"I leved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell; Love brought me down to death, and death to hell-For God is just, and death, for sin is well. "I do not rage against His high decree, Now for myself do ask that grace shall be, But for my love on earth, who mourns

Great spirit, let me ere my love again, And comfort him one hour, and I were Lain TAY a thousand years of fire and

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, re-That wild vew. Look! the dial-finger's Bown to the last hour of thy punish-

But still she waited: "I pray thee, let camnot rise to piace and leave him so Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter wee! brazen gates ground sullenly afar Apd opward, joyeus, like a rising star, The rose, and vanished in the ether far. But soon adown the dying sunset salling, And, like a wounded bird, her pinions

who sobbed: "I found him by the summer Restrict, his head upon a maiden's knee; She curied his hair, and kisser him. Wee

She fluttered back with broken-hearted

Wailing.

is me!" She wept: "Now let my punishment be-I have been fond and foolish. Let me in To explate my serrow and my sin."

The angel answered. "Nay, sad so il, go higher! To be deceived in your true heart's desire Was bitterer than a thousand years of -John Hay.

WITCH AND T.

witch and I had a quarrel! Who is it that says it takes two to make a quarrel? Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunt Betsy Jane Witch has a temper, so have I She wasn't hristened Witch. Godfathers and mothers have much to answer for still I never heard of their giving Witch as a Leptismal name to a Christian child No, her name is Julia Felicia which is simply absurd. Fancy a little dark eyed bewitching five feet nothing having a name like

My name is John, and John I'm always called Had I been christened Robert or Thomas I should have been called by either of those plain sensible names. There is nothing for the imagination to eith hold of in my face or figure. In not six feet in my stockings Im only five feet ten. I haven't crisp go'den hair and a Betsy Jane was her godmother and tawny beard. No my eves, hair and beard are brown, and for the rest I have a temper a vile one and in all things, apart from my profession, ama born fool

It was over a game of tennis that Aunt Betsy. Jane mide, us quarrel. Witch didn't play up and I 'slated" her Twe "slated" With ever since I Do'sy Jame whose has ed the letter have known her and Ive known her got used to it. For the matter of that, she wouldn't have bothered her head about it if it hadn't been for my bely sometimes, but it never makes any

White were against us. As a rule Witch licks the other girl into fits, but Witch she said gravely on this occasion, for some reason or other, she missed nearly every ball. I was annoyed, and I expressed myself

thad case, and I didn't get home till amidnight In the dining room some cold meat and beer were waiting for one, so was a note from Witch. I ate sir, Miss Druitt does not feel equal to a mouthful and drank a glass of beer, seeing you to-day, but will write to when I opened the note. For a moment, you to night." I felt as if I had a knife in my heart. It was such a cruel stab. Witch -my, give me an envelope? Thanks. Give little Witch would have nothing more that to Miss Druftt, please" to do with me. My conduct at Mrs. Dougal's had possed to her that she into the garden. At the bottom of no longer possessed my respect, and the garden ran the river, chained to a without respect tive was not likely to post, was an old boat. It was seldom from which they have suffered for last long etc. etc. She ended by say- used, as the spot was not picturesque, many years. By con established rule, ing that she would have returned my but it was so build hidden both from ring but could not remove it from her the house and from the passing boats. Tinger, but that she would get the jew- by thick drooping willows. It was trades or professions Indeed, almost eller to cut it off to morrow. I smil- here that Witch and I had come to the ed a grim smile it the last sentence, conclusion that we could not live with- was closed to them owing to an old I had no intention of allowing that our each other. I sat down in the boat, prejudice originating in the theory that ring to be cut off

you, and hope you'll keep out of my that I never slept a wink all night; a narrow escape of social wreck. but I made up my mind what I would do. I got up early and made a good breakfast; then I vent into the surgery sically I am commonplace. That is to cases, and told him I should be away. Would you believe it? I sat in that A great medical men, say 'The Hospihadn't arrived, but his people knew nearly dark, and when I heard the found the profession an occupation of phia Press. 100m. He and I are great friends-alrather to talk over things. When he sixpence to bring it back again—and, melancholy time of it. An eight hours seeing me, but after he had shaken send for me. That was all! hands he looked over his letters, gave calmly at me said:

"Now, John!" "Can you spare me half an hour.

