THE STORY.

The continuation of the serial story, "Rappy at Lass," is held over until next work. "Meep my Necret! Promise!" a story of One Christmas long sigo, by Famp Foster (lark, is substituted this work.



A Story of "One Christmas Long Ago."

> (By Fanny Foster Clarke I.

I. "May—," said I, in a grave, low tone, to the eldest dwughter of my friend Philip Brewster, as abe passed just before me down the garden walk. She turned, and again I began: "May—" Then, as she looked up with her lovely, lustrous young eyes, further speech failed me. "Why," exclaimed Msy, "what's the matter, Professor?" I put out my hand—a trembling hand— with the inculse to fough the stray ten-

һырру." with the impulse to touch the stray ten-drils of bright hair playing over her forehead : but meeting that innocent, inquiring

look, I only reached over her shoulder and carelessly plucked a syringa leaf. Then she laughed and said, "You quite

frightened me.' Frightened you? How?" and I exam-

"You always call me 'little May,' aithough I'm nearly eighteen now. You've called me that ever since I can remember : and when you said just 'May,' as if I were some strange girl, why, I thought you were angry at me." "Angry ! Oh, May, don't you under-

stand, my dar-"

The word so warmly begun faltered on my lips. There stood the child that I had known from babyhood, as pure, as truthful and unworldly as when I first took her upon my knee; there she stood with the stature and beauty of a woman. I marked the firm, alluring curve of her figure, the lovely, fearless poise of her head, the ten-der check rounding away to the faultless me—a foolish little friend ?" I felt a pang: this questioning was so easily interpreted. She feared I was ex pecting too much; she was making her terms. How little she knew me! "My throat, the ripe under lip, the deeply fringed gray eyes, full of light and life, the dear gold n hair. What was I — a man of 40, already wrinkled, and given to grave pursuits—what was I to speak words of passion to her whom I so wildly loved, yet tenderly worshipped? What was I to take this young heart to mine, and hope to fulfil its dreams, to satisfy its longings, to awake its costasies?

For a moment all the man, all the lover. all the brute within me strove against the friend, the protector, the almost father. Then less with articulation than with a low, yearning ory, I said,

Yearning ory, I bain,
" May, I love you."
She paled, regarded me with a wild surprise, turned aside and a rosy sea-shell color
spread over her neck and fair oheek.
Instantly I had myself in hand. I saw

in that surprise something too like fear; and whatever happened, she should not dread me; she should have no maiden instinct violated; she should come to me, if not with loving warmth, at least with a friendly trust. Conscious of being flushed and disordered, conscious of trembling to the very lips, I laid a detaining arm about her waist, and so we stood until, growing steadier, I could speak calmly and gently. "Dear child, I scarcely know how this

has come about, but, my love " (I changed the word) -- " my dear, I want you for my wife. You've known me as a staid old friend. Could you think of me in any other

way ?" She kept her head averted, and the color still burned about her throat and dainty ear. "I'm not the man to please a young chatterboxes of 12 and 14.

girl's fancy-I know that ; but if devotion can atone for middle age and a plain face, why you shall be a happy wife after all. With a free, arch movement she smiled

up into my eyes. Many a time in the months that fol-lowed I looked back to that moment, and tried to persuade myself there was in May's face the light of an impulsive young love. Many a time I tried to fancy that a certain mistiness in her gaze was only from gathering tears of happiness, that her gentle lasp was shy because it longed to be warm : many a time I tried to believe that if I had taken her in my arms then and there, like the lover that I was, we might both have been spared much sorrow. Who knows? But I had an accursed sense of my own demerits, and strong in my pure Scotch brouze Aristides

s boys together. "Well, well, you always would have your Then there came the dinner, and everyway, you rascal. Here, I'll take the con-founded bit of paper, but it's the last time particularly that one small Rosis 3 years -remember that. old secured the disputed privilege by shrickamiable money disputes always

ing violently. Rosie had not long possessed the art of speech, and exercised her newended by Phil's acceptance of a cheque under violent protest. When, after this friendly altercation, we rose, there, stand everything she heard. ing in the open doorway, just behind our obairs was-May. How long had she been

