CHAPTER III.

We were married not long after, and and affected to be very busy. for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think, that but for me, it might have lasted to our dying burden of my life with an aching heart. They had called Alice fickle-oh, how

wrongly! No human being could be up. truer to another man than she was to

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But | Francis for the last six months, we will it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheekit was pretty to see her with her hand hair that was scattered over my shoulupon the lock even, drop her proud head der, and said I was quite willing to for-Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never me very magnanimous. been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. She went through this ceremony with a I can see it now. Some wise idea found painstaking care and then looked me its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her charac- its unhappiness. I held her closely to ter would never develop its strength my heart and her arms were around in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had althat while she was getting back all still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, child! She had had one half-hour's sunand sat poring for hours over law shine at last. papers without speaking to her. Yet and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writingdesk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I again. Her countenance fell a little. would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would ly. curtly:

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

and leaned over my chair. "And why? when I love some one."

ed over my papers in silence. "Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much." Her light hand was playing with m hair, and her breath was warm on my papers. cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, increased coldness of manner.

I'll go away." "What nonsense, Alice. What time the figure—it was broken in two. have I to think of kisses now?"

"Do I tease you, Francis?" "Very much."

She gave a little sigh-so faint that | the little god of love can be easily mend-I could scarcely hear it—and left the ed." room. I had scared her gaiety away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky. It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, must leave its trace, like all others. the foundation of peace and happiness | self down by my chair, and lifting my The remaining six months of that year so ? Do you really love me?" were months of misery to me, and, I "Alice," I said, impatiently "do get through and through. My love is dead doubt not, to Alice, for she grew thin up. You tire me." and pale, and lost her gaiety. I had succeeded only too well in my plan, and she had learned to doubt my affection | question. Do you love me, Francis?" for her. I felt this by the look in her eyes now and then, and by the way in heart nothing else. Was she threat of them. But they seemed to rouse her which she seemed to cling to her dog, ening me? as if his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to own me, Francis?" myself in the wrong, and the breach

widened day by day.

In the midst of all the estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books, or writing all the time-there was a day when as the lying words left my lips, and -you will love me again.' both books and manuscript were put she grew so white, and gave me such | She quoted those sad words which away, and she was bending over him, a look of anguish that I repented of poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying with tears falling fast, as she tried to my cruelty, and forgot my anger. hush his moans, and looked into his fast, "I did not mean that, Alice," I "Que ferait une ame isolee dans le ciel glazing eyes-and there was an hour cried. "You look ill and pale. Believe meme?" of stillness, when she lay on the low me, I was only jesting." couch, with her arm around his neck, "I can bear it Francis . There is noth- en in Heaven itself!) neither speaking nor stirring. And ing on this earth that cannot be borne and laid her hand gently on mine. when the poor creature's last breath |-in one way or other." was drawn, she bent over him with a | She turned and left the room, quiet- I loved you when we first met, I loved | passionate burst of grief, kissed the ly and sadly. The sunshine faded just | you on that unhappy day, and love you | repreachfully. white spot upon his forehead, and closed | then, and only a white pale light came | still !"

the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his grave till I was high the year, which had begun in love and ill. A tour on the continent was Frank, in a silent world and we must hour 'longside a quart pot." happiness, came to its close.

Fred's death, and I laid down my pen pany them. to listen. But hearing her coming through the hall, I took it up again,

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sun- soon go after her if she remained away And thus that chapter of our life is light and happiness with her when she much longer; and they thought we were ended. opened the door. Her own face, too, was still a model couple. But had they seen | We have never touched upon the subday, I can only sigh, and take up the radiant, and she looked like the Alice of me sitting in my office, at night, over ject since; but I have waited calmly the old farm-house as she came on tip- | Alice's letters from abroad, they would | for years, and the same quiet light toe and bent over my chair.

violets, tied with blue ribbons, before

"I have been in the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps you may not like seen, and which I was to see no more. strain to keep pace with hers; but, what so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and But, from the first moment when I bearing her hand lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses, for some time; and, when she did this of her own acglad to wear my master's chains," she | cord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy, to-day, Alice." "It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee and most like a child. She was no angel- looking into my eyes/ "And I wish somebody very many happy returns:" -her voice faltered a little-"and if there has been any wrong feeling, bury it to-day, now and forever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown get everything (as if I had anything to "Stop. Shut the door and listen to me.' a bright smile, and I daresay thought

> "And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child." She caressed me again, after a queer, little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes.

in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment and effact the past and my neck.

