

know, also, that you could with a word win back Colonel Prinsep to the allegi-

ance he flattered himself that he had

from an outsider's point of view, and you

will see that it is natural he should be

glad to have escaped what the world

would call a mesalliance, notwithstand-

ing your grace and beauty. Before he

loved you so entirely so unthinkingly, that had you married him then, neither

he nor you might have had reason to re

weigh the pros and cons, even-for he is

very proud-to congratulate himself that

he came back to Alipore, it was in the

confidence that to meet you was no longer

a danger-that he had, in fact, conquered

his unwise love. In these circumstances,

you would not care to draw him back to

you, as you so easily could, against his

She was very pale, but the pride which

"Do you think it could be a pleasure

a keener pang bereafter. I am a man of

was for your sake your sake only."

"Yet I wish you had not spoken."

were being forced from him-"I might

As they went toward the supper-room,

"I wonder where Jack Blount is; I

"I think he has left," faitered Jane,

"You are drawing your own conclu-

To you think that we are all blind?

mistake Graeme has lost his money;

better now than to suppose that you

would be tempted by the advantages of

"Did Mr. Graeme bet about me?" asked

"Well, yes; but I ought not to have

mentioned it. The fact is, that I have

been speaking so freely that I forgot

there must be a limit to my frankness. Besides, it has vexed you-I can see it

has, and he will never forgive me for my

that people say very much what they

like, regardless of any one's feelings; yet

always seemed to be my friend would have unde me the subject of a bet."

think. You must not take it so, or I shall

blame myself more than I already do for

my own thoughtlessness in having re-

I get you some supper. You are looking

Having accomplished what he desired

Major Larron reverted no more to dis-agreeable subjects; when he chose no

one could be more brilliant and enter

cessfully now that he won back the color

to Jane's pale face and a smile to her

lips. She was surprised to find the time

had passed so quickly when her father

came in search of her, to say that it was

and took the onus upon himself, when Mrs. Knox remonstrated with her daugh-

ter on her long absence from her side. Valentine Graeme had also gone to see

them off, but Jane was very stiff with

him, and pointedly turned to Barry Lar-

ron to wrap her shawls about her and

The adjutant looked decidedly crest-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Love—thirty; love—forty; game and set. It is most discouraging," declared Diana Knollys, giving a vicious hit at the

ball remaining in her hand, and sending

it high into the air.
"Miss Knox improves every time she

"Miss Knox improves every time she plays," said Barry Larron.

"And I grow worse. Jane, you are one of those provoking creatures that do everything better than any one else."

Jane smiled and shook her head.

"That is a misstatement which I shall not be vain enough to contradict; though I might ask, what about painting, drawing, musle—"

late and they were going home.

fallen as they drove sway.

taining and he exerted himself so su

should not have thought that he who

"He is young, and I dare say did no

"What would be the good? It seems

indiscretion if you resent it."

quite tired and faint,

gone because of me

wealth or position."

he had rightly surmised that she pos-

she suffered.

something occurred to part you. When

but now he has had reason to

CHAPTER XXVII.-(Continued.) They were not in the veranda when he thrown off. Don't be offended that I sent out, and he strolled further away to speak so. Consider the circumstances went out, and he strolled further away to where he knew some seats had been placed. Even then he did not see them; it was Jane's voice which betrayed their presence at the other side of a tent, near

which he was standing.
"How can you say such cruel things, and so untrue!" she was saying, in excited indignation.

"I fancy the cruelty lies in the truth of the accusation," answered Jack Blount, cuttingly; and the listener could no longer doubt that Diana Knollys had been correct in her estimate of the man and his power of being disagreeable. "They said you were a flirt. Only a few months ago you jilted Colonel Prinsepthe fellows told me that at mess to-night -and-now-

He stopped suddenly as Colonel Prinsep | better judgment. himself stood before them.

"Perhaps I am the best person to refute that calumny," he said, unletly, but with sessed prevented her from betraying what a repressed passion in his tones, that she suffered. Jane, knowing him so well, easily detected. "That Miss Knox gave me up to me to see you pained?" he continued, was my own fault; I have never had the "It is only that I wanted to spare you slightest reason to represent her."