"Ill put the sugar in Max's coffee with my own flugers," said May. "Thugar in coffee own fingerth," echoed there? "Why, you sprite!" exclaimed Philip. as Rosie

Dinner over, I had left the table, and he hastily thrust the cheque into his waistcoat pocket. Her eyes followed the action. For a moment I felt sure she knew what Philip was pointing out the beauties of a new engraving on the wall. Max was Max was had passed-knew, perhaps, that I habitu-ally furnished that happy go lucky h usestanding with May at a low window that led out to the piszza. Caddie came up with an air of mystery and said something hold with money to meet extra expenses. For a moment only; then 1 was vexed at to him. I could not hear the words; I the bare idea of entertaining such fancies. only caught nght of the action; but Rose "Come, kiss papa, you white pigeon," said Philip, "for you've made him very promptly gave them out for the public

haste left us alone together.

miliar fashion. "Little May."

erms

father ?'

" Yes."

dear."

are.

put it down again; walked slowly to the window and industriously watched two

sparrows that were scolding at each other

out on the grass. There struck me the happy notion of addressing her in the old

She turned and faced me. I started, for

in those few minutes she seemed to have become a woman. She was pale, her lips

were close set, her speech was minimive. "Do you like me, then," she asked, "a

' little May '—just as you've always known me—a foolish little friend ?''

I answered, "only remain as you

Give me an affectionate trust. Cau

you give it freely, without "-and here I felt my doubte about her knowledge of the

family accounts being neatly and judiciously

without any idea of pleasing your

" I can," May answered. "And will this

"Then I'm 'little May' forever, I sup-

pose "-and she laughed in a short, nervous

In a moment she changed, and was her

own self again. "Oh, Professor, we're to have a new pony, and the bantam obicks are such pretty fluffy little things, and I'm

going to a concert to morrow, and - and --." There was no end to May's gossip, and

Why shouldn't I be content ?'

I'm so glad !"

ay-" a sort of friend, a friend-wife."

solved, for May was eminently truthful-

-this affectionate trust satisfy you ?'

"May doin' be married to Profethor Davith She ran to him, flung her arms about his

Almost immediately Max and May neck, and answered, playfully: "You dear old papa. I'm so glad!" Philip lifted off her arms exactly as he moved outside into the moonlight. After a while I was about stepping out to join would have done to the baby, pinched her cheek, and with a very transparent show of them, but small Rosie was just in the way on the window-sill, swinging backward and forward, with one hand on the shutter haste left us alone together. I searched May's face. It wore an expression that I couldn't understand. She hinge. I stooped to kiss her. She was repeating over and over in her peculiar ng song : "Not a moment after to day. I unffer too much. Keep my theoret. ced at me quickly, then looked away took up some ornament upon the mantel thuffer

Promith. "Who said that, Rose ?" I asked.

" Maxth thaid that to May."

"Not a moment after to day. I suffer too much. Keep my secret. Promise.

Late that night, at work in the labora-ory, those words kept baunting me. There had always been, in spite of his gaiety, a touch of romantic sadoess about Max; it made half his charm. The boy had per-baps some love story; some fair little New Yorker had caught his faucy, and May was his confidente. There I the matter was quite plain now. Why should I tor-ment myself? She had declared her consent to be free; she was happy and playful as ever. Why Then, in a fevered fancy, as ever. Why Then, in a fevered fancy I saw Max at the piano, love in his hand some face, fire in his eyes, and May so moved, so responsive, so secret. Pshaw ! there was some foolish little jest; it meant why, a baby of three is not a responsible wituess. That placid old Athenian, Aris tides, wouldn't have harbored such absurd fancies; and I tried to be grimly amused at my likeness to such a superior and im-