Will any one believe? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the ready been tried in the fiery furnace fancy came to me that I had shown too of affliction; and, quite unconscious, plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her the innocent gaiety of her childish years, very first warm kiss or smile, I was the deep lessons of her womanhood were | completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted and annoyed me much during those months; it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely be-If, for a time, she had charmed me for she had even asked my forgiveout of my graver self, I resolved to be ness. I took a sudden resolution; and when she came back into the room was buried in my papers once more. Poor

"One moment," she said, taking the she did not complain. So long as she pen out of my hand, and holding somewas certain that I loved her, she was thing over my head. "I have a birthcontent, and took up her pen again, day gift for you. Do you want it?" "If you give it to me certainly."

"Then ask me for it." I said nothing, but took to my pen "Would you like it?" she said, timid-

find her eyes fixed upon my face, while | "There was a saint in old times," I a happy smile was playing around her | said, quietly going on with my papers, | said. lips. One day the glance found me in "a namesake of mine, by the waya most unreasonable mood. The sense | -Saint Francis of Sales-who was acof her love half pained me, and I said customed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything.'

"Well! But I'm not talking to Saint Francis; I am talking to you. Will you She dropped her pen, only too glad have my little gift? Say yes-just of an excuse to talk to me, and came to please me-just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice." This was a bad beginning of the les- "It is childish, I know; but indulge

and it will make me very happy." choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these earth's only true wisdom."

The next moment she threw the toy and tried to make up for its loss by an (a pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of "One kiss," she said. "Just one, and pens) at my feet and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up side her, but she drew back and shook "Oh you can condescend to lift it

She stood up and looked me in the from the ground!" she said sarcastical-"Upon my word, Alice you are the most unreasonable of beings. However,

She placed the fragments one upon

the other and looked at me. "It can be mended, but the accident how perseveringly I labored to destroy | Oh, Francis!" she added, throwing heron which I might have built my life. hand to her lips. "Why do you try me

> She rose and turned very pale. "I will go then. But first answer my | may." I felt anger and obstinacy in my my tears fell, and I was not ashamed

"Did you love me when you married

"I did. But-" "But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said. "Go on !" There was a dead silence in the room

CHAPTER IV.

strongly recommended by the doctors only wait God's time; and hope that,

the first time I had heard her sing since | was arranged that Alice should accom- | not part till one of us dies,

but I only laughed, and said, I should us yet." have known what a gulf had opened shines always in the eyes of Alice; the "Well, what is it?" I asked, looking between us two. I read those letters same deep, sad tones thrills my heart over and over again, with aching throbs when I hear her speaking or singing. She held a pretty little bouquet of going through and through my heart, An angel could scarcely be gentler or at every word. They were full of incid- kinder than she who was once so iment and interest, and people called them | petuous and full of fire. She was unbeautiful, who had not seen the mix- reasonable and exacting and ardent and ture of womanly passion and childlike imperious in those days, I know, and playfulness in her character that I had my slower nature was always on the

tired enough one evening, to find a | was!

again V I was worn haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter LOVE came to tell me they had arrived. I followed him more nervous than I

had ever been before in my life. Warrener grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warrener-bless her kind heart!-burst out crying. to see you. And we have brought you her basket.

your Alice home so well." Next moment she entered, a little submissively, and wait when I said- forget) | At which she looked up with King Charles' spaniel frisking about her marked her off from the common herd. you'd see me at blazes suner 'an' giv I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her her eyes, which were brown in color,

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone. "Not in the least ill, Frank," she said quietly. "But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet young face again. It was another Alice, this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could reanimate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day; and, when we came home could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her through the rooms on the day after our return, and showed her the improvements. She was pleased with the furniture; she admired the pictures and the conservatory; and of a boudoir which I had pleased myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called "a dear old bear," or some such fit name at the end; all of which would have been very silly, but also very delightful.

