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Wreck of Two Lives.

Among the residents of Montreal, in the spring of 1888, was an old Canadian family whom we will call Maisonneuve, who occupied one of Sherbrooke street mansions. The family were but few in number, consisting of Pierre Maisonneuve, a retired landowner, who, for the past few years, had been a widower, his daughter Emilie, a younger daughter of some 14 summers and a boy of 10. These, with the servants, lived a quiet, enjoyable and uneventful life in that pleasant section near the base of Mount Royal. To Miss Emilie, a beautiful and dignified young lady, life appeared all sweetness and in its most glorious and attractive colors, for she had a lover, a fine, frank manly youth, some two or three years her senior, and a scion of one of the old English-speaking colonists, who are represented as being the most proud and domineering class in the Dominion.

Archie Stevens has for some three years been a constant and welcome visitor at the Maisonneuve residence, but of late had become the accepted lover and betrothed of Emilie, and the full time of the two was at present occupied in making plans for the future and depicting a long and happy life in roseate colors. But man proposes, and fate disposes, is an old trite saying and became wretchedly true in this instance; for a few unguarded and jealous words were given utterance by Archie, when Emilie impetuous, and dignified as a queen, arose from her silken couch and in a few hasty words regretted that she had ever met him, then coldly informed him that all was over between them and that she desired the betrothal broken. Archie high strung, sensitive and smarting under the rebuke so justly administered, too proud to admit his error, passionate even as his intended bride, assisted in enacting a formal parting with seeming cheerfulness, and went to the city. The next morning's train conveyed him to the far west, from whence occasionally his friends heard of his exploits.

When Emilie found that her lover had departed, after the first flow of tears and sting of remorse, she put on an air of gaiety, and seemingly thought but little of the occurrence that severed two hearts, although in her heart she felt that a lifetime of misery was to be the future of each of them.

In order to make the world believe she was happy and still heart whole, she passed the scores of young men by, giving her hand to John Forster, an ossified old bachelor who had but one idea in his head—to make money. There was another thing he understood equally well, and that was, how to keep it. His manner was cold and precise, in character he was mean, groveling, contemptible and cunning. But he, with the aid of her proud spirit, obtained her, and when she stood in church arrayed in her bridal dress, she seemed to be the embodiment of beauty, grace and refinement.

"Well, the wedding was over, and after a short trip Emilie was duly installed as the mistress of Forster's fine house on Cote St. Antoine, and she reveled in fine dresses, fine furniture, a fine equipage and a stupid incumbrance in the shape of an antiquated old fogey of a husband.

But John Forster was seemingly very proud of his beautiful young bride, and the fact of ownership seemed to warm even his callous old heart, and for a while turned his thoughts in other channels than those of money grubbing, note-shaving and the Quebec system of banking and finance generally. Then, again she added to his importance, and he plumped himself not a little in bearing off so dainty a prize, and it gave him a malicious pleasure to meet her numerous old admirers in the park or at the resorts with the graceful Jones on his arm. His smile as he passed was cynical, for of course she preferred him to them all; for if she did not, then why did she marry him?

In her manner after their marriage she became very deferential and attentive to her old Adonis, and performed her duty to the letter, and so the old man really began to experience a feeling akin to that of satisfaction. He noticed that her girlish gaiety was all gone, and that she no longer wished for the round and pleasurable excitements of the ball room and opera, but the change he considered was a decided improvement, for she was now Mrs. Forster and intended to drop all her former acquaintances or keep them at a respectable distance; and he evidently liked the change, for he kept away from the club where he formerly called to associate with his cronies and brother financiers, and found his way homeward, and all through those long evenings Emilie sat and played games of chess or whist, or listened to his gains or losses in the way of business, or read political articles on the manner in which affairs were being conducted at Ottawa, of which the words conveyed no ideas to her absent mind.

But day by day silent and unexplainable sorrow seemed to grow upon her, and was continually gnawing at her heart. She walked through the busy streets of the city leaning on her husband's arm, but she "felt" an unseen form ever at her side, and at night, although she slept next his heart, she felt that hers was far, far away.

Then at times, when she was alone, with no human eye near to read her sad secret, she would her small hands be clasped in the agony that had required all her strength to conceal, her fair head bent to the very dust; whilst for hours afterwards her eyes would be swollen and red from bitter weeping.

The summer months were spent quietly at the resorts at St. Hilaire

and Mont Beloi, and autumn found them home again in Montreal. One evening in September one of those heavy snow, sleet and wind storms so frequent in the fall occurred, and Mr. Forster decided upon dining at the nearest club to the office rather than proceeding to the Cote in the face of that howling gale. He had just comfortably seated himself and was enjoying the refreshing glow of warmth instilled from quaffing an excellent glass of burgundy, and was giving his orders to the obsequious waiter, when his attention was attracted by the conversation of two gentlemen who occupied seats at the little table behind him, and who with all the delightful assurance of youth and good spirits imagined themselves unheeded.