"Of course if you say so," began Mr. the world, Miss Knox; but what is the Blount, ungraciously.

use of my worldly wisdom if I may only "I do say so, and must beg that here use it for my own good, and never for at least you will not refer again to the another's? I have overstepped the boundsubject on which you have received such any of conventionalism, I know; but it inaccurate information."

With a mulicious scowl darkening Blount's face he turned upon his heel and

The witchery of the time and place had | have told you of another love less calcucast its powerful spell over Stephen Prin- lating, perhaps because so utterly with-Gradually as she spoke he forgot out hope a love that only desired to see everything except that she had been his you happy. But I would not speak of The mosabeams fell upon her un- myself, all my thoughts are of you. Only covered head and upon her lovely up let me watch over you, shield you from turned face as she pleaded her extenua- the dangers you are too inexperienced to suspect, and I shall be content.

"Is it your fault you are so fair? Even "I am very glad of your friendship, that dolt could not be blind to your sweet very proud of it." she said, gently. "Is it your fault you are so fair? Even beauty?" he exclaimed, passionately, and "Then I am more than repaid," he anwould have said more only that she swered, gravely.

shrunk from him trembling. As she turned away, bushful, yet so they met several persons returning thence, glad, so rapturously glad to know he among them Diana Knollys, who was loved her still, she encountered the stony | leaning on Colonel Prinsep's arm. She gaze of Jacob Lynn. He was hidden be-smiled kindly at Jane, who returned the hind some trees close by and must have glance, carefully avoiding to look at the heard what they had said. A sadded same time into her companion's face. If fear assailed her lest, in his jealously, he scandal were so easily set affont, it was should come forward and do some dest scarcely sufficient to show indifference perate deed that would ruin him forever. only, she must prove to him that his Even if the Colonel knew of his presence | presence was positively distasteful to her. there it might be serious for him.

Colonel Prinsep then led her back to have not seen into for some time," said the built-room in grave silence, angry with Barry Larron, abruptly, as they passed himself that he had kept true to what on, with her had evidently been only an evanescent feeling, yet unnible to steel | trying to look unconscious, but failing behis heart against her.

Barry Larron sanniered up to them as | her. they stood together in the ball room.

They are waiting for you, Colonel, to

lead the way in to supper. Miss Knox, I have, yet not one worthy to be success think you promised to go with me." Startled at his voice Jane withdrew her

face from the grateful coolness of the flowers and wondered why, as she did so, he looked at her so strangely.

Colonel Prinsep bowed and left her.

Then Major Larron spoke his thoughts. You cannot think how it has pleased me that you have deigned to wear my His devotion was too apparent for any

"Your flowers! Was it you who sent

"Who else? I hope you did not choose them under a false impression."
"I-oh, no! I never thought---"

Disregarding her confusion, as he had disregarded the quick movement which Jane, angrily. she had made to cast the flowers from her when he claimed to be the sender. Barry Larron had remained silent. When he spoke again it was as though impelled feeling stronger than his judgment,

Miss Knox, I wish I were your brother. or some one that you could trust to ad-

"Do you think that I am in need of ad-"I do. Will you promise not to be of-

fended if I speak? "Yes, I will promise, though I cannot

guess what it can be that you are going The ball-room was described now, and

they stood alone in the center of it. Jane with her band lifted proudly, as though defying him to say anything that could affect her, and holding her bouquet as far away from her as possible. The flowers that had delighted her had become hateful in her eyes now that she knew the giver, and had actually caressed them in

Major Larron looked down at her sadiv. I wonder whether it is worth while to risk the loss of your friendship for the sake of the problematical good that I might do if I spoke; I wonder if it is even orth while to do a disinterested act of

Tell me, and let me decide." "I will, since you wish it. Do you know what has been the general talk since you entered the room? You do not -of course not. You are too young and inexperienced to believe in malice or idle tongues, and I dare say you fancy it is a profound secret only known to or heart that you love the Colonel and sh to win him back."

She turned deathly pale, and was too taken by surprise to attempt a contradic-tion. Looking up she saw his face avert-

and was touched by his delicacy, owing nothing of the swift glance by ich he had assured himself that his ift had gone home.

Do not be angry with me that I rett what every one else has said. I ught it right that you should know, it so he able to put an end to the good which is your purity of mind you did not forence. You are se proud, I be how it would gall you were it to be a that Colonel Princep married you make.

"Oh, those are mere matters of education?" replied Diana, carelessiy, She had meant no invidious compari-

son, but Jane, who was unduly sensitive, flushed crimson.

