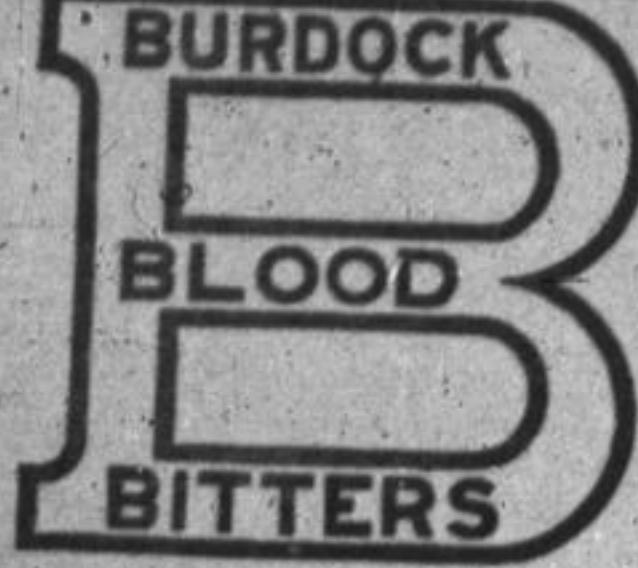


MEDICAL.



## A TIE OF BLOOD.

BY HARRIET MONROE  
Author of the "World's Fair Odes," "Ve-  
leria, and Other Poems," Etc.

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Every New Year's day Cousin Richard used to call upon us.

As children we would forget to expect him, and wonder at him from a distance when we tried to get on淑ously towards him.

As we grew older these yearly visits still had a way of surprising us.

We were welcomed into his household, and we would try to sit for our forgetfulness by an effusive welcome and many invitations to come often. We were young then, and the world was new to us.

He was a man of the law, a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation.

He took his quiet place in life with clock-like regularity, and when he turned aside it was for his annual visit to Niagara Falls.

He always wondered why his social excursions should be so rare.

For though he would not have shown it as a man and a bachelor he would have been welcome.

He was well bred and companionable; he dressed with precise taste,

and, in spite of a tardy youthfulness, which led him to retain the original

in nature intended to him.

He was a handsome man, yet, from the first, the eager, relentless, ambitious spirit of Chicago passed him by, left him to his old bachelor ways, toroed him; and numerous of urging or rallying could tempt him to go to the house or a wife or friend or responsibility of any of the alluring cares that make up life.

By and by his partner died. He heard the news remorsefully, and did not appreciate its significance for Cousin Richard.

But, when the months rolled around once more, in a new year, the welcome we gave it seemed vaguely incomplete and unfamiliar.

What was the matter? It was only after several days that the explanation occurred to us—Cousin Richard had not called.

By the time another year had passed we too had become older. What had become of him, and it was with a kind of fear and awe that he had a change in his fortunes. His practice had dwindled down to nothing, it was said; he had left his familiar oil hotel for a boarding house; he was looking old. And one day when I was walking on the street I saw him in his shabby coat. His once elegance had faded to sadness. He shifted away and mustache looked rusty. He shifted away from my cordial greeting and avoided my invitation.

He was going to Ohio to see his father, and though we heard of his having come back in nowise shabbier than ever the new year came, and went without a glimpse of him.

It was not a case to be anxious about as his father, old, great-uncle Joshua, was a rich man down in the little town where he had been the first to settle.

Cousin Richard, who would avoid us, was there to do no bad but his best.

But when the news came of the old man's death we wondered if the loss would have a reviving effect upon our cousin.

It was spring; next New Year's Day we might hope to see him once more. We were not in the least prepared, however, for the news that happened.

One Sunday afternoon, in mid-July, as I was last fanning myself at a window, a most distinguished sign-painted the steps—tall, elegant, with a golden hair, combed in every detail; his long white mustache curving finely with the alert blackness of his hair. As he entered, hat and gloves in hand, turned, still puzzled, and it was half a minute before I recognized Cousin Richard under the snow-white hair.

He was pale, friendly, talkative. He told us all stories, and we were even invited to the theatre, and when the appointed evening came, called for us in a carriage. We asked him to dinner several times, and during that summer became almost intimate at last.

One afternoon, after a walk, he said,

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