

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

"But Bob, it's hopeless, impossible. I was mad when I asked her to be my wife. I should be madder still if I persisted. She has a shady history, though not her fault of course. Between ourselves it's the find of thing that would do for a man utterly if he married her. Oh! I know it's an awful thing to say, but you and I are like brothers, and I must try and explain it to you. You know my old father? A rare good sort, but stiff as buckram and as old-fashioned as the lace on my great-grandmother's Sunday cloak. It would kill him, and I simply can't face it—that's all. Bob, I can't say any more. Will you do it?"

"Why not tell her yourself, like a man?" said I.

He made a despairing gesture. "You don't know Ivy," he said. "It's impossible, Bob, I couldn't face that; either way I am between the devil and the deep sea—the devil of my father's wrath and the deep sea of her."—

"Misery," I suggested.

"Yes, I'm afraid that's the word for it," he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe with a hand that trembled. "Don't let me know anything about it, but do it, Bob; do it somehow or other—my whole future is at stake."

"I am going to do it," said I. "Give me her address and I'll go this afternoon. I merely wish to mention, however, that you are a confounded cad!"

"Is Mrs. Dare at home?" I asked, standing on the doorstep of a dingy little house off the King's road, Chelsea.

"I expect her in every moment," said the landlady graciously. "Second floor, sir! I'm afraid the stairs are rather dark."

Dark they certainly were, for I could see nothing whatever but the curtain of November fog which entirely enveloped the dingy landing. I stumbled up stairs, however, thankful that the landlady did not offer to accompany me, and entered Mrs. Dare's apartments. As I waited one or two little trifles caught my eye, and as I prided myself on being a judge of human nature they had for me their full significance.

The first was a child's headless horse, evidently thrown down after a game of play.

"Humph! Her child is often with her—an affectionate mother, therefore has a heart," said I to myself.

The second trifle was a bunch of violets standing in a cracked jug of water.

"Fond of flowers," I said. "Perhaps he used to give her violets. Yes, certainly she has a heart."

The third trifle was a volume of Shelley.

A slight rattle at the door and then the handle was quickly turned and a young woman entered the room.

"Better late than never!" she cried, addressing my back, which was all she could see.

"I wheeled around at once. As she saw a stranger's face she gave a cry of horror.

"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought you were a—great friend."

"I have come from a great friend. I mean Lord Belmorris."

"Oh, is he ill? Don't, pray, don't say he is ill, for I could never get to Belgrave square and nurse him—at least!"

Here she stopped and blushed.

"Oh, I know all about it," said I, "but he is not ill, Mrs. Dare. He is hunting today with the Pythelley, and tonight," I continued brutally, "he is coming to town, and he will be at the Savoy. So you see he is not ill!"

"I am glad," she said. Then looking at me with a little air of dignity. "Then why?" said she.

I gave a gulp. The dreadful moment was coming. Why was she so young, so kind looking, so natural and simple and altogether sweet?

"I am Harold's greatest friend," I said. "Bob Hastings is my name. I know all about him, and he knows all about me."

"Sir Robert Hastings," she said. "Yes, of course, I have heard of you. Harold thinks the world of you. He always says if he were in any trouble he should go straight to you."

This was my chance. "He is in trouble," I said, "and he has come to me."

"In trouble!" said she. "Then if you know all about him, Sir Robert, you must know that it is to me he should come when he is in trouble and not to any one else in the whole world."

It was more and more difficult. She looked prettier and prettier, but I pulled myself together and told her the truth.

"He was overcome by your beauty and sweetness," said I, "and he laid his life at your feet, and it was not his to give, Mrs. Dare. It belongs to his father, whose every hope is centered in him; to his mother, to the old place which is being ruined for want of money, and to fill their hopes he must marry not only beauty and goodness, but wealth, position and rank."

"But if he does not see it in that light?" she cried, stamping her foot, while her violet eyes looked gray with anger.

"He does see it in that light," said I, "and that is why I am here. Now do you understand, Mrs. Dare?"

She looked wildly around at me, at the room, at the patch of faint blue sky to be seen from the window.

"Oh, Harold!" she said. "Oh, Harold! Harold!"

