

If I should see  
 A brother languishing in sore distress,  
 And I should turn and leave him con-  
 fess-  
 less.  
 When I might be  
 A messenger of hope and happiness—  
 How could I ask to have what I denied.  
 In my own hour of bitterness supplied?  
  
 If I might share  
 A brother's load along the dusty way,  
 And I should turn and walk alone that  
 day,  
 How could I dare,  
 When in the evening watch I knelt to  
 pray,  
 To ask for power to bear my pain and  
 woes,  
 If I had heeded not my brother's cross?  
  
 If I might sing  
 A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
 And I should seal my lips and sit  
 apart,  
 When I might bring  
 A bit of sunshine for life's ache and  
 smart—  
 How could I hope to have my grief re-  
 lieved  
 If I kept silent when my brother grieved?  
  
 And so I know  
 That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
 A helping hand to some wayfaring  
 friend;  
 But if I show  
 A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
 Then do I hold the golden hours well  
 spent,  
 And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-  
 tent.

## A STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

Some ten years ago, I spent the long vacation on the northwest of Antium, somewhat disappointed with eastern features and with myself, I affected the solitary. I tried hard at twenty to set up the then impossible character of foolish, old misanthroptical Timon. I soon, however, discovered the unpleasantness and impracticability of this. The wild precipices and mountains of the grand coast exorcised my demon, and the limitless, full Atlantic, beating restlessly on its iron bounds, roused me to action. Presently I dropped into the dolings and crafts of the rough fishermen and cragmen of the neighborhood, and soon gained their hearts by some unusual feats. I acquired the high character of being "a gay, venturesome lad"—no unworthy fame.

My rather coincident adventure and acquaintance with the sea, underwent a peculiar trial when and as I least expected. I was living in the vicinity of the celebrated swinging bridge, Carriack-a-Rede. The troops of tourists visiting it reminded me of the world from which I was, after all, I fear, an unwilling exile. The danger of crossing the bridge with my dog and gun afforded some excitement. The glorious view of shore, sea and isles delighted me, the deep, mossy heather on the headlands made a luxurious couch for dozing upon under the summer sun.

One day, from my favorite eyrie, I had watched a gay party descending the slope to the bridge, mixing and changing the colors as they went, like the view in a kaleidoscope. I could distinguish laughter and sweet voices, pealing and ringing out and I confessed it needed the face of my favorite boat, and all my fortitude to render me contented in my solitude up among the sea-gulls.

I had resumed my lost place and stretched myself very comfortably on the moss of my tall, outstanding, pillar-like cliff, when suddenly my dog, Tasso, dashed close to me and fixed his big, dark eyes anxiously in the direction of the bridge. We both trembled at that moment, for a piercing scream smote us. The sea birds darted out from the rock face, and after a short, silent flight outward, cried their shrillest and loudest. Could I be deceived? It was surely human! Another scream, if possible, more intensely painful. It was a woman's voice.

"Can it be," I thought, "some of them over the cliff?"

Grasping my gun, I rushed down the hill as men only run to save human life. Again and again, as I flew over the broken ground, I felt the same bitter cry striking, as it seemed, into my very heart. A few bounds over the slippery sea grass along the edge of the precipice, and I stood at the head of the ladder which leads down to the swinging bridge.

Heavens! what a sight!

Right in the midst of it was a young, fair-haired girl. With her two small, white hands, she desperately clutched the slender cord which the fishermen use as a balance or guide. The pressure of her whole being drove it out from the floating strip of boards on which she stood. Sometimes with her hands stretched out, she swayed, face downwards, over the abyss, with its white raging waves a hundred feet below; sometimes the wind and the double oscillation laid her backwards, with her hands clenched upon that worthless cord, and her pale, sharp face straining upwards, as her long hair streamed out, pointing down to the sea. The bridge itself was shaking and swaying, giving to it that clank and moan peculiar to it in storms, wreathing about like some serpent struggling with the poor girl's efforts. On the platform of rock beneath the ladder, the rest of the party, each in different attitude of silent, horrified expectancy, incapable of the slightest attempt at rescue.

At a glance this never-to-be-forgotten scene was all understood. Another scream, another look of wild, appealing despair from the poor girl, and I was out upon the narrow plank. Under the double motion the ropes shook and were depressed, so that I could scarcely walk; theratlines on which the footboards lie strained to the utmost in sharp angles clearly marked against the rushing white and green underneath.