"Let us have another match," said Major Larron, gayly, to cover her em-barrassment. "Education and all the accomplishments which is you, Miss Knollys, and Grey-against skill and natural alent, which modesty forbids me to more than hint is represented by my partner and myself.

Laughing at his sally, Jane forgot that she had been hurt by Miss Knollys' thoughtless remark. It was now nearly a week since the -th Hussars' dance, and each day Major Larron had made himself more necessary to her, making good his claim to her friendship. Though very gentle with her, he never seemed consider her a subject for pity-which

"Quite a regimental game. I feel an outsider," Miss Knollys had observed. "You need not be so longer than you

sively.

"What I want is worth trying hard he returned, stolidly, missing a casual ball, which struck him smartly in the face.

They changed courts now, and began the third set. Jane was only a beginner at the game.

like all graceful women, looked well with wearied attitude. a tennis bat in her hand.

She was playing better than usual that raised to catch a ball that was thrown to her, she espied Colonel Prinsep on a and Miss Knollys scored an easy victory. professed herself tired and would play no the monks who were leaving.

Just as they stopped playing, Valentine Graeme drove up in his high cart and called out to Major Larron. The Major obeyed the summons, and Jane was left standing alone until Colonel Prinsep

'Won't you sit down?" he asked. "Thank you, I am not tired."

Sometimes Colonel Prinsep lost his temper, as was the case now, You mean that you will not admit to

me that you are tired. "I mean that I do not wish to sit down." "I might," he went on, as if the words she returned, composedly, ignoring his

Major Larron came back, looking rather "There's Graeme hurt his foot

Jane

"He wants to talk to you about those

She went at once, both gentlemen fol-"Does it hart you sery much?" she lence.

hund three weeks. What bothers me is our play. I did so want to act with you, and I can't possibly limp about the stage."

should only make you ridiculous and my It was just suited to Mr. Graeme, neath the keen gaze that was directed on "Ah, is that it?" was the softly spoken

"Child, how many lovers you hearsed it with Mrs. Dene last year, Col- a crown.

Or is it that I am too jealous for onel I wish you ou? At any rate I am glad that he has with the quartermaster's daughter. For sions," said Jane, hustily. "I never said a moment there was an awkward panse. anything to make you think that he has

onel said, maliciously;

hought you would accept him, and betted on it, though he should have known you

The Colonel's attempt at retaliation recoiled upon himself. Thinking she would certainly refuse him as a condiutor, he had proposed to help them out of their for the many annoyances she had heaped upon him. He was not prepared for her assent, and foreseeing the many awkwardnesses that might ensue, and the trial it would be to himself to play at making love to the woman who was to

## (To be continued.)

A Remarkable Will. The leading newspaper in Vienna books, but never a letter. prints the amazing last will and testament of a wealthy old eccentric who died lately at Hadersdorf-am-Kamp. "I bequeath the whole of my property, movable and immovable," says be, "to under the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonie, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton. The twelve are further required to give the Christian name Antonie or Anton to each first born child, according as It turns out to be a girl or boy. The marriage of each nephew and niece is also to be celebrated on one of the St. Anthony's days, either January 17. May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married before the end of July, 1806. Any nephew or niece remaining unmarried to an Antonie or to an Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property.

Fire Companies of Women. Wasso, Sweden, has a feminine fire department. Its duties consist of filling four great tubs which constitute the water supply in cases of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake, about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back. Whenever the fire alarm sounds they are obliged to come out, no matter what the weather may be, the daughter of the house as well as the serving maid, and often their skirts freese like bark from the water and the cold. If the men are away they not only carry the water, but bring out the hope and ladders and work the pumps.



## • • THEIR PUNISHMENT. • •

would have galled her more—but always however, were still bathed in the splen- held her in subjection so many years, when she needed help, however trivial, did rosy light with which the Alps are and that was now fading away. This she found him ready at her side.

They had played two sets. Jane and These brilliant peaks made the shad years, this hour longed for, prayed for Major Larron against Miss Knollys and ows, which crowded over the little town timidly hanging over the rocks. appear blacker and more silent.

The angelus bell rang from the tower like," answered Colonel Grey, impress of the old abbey. Within the slow chant of vespers rose from the choir benches "You are very persevering," smiled of blackened holm oak, over which the sanctuary lamp cast its flickering light.