"As far as I know. Go ahead,"

"Well. I'm making £500 e year, and Buy practice is increasing."

"That's good." "Don't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

"Certainly." "You have no objection to our marrying next month, if she consents?" "None. I have no wish that she should marry at all, but if she must marry, I'd rather she married you than any one. else."

Thank you, sir, for saying that, Thank you very much," said I gratefully, seising his hand and wringing it hard.

"Just so," said he, removing it from my grasp, and looking anxiemly at it "But why this ferver?"

I put Witch's precisus epistle in front of him. He read it twice through attentively, put it down, and looking calmly at me, said:

"Very interesting! But sourcely to be regarded as a prejude to very speedy matrimony. I should think."

"Ah, but it is, sir. A girl decsn't write a note like that and have done with it. No. she continues to write them. I shall probably get a similar note ence a men.h new, and that will be every tiring. I give you my word that I did not sleep a wink all last old tale about Aunt Betsy Jane." night. The practice won't stand that sort of thing leng, you knew," said I earnestly.

"You seem to have an accurate knowladge of women and their ways," he remarked dryly.

I allowed that speech to pass without comment. Comment seemed superfluous

"If I might nak I should like to know whom you would consider in fault in this little misunderstanding? he ask-

"I am, sir. It stands to reason; I me should not be so anxious if she were in fault." and then I explained the whole matter, finishing up with, "I can't remember exactly what I called her, but whatever it was I didn't mean

"I am not able to refresh your memery as to what you said on that occasion, but I can tell you what I have heard you call her myself," said Mr. Druitt quietly. And then he told me. His tone was a revelation to me. Not that I'd call Wit h anything worse than a "little fool" But I realize what it must have sounded like to the hearers, and to him, her father! I don't know how I looked but I felt mean, cheap, worthless. Utterly se, I began to stumble out apologies. He waved his hand

"All right," said he, 'but you see your language is at times forcible." He is a wise man, so he said no more. He showed his wisdom therein, for I went at once to see Witch in a very contrite frame of mind. I was ready to make a mat of myself, and let my darling trample on me if it should so please her, or to do any other extravagant thing, out a was the depth of my humility. Still as I journeyed. Putneyward I wondered as to who could have stirred up the strife between Suddenly : flashed across my mind that Witch had seated herself beside Aunt Betsy Jame and that Aunt therefore licensed to interfere. I am lia in the morning and kept it for that "I am on my way to a la ly who does not not going to explain how Aunt Betsy reason. My darling did not know I yet know me, I am to be her companion, have nondescript features and good. Jane came to be Wi'h's god mother, was in the boat until Aunt Betsy Jane and the engagement has been made by Moreover ... I said before, I I am not a lady roselist and there- came in from the garden and told her, correspondence I dare say she will have everything. It has nothing to do with this story has deal I was only six years. old when she was christened, and triends and relatives. St. Paul's, wasn't consulted to her sponsors. To be a retall mes have been Aunt

When I mirive! the Cedars it was since she was ten, so the ought to have about the head κ . If all went well peace v it is no between Witch and myself i. r. he : And if so I would take her off to Richmond, get a boat loved aunt. Witch slates me ferocious- from Montania, now up the river, come to anche: no backwater I knew of between it chmord and Hampton, and Well, it was at one of Mrs. Dougal's then hake a mame the day. But "At Houres" that the row began, things "Min't ro well they went ex-Witch, Miss White, Dougal and I were ceeding'y bid's instead. When Amelia. playing tennis Dougal and Miss (Amelia is the Druitis housemaid) opened the door, and I inquired for

> "Miss Pruitt is not well, sir, but I'll tell her voulre here"

Then she showed me into the dinperhaps a little more strongly than I ing-room. This was ominous! In the ought to have done, but I'm sure I Druitts' inenage it is customary to see said nothing one whit stronger than people who come on business -dress-I've said scores of times without any makers, laundresses, servants seeking offence being taken. Be that as it places in the dining room before may. Witch refused to play any more lunch. Amelia left me and went urpand went and sat down by Aunt Betsy stairs. I rapidly diagnosed the situation. I took out my pocketbook and I am a doctor, and soon after that wrote "My darling, I shall wait in some one fetched me away. It was a the old boat at the end of the lawn till you can see me," and then I signed it