About 1 o'clock I heard the familiar click of Reinhardt's latch-key. He came

in, very pale and serious. "Why, Max," I began, what—" He stopped me with a gesture ; then leaning against the table, he said, "I am going away-to Mexico-in the service of the San Giorgio Company. I

shall try my fortune in the mines." "But, my boy, this is very sudden. Your

from that hour for a great many weeks she was just the May I had always known, parents—It's my duty to get their consent." "I'm 21 to day, Professor, and out of given to dancing instead of walking, ex-claiming instead of talking, shaking her pretty bead instead of reasoning. "A hondage." "True, but—"

pretty bead instead of reasoning. "A child," I said to myself a thousand times-"a dear happy child. So I have learned to " Some time, perhaps, you'll understand why I go." His dark eyes were moist with affection and gratitude. He clasped my hand. "You've been a father to me. If ever I take an honored place in the love her, so I have asked her to remain world, it will be because of your teaching and your example. I've heard of the great We had been engaged about two weeks One afternoon as I was in the library, and happiness coming to you, Professor. You deserve it. 1 wish you joy with all my heart—with all my heart," he repeated, held my hand in both of his for a mo-May came tripping downstairs, she gave a loud, merry greeting and ran toward the front door. A greeting as merry answered her, and there was noisy calling over the

ment, and was gone. balusters from Caddie and Belle, two young The next morning as at breakfast I was looking over the paper, and thinking up a little argument to dissuade the headstrong " Max ! oh, Max, is it you ? Oh, Max, Three small brothers became suddenly fellow from his purpose, I read in the pas visible; Ned shouting, "Max, we've got a senger list of an Acapulco steamer that great big kite !" and Tommy shouting had sailed at 6 o'clock the name Max ome other piece of news. Then in the library doorway appeared Reinbardt.

п. my pupil, a young German, Max Reinhardt Although May never showed the slightest y name, with all the little ones dragging a surprise or curiosity about Reinhardt's is coat, and May hanging on his arm sudden departure, she spoke of him always Ensconcing herself on the sofa, she said : "Now, Max, you shall sit by me." Down naturally and freely, and with a sisterly, good-will. Looking into my darling's dewy eyes, I could see no sign of regret, no beside her he dropped in the most familian and brotherly fashion. Such a handsome brown baired fellow as he was! He had a shadow of sacrifice, nothing of the coldness of a dutiful submission. I couldn't per-suade myself to break the calm by maistclear, creamy skin, tinted on the cheeks he was just 21, for presently May exclaimed, "Why, it's your birthday! and then I loved her so! Ah, that you're 21!" And the children yelled in chorus: "Max's birthday! Twenty-one! Oh I oh !" with a rich peach crimson, and on that day

amused." She laughed hysterically, started to leave the room, then came back to me

demurely, and added: "Don't think of what I said about McPherson. She's a dear old thing, and I "-with a nerverse mischief, she laughed again, and went on-"1 hate her." I heard her laughing again, a little later, as she went out of the house with her friends.

I shall never forget the desolation the ound of that forced, hollow gayety brought to me. I shall never forget my self-reproach as I realized there was a change in her happy, gentle nature, that she was behaving alternately like a wicked child and hike a desperately miserable woman. It was only the beginning of the end. My young wife grew every day more unreasonably gay and more protoundly sad. At first I plied her with amusements ; then it grew clear to me that, as her marriage had playing familiarly about his shoulder. She caused this unhappiness, the less I afflicted her with my presence the better.

Ouce, and once only, I spoke to her father, very carefully, very judiciously, huting that May was perhaps not quite well, and rather out of spirits. "Nonsense!" said Punlip; "notsense!

Why, you don't understand the girl. I'll come and see you to night. Ab, I'll obeer her up. We fathers know all about these little freaks." He came-a parcel under his arm-and

in his most bustling and lively mood. He attacked the difficulty at once. "So my pet is out of spirits, eh? Now

papa has got something to take away those naughty blues. See here—see h e-r-e," and, opening the parcel, he laid a box in her lap. "What is it, papa?" she asked. "Lollipops," said Philip; "sugar-candy;

llipops to cheer up my little girl. Eat May stood up, carried the box to the

table, set it down, and, with angry tears in her eyes, left the room. "Phew!" exclaimed Philip. " that's the

first time in all my family experience that a big box of candy didn't prove a cure all Phew! Oh, never mind; she'll come round. Maybe her doll-oh no. By Jove! I d forgotten. There are such a lot of babies, you ee, I'd forgotten that May had grown out of dolls. Funny, by Jove !'