Away down the broad nave, quite dark and deserted, a woman was praying. Was she praying, or was she merely lost in the intense melancholy of the hour and place? Kneeling on the stone, she had fallen, her arms lowerbut she picked it up very quickly, and ed, her hands crossed, in an inert and

The darkness of the place and the black vell that covered her head conafternoon, until turning, with hand up cealed the expression of her face. How ever, whether she was praying or seat behind her, watching the progress whether she was wrapped in reverie, of the game. After that she scarcely put one over the net, and when Colonel Grey perceive that the evening song was over, nor did she hear the soft steps of

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tinkling of a bunch of keys which echoed through the church, while a nat life, that you will never see this voice cried out:

"We close!"

Hearing this the lady rose hastily and withdrew, gathering about her waist as she went the long black cloak which covered her tall and slender figure. She left the church, and as she passed along the narrow streets of the village the few passers by turned to parted and her explation had begun. look at her with a certain curlosity, but yet without actual wonder.

Every day at the same hour for eigh teen years had that lady been seen pass- false name, hiding his secret from all. at ling by, wrapped in her black cloak, her ericket built hit his ankle. This will stop face covered by her thick, black vell, our theatricals, I am afraid."

Por eighteen years her mysterious pres-For eighteen years her mysterious pres-"Poor Mr. Graeme-I'm so sorry?" said ence in that far-off valley had furnished a subject to the imagination and gos. Her husband read her letters, would sip of the inhabitants. And yet, little same theatricals," went on Barry Larron by little, before that impenetrable mystery, imaginations had ceased to work and tongues were now reduced to si-

asked of Valentine Graeme, as he leaned | Accompanied by her husband, she down from the cart to hold the proffered had arrived one evening, as aiready ling to starve; but her inexorable judge Not much, only when I move it; but stated, about eighteen years previous had said to her: the doctor says I shall feel it for the next had come alone, without servants and ised to obey, therefore eat," with but little baggage. They had And she obeyed, because even in her can't possibly limp about the stage."

"Can you not get some one to take your for several months while the house amidst her thoughts of suicide, the idea part?" asked Larron. they had bought on the outskirts of the of failing in her promise had never "Why won't you?" said Jane, quickly, town was being repaired. It was a crossed her mind. That promise was, fearful lest another substitute should pretty cottage, surrounded by a full in a certain sense, the supreme inhergarden of roses.

From the day they had settled in that | bound her to the past. very modest abode they had led a quiet and to him only in the regiment, I should life. They were known as Signor and Signora Nicolini, but on their silver after he had noticed her sweetness, do-The Colonel was Al when he re- plate there was a monogram bearing cility and patience, would relent; and

What could be their motive for con-The Adjutant stopped short, remember-cealing their name? How had they ing the reason why his chief could scarce to that remote corner of the ly share the title role of "Sweethearts" come to that remote corner of the world? Why did they not wish to see anyone, either relatives or friends? shall be very happy to take the part. Why did they live alone, as if they If Miss Knox has no objection," the Col- had come from some other planet? They were, indeed, kind to all and 'It's a matter of perfect indifference to charitable to the poor. But their kindme with whom I act," replied Jane, ness kept people at a distance, and when they opened their purse it was apparently without feeling.

The husband, a tall, strong man, with an almost athletic physique, apdifficulty merely to annoy her in return peared, at the time of their arrival, to be about 50 years of age, his wife not more than 25.

They were never seen together. He went hunting, or took long walks, always alone. She wandered among the roses of her garden, and every day, morning and evening, she went to the abbey and came back, walking with the same slow and mechanical step. They received papers, magazines,

Both seemed sad, of a gloomy and desolate sort of sadness, which those who approached them felt themselves. Many a servant, indeed, had gone away unable to endure that ley atmosphere my six nephews and six neices, but It is certain that they neither wrangled nor spoke barshly; on the contrary, there was always between them a dead silence, interrupted only by those short phrases which daily contact made nec-

Reaching the garden gate, as if fight ing an inward repugnance, the lady stopped and passed by. Then she turned back and again passed the gate. At last she entered.

In the hall she found a servant, who on the mute question of her look an wered:

"Still in the same condition, signors."