I think I bore it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast-for Affice took that meal in her room now-the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around. "Not too busy to talk to you," she

She changed color.

"What life, Frank?" "The one we are living now. It is

not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were." "I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why cannot the old days come back son. I wanted to teach her, and I turn- me this once. It is such a little thing again. If I made a terrible mistake can you never forgive it? I thought it was "I shall not refuse whatever you foolish for us to love each other as we did -at least to show it as we did- barrow among the throng of vehicles

She smiled sadly. "Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh, give me back the lost sumshine."

I rose from my seat and stood be-

"Frank, don't ask me for that." "I shall know how to value it now, "That may be; but I have it not to

"Too late. To olate, Frank!" I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and yer?"

"Tool ate Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?" "Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling towards you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as best we

I leaned my head upon my hands, and into a kind of frenzy.

who a year ago, sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husbandry now? Don't Frank! Take what I can give you-take my | | earnest friendship-and God grant we "I do not love you-not as you mean." may never part, here or in heaven." "Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there

(What would an isolated soul do, ev-

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as ago."

ing in the February following, looking It was imposs for me to go; but some this great mistake may be set right. ling life of London eddied around them; heavy sea-walls to protect the cliffs.

over some deeds that had been long neg- friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. War- Believe me, I am happy in being with the roar of the great Babylon was in lected, when I heard Alice singing in rener, with a young daughter, were you, Frank-happy in thinking that the the balcony outside the window. It was going to Italy for six months, and it same roof shelters us, and that we shall Chloris in the sweet seclusion of idyl-

They remained abroad nine months were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she instead of six. People wondered and said with a smile. "Yet who knows? streets. joked about my wife's deserting me; It may be that all the love has not left

At last she returned. I came home a bright, joylous, happy creature she

letter lying on my table, informing me | It would have been different, but for that she would cross to Dover on the me. O you, who read this little tale, morrow. I went down to Dover to remember in time that a kind word meet her. Our estrangement had and a loving look cost little, although worn deep into my heart. She had they do such great work; and that loved me once; she should love me there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

(The End.)

AMONG THE LOWLY

(An Incident of London Street Life.) mate, without sayin' why or wherefore. She was a thin slip of a girl, with pale, sallow cheeks, and a figure as I orter; but I can't Joe-I can't do "Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad fragile as the flowers she carried in ut."

It was her eyes and her hands which feet. I had her in my arms at once, Had these been of regulation pattern, up that drucken ole wagabone wot but it was not until she kissed me that there was nothing to distinguish her from any dozen of her companions. But were large and lustrous, and had a provoking habit of drooping the lashes when she looked at one. Whether calculated coquetry or native-born manwas "fetching" few men would have puzzled an expert to decide. That it was "fetching" fe wmen would have room fer two." ventured to deny. Her hand, small and well-shaped, boasted the taper fingers and filbert nails generally associated with birth and breeding.

station was the steps of the Peel statue; tone was friendly. It indicated a and every morning, week in and week change of feeling. out, as the clocks of the city were striking ten she would deposit her basket at the foot of the column and seemed delighted with the little gem prepare for the business of the day. From ten to six she plied her wares diligently, pushing the sale with all the tact which a life's experience had taught her and all the wiles which a woman's wit could suggest. But each evening when the weary city was fast emptying, and the bells of the great cathedral was still echoing overhead, her eyes woul dsweep the long length | darkened, sparks from the nether fires glances; and as she scanned the teeming multitudes pouring westward a spot of crimson would suddenly show in the orbs would flash and kindle with a curious, mystic light.