There was no time to think or pause. With rapid strides I came on. I could hear her praying now. But I saw also that she was fast losing breath. I saw the marks of courage and strength she had given away under the reaction of hope; she was about to faint. I measured the terrible distance into which she was about to fall headlong. I was prepared to abide the desperate plunge the bridge would give the moment she dropped.

In the last extremity of fear and

**GOOD DAYS AT THE FALLS**

**Days Which Were Not Can Never Be Again.**

"In the years ago," said the man with a check book sticking out of a side pocket, "there used to be no end of talk about the awfelling ways of the Niagara Falls hackman. Once in a great while some hackman may have boarded a passenger but was usually all talk. The papers must have had a little jokes, you know."

"Did you ever investigate the matter?" was asked.

"Well, yes, I can reply that I did. In fact, I drove a hack myself for several years and it would seem as if I ought to know something about it. Yes; I was one of the people whom the newspapers were constantly abusing, although of course I never paid any attention to what was said."

"For instance, you never charged over 50 cents a piece to convey passengers from Prospect Park down to the whirlpool?"

"Well, that was according. If it was a bridal couple I always charged a trifle more. Bridal couples used to figure that it would cost \$1,000 to do Niagara Falls, and of course, we helped matters along as much as we could. Ah! but those were good old days—good old days! As to the fare down to the whirlpool, my charge to a bridal couple was \$16. That is, I mentioned that figure at the go-off. Sometimes I was questioned, and again there would be a kick and I'd have to come down to \$12 or \$10. I recall one time when I got \$25 for the trip and as we returned the bridegroom forced me to take a tip of \$5. Plenty of mean spirited people came to the falls, however. The biggest row I ever had was with an old duffer who wouldn't pay me \$5 for driving him across to Goat Island."

"And you didn't call that robbery?" exclaimed the questioner.

"Well, we had to live, you know, and we had to lay up against a rainy day. Every one of those days had me feeling that he would wake up in the morning and find the falls played out and of course he was anxious to hedge himself against such a calamity. When you figure that you ought to make \$100 per day you can't ride people around for nothing."

"Did you ever make as much as that?"

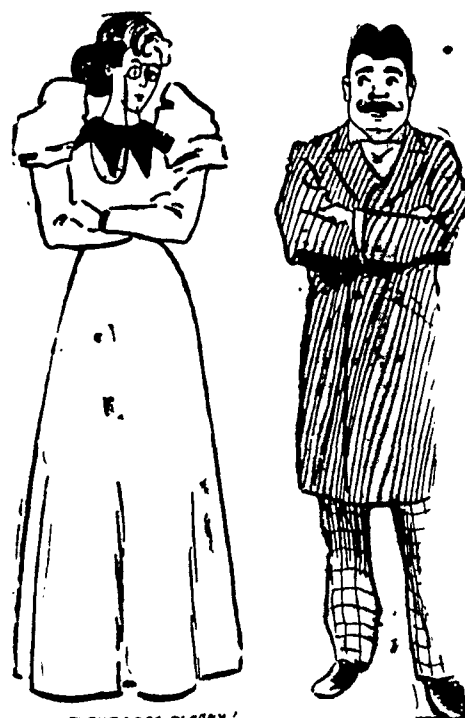
"Many and many a day, sir, or wouldn't be living on the interest of my money now. I had a banner day though, and I love to recall it. There was two bridal couples from Chicago, both young people, and they had dead loads of cash. They wanted my hack for the day and I told 'em the price would be \$600. They snapped me up quicker than cat and paid half the price down."

"But the outfit wasn't worth that sum."

"Worth about \$300, sir. However, the young folks wanted to show off and presume they are remembered there this day. Yes, sir, they give me \$600 and I didn't drive twenty five miles at all. That was my banner day, though I had another pretty fair one."

"You hauled a chap around for two hours and finally landed him at the whirlpool?"

"As he got out of the carriage he left \$450 in cash and a watch and a pin behind and then flung himself into the river. What he left belonged to me, of course. Ah! sir, even as I cut off my coupons I pause to remember those halcyon days—days which were, but can never be again."



She (an heiress)—I can't marry you  
I've had twenty better men than you at  
my feet.  
He—Humph! Chiropractors?

A German Justice Reversed Himself.

When George R. Peck first became an attorney for the Santa Fe he went to a small town in Western Kansas to argue a case that had been brought against the road for damages to several head of cattle that had been killed. The case was tried before a judge who was decidedly German. The witnesses were examined and the case gone through with and the attorney for the prosecution arose and made a strong plea for conviction. He waxed eloquent, and the judge paid close attention.

"Are you too?" asked the judge when the lawyer stopped.