Amelia came back. If you please,

"Exactly," said I quietly "Can you

"John"

The maid left the room and I went

I ought to have forgotten it, but I am not heroic. Both morally and phystraight to "lich's father's office. He ed myself, till eight o'clock! It was their sons into medicine. They have me, and showed me into his private clock strike I swore to myself that if unceasing, harassing, and responsible Witch did not appear before the chim- work, with poor pay. It must be adways have been. So it was quite nat- ing of the quarter I would row the old mitted that the general practitioner in ural to me to go to him for advice, or hoat down to the bridge, give a boy a third-rate neighborhood has but a came in he seemed rather surprised at well, when Witch wanted me she migh working day would be almost heaven

It must have been very near the common experience. Many a doctor some directions, and then looking quarter when I saw stealing down the who works sixteen hours a day, and garden, her head and shoulders wrap- has two or three disturbed nights a ped up in a white cloud, my Witch. A' week into the bargin, nevertheless soon least I thought so at first. But I soon learns to think himself very lucky if saw it wasn't. It was some one more not more than twenty-five per cent. of kin and less kind. Nevertheless, as his hard earnings is lost in bad debts.

the form frew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms, and kissed her. She had no breath with which to utter sound. She could not listen to my ardent-far mere ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch-expressions of affection.

for that malicious catamaran, Aunt class compartment. Betay Jane." The form within my arms struggled. I was holding her man deep in the columns of a paper. tightly, or my face might have suffered. her. I'm the only living soul that knows, now old nurse is dead." You couldn't hear the form broathe, so still was it. I went on. "Aunt Beiny Jame is forty-five new,"—the form wriggled -"about twenty-five years ago' -- I could hear the heart beat, I relented-No, Witch, I will not cell you that story: You have come to me, and I can afford to pity Aunt Betsy Jane. She was badly used when she was ple havey new she is eld."

The form muttered. I spened my arms. 'Want to fetch semething, too, dear. You shall. Only come back at

a miaute or two Witch came down the loot find a clew. garden in a very dignified manner. I let her come right to the edge of the tumn of 1875, soon after the girl was born. water and peoped out. I knew she And that is about all I knew. couldn't see me. Presently she said.

"John ?" My heart jumned but I didn't inted to give myself away, so I simply said. "Well!" But she didn't intend the give he fell asleep, but awoke a few minutes herself away either. She turned Then later with a start herself away, either. She turned. Then saw that I had my work cut out for

"Stay, Witch; I'm in the boat," I exclaimed in a tone of deepest entreaty, as I scrambled on shore. She paused. caught held of her hand. "Witch." I cried reproachfully, "I've been waiting here for nearly eight hours, and I'm se faint I can hardly speak."

go cheerfully for hours without a And Sir Richard Culmore a woke from on a halfpenny bun and think noth- to see half a spade guinea dangling in ing of it; but let a men only say that he has missed his lunchered they make as much fuss over him as if he had suf-"You poor thing" excluimed my dar- with it tiny flakes of snow

something to est." "No, Witch." I said faintly, but firmly; "you must forgive me." Forgive you' Of course I forgive

all that time. Do come in at once or you'll die. I knos vu will' But I stuck to uv guns and I didn't go indoors uatil I had made Witch day month. Then I consented to go

the eatables Aunt Betsy Jane came to our wedding and made us a handsome present. Then she went to live with some old soul had had some suspicion 1 knew her story, and so had tried to ill the little percadilloes of your

Pagacini's thoc-Violin.

A Paris newspaper recently announced the sale of one of the most curious violins in the world. I former ly belonged to Paganini the great viwooden shoe. Its history is curious, little silver watch hain and is not withour interest

One day a large box was brought there got that half-spade guinea?" by the Normandy diligence, on openheard much of the wonderful genius of ly, gave it to her the violinist, beggeu, as a proof of his play in public on the oddiy-construct-

ed instrument enclosed. At first Paganini felt this to be an impertinent satire, and mentioned the portion." facts, with some show on temper, to his friend, the Chevaller de Baride. The latter took the shoe to a violinmaker, who converted it into a remarkably swet-toned instrument, and Paganini was pressed to try the shoeviolin in public.