"Alice, how long are we to live this side between six and half-past. It was their custom to walk together down Queen Victoria street to Blackfriars Bridge. At this point they separated ole man." -she crossing to the Surrey side, he taking a "turn" through Fleet street and the Strand before following in the same direction. They had commenced the practice in midwinter, and now they had reached midsummer.

he had "doubled" the corner and got into the comparative "slack water" of the churchyar d she crossed over and was bright and sunny, was all the recognition that passed between them. The girl's glance wandered involuntarily to the barrow. It was the season for cherries, and she noticed the long array of empty baskets.

"Been 'avin' a good day, Joe, ain'

"Middlin' like."

"W'y y'ain't on'y one 'molly' left. "P'raps I been givin' 'em away."

For the next thirty yards they walked on in silence, the girl watching the man furtively, the man pushing the got yer wish. The ole man'll never rile barrow languidly, and staring strenu- yer any more. I love yer mate, dearer ously at nothing. "Ha' yer thort on wot I tole yer?"

off the pavement to avoid collision with a parvel boy. The light that had lighted them died

"You?" she exclaimed suddenly. "You, out of her eyes, the color which had come into her cheeks forsook them, her mouth grew hard, and her face lost at once its youth and animation.

The man continued to stare into vabarrow. "I can't do ut, Joe. I can't do ut.

ain't got no rest these two nights-but I can't do ut." The words came with difficulty, and

the voice palpitated with emotion. The man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Wot's the good uv 'im, eh? A dod'rin' ole lunetic. Wot's the use uv 'im

ter anybody? He orter been dead years

the soft, dark eyes that even in death | through the window. I so connected | "I am glad to hear it," she said hur- fer you, ain't he? Y'ort ter feel proud | the average rate of nearly six feet a were turned towards her with a loving it with her sorrow, that to this day riedly. "Heaven only knows what days uv 'im, didn't yer? Pinchin' his gal's year. The same publication shows that I can never see the golden radiance and nights were mine at first. For money-drinkin' till he's got the 'de- man sometimes unintentionally assists She did not come to me for sympathy. come and go across my path, without my life had been wrapped up in yours, vils' an' talkin' 'tommy rot' 'bout be- the sea in destroying the bulwarks of She watched alone, while the gardener the same sharp, knife-like pang that I Frank, and it was terrible to separate in a genelman an the son uv a genel the land. This has occurred at the dug a grave and buried him beneath felt then as the door closed behind her, them. I thought at first I could not man. W'y he ain't got no more decency great chalk cliffs near Dover, which live. I suppose every one thinks so, 'an a pig. When he can't gorge hisself have suffered from the withdrawal of when a heavy blow falls. But strength no longer a pig'll lie in the swill a part of the drifting sand accumulatwas given me, and by-and-by peace, trough, and when your genelman fa- ing at their feet and shielding them

their ears; but not Strephon and lic lanes could have been more oblivious "We are older and wiser than we to the passing moment than this pair of city lovers in the ht oand crowded

"P'raps he ain't as good as he might be. But there's wuss about, an'- he

warn't allays so, Joe." "Oh, if you likes to put up wiv 'im, 'Liza, so do. 'Tain't no concern o' mine —is it?" he added, moodily.

"I can't sen' 'im to the workus, Joe." "But yer can sen' me to the devil!" he snapped sharply; and an ugly look leaped out of his eyes. They passed under the railway bridge

which spans the lower end of Queen Victoria street and reached the point where they usually parted. The girl stopped, but the man went on. 'Aren't yer goin' to sell out, Joe?" she queried, timidly, as he turned in the

"Wot for ?" The tone and the manner puzzled her

direction of he river.

more than the words. For the moment they stood confronting each other, the face of the man working convulsively, and the girl's features contracted with pain. Blackfriars Bridge was crossed in si-

lence. Turning into Stamford street she whispered hoarsely: "I'm sorry for yer Joe; but if it's hard on you it's rough on me. Anythin' as you are'd me to do, Joe-anythin' as I c'o'd do o' meself like-I'd do ut.

But sen' the ole man to the workus -I can't do that, lad. I know yer think "A pretty fool yer made o' me now, ain't yer? I giv' up booze an' cut tommies w'en tuk up wiv you, 'Liza; but lives on yer, an perwents yer havin'

a man as au'd be good to yer." "It 'u'd break me heart, Joe, ter 'ave 'im die in the workus." "Yer thinks a bloomin' sight more uv. a wrong un than yer does uv a right

un," said the man savagely. She gave him a look which must have convinced him of his error; but blinded by passion, he refused to see.

