

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

The mollified officer produced a paper, over which Mr. Walker pored for about five minutes.

"I don't see anything about searching my house there," he remarked grimly, as he handed the document back to Mr. Brown. "Perhaps you'll put your finger on the place, and I'll give in."

"It's a warrant for the apprehension of Charles Branscombe, gentleman," said the officer pompously, "on a charge of—ahem—felony—a very serious charge."

"And what the dickens," cried the old gentleman, irritably, "have I got to do with Charles Branscombe or any other felon, I should like to know?"

"He was seen last close to this house," said Mr. Brown, "and—"

"And whilst you've been jabbering here he's had time to get far enough away from it, I should say," interrupted Mr. Walker, contemptuously, ignoring a sign from his wife, who threw open the door with a civil—"You're welcome to look upstairs and down, and wherever you like, sir."

As Mr. Brown descended to the garden, after an elaborate investigation of every room in the house, Mr. Widdrington came up the path from the peavines, and, catching sight of the officer, "went for" him on the spot.

Mr. Brown was a well-built fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, and the detective was a wiry little man, hardly reaching above his shoulder, yet the officer staggered under the grip of the slinky hand.

"You—you blind idiot!" gasped the excited Widdrington, as he shook his subordinate heavily to and fro. "You confounded dunderhead! Do you see what you have done? You have let the man slip through your fingers, just as we had run him to earth. Look there!"

"There," by the overturned basket filled with green pea-pods, lay a bundle composed of a blue cotton gown and a white muslin cap.

Mr. Brown's bewildered gaze traveled from the bundle to the garden alley.

solutions as Mrs. Walker's cup of tea. Mr. James Brown, looking terribly crestfallen, followed his superior along the field-path to the spot where Smith and Varley awaited them.

"The man's gone," said the detective, briefly. "Has anything passed this way?"

"Not a living thing," answered Smith, who was from Scotland Yard—"nothing but a hay wagon from the field yonder. I saw it loading all the time."

And Mr. Smith was seen also a tired laborer, lolling at full length on the top of the hay cart, half asleep, and with his battered felt hat slouched over his face to keep off the rays of the sun.

What he did not see was the laborer's alert descent from his billowy couch as soon as the cart turned the corner, nor the grin on the wagoner's face as a golden sovereign was passed from his "mate's" hand to his own; and what he did not hear was the laborer's song—sung in a musical voice, too—as he lurched across the quiet fields towards the distant coast. The refrain of that song was peculiar for a bucolic singer:

"They don't know everything down in Judee."

CHAPTER XVIII.

One week after our wedding day an epistle reached my wife, the audacity of which simply overwhelmed us. We read and reread it, and finally indulged in a hearty laugh over it. It was worded as follows:

"June 18th, 18—
"My Dear Cox—I'm open to a compromise; tell your lawyers so. I will make over Forest Lea to you—I don't care to live there—and you will pay me, say, half of the income. In the absence of the will which Fort asserts was made by our uncle, but which he has never produced, I can of course claim the whole. But we are cousins, and I don't wish to be hard on you. The old governor ought to have left you something, if he didn't."

"Messrs. Smithson and Wright, of Russell street, Russell square, have in-

structions from me to negotiate the matter with your solicitors—the Rowtons, I suppose—and the sooner it is settled the better. Your affectionate cousin,
Charles Branscombe.

"N. B.—I consider my proposal a very liberal one."

"What will you do?" I asked Nona presently.

"I should like him to have what he asks for," she replied, looking timidly at me. "Forest Lea will be safe then—that is what my uncle was anxious about—and poor Charlie will not be tempted to do wrong again."

"Perhaps not," I assented dryly.

"We are so rich—my wife's hand stole out to mine—and so—so happy!" she said, with that exquisite blush of hers; "we don't want all that money, do we?"

"I want nothing but you, darling," I answered. "You shall do as you like with the rest."

"Thank you," she returned fervently. "Then you will write, will you not, and tell Mr. Rowton to have it all settled with these people? I have been so unhappy about Charlie; it has been the one drawback to all my—my happiness, Sidney—the tears were in her eyes—"

"the thought of Charlie, outcast and disinherited and miserable. You know we were little children together; and poverty for Charlie would mean temptation. Now, with an income, he can marry and settle down, and—"

"And you are sure you did not regret that you—"

"Quite—quite sure. Oh, Sidney, how can you be so foolish?" murmured my wife, with her head on my shoulder.

"You don't know how jealous I have been of your cousin Charlie," I confessed. "I could not believe in my own happiness—it seemed too great; and you will admit that I had some ground for my doubts and suspicions."