He not only do so, but performed upon it some of his most difficult fanof the violinist, are now recorded or the violin itself.

Women's Rights in France.

Postmistresses in France have at last obtained the redress of a grievance husbands of pos-mistresses were debarred from exercising a number of every position official or otherwise, feeling very winth with Witch and bit- certain professions would offer temp-The lovely effusion puzzled me al- ter against Aunt Best Jane. I would tations to the husband to tamper with together. It wasn't in Witch's usual have given much to know if she were the mails. The result of this was that style. Naturally, a note of that kind. In the house at that moment! I many postmistresses were practically coming from her would have run in thought out all I had heard of the days debarred from marrying. The Governthis way. "John, I hate and detest of her you'h. I felt mean and spiteful, ment, however, have now abolished all I be hought me of an old incident in restrictions as the choice of husbands sight forever," or something like it, her life wherem Aunt Betsy Jane had by postmistresses with one exception. Well, I went to bed. I was such an ass-sailed very near the wind, and had had. The only category now remaining as the index is that of police officials.

> The Bours Doctors Work. The doctor's calling looks very differfor him. A sixteen hours day is a very

It was bitterly cold. The train for the north was crowded, and after trying in "My darling?" I went on, "I know vain to find a seat in a second class caryou would never have made such a lit-riage, Paula Morrison at last appealed the fool of yourself if it hadn't been to the guard, who showed her into a first

On the seat opposite was an old gentle-Presently it was flung aside, and a letter But I'll tell you a tale, dear about withdrawn from a bundle in his peaket. Bah! he thought, as he scanned the pages; the boy wishes to marry some beggarly governess, but I won't have it. I'll make him understand directly I get home that I will stand no monsense of that kind.

"She is of as gentle birth as we." Oh, I dare say. And so Edith said when she wanted to persuade us that that scamp Shortbridge was the best match she could make. Pear little weman, my father was a bit hard on her. young, and she can't bear to see pec- I always regret I could not trace her after his death. I should have liked to have done somethin, for the daughter,

I wonder if that lawyer fellow really once, or I shall feel like telling that did all he could to trace them. I think I will put the investigation into Sharpe & She scuttled off to the house and in Turnover's hands, and see if they can-

They sailed for South Africa in the au-At Grantham the old gentleman set-

Hed himself for a cloze. "Pretty girl that opposite," he thought to himself. "Sweet, plaintive face, looks as if she had known some trouble." Then

He had been dreaming about his favorite sister Edith. They were again boy and girl together, and he had been on the visit to his grandfather, when the old gentleman had given him a spade guinea, "to be divided with his sister," on his return home.

Foolishly taking the words literally, he had with his fret-saw divided the coin; a good scolding from his father That fetched her' A woman will had brought the incident to a close. crumb, de yards and vards or shopping his dream of the long forgotten episode

front of his eyes. The girl opposite to him was standing ct the window, which was wide open, fered the martyrdes; of St. Lawrence! and the cold air rushing in brought in

"Come in at once and have Sir Richard realized that the sudden stopping of the train was probably what had aroused him No station seemed to be near.

"Something wrong, I fran," he said to you I didn't know you had been here the young lady. Just then a guard passed and inform-

ed them that an engine had been sent back to Grantham to fetch the snow plow, as the drifts made it impossible to promise that we should be married that proceed. There was no danger, but a couple of hours must clapse before assistance could rea h therm in and work a mighty havor among

"Humph" growled Sr Richard as he drew up the glass a jain Well, well, it might be worse. I hip there is no one at the other and of your journey who will be anxious about you he said politefriends in the North I think the poor ly, for it is impossible to telegraph

No, no one, said Paula, with a little part us. She took my note from Amer choke, which might be a sob or a sigh But I have never fold my wife a sent to me at Arfa. h. ! ut they will exword. It isn't wise to tell your wife pect the train to be life on such a day' "That is my ste . said Sir Richard "Is it possible that a an talking to Miss Morrison, who is coming to be my wife's companion"