Philip had a hearty roar, then a hearty supper, and I never troubled him again in ny anxieties about my wife. In November, for the first, a letter came

from Max. He gave a lively description of the wild life in Mexico, spoke of some mining rights he had secured, and begged us both to accept his most affectio regards. I read the letter aloud, but May, when I reached the end, snatched it eagerly

" Is that all? Ob, let me see," she said. Does he write nothing more? " Nothing more," I auswered. "Why?"

"Why ?" she repeated. "Ob, nothing Of course not ; of course he has no more вау." She was embarrassed, and moved away

then, as if under some uncontrollable im-pulse, she came back to me, covered my hand with both hers, and said :

"You'll be kind to Max, won't you? You'll never judge poor Max harshly?" Perhaps, in answering her, I wore no very sympathetic expression. "I believe I'm not in the habit of passing

harsh judgments." She opened her lips to speak again, then

abruptly checked herself, took up a piece of embroidery and fell into silence. The whole scene was short enough, her action and words were slight enough, but there came sweeping across my mind a storm of suspicions. The passionate little phrases that so tormented me that night in the laboratory were haunting me again: "I suffer too much. Keep my secret. Promise." I stood for a few moments enduring the painful sharpening of the senses that attends a fresh and acute grief. The singing of the bird seemed unnaturally loud, the stream-

ing subshine and the colors in the room intolerably bright; then I took refuge in my study. How long I tried in vain to wring some sort of service from a sick brain it would be hard to tell; but the sun was shining when I locked my study door, and it was past midnight when I came out with a esolve : I would appeal directly to May's truthful nature, confess to her freely my fears, receive her confidence calmly. A few days passed before just the happy opportunity came. She was in her own pretty sitting room, the door was half open; she had some folded bits of paper in

We had called each other Phil and Davy seemed hardly desirable to be like the I want to go to the theatre; I want to be But now she bore the touch but for a we had the maddest, merricat Christmas moment, colored and snatched the hand on record.

away. Trying to conquer anger, jealonay and, worse than all, self-reproach, I shut myself up day after day more and more closely. "Ah!" I groaned aloud, "I loved her and

she never loved me. She knew her father's obligations to me; she sacrificed herself and her lover; I see it all. But as well try to keep a young bird from its mate. He is here." I kept no count of time. 1 knew Max was in and out of the house familiarly, sometimes at table, sometimes on the street with May. I was belpless. wretched, racked with indecision.

day I came unexpectedly into her own sitting room-the little hower I had fitted up for her as a bride. Max was there, standing up, looking bright and happy; she was beside him, and her hand withdrew it instantly.

Reinhardt's consummate tact never He laughed rather loudly and unnaturally, and came forward. I drew back, ground out a smothered curse be tween my teeth, and cleuched my fist to strike him down. My wife screamed, rushed to me. I caught sight of my own face in a glass. It was lived with rage. "You are ill," May cried. "You are ill

b. Max, see how pale he is !" "Yes, I am a little-giddy. The room is too warm," and I escaped to agonize through another long night in the study.

That was the final struggle. In the more ing I was calm, and saw the whole great disaster of my marriage in the true light I would make such reparation as was possible. All the savage jealousy went away; the tenderness that had always underlain my love came uppermost. I deliberately took down a row of dusty law books, and turned to the subject of "Divorce." May should in time perhaps be free. I was working slong with feverial ndustry when there came a faint knock It was my wife at the door. "May I come in ?" she asked, so timidly

that her tone smote my heart. "Yes, May"—and I tried to be cheerful "come in, for I think I can make you

stremely short lady provoked the remark There's the mile dancing with the mil happy to day." "Not yet," she interrupted, plucking up some of her old playful imperative way. tone. The crystalized experience of twenty years has proved the best treatment of con-