"You were very foolish and very blind," repeated my wife. "Charlie and I were nothing more than brother and sister."

"Did he never ask you to be some-

thing more?" I inquired. "That day, when I met you together, for instance?"

"You have no right to ask me such questions," Nona replied with dignity; "and if you please, we will talk business."

"Yes, we will talk business," I assented. "Do you know, my dearest, that in the present phase of the affair, it is Mr. Branscombe who gives you the half of Forest Lea—not you who give it to him. Without the will, which clearly he does not intend to surrender, he is the possessor of the estate."

"Does it matter?" asked my wife.

"No," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "It is simply a detail."

"And there will be nothing to prevent the compromise?" asked this determined little woman, anxiously.

"Nothing excepting the restitution of the will. You could not, in that case, give away anything."

"Then I hope it will never be restored. In fact," said my wife with emphasis, "I would not receive it; I would destroy it."

"Then you must not take me into your confidence," I laughed. "I can't have anything to do with compounding a felony."

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Nona was never tempted to carry her threat into execution. Charlie Branscombe's troublesome career came to a sudden end by the bursting of an overcharged rifle on a hunting expedition; and amongst the papers handed over to us by a foreign banker was the missing will.

It was not without some natural tears to his memory that his faithful-hearted cousin accepted at last her inheritance; and, if she is now consoled by the fair bright face of a young Harold Branscombe Fort, who, as second son, is to be the heir—as he is the namesake—of the good old colonel, she still loves to trace in the frank, delicate features a likeness to the lost playmate of her youth.

And I am no longer jealous.
(The End.)

CURIOUS PETS FOR WOMEN.

Some minds are strikingly original, even in the choice of pets. Certainly this was the case with the wife of a gentleman farmer who made a pet of a pig. The animal lost its mother early, and the lady, taking pity on the little orphan, bore it off to the kitchen, where she succeeded by the aid of a feeding bottle, in rearing it.

The pig became a great pet, and used to follow its owner like a dog. It could hardly have been its outward attraction that won her heart; it must have been its qualities which endeared it to her.

Another very singular pet was that of a frog, which was tamed by a young girl in the country and would come out from under the leaves at her approach to be fed with a strawberry.

A lady who was confined to her room had a fowl which, before her illness, was a constant companion. It used to be regularly brought to her room every morning to see her and be fed by her own hands, and allowed to take a short walk about her room.

Another member of the feminine gender actually made a pet of a turkey, and declared it should "never be eaten, but die in its own good time," which it did of old age.

A much more extraordinary instance of a strange pet, for a woman, at any rate, was where an old lady so far overcame the natural repugnance of her sex as to tame a mouse which had been caught in her store cupboard. So successful was her treatment that at last the tiny animal would take crumbs from its mistress's fingers.—Woman's Life.

THE BEST OF IT.

And Still Lovely Woman Is Clamoring for Her Rights.

Every man has his day; but thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of her destiny. She has her finger in all sorts of pie, writes Jean Potage in the Boston Home Journal. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like the perfect lady she was not, the jury is pretty apt to acquit her, taking into consideration the naughtiness of the man. On the other hand if she treats a man nastily, and he does her quietus make with a large bodkin, twelve good men and true disbelieve his story and order him to the scaffold. If she sues her lover for breach of promise, she gets at least a part of what she sues for. If he sues her he gets the ha-ha from all the newspapers. In case of a quarrel in which she is to blame, she has a court of last resort which is closed to mankind—she can always shed tears when she finds things are not going her way. If she loses a part of woman's glory—her golden locks—she may piece out the remainder with some adroitly commingled curls, to the eternal deception of the public, and so never hear the remarks of derision turned toward her bald-headed husband. If she's an actress she can play Juliet and Hamlet both, while the male Thespian, though he may make a better Hamlet, is precluded by public prejudice and an insipid black beard from ever looking at the moonlight and asking Romeo wherefore he is Romeo. And still she asks for her "rights" and seeks for "power." The first person who asked for the earth, and then scolded because it was not tried on both sides and turned over, must have been of the sex that brought Adam to grief with an apple.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

A Garfield Anecdote—Corporal Edwards Not a Hero, He is Only an Ordinary Regular—Custer's Joke on Osborn Contrary to Regulations.

Memorial Day.
O'er the breadth of a great republic,
From ocean to ocean borne,
Whatever the stars of her banner,
Gleam out to the light of morn;
From the depth of her grain-sown valleys,
The slopes of her wooded hills,
In the song of her wind-swept prairies,
The rhyme of her peaceful rills,
Comes the noiseless tramp of an army,
Shadowy, silent and gray—
An army, though vanished its legions,
Yet lives in our hearts to-day.