"Yes and I suppose you are Sir Rich-

...d ('ulmore!'' He nodded The half guinea which and been before his eyes when he awoke. and which he had thought was only part olinist, and, at first sight, merly pre- of his dream, again showed under Miss Lents the appearance of a misshapen Morrison's ja ket as i; hung from her

"I am going to 'egin our acquaintance During the winter of 1838 Paganini by asking you a very strange question," was living in Rue de la Victoria, 48, he said "Will you tell me where you

"It was my mothers," said Paula, and ing which he found two inner boxes, her eyes clouded with unshed tears. "I and wrapped carefully in the folds of found it among her trinkets when she tissue paper a wodden shoe and a let- died. I do not know its history, except ter, stating that the writer, having that her brother whom she loved dear-

Would you care to hear its history?" devotion to music, that Paganini would said Sir Richard, his breath coming a little quicker with the excitement of his discovery "I am the brother who gave her that half coin See, here is the other

He took his niece's hand in his, and Paula knew that the long struggle against poverty, which she had fought since her parents' death, was over,

Then Paula had to tell of the happy home she dimly remembered at the Cape, and of her father's death, then of her mother's troubles, and of the journey back to England under an assumed name, so that knowledge of their poverty tasias, which facts, in the handwriting might not reach the ars of those who had east her off

> She did not tell Sir Richard of the romance which had brightened her life at Southsea, how the love of Clement Devercux, who was statt med with his regiment at Portsmouth, had crept into her life, and it was a surprise indeed to Paula when the train at last came slowly into Ardath, that Clement should greet Sr Itt hard as stepfather, and to Sir He hard that in his newly-found niece h should find his son - be trothed wife .-London Exemps News

> > Chain Waldens.

At a recent widding a very pretty feature was the hain maldens." Four attractive council fries with chains of loses preceded the bendal party up the broad aish of the church, tying all guests in their pews and stationing themselves at equal distances, holding the ends of the chains until after the ceremony and until the bridal party and immediate friends had left the church, Then they gracefully twined the chains about themselves and followed the saw my assistan', talked over the say, if I'm struck, I hit back, or try to. ent inside from what it does outside, party to the carriages, thus deleasing the guests from their news and preventall day. After that I went to town, boat, except when I got up and stretch- tal, refuse on any condition to put ing the crowding of the brideal party, which so generally occurs.—Philadel.

> A Sad Libel. Blobbs-What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of wed-

dings to describe the bride being led to the altar. Slobbs-How so? Blobbs-Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark-Philadel-

phia Record.

If you want to make money, so where there is money.

HOW.

Feller what shirks an' is less.
Aln't no use livin', I vew!
But I tell yer who is the dalay---The feller that does things new.

He's never procrastinatin' An' tellin' ye "why" an' how," When the doin' on't 's what he's hattn'y He jest goes an' does it, new.

Ef the covewood calls for a tuesle, Thet'll bring the sweat to his brows He gits out his new with a histle, An' tackies the job right now.

The chap that talks of top-morran l.
In ordered somewheres, I 'llow; In payin' what he may herror, He never gits 'round ter new.

But the feller that starts on the minut The crows don't roost an his plew-Ef 't rains he sin't workin' out in it, Cause he gits his hay in new.

Ef ver lookin' for what'll suit yer. Yer kin take off yer hat an' bew Ter the chap there short on the future An' ckerly long on now.

MY OWN LOVE STORY.

I had never been called an impra cionable woman, and for weeks I refused to be candid with myself. I think it was only when I went into the shop and bought the man's photograph, after tearing myself away from the window at least a dozen times, that I realized what an idiot I had become. Then it was manifest. At 30 odd years of age I had fallen in love as romantically, as My cue came. From that hope I have preposterough, as any girl of 17, for I never looked back! had fallen in love with an actor whom

I did not know. I have said that I had never been called an impressionable woman, but I may say more: I had in my youth occasloned my worthy mother great trouble self " by my "peculiar disposition." Dances were abhorrent to me, and as to flirting, I did not know how to do it. No; men did not attract me a blt-doubtless, too, I wearied them. I asked nothing better than to be left alone with my

To-day I had made myself just such a life as I had required. My books were successful; my house was a pleasant one, and, if I did not go into sociaty & great deal, my circle of friends contained a number of clever, and even celebrated, people.