She put her cloak and bonnet on a chair and went upstairs. There she stopped, hesitating again, before one of the doors on the first floor. Opening it rudely, she entered a large, dismal room. Here on an fron bed, a bed befitting a soldier, lay her husband.

Noiselessly she drew near, listened to the sick man's heavy and painful breathing, and, bending over him, she tried to see his face.

Little by little, her eyes growing ac customed to the darkness, she could perceive his convulsed and livid features, his cheeks furrowed with red veins. His heavy eyelids were half closed, his nose, drawn and emaciated, stood out above his blue, half-opened lips, from which came a short, whis-tling breath. He was dying!

IGHT was falling on the values as the signora had come in. And now peaks. The peaks. The mountain tops, man, gazing on that human face that in the silent revolt of her downtrodden heart, the hour of her liberty, had come at last.

The lady seated berself and let her mind turn once more to the past.

It was the old, old story. She met a young man. Their souls blended. At first it was innocent friendship; then the storm of passion. One day her husband, returning home, had found them together, their hands clasped!

Oh, the terrible recollection! The thought of it made the blood rush to her heart, and she again felt the same shame, the same terror, which had wholly overpowered her before her judge's revolver and stern face.

Everything had suddenly assumed a strange rapidity. She had faced her husband, crying: "Mercy! mercy! I promise to never see him again!"

Her husband had hesitated a moment; had looked at them, crushing them under the weight of his contempt; then, without lowering his revolver, had dictated these conditions:

"Promise on the gospel, on your etercreature again; that you will obey me in all; and that you will accept the punishment which I may please to inflict." In the anguish of her fear and love

she had promised, word for word, what he had insisted upon. On a sign of her husband the young man, humiliated and vilified, had de-

Her husband had resigned his command in the army and had gone to live on that mountain slope, assuming a Like two stones that fall to the bottom of the sea, they had disappeared from society without leaving any trace. Twice a year she wrote to her mother mail them himself in some far-off place Finally her mother had died, and from that day no letters were sent.

In that terrible isolation she had gone through all the stages of despair. For several days she declined to eat, wish-

"You are a Christian; you have prom-

ltance of her love, the painful tie that

As she had lived, hope alone remain ed. She had hoped that her husband, for many years she had observed his pensive forehead day by day, hoping to see on it a sign of forgiveness.

He never treated her rudely, he never allowed himself to be wanting in respect toward her, nor to speak to her harsh or slinep word. Only once, having found her sobbing in a fit of despair, he had said to her:

I have betrayed no one."

He had, in fact, sacrificed everything his ambition, career, family, pleasures-to bury himself with her, in the same atometrietit

She had hoped, but in vain. Days, weeks, years had gilded on in an inflexible monotony; self-control vanished, she became the sport of moods no cording to the time and humor-now weary of life, now tormented by remorse, now irritated and full of hatred. How many a time she had said to her-

"He is old and I am young; he will die and I shall be free! When shall I be free?

And now he was dying. At this thought she felt a strange spirit-like feeling, which startled her. At last she was about to be free, her own mistress, her actions free, her thoughts free, free to love and be loved!

Ah! the joy of escaping from her prison, of seeking other horizons, of grasping friendly hands!

She felt a kind of intoxication in her brain, and rose, feeling the need to walk or move; stillness was death, and she had enough of death, silence, coldness, sollinde.

And as the moon, which was high above the horizon, sent its pale rays through the window she went to lean against the mantelpiece, seized by a kind of uneasiness. She turned her face to the mirror, and stood there, looking at herself. She was still beautiful. Then her lips parted with a smile.

Those who had known her would know her still. But who would still remember her? And what had become of her friends, of her acquaintances?

And what had become of him? At this question she felt herself seized upon by fear; not that she would appear to him less handsome, or that she had been forgotten. She feared that she might find him unlike the image he had left in her heart; that she might find him changed physically and morally and not recognize him; that he would be a stranger to ber.