" I knew you'd have a present for me; but see, this is for you, and I made it." She gave the words with a mysterious emphasis and held out toward me an armful of rich

drapery. "What do you mean?" I stammered. "What is it?" " It's a dressing gown. It will make you

ach will manage it, the form of energy next in value to Phosphates is pure Norway Cod ook just like the Aristides, and I made it Liver Oil, of which take a teaspoonful in all myself," said May, in a frightened and all myself, stati may, in a frightened atta bestating fashion "But why—"I began. "Because— Oh, don't you know? It's the morning just before eating, and gradually increase to a tablespoonful twice

Christmas, merry Christmas, to day." "So it is. I had forgotten. I had lost count of the time."

"Won't you take my present ?" the poor

little wife went ou, her lip trembling. "I tried so hard to make it well, and to keep it hidden too. I pricked my fugers fear-fully, see." She held up a small wounded fuger tip. "You would take that hand one day; I had to snatch it away, because you would have asked how those ugly marks came. '

I stood confused, dazed, watching the tears gather and roll down her cheeks. But she struggled bravely, and went on, in a shaking voice : "Then I measured the shoulders by Max.

He's just your size. You nearly caught me yesterday. How he laughed !"

nam's Corn Extractor is the acme of per fection as a safe cure and painless remedy Yesterday. How he hadgned !" Heavens! was she deceiving me? "May!" I cried angrily and scornfully. "Tell me, May "--and I turmed upon her like a savage--"do you love that man?" What a look she flashed at me! What a for Corns. Beware of imitations and subtitutes. Kingston, Ont.

what a look she hasped at me! What a cry she gave! She seemed to grow taller; she repeated twice, "Love Max? I— love—Max!" Then she plucked me by the sleeve, and said only, "Come." She led me to the parlor door. Within were Max Reinhardt and a dark haired girl. "Who is it !! tatampored

"Who is it !" I stammered.

My wife only urged me on. Max saw me, sprang forward, grasped my hands. His eyes were full of tears; he shone like a young St. George with joy and triumph

" Professor," he cried, " my dear friend, I've deceived you, but you'll forgive me. See," and he brought the young girl close little when he is.

" see, this is Lotte ; this is my wife. She arrived from Germany only this morning. Don't speak : don't ch me.

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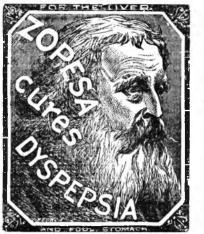
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blood the power of repressing and guiding emotion. A life of study had shown me how nature works in the heart of the young but a life of study had shut aginst me all knowledge of how nature works in the heart of a young girl. I held her hand lightly, with the reverence due a saint, and

whispered : "Then my answer is---"

"Yes," she said. I kissed her cheek,

and led her back to the house. "Well, well, my friend." Brewster oried

out as we came into the library together, 'you've something to tell me, you two; I "you've something to ten me, you two, i can see that something pleasant, some-thing—come here, May—something that makes your rascally old father's heart glad." She hid her face against his shoul-der. "My girl, you'll have the best man in the world for a husband. I've known this David Davison Ductor of Soience"—and David Davison, Doctor of Science"-and he touched my arm affectionately-"ever since he came a lad from Edinboro', and we were students together in London. A fairer mind, a tenderer heart, a gentler wise man doesn't exist. There give him your hand, and a kiss with it, and all your heart in both.

I held her fingers to my lips an instant, ad she escaped, lightly as a bird, by the half open door.

