

time. Of course you play and take plenty of exercise to make you strong?"

"We have a gymnasium and exercise there. I fence half an hour every morning. I will need to know how some day, when I sing Faust and parts like that."

"And what do you do, Miss? Do you take good care of your dolls?"

"I haven't any now. I used to have a dear one, but one day when we were driving in from Fontinableau I left her in the carriage. We advertised for her, but we never found her and I never wanted another."

"Ad. cared so much for that one, you see," explained the boy. "Next day when we were taking our lesson she felt so badly about it she cried, and Madame asked what was the matter and said, 'Never mind, ma chere, wait a little and you will have dolls enough. Girls who sing like you never lack for toys in this world. I taught the beautiful Sybil, and behold what toys she has!' I have often wondered what she meant. But it was often very difficult to tell just what Madame meant. Sometimes I used to think she was making fun of us."

Mackenzie looked at the boy sharply and veered into safer waters

"Aren't you glad to be home again?"

"Yes, but of course we are better abroad. There's no artistic atmosphere. I think we go back to Paris in the spring, or London, maybe."

"You go to the opera often, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, "we are going to the 'Damnation of Faust,' to-morrow night—that is if we don't go somewhere else."

"Now Ad., don't you tell secrets," said her brother sternly.

"Well, I thought we might just tell him. Perhaps he'd coax her for us."

"You'll not laugh at us and you'll not tell?"

"On my honor," said Mackenzie.

"You see," explained Hermann, "we want to see the dog show tomorrow night. We've never been to one and I think we might. The Hamilton children go every night and they say there are just hundreds of dogs."

"And why can't you, pray?"

"Well, you see its the only time they will sing Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust' here this season, and we ought to hear it. Then mamma don't like us to go to such things."

Mackenzie set his teeth. "Now I'll just tell you; my children are going to the dog show and you shall go with them. I'll fix it up with your mother. And what's more I'll send you over one of our skye terrier pups. Even singers are permitted to have dogs, aren't they? At least they are always losing them. You go and ask your mother if you may keep the pup, my son."

As the boy shot off the little girl nestled closer to him. "I'm so awfully glad! Hermann has just been wild to go. And perhaps we'll see the Hamilton children. You see mamma doesn't like the Hamilton children very well. They wear lots of jewels and are not always careful about their grammar, but they do have good times. Sometimes Hermann and I play we are the Hamilton children; and he pretends he has been off skating and tells me what he saw, and I pretend I've been to school and making fancy work like Mollie Hamilton. That's a very secret play and we only play it when we're alone."

So these poor little prodigies loved to play that they were just the common children of the "new rich" next door! Mackenzie took the little hand that a single ruby made look so bloodless and his eyes were very tender.

"Why, my child, how hot your hands are, and your cheeks are all flushed. Your pulse is going like a trip-hammer. Are you ill?"

"O no, I'm just tired. We've been working very hard for our big concert

next week. That's a very important concert, you know. But there, they are all going out to dinner, and you are to take mamma out. I think. Good-bye."

"But aren't you coming too?"

O, no! 'We sing later, so of course we can't dine now."

"O no, of course you can't dine!" said Mackenzie.

After dinner the more formal guests arrived and the party again assembled in the music room.

"They are going to sing the parting scene from Juliette, those babies! Why will Kate select such music for them? The effect will be little short of grotesque. But then its just like Kate, she never admits of distinctions or conditions," whispered Mrs. Mackenzie to her husband. "Here they come. O Nelson, that boy Romeo and his baby Juliet, its sacrilege!"

They quietly took their places, "the boy Romeo and his baby Juliet," looking earnestly at each other, and began that frenzied song of pain and parting: "Tu die partir ohime!" Poor little children! what could they know of the immeasurable anguish of that farewell—or of the immeasurable joy which alone can make such sorrow possible? What could they know of the fearful potency of the words they uttered—words that have governed nations and wrecked empires! They sang bravely enough, but the effect was that of trying to force the tones of a cello from a violin.

Suddenly a quick paleness came over the face of the little Juliet. Still struggling with the score she threw out her hand and caught her Romeo's shoulders, swaying like a flower before the breath of a hurricane.

"Ad, Ad!" shrieked the boy as he sank upon one knee with his sister in his arms.

There was wild confusion among the guests; the men threw open the doors and struggled with the windows. Mackenzie sprang to the child's side, but her mother was there before him, whiter than the little Juliet herself.

"Doctor, what does it mean? She has never done like this before, she is never ill."

As she bent over the child her husband thrust her back, lifting the little girl in his arms.

"Let me take her now—you have done enough!" he said sternly, with an ominous flash in his eyes. It was the only time he was ever heard to issue a command in his own household.

"O Nelson, it is terrible!" said Mrs. Mackenzie as they drove home that night. "Kate Massey must be mad. Poor little girl! And the boy—why I wouldn't have that haunted look in Billy's eyes for the world!"

"Not even to make a tenor of him?" asked Mackenzie.

A month later Mackenzie stood again in the Massey's music room with Kate beside him. The woman was so pale and brokea that he could almost find it in his heart to be sorry for her.

"I don't think I need come again now, Mrs. Massey, unless there is a relapse."

"And you still think, Doctor, that there is no hope at all? For her voice I mean?"

"The best specialists in New York agree with me in that. Your foreign teachers have not been content with duping you out of your money, they have simply drained your child's life out of her veins," said Mackenzie brutally.

There was a ghost of the old superior smile. "Doctor you forget yourself. Whatever you American physicians may say, I know that the child was properly taught. This has broken my heart, but it has not convinced me that I am in error. I have said that I could make any sacrifice for their art, but God knows I never thought it would be this!"

The little boy entered the room with a roll of music under his arm. His

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mother caught him to her impulsively.

Ah, my boy, you must travel your way alone now. I suppose the day must have come when one of you must have suffered for the other. Two of the same blood can never achieve equally. Perhaps it is best that it should come now. But remember, my son, you carry not one destiny in your throat, but two. You must be great enough for both!"

The boy kissed her and said gently, "Don't cry mother. I will try."

His mother hid her face on his shoulder and he turned to the Doctor, who was drawing on his gloves, and shrugging his frail shoulders smiled. It was a smile which might have touched the face of some Roman youth on the bloody sand, when the reversed thumb of the Empress pointed deathward.—*Home Monthly.*

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F. D. CORNELL,
C. P. & T. A.

(First Publication June 26)

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION OF UNION FUEL COMPANY.

To Whom It May Concern—

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of June, 1897, the Union Fuel Company adopted and filed articles of incorporation which provide:


1. The name of said corporation shall be the Union Fuel Company.
2. That the principal place of transacting its business shall be in the city of Lincoln, in Lancaster county, State of Nebraska.
3. That the general nature of the business to be transacted shall be that of buying and selling at wholesale and at retail, hard and soft coals, coke, wood, kindling and the like.
4. That the amount of capital stock authorized shall be \$5,000, all of which shall be fully paid up before the commencement of business by said corporation.
5. That said corporation shall commence to do business on the first day of June, 1897, and continue for a period of twenty five years unless dissolved by law or by a majority vote of all stockholders.
6. That the highest amount of indebtedness or liability of which the corporation shall at any one time shall subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the paid in capital stock.
7. That the affairs of said corporation shall be managed by a board of directors not less than three in number and from whose number a president and secretary and treasurer shall be chosen.

Lincoln, Neb., June 17, 1897.
UNION FUEL COMPANY,
By C. P. A. Clough,
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