"Yes, your honor."

"You vins der," said the judge.

"But I want a chance to argue my side of the case," said Peck.

"No, he vins," stoutly asserted the judge. But Peck commenced to talk and gradually his talk led up to the case, and before the judge knew it Peck was arguing the defence. The judge listened closely, and when Peck had finished he said:

"You vins de case."

"But you have already decided in my favor," said the other lawyer.

"Dat's all right. I reversed my first decision. Dis man vins," and the judge stuck to his last decision and Peck won his railroad case.—Topeka (Kan.) State Journal.

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Just Alike.

"Do you see that big cannon there?" said Jenks, indicating the thirteen-inch gun protruding from the turret in the picture of the battleship. "I one respect that's just like my pocket watch."

"Why, dear?" Mrs. Jenks asked.

"How can that be?"

## REASON FOR LIVING

The experience of those who have engaged in hospitals is, happily, not with the tragedy of human suffering alone; but there are times when they get glimpses of the comedy of life, and when laughter holding both his sides takes the place of gloom and sorrow. A woman had been brought to the hospital in a very weak state. We could do nothing for her; she seemed to have lost all mind and life, and gradually grew worse and worse. The husband, who had often been to see her, and who was kindness itself to her, was sent for to take the last sad leave. "He came," this time accompanied. His companion was a buxom young woman of the Moll and Polly type, who seemed to delight in parading the fact that she intended to succeed the dying woman in the affections of her kind but too easily consoled lord. I was in a fever of anxiety lest the shock should hasten my patient's end. But I didn't know the power of rebound in human nature, especially obstinate feminine human nature. "Well, old woman," the man began, slouching up to the bed, in an altogether air which he had never worn before, "you're got to go this time. The young woman (uplifting me) says there ain't no hope. You'll be a good wife to me, and I shan't forget yer . . ." But he didn't get any further in his declarations of undying approval. The woman, who a minute ago had lain weak and listless, was alive—and very much alive, too. Her eyes gleamed as she made an effort to get a good look at the other visitor, who was standing unabashed by the widower presumptive. I had to get the husband and his new-found love out of the ward as quickly as possible. "I ain't dead yet, nurse," my patient gasped out as I came back.

What all the doctors, tonics, wine, and beef-tea could not do, the sight of an extant rival and possible successor had done, and "soon a wonder came to light," for the woman did not die. She mended for that day. "Get all took an interest in her. She had got a new reason for living, and I honestly admit we helped in her great effort with all the nourishment we could make her take. Before very long she went home, strong and well enough. I hope, to rout the enemy and to assert her rule.—London Telegraph.

TO A MILKMAID

I hail thee, O milkmaid!  
Goddess of the gaudy noon, hail  
Across the mead, tripping,< hail  
Invariably across the mead tripping.  
The merry mead with cowslips bloom-  
ing, the mead with daisies bloom-  
ing.  
The milkmaid also more to less bloom-  
ing.  
I hail thee, O milkmaid!  
I recognize the value of thy pail in  
literature and art.  
What were pastoral poet without thee?  
Oh, I know thy jaunty juvenescence.  
I know thy eighteen summers and thy  
eternal springs.  
Ay, I know thy trials!  
I know how thou art outspread over  
pastoral poetry.  
Rampant, ubiquitous, inevitable, thy  
rioting in pastoral poetry.  
And in masterpieces of pastor art!  
How oft have I seen thee sitting;  
On a tri-colored stool sitting;  
On the wrong side of the cow-sitting;  
Garbed in all thy preposterous para-  
phernalia.  
I know thy paraphernalia—  
Yes, even thy impossible milkpail and  
thy impossible bodice.  
Short-skirted siren!  
Big-haired beauty!  
What were the gentle spring without  
thee?  
I hail thee!  
I hail thy verminality, and I rejoice in  
thy hackneyed ubiquitousness.  
I hail the superiority of thy interior  
ness and  
I lay at thy feet this garland of grab-  
bitious  
Hail!  
—Carolyn Wells.

**WAS IS A DREAM.**

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in all my life, and the country over which I took my way was as bad and dark as country roads in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of my great coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin, to keep it on and to protect my ears, when suddenly a man stood full in my path, and caught me by the

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"Hullo!" said he, "you're just in time; you are wanted at the cross-roads to-night."

The voice was the voice of a ruffian. I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman. I stood quite still, and strove to show him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuce am I wanted at the cross-roads for?" said I. "Unless I choose, it would be a very hard matter to get me there."

