and good-will, some such agreement will be arrived at, and arrangements made in order that the bone of contention may be removed.

Robert A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature in addressing the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure: "I cannot be true to my convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all I know to be good and trustworthy. Your graphic descriptions of diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact of their great increase. Physicians have been experimentally treating this disease, and while casting about for an authorized remedy, their patients have died on their hands."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Minister (making out record of baptism and in doubt about the date)—Let me see, this is the 23rd, isn't it?

Interested Mamma—No, sir; it's only the fifth, and two of those are dead.