Well, I went one night to the Diadem Theatre It was the first time I had seen Brudenell; he interested me immensely. His quiet voice, his carnestness held me from the beginning, and after the big scene came, and his passionate outburst came with it, I told myself he was the first actor on the

Stage. I do not suppose, if I had been doing dramatic criticism for a paper, that my enthusiasm would have carried me to the length of recording such an extravagance as that, but one often feels things which one lacks the courage to write, and before the expiration of a week I found myself among the audionce of the Diadem Theatre again. I was affected ar powerfully as be-

fore. He appealed to me intellectually and emotionally. I liked the piece and I liked his performance. In a word. I took seats at the Diadem more times Of the development of my feelings him. into ridiculous proportions I have

spoken already. I stopped to look at fortnight, and at last, thoroughly wear- myself. But he came often, and we knew would recur next day, I went in and asked for his liteness. The man brought ne a number, but I chose the one I had intended—a pro-

ale. He wanted me to have another an well, assuring me that "this sold largely-among young ladies" I said "Really?" as indifferently as I could manage, being very ashamed of myself, and was so disgusted at my weakness that I did not take my turchase out of the envelope till evening. Then I put it on my study-table.

where I could see it while I wrote. I thought how characteristic a face it was, how much it said. I accepted several invitations I should otherwise have refused, because I gathered it was posalble that the popular actor-manager would be present, and I wished, more fervently than I had wished for anything before, that I were a playwright instead of a novelist, that I might have the fecility of hearing my lines interpreted by him.

One Sunday we met The hostess introduced him to me: "Mr. Brudenel-Miss Cleeve-'George Effingfiham,' you know!" and I wandered if he had read my books.

He did not say that he had, but he was very nice, spaking in the low, grave tones in which he uttered his commonplaces on the stage.

I congratulated him on the success he was making, and he thanked me. He said how difficult it was to get hold of good pieces. I found he was to take me down to dinner, and exerted myself to talk as well as I was able. Over the entrees I made him laugh, and I turn hot when I remember the delight this "tri-

The theatre formed the principal topic of our conversation, and I referred to the admirable support given to him by his leading lady

You must find her an enormous help in your great seen " I said. "She plays up to you splend,div

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is easy business," he answered;

"the part really plays itself." I was surprised, for it had appeared to me that it would be singularly ineffective in weaker hands.

"She is a favorite with the public, and in a theatre like mine one is obliged to have well-known names," he added: "but, as a matter of fact, the piece would go quite as well with a company at half the cost." 'You do not mean without Mr. War-

rington, too?" "Why not?" he said. "What has Warrington to do? The whole burden of the piece rests on me."

Momentarily I was dismayed: the coolness of the statement struck me as almost conceited. Then I realized that I understood nothing about the matter and that my companion knew "It must certainly be a tremendous strain." I agreed.

"You would say so if you had seen me the first night! Nobody but an actor knows what frightfully hard work a big part is."

He gave me an interesting account of his experience. I was astonished to learn that it was years before his salary touched the point of three guineas a

"I ran away from home, and I had sworn to conquer." he said: "but it was

a besthie charge to the life I sad imagine. I shall never formatele jura-

ing point of ar pares.

Tellime I said.

I was engaged for quite small less name in a single same of the reservation we go a message to say that the less has make the large of the appear that alghi. It was a tremendous part. I may as well new it: it was Hamlet. The manner was in despair. He looked reund at all the company helplessly. Suddenly his cra-fell on me, strapling that I was. Whi-he selected me I shall never understand but the maxt moment he becomed his forward. Brudenell, he exclaimed you will play Hamlet to night! Ever-thing award before me, almost I talmed. Then I grasped that my chance bad come at last. 'I will, sir,' I answered; and I will make a success of it. I know and loved the part. I went out on Calton Hill, and there declaimed Shakespeare's lines to the blue sky. When the hour approached for me to go down to the theatre, my teeth chattered, Miss Cleeve. The thought of the critical audience awaiting me, of the Edinburgh press sitting there in solemn judgment unnerved me so completely that it seemed to me I should never dare to open my mouth upon the stage. My. companions in the dressing-room charfed me. They were jealous; but, as it happened, it was the best thing for me they could have done. All my resolution returned. The call-boy summoned me; I strode to the wings, my heart on fire,