She flung herself upon the sofa, clasping in her hand the headless wooden horse. I supposed, poor soul, she did not know what she was doing. She muttered again to herself disjointed phrases in which I could only catch an echo of his name. I had done my duty, and my task, so far as Harold was concerned, was over. Few words had passed between us, but she fully understood. Something, however, kept me from leaving the room at once. I stopped by the sofa and looked down at the slight figure shaken with sobs.

"Do you love him," I asked, "even now?"

Something in my tone must have stung her, for she sprang to her feet.

"No, no, of course not! I don't love him any more. It's only my pride that suffers; that's all. Listen! I knew I was not a good match for Harold. I had no money to begin with, and a bad, I mean foolish, husband, who gambled and dragged his name in the dirt; then when he died, poor fellow, I was left penniless with a child, my only comfort. I told Harold all this so often, but he would not listen. He followed me and begged me, and at last I gave in, and now he is treating me like—like—"

I placed my hand before her mouth.

"No, don't say it," said I. "Rather tell me again that your love for him is dead!"

"It is! It is!" she said passionately. "Oh, don't you believe that love can die, even at its strongest, in a moment from a shock like this?"

She reeled, and I caught her in my arms as she fainted.

"Yes, love can die in a moment," I said, looking down on the small white face and the curling masses of hair on my arm. And in a moment also love can be born—love, the king, who enters unannounced. Lo! Even then I heard the flutter of his wings.

Six months later Lord Belmorris was married at St. George's, Hanover square, before a large and fashionable congregation, including royalty, to the great American heiress, Miss Dollars. But his best man was not his old pal, Sir Robert Hastings. He was sitting at that moment in a top room in Smith street with his hand in that of a brown-eyed girl, and his arm around a little fair haired child—Madame.


Monkey Beat the Cobra.

A monkey and a cobra fight was witnessed by some persons a couple of days ago about a mile or two up the Oboor road at Bangalore. A large monkey disturbed a large cobra, which was basking in the sun about a hundred yards from the road. The infuriated reptile gave the monkey chase, but he took the matter easy till he got to a rock. While perched there the snake, which had been in close chase, reared up almost to full length and with open hood darted at the monkey. But the latter dodged and ducked on the defensive and allowed the reptile to strike forcibly each time against the stone. This went on for a considerable time till the snake lay out at full length, bleeding and exhausted. Then the monkey seized the snake and rubbed its head clean off the trunk and afterward climbed a tree, when the persons who had witnessed the interesting encounter treated the victor to Indian corn and sugar cane.—*Lahore Tribune*.

Kingsley and the Butterfly.

Charles Kingsley loved well "both man and bird and beast." This feature in his character was curiously displayed one Sunday in church. He was just about to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon when all of a sudden he disappeared from the view of the congregation. What was amiss? It was soon seen, however, that nothing serious had happened. He had only stooped in search of something on the floor, which, when found, he had taken to the vestry. And what was this something, do you think? An injured butterfly which was fluttering about on the ground. Being unable to fly away owing to its injury, Kingsley was afraid it might be trodden on, and so he had interrupted the service of the church until he had removed the wounded insect out of harm's way.

A SHINING EYE BEHIND THE PALINGS



Said Nibbles to Nipchessa—two brothers were they—in a tone that betokened his awe:
"There is something unpleasant behind that old fence,
For I see some strong claws and a paw!"
Said Nipchessa to Nibbles, "fancy you're right,
For from where I now stand I can spy—
And the sight makes me shudder right down to my toes—
Something shifling and green, like an eye!"
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

GOOD TO CATS.

Why a Little Girl Decided to Marry a Doctor When She Grows Up.

Little Edith Bloomberg of No. 637 De Lancy street, took her kitten to the Pennsylvania hospital to be treated. A surgeon operated on the animal—the first case of the kind ever known at the hospital.

When the child appeared, she had the kitten clasped tightly in her arms. She slipped by the doorkeeper and into the office. Her face was drawn up in entreaty, while her big, somber, brown eyes searched the room anxiously. Then she saw Dr. McKelvey. She knew he was one of the physicians, because she lives just around the corner, and all the children in the neighborhood know the white duck uniform.

Approaching the surgeon timidly, she said:

"Please, Mister Doctor, my kitty's hurted himself. Please, won't you cure him? My poor kittykats!"

The surgeon's face softened.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"Then a series of plaintive mews came from the kitten, as his little mistress unclasped her arms, and gently placed him on a table for a diagnosis. The kitten's right fore paw was crushed and bleeding.