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered, in an altered tone:—

"Beg pardon; I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother; and I wanted to go to frighten him. Bad night, sir."

"Yes," said I.

"You don't know the time, sir?" he asked.

"It was seven when I left the train at L." I said.

"Thank you, sir," said the man. "Good-night."

If his object had been robbery he had decided from my rough appearance that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble.

But, after all, I thought, he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highwayman, no doubt. So I went on homeward, and soon found myself under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there, and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good humored a boy as ever lived; a boy all ways to mother and I, though he had exercised his right to vote already in one presidential election.

When supper was over and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs. We shared one room together.

The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I followed his example.

But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm, and was roused by crying in my ear:

"Wake up! You're wanted at the cross-roads."

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started broad awake, I actually believed that some one was in the room—the man who met me on the road—perhaps, and who intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen and lit my lamp, the room was empty, except myself and Ben, who lay snoring on his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake; there had been no unusual sound she was sure.

Only a dream born of meeting the strange man in the road, I felt, had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice.

"Wake up, wake up. You are wanted at the cross-roads."

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came over towards my bed.

"What ails you?" he cried.

"Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?"

"Yours," said Ben. "Yelling wake up; you fairly frightened me."

"Ben," said I, "wait till I light the lamp; I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or outside."

So I again lit the lamp, but we searched in vain.

"Nightmare," said Ben, when I had told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the cross-roads?"

"A house," said he. Ben had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I not long. "One little house, besides two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there—a rich man, and a bit of a miser, they say. His grandfather keeps house for him."

"Ben," that fellow may have meant to harm them. I may be wanted at the cross-roads."

"Brother," said Ben, "you're just in time; you are wanted at the cross-roads to-night."

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"I opened my eyes as soon as I saw Ben," said the old man. "He was sitting at the foot of my bed, wearing a white robe, with golden hair all over her shoulders, who wrung his hands and cried:

"Oh, wake up! you are wanted at the cross-roads!"

"That had no meaning," he said. "In fact, I had no doubt I had been under supernatural warding."

"Ben," I cried, "then, for the first time I have been told that I am wanted at the cross-roads, and I am going."

And I began to dress myself as quickly as possible, listening the while to the storm raging wilder and wilder than at any other period since its commencement.

Ben remonstrated with me in vain. At last he also began to thrash on his clothes.

"If you have gone mad, I must go with you and take care of you," he said. "But fancy another man going out in storm like this to the cross-roads, because a nightmare caused him to do so, and what would you think of him?"

I said nothing. All I could have answered would have been—

"I am compelled to go; I must go; I dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me."

In ten minutes we were dashing through the mud and rain along the road. It was perfectly dark now and then a blazed red star in the distance told us that a lamp was burning through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise we would not have been conscious of proximity to any habitation whatever. At last reaching the spot where the road from S. crosses the road from F., we were indeed in a solitary place as can be imagined.

The house, which abutted on the very angle of the roads, looked in familiar parlance the cross-roads, was the only one for some distance in either direction, and certainly on such a night we were not likely to meet many travelers.

All was quiet as the grave. We stood quite still. In a moment Ben broke out in one of his wildest laughs.

"Well," he said, "how slow! Will you go home now, and have another sleep?"

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when a shriek broke on the air, and a woman's voice, plainly coming from the interior of the cottage, cried:

"Help! help! help!"

"Ben," said I, "we are wanted at the cross-roads," and then, understanding each other, without more words we made our way to a window through which a light shone. A muslin curtain draped the panes, but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay on the floor, and over him bent a ruffian, clutching his throat and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man grasped a shrieking girl by the arm—a girl in a floating night-dress—with such long golden hair as belonged to the girl of my vision.

Not a moment was to be wasted. Ben flung his weight against the slender lattice and crushed it in, and we had grappled the ruffians before they knew whence the attack came, or how many foes were upon them.

I do not intend to describe the struggle; indeed, I could not if I would. But we were strong men, and inspired by the cries of the helpless old man and the terrified girl, we soon had one of the villains bound, and the other prostrate on the floor.

Then Ben started for assistance, and before morning both were in jail. After admitting, as we shook each other by the hand, that we were "wanted at the cross-roads."

The old man was not a miser, but he had saved some few thousand for his old age, and living more plainly than he need have done, had given rise to the rumor, and so brought the burglars to the cross-roads in the hope of booty.

The girl, a beautiful creature of seventeen, was his granddaughter, and as no story is acceptable to the lady readers without a flower of romance, I will tell them that she became after years not my wife, but the wife of my brother Ben.