

was accustomed to hand an open prayer book to all who did not know the service. Today she handed a hymnal by mistake. She stood up in the wrong place. She began the Lord's prayer instead of the Nicene creed. Then came the Te Deum "We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting." She did not sing. Again I noticed a smile; and then an attempt to hide it. Who was it intended for? A gentlemen whom I never before had seen, sitting just across the aisle, had stopped in the midst of the Te Deum and was smiling in return. A great tall man, handsome, yes, far more handsome than I, I had to admit. Oh, the tortures of that hour. My blood ceased to flow, my heart shriveled within me; my head swam. "Come hither, O, Esau, we will be companions; and dost thou join our company, Othello. Give me thy hand thou vengeful slayer of chaste Desdemona. I had despised thee but thou shalt be my friend. Jealousy shall be my god; at his feet shall I bow; he shall be my guide; on him will I depend." In my frenzy I had fallen into the mock Biblical style. I came home and said nothing—said nothing, but I thought volumes.

And tonight Constance had left me alone, saying she knew I would enjoy a quiet evening. What did I care? Woman is false. She promises to love, honor and obey a man; what of that? Tonight I was moody—angry at the world, angry at Constance, angry at myself for ever being such a dupe. Down came my meerschaum pipe, for several months laid away at her request. I stretched myself in a large rocking chair. The smoke curled up. Fantastic shadows came. The room grew in proportions. On the west side hung a great curtain, over near the east end was a magic lantern. A bow-legged imp began pushing slides through. I called out, "Who are you?" "Jealousy, the twin brother of Revenge" was the enjoyable answer. Then came the pictures, each endowed with the power of speech. Said

the first, "I am Clytemnestra. Ask Ulysses whether woman can be true." Said the second, "I am Helen. Why did Troy fall?" Then Cleopatra, whose poisoned sweetness tainted all the air, and Anne, who accepted the defiled love of Gloster, and Hetty—she who deceived Adam Bede. They came and kept coming until in my agony of despair, I fairly shrieked, "Take them away; take them away, or show me the faithful loving wives, Penelope, Andromache, Desdemona, Agnes and Dinah." But the imp only grinned and the pictures kept repeating their horrible formulas: "I am Clytemnestra, I am Cleopatra, I am Hetty, I am Cleo—Anne—Hetty, I am Hetty, I am—am—am—am——. And with a ghoulisn laugh Jealousy stood at my elbow.

The scene again was shifted. The imp mounted an oyster box. How clearly I could see the side of it—"A Booth's Oysters." How incongruous the whole matter was. What had oysters to do with jealousy. I cannot say save that Jealousy stood there on the box. Ah yes, his mouth looks like an oyster shell just opened. Then the imp began: "Life has been termed a bubble that breaks and leaves no trace of its existence. It is wrong; it is wrong. Life has been termed a fitful fever. It is wrong; it is wrong. Life has been called a story soon ended. It is wrong. A poet once called life 'A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave.' It too is wrong; it is wrong. Life is a game of whist. Each chooses his partner and the two must play, not one alone but both combined. Much depends on the hands in whist; so in life. Whether the hands are willing to do the labor assigned to them. Much depends on the character of the persons; so in life."

Then walking a short distance he cried out: "Spades are trumps." Darkness enshrouded me; a silence, as of death was on every side. I sunk down—down. A moist smell entered my nostrils. A way off in the distance sounded tap, tap, tap; not reg-