"He was runned over by a wagon," explained Edith. "He was playin in front of the house, where a bread wagon came up. I heard him scream jus' like a baby, and I runned out of the house, quick, and peked him up. And he jus' looked up at me and cried and cried, till the tears runned down his cheeks. I know they brought Joe Ernsteen here when he was runned over on the leg, so I brought kittykats. He won't die, will he, Mister Doctor?"

Dr. McKelvey examined the injured paw with much assumed gravity, while the little miss, with expectant eyes, followed every movement. Only one side of the paw had been crushed badly. It was necessary to amputate it.

A cloth sprinkled with ether was spread over the wondering kitten's head, while his little mistress admonished him to "be a good kitty." Then the wounded flesh was neatly cut away and the paw dressed.

"Will 'at ever grow on again?" asked the child.

"Perhaps."

"You're jus' awful good," was her thanks, as she picked the kitten up and held it tenderly in her arms.

"Bring him back tomorrow," called the surgeon, as the child started away.

"Yes, sir."

When she reached home and the story became circulated, children assembled from all parts of the neighborhood to examine the bandaged leg. Little Edith was a heroine, too, in the juvenile eyes.

"You jus' ought'er see that good doctor," she said to an admiring group.

"He jus' put a handkerchief over kitty's head, and kitty never cried 't all. And when he cut his paw off he never moved, but I jus' cried like anything. When I grow up, I'm goin to marry a doctor, coz they're good to cats!"—*Philadelphia North American*.

A GOOD NATURED BOY.

Our little Leo was a lad whose heart was kind and true; With play he oft was busy, for he found so much to do.

Now, Leo's wagon (called express) Was used by all the boys; It was so strong and handsome and The chief of all his toys.

His papa's lawn was overrun By playmates great and small; His toys were taken, lost or smashed, But he cared not at all.

And when the big boys came to play And promptly took command He proudly did his bidding with A willing heart and hand.

For if he lagged or protest made And said, "I guess I won't," This direful threat soon conquered him: "We'll go home if you don't!"

One day, with troubled look, he said, "Why, boys, what can I play?" For in the wagon one boy sat In grand and proud array.


And drove with whip and lash and strings, Who, prancing, stamping, kicking, made A vast amount of noise.

They held a consultation; then, With condescension kind, They said, "You be the little colt That runs along behind."

So down the dusty street they tore. Each strives his best to do, While whinnying, capering, far behind, The little colt goes too.

—*Cora Young Willis in Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Making Up.



EXTENDING THE PEACE OFFERING.

A Life Saving Dog.

How a mongrel "good for nothing" dog, a cur of the streets, saved a man's life was lately recorded by the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Louis Carr was painting the rear of a vacant house in Louisville. At the noon hour approached he was at work at the very top of his ladder, just under the eaves. Being in haste to finish his work and not wishing to spend time in going down to move the ladder he stretched as far as possible to one side. Just then he felt the ladder slipping away from him, and as the only means of saving himself, he dropped his brush and seized the gutter with both hands. Down went the ladder and there the painter hung, 35 feet from the ground.

He shouted for help, but no one heard him—no one but a dog, which came round the corner in answer to his cry, and winding up with a long howl. Then he ran out of the yard and across the street to a police station. There he barked again, and then ran back to the yard. He did this two or three times till the policeman began to see that something was the matter and followed him to the rear of the house.

Then it was but the work of a moment to put up the ladder and rescue the painter, who was ready to drop from exhaustion.

No owner could be found for the dog, and Carr adopted him as his own.

A Boy Makes a Great Discovery.

"A copy of the Lord's Prayer has been found written upon a clay tablet in ancient Greek letters. It dates possibly from the second century and is certainly no later than the fourth century. It was discovered at Megara, by a boy and purchased from him for a trifle for the museum at Athens, where it is now carefully preserved as a unique Christian document. This is the first clay tablet letter found with a Christian inscription upon it. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the tablet, as the boy did not force documents of this character."

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

An expanse of snow covered the earth; the wind whistled through the leafless trees, and even in the middle of the day the country-side was deserted. One pedestrian followed the main road which led from Valogues. He was a peasant, still young, robust, and with an open face pleasing at the first glance. His Sunday attire gave sufficient proof that he was not going to work, but to make a visit in the neighborhood.

