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Dr. G. Campbell, D.D.S., S.L.S.
Turner's Drug Store
At his residence, late
two doors above Brock
St., Toronto.
S. Sprout, M. D. M. C. P. & S.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY MRS. ALEX. MC-V. MILLER
Author of "The Slave's Bride," "Brunette and
Blonde," "A Dreadful Temptation," Etc.

A woman is where half as beautiful as
the woman you are on your canvas?"
"I know one who is more beautiful,
but the half of her beauty can never
be transferred to canvas," said Leslie
Dane, while a flush of pride rose over
her features.

"Indeed?" asked Carl.

"In America," answered Leslie.

"Where?" said the German, comprehen-
sively.

"I thought you did not care
for women, Mr. Dane."

"I never said so, Carl," said Leslie

more penitently.

"But such actions speak louder

than words. You avoid them, you decline invitations, where you are likely

to meet them, and the handsome models

vote you a perfect bear."

"Because there is but one woman in

the world to me," answered Leslie.

Carl, in his enthusiasm, had made a mousie in his pocket, and looked away with a

world of tenderness in his dark, large eyes.

Carl Miller began to look interested,

"Now, how I see why you work so

hard! You are a woman at the bottom of the world."

"There is always a woman at the bottom of everything that goes on in this world, whether it be good or evil."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Leslie, re-
suming the work with a sigh to the mem-
ory of the absent girl he loved.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the

grave, Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Summed Carl in his rich tenor voice.

"Leslie, you will accompany me to the

feast tonight," said he presently.

"I do, I do not care to go,"

said Leslie.

"I've seen what a soft fellow," said

Carl, turning back to the window.

Silence fell between them again.

The soft breeze came singing in at the window, ruffling Leslie's blonde check with velvety fingers.

A single spray of the scarlet salvia,

carelessly broken and fastened in her dark hair, brightened her whole appearance, and made her even more attractive than before by the contrast. She was holding her breath, watching the intense gaze of the young artist.

"She is a most remarkable girl,"

said Carl, turning back to the window.

"Letters, perfume, she is a

""All for me, of course," he said, "No-
body else writes to Dame."

"Who else?" asked Carl, looking at her

softly, while his companion, with a

smiling sigh, went on with his work.

"It was true that 'no' one ever

wrote to him yet, still kept waiting

for her, for his dear wife."

"The 'no' was right, but I was mistaken,"

said Carl, breaking out suddenly. "Hush! Listen, here's a love letter from the girl you left behind you."

He held up a little creamy-handled

glove, smooth and white, as satin, ad-
dressed in a boy's elegant hand, and Leslie

read it with a smile.

"Carl, I am a significant wifey,"

she said, and returned to her own correspondence.

Leslie Dane tore open the letter, so

long waited and hoped for, and devon-

ted its contents with passionate impa-
tience. It was very brief. Let us glance

over its contents and read what was

written there:

"Leslie, you wrote, 'your letters have

been received and enjoyed, and every one

has been like a stab to my heart. I pray

you never to write to me again, for

my heart is too full."

"This seems an instant's studio,"

in long, flowing script, very neat, the

clear and radiant light, and the

winds are open for the soft breezes

to enter the room, though it is the

month of December, in that Italian

climate, where it is always summer, the

green and the sun, and somewhere

elsewhere, the small, airy, delicate

room, to you at least, the gayer may be."

"I am not in the least," said

"I beg your pardon for telling you about it. But if someone should give me a prettier one, that is all I care about."

"I have no more taste for

poetry than painting," said Carl, a second value.

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