To the men who from field and forum
Uprose at the country's cry,
Their lives, if their need, for the honor,
Their honor for her to die;
Who, seizing the gun for the plowshare,
And grasping the sword for the pen,
Went forth an army of patriots,
Of noble and free-born men;
'Tis to these a hand of a nation
Its tributes of love will pay,
Wherever the grave of a soldier
Shall hollow its soil to-day.

Not with branches of yew nor cypress,
But with roses and blossoms sweet;
With amaranth and laurel above them,
And heart's-ease fair at their feet,
While softer than the winds of the Summer
And sweeter than roses' bloom,
Are the memories and love which gather
And brighten each silent tomb;
And though Time in his march triumphant
Bends all to his final way,
Yet the touch of the Great Eternal
Is nearer than he to-day.

O'er these graves where all strife is ended,
Where the past and its memories lie,
Rise the grateful hearts of the people
In prayer to the Lord Most High
For the hope of a prosperous future,
The gracious gift of His hand;
For a great and united nation,
A free and a fruitful land;
For His angel of Peace, whose pinions
Stretch o'er that land to-day;
For the love that claspeth as brothers
The hands of the blue and gray,
—Heathen Harlow in the "Women's Home Companion."

Corporal Edwards Not a Hero.
The deluded followers of Aguinaldo are running up against a lot of marksmanship that would be the wonder of the world were it accomplished by any except American troops. Generally speaking, the entire civilized world knows how well the men who wear the United States uniform can shoot, but in the array of accurate fire there are exceptions, and an officer just returned from Manila tells of one of these. With American advance is an individual known as Edwards. He is a corporal in the Third United States artillery, now serving as infantry, and beyond the fact that he gave Kentucky as his home, nothing is known of him. Yet the blood of Daniel Boone, Morgan, Ballard, Dave Bowie and a host of others famous on the pages of frontier history must flow in his veins, or else there is something in the Blue Grass country that still makes marksmen. Edwards is a regular, not a hero, hence his little exploit with a covey of the dusky-skinned natives of Luzon has not been previously reported. He was sent on the advance to scout, and with three companions was carefully moving through a country all swamps and bamboo thickets, when he was fired on by a hidden foe. Divining that the shots came from a clump of bushes a hundred yards away, Edwards charged the clump. He was all alone in the charge, but he did not mind that. At his first rush four natives broke cover and made a dash to get away. They had a full 100 yards' start and had only 150 yards to go across open country before reaching a dense swamp. Right here Edwards showed how he could shoot. He carried the regular Krag service piece and had five shells in the magazine, with one in the barrel. He opened fire and five times the Krag spit flame and steel-jacketed bullets. Then all the natives were down. An examination of their bodies showed that the first was hit in the nape of the neck; his spine was splintered and he fell dead. The second was hit full between the shoulders, his spine cut in twain, and he was dead. The third was shot plumb through the small of the back, the spine being shattered to splinters. The fourth man alone escaped instant death, and at him Edwards fired twice. The first ball crashed through one of his hips and crushed the joint, and ere he could fall another tore through his jaw about on a line with his wisdom teeth, if he had any, and from the two wounds he died in ten minutes. Edwards still had a shell in his gun, but there were no more Filipinos in sight.—Philadelphia Press.

A Garfield Anecdote.
"Mr. W. E. Fagis was surrounded by a knot of horsemen, answering questions as to the record of this horse and that, until some one twitted on the excellence of his memory," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Well," he said, "my memory is pretty good, but I can tell you of a man who had a remarkable memory, and that was the late President James A. Garfield. When I was 16 years old I ran away from school and enlisted in Garfield's regiment, the Forty-second Ohio, Down in eastern Kentucky, Garfield, who, although only a colonel, was brigade commander, organized a raid on Pound Gap, a strong position, and personally selected a detachment from each company in the regiment to take part in the attack. I wasn't lucky enough to be selected for the work, but I was crazy to go, and when the cavalry started out I borrowed a mule from the quartermaster when he wasn't looking, and went with the mounted troops,

who hid me. In due season I found my regiment, tied my mule, and joined the ranks. Well, we took the place. Then I went back to my mule and made tracks for the camp. It was dark, and I lost my way, and remained missing for five days. After I returned I was marched up to Garfield, who examined me, listened to what I had to say, and then sent me to my tent under arrest, telling me I would be court-martialed. Five minutes later a boat came down the river, carrying Garfield's commission as a brigadier general, and ordering him to join Thomas with his command, and in the flurry my case was forgotten. Years after the war I attended a reunion of my regiment in Ashland, and the first thing Garfield said when he saw me was: 'Look here, Fagis, you never had that court-martial I promised you.'