Brewster leaned back in his chair, drew a long sigh of satisfaction, then wringing my hand said: "David, with all deference to Mrs. B.

and my weddiag day, this is the happiest hour of my life. Not only has May secured the one man in all the world whom I would wish her to marry, but, trankly. our busi-ness relations will be more comfortable now. You see"-and he laughed, half with embarrasement, half with amusement... "I won't feel as much in debt to you when you're my son in-law." -"Nonsense!" I answered ; "there's no

such thing as debt between us." Brewster laughed again—he was such a good natured, easy going deg, one of your well born, younger son Euglishmen, with an inherited incapacity for exertion. I had suaded him. years before, to bring his family to New York and settle them on this

family to New York and settle them on this pretty place in the suburbs. "Ah I David," he ratiled on, with a comical affectation of distress, "ten red-cheeked, ourly-pated rascals and minxes aren't brought up on nothing. Let's see" —and he began counting up his children by a merry and mock laborious process on the fingers of both hands—"let's see. Can't more it least by Lowel. "Ten younguters!"

make it less, by Jove! Ten youngsters!" "Is there anything new, Philip-any thing particularly pressing?" I asked. "Oh no, nothing new. Something par-

ticularly old, on the contrary—an old fool, David, and some old bills. See: groceries for the past six months "-and he made a wry face as he pulled out of his pocket a handful of wrinkled paper-"see, now, who'd think a dozen people could eat up such a lot of sugar and butter? It's a wonder we're not walking taffy sticks by this time. And there's the butcher's bill. We might be hyenas by the carcasses we've devoured. And a shoe bill. Goodness why aren't growing children provided with natural hoofs like other young brutes -----eh ?"

While Fhilip rumpled his curly fair hair, growing gray now, and scrambling the bills together, threw them into a drawer, I

hastily filled in a cheque, and said : "Here, Phil, take this, and square up everything." "No, I won't, Davy. Confound your Before th

impudence l'

Oh ! oh !"

He had come to me two years before with an introduction from his father, a cele-brated professor in Berlin, whom I knew from a long correspondence on scientific matters. I was asked to take the boy into my classes in the college where I held a chair, to receive him into my work-rooms, to guide his studies, but not allow him to

leave the city or my control. A certain harshness in the wording of the charge I laid haranness in the wording of the charge liaid to the stricter system of family government that obtains in Germany, for Max had proved studious, docile and gave promise of high attainments. He had shown, too, a disposition so gay and so winning that I farly loved the fellow like a son. When the clatter had subsided, Max said,

politely, "Oh, Professor, I beg pardon; 1 didn't see you.' "All right, Reinhardt. Did you close the

laboratory ? ' "Yes, sir, after that new gas had splin-tered sir retorts;" and he made a ventri-loquistic sound like the smashing of glass

and metal, whereat the youngsters set up a wild shout of delight. "Now, you bad boy," said May, "where's

the music you promised? It's a waltz. Come to the " Here.

piano." They all trooped off into the parlor, and

Max's familiar touch gave out the music so delightfully that May, who was deliriously whirling with one of the small sisters slackened her steps to listen. She drew near the plano, leaving where Max could see her dreamy eyes and paling cheeks. Slowly he fell off from the motif of the waltz, wandered down steps of gentle arpeggios from key to key, and at last, finding minor chord that almost spoke, he built upon it a little nocturne that sighed and sobbed, appealed, sorrowed, reproached, and May, at the call of a few tender notes repeated over and over, awoke from her dream, and slowly looked up. I moved a little- even a Doctor of Science may have common human instincts -moved to where I could see Max Rein-

hardt's face. I caught only the profile. It was very beautiful and very exalted. As the tender repeated cadence was again gathered up from the key-board by his skilful fingers, it floated off like a loving, joyons spirit singing in the air, and my betrothed wife looked into the young man's eyes with a smile, and, just as I drew near, said, softly : "What does it mean ?"

"What does it mean?" "It means 'Hope,'" he answered. She made him a quick sign to be silent, and I stepped back to where I had been standing before. There came a clang from the piano. The player had abruptly broken off, and Caddie, the chatterbox, staring at

me, exclaimed: "On, see ! isn't Professor Davison like the bronze Aristides in papa's study ?" The Aristides, with its passionless, reflec-tive face, its level brows and calm lips, the hand thrust into the folds across the breast -a man of bronze; so I was like that! Max struck a brilliant chord, whirled around on the piano stool, and sprang up full of life and color, his eyes glowing like stars, the peach bloom on his cheek, his brown hair that he wore in a picturesque fashion a little dishevelled. With his quick