"That looks like old Forster," remarked the elder. "But still it cannot be, for he has never been known to be away from home one evening since his marriage." "Oh, no, I do not think that is he," said the other. "But say, Harry, have you seen the beautiful Emilie since her marriage? Why, she used to be the life of the Hollands' parties."

"No, I feel too much put out about it; such a splendid woman to marry—such a money grubbing old idiot, and all on account of a foolish quarrel with hot-headed young Archie. Why, it has been the talk of the town ever since, and those who have had the news say that you never saw such a wreck as it has made of him. However, she is being well punished, for with all her pride and consummate tact, and the forced effort to keep up appearances, it is plain that she is the most miserable woman in existence, and if old Forster had not been the biggest fool in existence he would have perceived it long ago. The old adage that an old fool is the biggest fool is well exemplified there, you must be."

Those words were sufficient. Forster appetite seemed to fail him suddenly. The oysters and fish were untouched. The game lay there untaught and no order for removal was given to the waiter, who gazed from the other side of the room on the inactivity and sudden change that seemed to have overtaken the old man. Then Forster filled glass after glass of wine and rapidly quaffed it and called for a bottle of brandy, which he nearly emptied in a few draughts, when an inspiration seemed to seize him, and taking his hat hurriedly rushed into the open air. Making his way through the blinding storm to Cartier square, he drove out to the suburb of St. Saveur and there demanded to be set down. He paid the hackman and was left alone. For a time he walked as though reason had left him, and then an air of determination returned, and settling his hat down over his brow in a very prophetic manner, he turned his foot steps deliberately homeward, and after a long tramp through the blinding sleet and the biting blast, neath which seemed at all to concern him in the least, he arrived at the mansion, to all appearances calm and collected; but it was but the counterpart of the deceitful lull of the calm outside.

He found Emilie pale and self-posessed, as usual, and evidently waiting and wondering as to the cause of his belated return. He seemed to be quite as much at ease himself, even going so far as to indulge in a little gaiety, complimenting her on some coquettish additions that set off her splendid figure charmingly. Seating himself by her side and toyed with her silk sash, he remarked: "Is that what you say my pretty Emilie? My death was merely a rust to try your constancy. It is a pity to turn such a pretty comedy into a tragedy, but I happen to be manager here, young man," remarked Mr. Forster, for it was he who had returned in the flesh, and if you don't go out of this in 20 seconds I'll blow the whole top of your head off."

The revolution produced by the sudden reappearance of Forster was too startling for nerves that had borne so much already, and Emilie fainted, and was carried to her room. She survived the shock but a week, but in that short time since Archie's return they had opened up their source of grief only to regret that they did not bear and forbear while it was yet time, and by kindly concession endeavor to repair the breach that irritation had made, and that brief word timely put would have averted.

Archie wandered around the city, demented, for a few days, when hearing of the death of his beloved Emilie he was managed to obtain a stolen glimpse, which sight unsettled his reason forever, and he became hopelessly insane. Old Forster sold out and went away, but it is said that he is engaged in one of the western cities in his old business of shearing the lambs and is now more miserably than ever.—Detroit Echo.

Shortly a letter was received from him at Quebec and another from Montmorency. Then a long silence. She knew that for some time since her marriage had been the gossip at each party of the elite, and each day she was relishing of the part she took in causing the departure of her lover, of whom she had since heard nothing definite. He wrote a letter to her once from a distant point in California, which she received shortly after her marriage, but she mustered up pride and courage enough to return it unopened, and now that her husband had gone away she knew that gossip would be ever ready with its thousand tongues to malign her, so that the only course that she could pursue soon determined upon, and denied herself to all visitors and was strong in her purpose not to go abroad until her husband's return.

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The Prince and the Page.

About the Prince Tennyson's well-known horror of publicity it is told that once, when walking in his own grounds, he was informed that some enterprising tourist was looking down on him from a tree almost over his head. The enthusiast was soon brought down from his height over his head, and the prince, however, had already rendered, in her behalf. She was no hypocrite, and did not mourn deeply for him, save in the outward garb of woe.

Emile silently perused its contents, and then quietly forwarded instructions to the searchers to inter the body, if found, and inclosed a liberal reward for the services they had already rendered, in her behalf. She was no hypocrite, and did not mourn deeply for him, save in the outward garb of woe.

How the news of the occurrence got spread amongst the upper set, or who forwarded the information to the Pacific, is of course, a mystery; but for a while the disappearance of Forster, and the fact that he left a pretty widow, was the all-absorbing topic both at the clubs and the fashionable kettledrums. But the news got there all the same, and just as this youth had begun his duties it happened that the Prince of Wales walked over from Osborne to see Mr. Tennyson was in. Arriving at the post house at Freshwater, he asked the boy whether Mr. Tennyson was in. The boy, thinking he smelt a rat, said: "What's that to you if I'm?" "Tell him," said H. R. H., "that the Prince of Wales wishes to see him." The knowing youth thereupon, not to be caught, said: "You don't take me to be so simple as that." And to empathize his remarks he "placed