Custer's Joke on Osborn.
Chicago Record: The late Charles Osborn, the New York broker, and General Custer were intimate friends, and Osborn annually visited the general at his camp on the plains. During one of the Indian campaigns he invited Osborn and a party of friends out to Kansas, and after giving them a buffalo hunt, arranged a novel experience in the way of an Indian scare. As Osborn was lying in his tent one night firing was heard at the outposts and the rapid riding of pickets. "Boots and saddles" was the order in the disturbed atmosphere of the night, and Custer appeared to Osborn loaded with rifle, two revolvers, a saber and a scalping knife. "Charley," he said, in his quick, nervous way, "you must defend yourself. Sitting Bull and Flea-in-Your-Boots, with Wiggle-Tail-Jim and Scalp-Lock Skowhegan, are on us in force. I didn't want to alarm you before, but the safety of my command is my first duty. Things look serious. If we don't meet again, God bless you. The broker fell on his knees. "My God, Custer," he cried, "only get me out of this! I'll carry 1,000,000 shares of Western Union for you into the firm to get me home. Only save me." But Custer was gone, and the camp by shrewd arrangement burst into a blaze, and shots, oaths and war-whoops were intermixed, until suddenly a painted object loomed on Osborn's sight, and something was flung into his face—a human scalp. He dropped to the ground, said the Lord's prayer, backward, forward and sideways, until the noise died away, and there was exposed a lighted supper table, with this explanation on a transparency: "Osborn's treat!"

How a Doll Averted War.
From the Philadelphia Times: A strange story is told of how a child's plaything once had a soothing influence upon a warlike Apache tribe, and was the means of avoiding a serious war. It happened when Mr. Bourke was in Arizona with General Crook. The general was trying to put a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not want to do. One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed just as any white child would have done. They tried in vain to comfort her, and then Mr. Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the young Apache was made to understand that it was hers to keep, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of ever getting back to her tribe had left her. Several days passed and as no overtures about the return of the papoose had been made by the tribe, they sent her, with the doll still in her possession, back to her people. Mr. Bourke had no idea of the effect his benevolent act would have upon the Indians. When the child reached them, with the pretty doll in its chubby hands, it made a great sensation among them, and later on its mother came back to the post with it. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was soon afterwards persuaded to move back to the reserve.

American Marksmanship.
It was said during the late war with Spain that America's success was due to the fact that her sailors could shoot straight. Skill of that kind is no new thing for Americans. As far back as 1775 it was found that the marksmen of this land could stand a test specially designed to throw out all but the most expert. Harper's Magazine reminds its readers of the June of that year, when congress passed a resolution creating a corps of sharpshooters. Couriers on relays of swift horses carried the news to the various county committees on the frontier. In less than sixty days from the date of the resolution, fourteen hundred and thirty, instead of the eight hundred and ten men required, had been raised, and had joined the army, marching from four to seven hundred miles over difficult roads, and all without costing the continental treasury a farthing. Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who would gladly have been spared the duty of discriminating. One of these officers, beset by many more applicants than his instructions permitted him to enroll, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackened board the figure of a man's nose, and placing this at such a distance that none but experts could hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only those who shot nearest to the mark. More than sixty men hit the nose. So much for American marksmanship in revolutionary times.

POINTERS ON MOSQUITOES.

Male is a Mastodon, but Female is Bloodthirsty.

When a man hears for the first time that it is the female mosquito that does all the biting it makes him feel right glad. Further comfort is afforded by the knowledge that the male mosquito has probably the keenest musical sensibilities of any of his class of insects. He has quite a brush of hairs on his antennae, and with them he hears. Mayer stuck one of his kind on a glass plate and sounded tuning forks about. When one tone was made certain hairs would vibrate, while all the others were still. Another tone would start another set to vibrating, and so on. Also, if the tuning fork were at one side of the mosquito, the hairs on that antennae trembled most violently, so that when the male hears—or, rather, feels—the voice of his beloved in one antennae, he wheels about so that vibration is equal in both and flies straight ahead to meet her. That is about all there is to the male mosquito, though, except that he cannot bite, for the sufficient reason that he has no apparatus with which to saw through the skin. So to speak, he has the pumps, but no drill. But the female is thoroughly equipped for getting through even a politician's hide. The only mystery is what possesses her to want to bite at all. How did she come by her hankering for blood? The scientists give it up. If she laid her eggs in the wound, like the carrion fly, it would be easy to answer the question, but she doesn't. If she stung to defend herself, like the wasp, it would be easy. It must be her brutal passion for blood that prompts her to attack helpless human beings. She cannot get this craving by inheritance, for the chances are that none of her ancestors as far back as William the Conqueror ever had a taste of human blood, and yet sit out on your front stoop of an evening, and a mosquito, not half an hour out of the water, will make as straight for you as if she had been born for that purpose. When one thinks of the great clouds of these torments that live and die in swamps where no warm-blooded animal ever comes, for fear of being mired, one can easily believe the estimate of entomologists that not one in a million ever samples red blood.—Ainslee's Magazine.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' HOME.