"Well," he snarled, "one of uz 'as got ter scoot-him or me. There ain't The girl made no reply, and they

But silence was too oppressive and stifling. Near Waterloo station the man spoke again. "How much yer tuk, 'Liza?" She sold flowers in Cheapside. Her The question was abrupt, but the

> "Seving an' three." He extended his hand. She put the money into it without a word.

> "Meet me at the Garding in the mornin', 'Liza, and I'll stock the baskit for yer," said he, returning her nine pence. It was a curious transaction, but the explanation was probably to be found in the despairing utterance of the wo-

'He's 'ad 'em awful bad agen, Joe, Lars night it wur that dreadful--She stopped warned by the cloud that was sweeping up over her companion's

The man's countenance had suddenly of crowded asphalt with searching danced in his eyes, the old hard, vindictive look had returned. "I wish he may die. I wish he wur

dead!" he muttered, fiercely. ! "Oh, Joe! Joe, if yer love me, dun wan, white cheeks, and the dark brown say thim words!" entreated the girl. "I say 'em cos I loves yer; cos it's it's on'y 'im wot's keepin' yer frum a man as wants ter make a appy wo-He always contrived to be in Cheap- | man uv yer. I says 'em cos I means

'em. No 'fense ter yer, 'Liza.' "Y'ain't a bad sort, Joe," said the girl, turning her swimming eyes full on him; "but yer a bit down on the

He gave the barrow an unnecessarily rigorous shove. "I'm goin' inter the 'Cut,' 'Liza, ter

finish. No. I ain't dun so dusty"-answering the question the girl had put to him half an hour before. "I started out wiv a dozen, an' this yere's th' on'y one lef'." He emptied the contents of From afar she could distinguish his the basket on the board. "I shall knock 'em in the 'Cut' at freppence. 'Tain't orfen they see cherries like them in which filled the thoroughfare. When New Cut. They're city fruit, they are. "I'll look 'roun' arter I clear out." As he walked away his eyes followed

"She thinks a bloomin' sight too joined him. A nod that was almost much, she do, o' that drunken ole imperceptible, answered by a smile that scamp, her father!" he growled, staring after the retreating firgure; "but I ain't all a fool, mate. Grit's wuth gold."

In the third pair back of a tenement house in Lambeth a girl was kneeling by the side of a bed. A paper bag was lying on the coverlet, and some cherries had fallen on the floor. On the bed lay the body of a man. The room reeked with the fumes of whiskey. The long, lithe fingers of the girl's right hand were clasped convulsively around The tone was unmistakingly surly. the hand of the motionless figure extended on the bed.

"Joe!" she moaned; "Joe, lad, ye've than life; but it's th'm words o' your'n as I shall hear, an' not parson's, on the he said, presently, as the girl stepped day yer takes me inter church.'

WORN BY THE SEA.

Astonishing effects are sometimes produced by storm billows tearing away beaches and bluffs on the seacoast. But, cancy and walk mechanically after his upon the whole, the steady wearing effect of the ordinary sea-waves striking, or sweeping along, a shore-line exposed to in-driving winds is even greater, although being distributed over a comparatively long interval of time, it attracts less attention. Some statistics recently published show that on the eastern coast of England, between Flamborough Head and Spurn Head, along "He's me father, Joe," she murmured, a distance of 30 to 40 miles, the beach has been retreating before the onslaught Father be blowed. He's dun a lot of the ocean, for the last 37 years, at with my papers for the evening. So Alice became weaker and grew really We seem like two grey shadows, ther's had a skinful he'll snore by the frem the direct assault of the waves. Long piers constructed at Dover and He stole a glance at the girl out of Folkestone have diverted the sand, and I sat in the study alone, one morn- as the like means of restoration, on the other side of the grave at least, the corner of his eye. The busy, bust- it has been found necessary to construct