eye for artistic effect he cried out: "Yes, the likeness is perfect, Professor as you stand so, with your hand thrust into

doubt to sleep with the promise to so curb the selfishness of that love, to so tenderly deal with her trust, to so patiently wait ustil her woman's heart should awake, that there could be nothing in our marriage but

her best happiness. Our wedding day was in early Septem-ber, and I took May home to my own old house, made fresh and beautiful for the dainty bride. As she was clapping her hands with

elight over the treasures of a little bower of a room, furnished to suit her taste. Mrs. McPherson, my old house-keeper, exclaimed, under her breath : "Hech | an' she's naught but a lassie !"

Then asked, eagerly, "Will she keep the house?

Now McPherson had wanted for many a year to retire to solitary independence, and I hardly dared to look in her stern counte-nance as I answered, "Of course not; everybing will be just as usual." There was some perfectly audible grum-bling then. Mrs. McPherson smoothed out her respectable black silk apron resignedly,

and the domestic machinery moved on as

quietly as before. For a few weeks there seemed no chauge in May. Except for a little added richness in her dress, as became a married woman, she appeared just as when she was a girl. She had the same dancing step that scarcely touched the floor, the same mocking ways, the same little jests ; she came and went with her sisters and young friends; joined pleasure parties, at which I looked on ; filled her days from end to end with stir and excitement. I ought to have been very happy in seeing her just as I had wished. Yet when I was in the study one evening, poring over an abstruse German work, and my wife came in to show me some new trinket, involuntarily, even as she stood by my side, I fell into a strange melancholy. I think I sighed, for May said very quickly:

What's the matter? "Nothing, dear, only-only a construc-

tion here plagues me. German's a knotty

tongue." "Oh," she exclaimed, impulsively, "let me help you; let me bring the dictionary; let me do something, please, Professor." She still called me by the old name. I tried to shake off the unaccountable depres-sion, and answered, cheerfully, as I took her hand: "No, my dear; amuse your-self; be happy; don't take the burden of a share in my dull pursuits. Tell me, am I doing everything that I can do to make

your life pleasant? your life pleasant?" Her hand lay listlessly in mine, and I thought her lip trembled as she answered, coldly and mechanically, "Oh, yes, I suppose so-everything that you can do."

"You're out of spirits, my child," I said. "Go with the lady who has asked you to join her family at the theatre this evening.

Come "-and I rang the bell-" you sha'n't be boxed up with an old fossil like me.

The servant came and I ordered the carriage, adding, "Tell Mrs. McPherson to come here; I want her to find me some papers." What papers ?" said May.

"Oh, some old lectures and notes that I need for reference. McPherson knows." "McPherson !" repeated May. "She sha'n't come here. She sha'n't, I say." sha'n't come here. She sha'n't, I say." My wife was white with anger. Grieved and shocked, I a-ked, "What

er hand, and she seemed in deep thought She rose to meet me. "Why, May," I said, "you look quite

beaming." Her face was not so spectral as it had been, but it was sad enough-sad enough. "Do I?" and she smiled bewitchingly.

I took courage. "Darling "--- and I threw myself in an arm-chair--" shut the door " (there were servants passing to and fro). " and then come here, I want to talk with you.

As she turned to obey I idly picked up from the floor an envelope—an envelope addressed to her. The paper in her hand was in the shape of a folded letter. This was the wrapper that had been torn off. I knew the writing weli. It was Max Reinhardt's.

When my wife had shut the door and returned to me, I said, "Well, May, have you anything to tell

" No, Professor. What should I have ?"