While she heaped such thoughts saw before herself in the mirror, feebly fluminated by the reflection of the A woman who had been watching at moon, two dilated eyes gasing on her the bedside had left the room as soon like coals. Being affrighted by that

gaze of the dying man, who seemed as if he wanted to follow her in her gulity reverle, she turned with an irresistible motion and went toward the bed, obeying, in spite of herself, a kind of im-

perious and magnetic catl. Then it seemed to her as if a deep. and desperate voice came from that

face, which was growing stone-like; "I have loved you, I have worshiped you all my life, and you have betrayed me. For years and years I have walted with a painful desire a word that would put baim on my bleeding wound, but you have let me suffer. I was innocent and shared your expiation, I took on me half of your punishment, hoping that at least repentance would would come to your heart, and lo! with a murdering wish you would like to hasten my death, and as you find it too slow your thoughts turn against your marriage vows. Foolish and faithless that you are! My death cannot free you! Did you not say 'Never?'

She understood all this as plainly as if he had really spoken, and suddenly she felt the horror of the evil she had done. Yes, he had loved her, he had adored her always, before and after her guilt, and she had placed the coldness of her passive obedience over against the man's passion.

Then, before the terrible impotence of that conscious agony, she felt that pity, together with remorse, was entreating her heart, and, being moved by an irresistible power, she bent over the dying man, stretched her arm to the cross that hung over his pillow, and with a low but distinct voice she repeated her promise:

"I promise that I will never see him

The contracted face of the dying man beamed with serenity, his eyelids lowered over his dim eyes, while the only two tears which she had ever seen flowing from these severe eyes came down his cheeks, already cold.

Those two tears were to her like baptism of pardon which washed her guilt away, and a great peace descended upon her beart.

She opened the window, saw the starry heavens along the snowy peaks, over which the moon shed its pale and serene smile; then, lowering her eyes to the deep valley, she saluted, as if she saw it for the first time, that prison where her life would be spent. She well knew that, to keep her promise, so that fate should not bring the lovers of former days together, it was necessary that she should remain exiled from all, unknown, forgotten, forever,

The tomb, which had opened for an instant, had closed forever, and closed in peace. Boston Transcript.

## Adelaide Neilson's Tears.

There never was an actress who ould command her lachrymal glands as Adeiaide Neilson could. Several of her leading men found out her peculiar faculty to their cost. One of them was "Jack" Barnes. At the time the English actor was young and slender, and rather funcied himself in such parts as Romeo, going to considerable expense in the matter of dressing. For Romeo he had some lovely costumes, all silk, satin and lace. A delicate pale blue jacket was his favorite in one of the scenes between Romeo and Juliet, but he was awfully sorry he had it before season was over. After a few performances Barnes noticed that the beautiful pale blue silk on the front of the jacket was stained in some way. There were long streaks in it, which he could not account for. That night Miss Neilson and he were in one of their pathetic love scenes. Her head rested on his breast. She looked up, turned her face to the audience a moment, which at once burst into most tumultuous applause. When she turned her face toward Barnes again he saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. He glanced "My life is no better than yours, yet at his costume, and saw the cause of the stains. There were several fresh wet streaks on the handsome pale blue silk made by Julier's tears. Barnes tried to hold her head away from him, but the costume had to be sacrificed to art, and when the season was over his costume was a striped instead of a plain blue slik ,the change having been caused by Juliet's too realistic weeps.-Ralph Edmunds, in Footlights,

## Children's Birthdays. A treat which has not yet become

general, but which is strongly recommended to parents as something new and surprising, is to let the hero or heroine of a birthday order his or her dinner. The result will, as a rule, be much less extravagant and less indigestible than might be supposed. One little girl always orders minee-yeal and plum-pudding; another's hobby is fowl and rice and apple fritters, and she was recently heard to declare that she would never, as long as she lived, invent anything nicer for her birthday, Perhaps with boys the experiment might be more dangerous. They are liable to overeat themselves, and then the glories of the birthday would turn to dust in their mouth. Still, as an additional morsel of enjoyment, as another proof of how entirely the birthday child is master of the situation on that one day, a trial should be made. Days of unalloyed pleasure are few indeed, and, as years roll on, they become fewer. So let the children have theirs, at least on their birthdays, as long as they can.

Standing Alone. Thank heaven, I can stand alone!

Can you? Are you yet at the end of your life journey? Have you yet stood over the dead body of wife or child, snatched from you when life was at the flood tide of happinem? Did you ever close your weary eyes to the bright dawn of a new day, and pray that you might never live to look at another? If a woman, did you ever face poverty where luxury had been, and vainly look hither and thither for the summer friends that you would never see again till larder and coffer were replenished?
Are you sure, when you boast that you can "stand alone," that you have learned also how to fall alone?