The House Which He Built and Lived in When an Officer.

At Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, one of Uncle Sam's deserted army posts, stands a two-story house, part frame and part log, that was for a time the most pretentious residence in the radius of 500 miles, but now stands deserted by all save bats and owls and now and then a stray hoot owl, whose dismal and lonesome cry only brings back long forgotten memories of what this house has been. The house was built in 1848 by Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, who at that time was an officer in the United States army. It was here that Davis was in the zenith of his glory as a defender of the United States flag. It was here that Davis, then a lieutenant, fell in love with, wooed and won his wife, the daughter of Gen. Taylor. The post was a wild and woolly spot in those days. It was the only trading point for miles around and was infested with gamblers, desperadoes, Indian traders, fugitives from justice in the States, with now and then a gang of cowboys, who would come in to the post to get "red eye" and incidentally shoot up the town and anybody who objected to them shooting up the town. Here in the shadow almost of the post have arisen and thrived such desperadoes as the James gang, the Daltons, the Starrs, Cherokee Bill, etc., who terrorized the country for so long until civilization and the farmers cleaned them out. This old house has seen many stirring times; it has sheltered many fair women and brave men, and if it had a tongue it could doubtless tell many state secrets as well as many interesting stories of the early days in the Indian Territory. The post was deserted in 1892 and now only a few buildings stand where there was once a thriving post of several thousand souls, and where the deer and turkey used to roam in the broad prairie, almost in pistol shot of this house, are neat and cosy farm houses, surrounded with peace and plenty. Such is the passing of the "wild and woolly" day in the Indian Territory.

Egg from a Great Auk Sold for \$1,500.

An egg of the great auk was sold at auction for 300 guineas, says the London Standard. J. C. Stevens, the auctioneer, said that in 1834 the Comte de Raoul de Berace bought the egg from the owner of a St. Malo fishing smack. The count's collection was purchased by Baron d'Hammonville. The egg to be sold was one of four great auk eggs belonging to the baron. There were seventy-one recorded eggs of the great auk, twenty-four of them being in museums and forty-two in private hands; fifty-two were in British collections. The first egg which the baron sent over fetched a record price, at the time, of 300 guineas. The egg now submitted, although not having the finest marks, was, perhaps, the largest ever offered for sale, being three and three-quarters inches in length.

A Difference.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.—Spare Moments.

Let death do what it will, there is just one thing it cannot destroy, and that is life.—George Macdonald.



WE READ AND REREAD IT.

It was empty. The innocent little maid had vanished—like Cinderella at the warning stroke—leaving her finery behind her. Another shake from his irate superior, and a glimmering of the truth dawned upon the stupefied senses of Mr. James Brown—Mr. Charlie had been one too many for him again.

"He's off," panted the detective; "and it'll be a long day before we get such a chance again! Hang your country thick-headedness!"

The little man literally foamed and stamped in his impotent fury. Mrs. Walker, standing at her cottage window, laughed softly to herself as she watched him.

"Yes, he's off," she repeated. "Trust Master Charlie for being one too many for such as they. He always was the cleverest little rascal—bless him! And they may say what they like, his old nurse ain't a-going to turn on him, let him be what he will. Ay, ye may rave and storm—to the detective from behind the safe shelter of the closed window—but you'll never catch him now. He'll be aboard the yacht and away before you've even guessed how he got there."

"What on earth made them fools think we was harboring their man?" asked Mr. Walker, who was strutting up and down the little parlor, swelling like an offended turkey-cock. "Did you know anything about this start, lame?"—with a sudden suspicion.

"Don't you ask no questions, and you won't have no lies told to you," rejoined his partner oracularly, as she brought out the tea caddy and trotted off to the kitchen to make the tea.

"Just you go and give my respects to the two gentlemen in the garden, Hannah," she said to the snub-nosed maid, "and ask them if they'll step in and take a cup of tea; and bring that basket of peas along as you come back; you may as well shell 'em when you're sitting down this evening."

But Mr. Widdrington and the constable were past all such puerile con-

structions from me to negotiate the matter with your solicitors—the Rowtons, I suppose—and the sooner it is settled the better. Your affectionate cousin,
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