He toused off his champagne, swept the hair from his forehead, and smiled at me pensively. "But you are encouraging me to bore you with my reminis-cences," he said. "Talk to me of your-

I did. I spent a very enjoyable avering, and heard afterwards that George Brudenell had called me a "charming woman." It was arranged that I should accompany our hostess to a colebration supper at the Diadem Theatre. and I looked forward to meeting him again,

The play had been running 300 nights. or 300 nights-I am sure I forget which. It was a great success anyhow, and there were toasts and congratulators speeches, and that sort of thing.

George Brudenell paid me great attention. This time he did speak of a book I had written, and-shall I even forget my ecstasy?-asked me if I would care to collaborate with him em a drama.

"I am not an author," he said, "but my knowledge of the stage will be timetul. I have an idea for a piece! Of course. I play the leading part."

I consented rapturously, and he sent me his "idea" the following day. I cannot say that I liked it very much. but I went to work on it realously, and sometimes he called on me, to see how I was getting on.

At least, to see how I was getting on was estensibly the motive of his visits, but instead of discussing the play, I generally found that we were talking of ourselves. He confessed to me that he was not a happy man; that his had been a mistaken marriage; and when he sighed, and leaned his head wearily than I care or than I am able to count. on his white hand, my heart ached for

That he liked me there was no doub Whether I was in danger or not, I the shop window every morning for a would rather not determine, even to ied of fleeing a temptation which I corresponded, and-wen I cannot say what the end might have been; I only, know what it was.

At last the play was done, and I sent il to him. After a week, I got a note: begging me to call. He was in his "sanctum." as he termed it. when I was shown in. The MS, was lying on the desk.

"Sit down," he said, with a bright smile; "how happy it makes me to see you here!" I took a chair in front of

"You like the drama?" I asked.

"I like it," he said; "yes; but thereare a good many alterations needed. The leading lady's part must be weak-"Weakened?"

"It detracts from me," he said; "she has too many good lines. Look here, fer instance; I have marked some of the places. I looked. He had marked fifty places if he had marked one.

"And something else," he said. have not let me finish every not. I must bring down all the curtains." "But-but-is that artistic under the circumstances?" "Oh, ertistici" he laughed. "This is

business, not art, my dear Miss Cleave. The applause is too distributed as you have written the piece. I have to stand on the stage in one of the scenes while the leading lady gets two distinct 'rounds.' You must cut those lives out, and give something as good to me inctead." The servant came in with a message

and he begged me to excuse him. He was absent some time. I turned the pages of the MS., and read the suggestions he had pencilled. Merciful powers! and this was the man I had thought was an artist! Anything more puerile, more contemptible it had never entered into the human imagination to

conceive. There were some proof-sheets lying on the desk. I saw they were the proofs of an "Interview" sent him for correction. What was that?

"Mr. Brudenell raised his clever head-" The "clever" had been inserted by Mr. Brudenell! Here was a whole sentence written in: "Mr. Brudenell, like Sarah Bernhardt, might have distinguished himself in many of the arts. He is a talented amateur painter. models with singular felicity, and carlier in life was frequently terrified by the appreciation accorded to his literary work to desert the footlights for the study. The British play-goer may be thankful that he did not." Heavens above!

Here was another line the subject of the interview had put in; "Like most clever men, Mr. George Brudenell is aingularly modest. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get him to speak of himself. 'The Interviewer,' he said with a musical laugh, 'appais mel'

When he re-entered the room I told him that I would consider his valuable hints and rose to take my leave Per haps it was quite as well for me that I "collaborated" with him on a play though the work was never produced It was certainly the means of restoring my common sense. I never met him again, and now there is a cabinet pho-tograph of George Brudenell to be had cheap. That is the end of my own true love story—it might have ended worse -St. Paul's.

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