Antoine Mary, in fact, was proceeding to the chateau of Monsieur de Rabon, who had a vacant farm which he desired to lease. But the applicants were many, and the young farmer had not much hope of success except through the recommendation of Monsieur Rovers, notary of Valogues, who had given him a letter to the proprietor.

Aside from this recommendation, Antoine merited that his application should be taken into consideration, for if the capital at his disposal was small, it was supplemented by real intelligence and prudence.

Already he perceived in the distance the roofs of the chateau, when a plaintive barking struck his ear. It came from an abandoned quarry at the bottom of a little black dog nearly buried in the snow. On perceiving him the little animal raised himself upon his hind legs and redoubled his appeals for assistance.

Mary was possessed of that instinctive sympathy which leads us to succor those in distress. He thought, "What! that dog is belonging to a poor woman; his neighbors' big dogs would appear to be more painful as he was her sole companion."

In order to assure himself he called "Eriquet!" The animal wagged his tail and redoubled his barking. Antoine having no more doubts, looked about him and discovered a sort of winding path by which, perchance, one might descend into the ravine, though not without some danger, for the ravine was steep, and the frost made it slippery. Two or three times Antoine hesitated, but he arrived at last near to Eriquet, who doubtless had fallen into the hole, for two of his paws were bleeding, and the cold had brought him to the point almost of depriving him of sensation.

Taking him under one arm Antoine remounted, assisted by the other hand, and continued on his way toward the residence of Monsieur de Rabon.

This gentleman, who had served for a long time in the marine, where he held the rank of vice-admiral, had lived in the country but a few months. Nevertheless, his brusque, humor, irritable, changeable, was already known. His native kindness was enveloped in a garb of rudeness. His contradictoriness easily aroused he became inaccessible, and the qualities of his heart were all we may say, annulled by the facts of his character.

Antoine, who knew him by reputation, was careful to leave Eriquet in the ante-chamber and to announce himself as coming on the part of Monsieur Rovers. The servant was about a while; finally he returned, opened the admiral's door, and motioned the farmer to enter. But Antoine passed upon the threshold on hearing Monsieur Rabon raging like a madman.

"May I have the honor to say," said the old mariner, "that I can't have my breakfast in quiet."

"Turning toward Antoine, he added in a harsh tone:

"Well, what is it you want?"

"Pray excuse me, admiral," said Antoine, bowing low and preparing to retire. "I will return later."

"No, speak about your business, my friend," said Monsieur Rabon. "I've come on the part of the notary of Valogues."

"Yes, sir."

"And you bring a letter to me?"

"Here it is."

The old sailor took it with a certain alacrity.

"I am curious to know if he has concluded that affair of the wood lot," he growled. "I shall never have peace till the bill of sale is actually signed."

He had opened the letter and commenced reading it when he saw his eye hastily over it to the end.

"What's nothing?" he cried, on coming to the signature. "On my soul, he has not the least sense—may five hundred devils burn him! These notaries resemble each other. And he said nothing to you?"

"Nothing, admiral."

"You have no other paper?"

"None."

"Monsieur de Rabon, three hundred francs, table and stool, is with me."

"And I relied upon him," he said. "I ought to have acted by myself in the matter. I will not say I will go to-day to the baron's house. Order my cabriolet to be harnessed, Firmin."

The servant departed, and the admiral made a hundred paces in the salon, muttering his determination. Against the notary Antoine Mary's antagonist had become extreme. He was turning his head about, without knowing whether he ought to retire or speak. Then the gaiters of Monsieur de Rabon were arrested by him.

"Well, and you also," he cried, "have you begun to melt too?"

The peasant looked at his feet and saw with a fright that the snow he had acquired in descending the ravine to reach the chateau, had melted and formed a trail upon the magnificent carpet which covered the floor. He sought to escape in the door, but the mariner was done.

"May five hundred devils burn me," cried the admiral, finding the mariner's excuse for placing the handkerchief upon the table. "Why do you insist on business? I will not have any more of this kind of thing."

When the admiral saw that the peasant was not going to melt, he said, "I will not say I will go to-day to the baron's house. Order my cabriolet to be harnessed, Firmin."

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"That's all right," said the admiral, "but I must have my breakfast in quiet."

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