"True, but is there no news, nothing at all going on among onr friends?" "There's nothing to tell," she replied

listlessly. I held her by the two shoulders a moment, and glared fiercely into her eyes. She turned very white. "Keep my secret." She was keeping it well. I mastered myshe was keeping is well. I mastered my self, made some trivial excuse about an appointment, and ru-hed out of the house. For several weeks I passed every day and night in my work-rooms. I came home to dinner, only to see opposite at table the spectre of my happy young wife. She was pale, silent, moved weasily, and hardly ever met my eye. I would, Heaven knows! have given back her happiness and freedom if there had been a way to do it. There was always a great pity in my heart. I think even anger never quite drove this away. I think I pitied her even the morn-iug I chanced to look in at home at an

unusual hour, and, opening the parlor door, came upon her in close, eager talk with Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt had address. It never de-

serted 'him, and he greeted me as affec-tionately and frankly as if I had found him by especial appointment. "I didn't know you had left Mexico," I

said, rather grimly. "No, of course you didn't. I meant to surprise you, but you see I wanted particu-

larly to be in New York on Christmas." "Indeed. Have you business here on that day?"

"Why, no; but-but we Germans think so much of Christmas. It's such a happy day with us. I intend to pass it among friends-don't I, May?"

Then he rattled on about the claims he formations, and in short acted like the lively and affectionate boy that I had once looked upon almost as my own son. In going, he said : " Professor, I'm afraid

you haven't forgiven me yet for running off so abruptly. Never mind, you will forgive me, I'm sure. I'm glad you wrote to my father that I had settled in Mexico. Of course you'd thick it your duty to keep him informed about his prodigal." Then,

nodding b.ck from the door, he remarked, pleasantly, "You look more than ever like the Aristides—doesn't he, May?"

"I think he does," my wife answered--and hesitatingly laid her hand on my "Yes, the likeness is perfect, Professor, as you stand so, with your hand thrust into your coat." Before this image of shining youth it

were married three years ago. I was only a boy, and my parents refused to acknowledge such a tie. They sent me to America. On my 21st birthday I broke free, to make a home and fortune. I ouldn't tell you anything. It would have been your duty to inform my father. May was the only one who had my coufi-dence, and she kept the secret bravely. Professor," and Max laid Lotte's hand i

mine, "wou't you kiss my wife?" In a dream I believe I did kiss a véry lovely girl, who lisped a few Euglish words prettily; in a dream I believe I said the roper thing to Max. Then I left them lone together, and took May back to the

"May, I did you a great injustice." I broke off there, for she seemed ueither inlignant nor unforgiving. She looked at me from under her brows, and said :

"You were jealous?"

"Yes, dear, mad with jealousy, with selfreproach, with— Ob, my wife, tell me-confide in me. You are unhappy?" "I am miserable," she answered.

"My dearest, my heart's darling, in what have I failed? What indulgence do you lack? What can I do to make you happy?"

"Until a moment ago," exclaimed May, passionately, "I would rather have died than said this, but--- You were jealous?" She stopped short, and questioned me with her look.

"Ob, my darling, and don't I love you ?" "No," May gave back fiercely, towering, and turning upon me like Medea—"no; you give me gentleness, consideration, amusement, playthings, as if I were a child I'm not a child." She grew more stormy with every word. "I'm your wife; I want to stand by your side, share your burdens, understand your pursuits, attend to your comforts, be mistress of your house. I'm a woman, and, oh, my husband, I want "--she flung her arms up passionately across her quivering tear-stained face-" I want your love !"

Shall I ever forget that embrace? Do I know how I made her understand every thing? - my mistaken reticence, my fears truggles, and all the long misery? We my needed no rhetoric, only a touch, a look, a murmur, and-love. An hour after, as I held May on my knee

(for I couldn't bear to let her go), and her eyes were dried, and smiles came dimpling all over her cheeks. I asked. " Dear heart

why didn't you say last summer that you could give more than friendship?"

May patted my head all over with he soft pink palms, puckered up her lips, hid her face in my neck, and, laughing softly, said, "Why didn't you say so?" "Oh, my love, I was afraid."

"So was I," answered May.

"And so you know about the money matter, after all ?"

"Of course I did, and loved you all the better for it. Oh," my wife exclaimed, "David Davidson, Doctor of Science, you're a dear, dear old stupid ! '

My wife was right. She always is. It wasn't a dignified end to so many tragic emotions, but in the grand Aristides dressing-gown I stalked about all day long.

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