It was out-the truth-and she turned her face that she set payonaly about her boosehold duties. The midday

or a good conscience and the arm sufficiently these. For to whom Seek will help be more a constant. "The coast a Kemple."

is repeated the inspired words stowly and marry. Her voice, otherstow with the fullwe wi scale raich, fell like baim on the mart breaking great of nor husband. His the the dry, ending sels of a man; most stricks to hear-gradually subsided beneath be gentle force of her forgiving love.

They were both young, both gifted in is sidewood arts. His, Hamsile Howard, was a painter -- work already had received the emonitums of mas-To shoot suspense in one of the most famous schools of dicting in Paris. She, Margueritz Howard, was a stager, could be voted and face, but still more beautiful in with Rich was Withol the sheet wife for an artist such as her functional. Patient with his exprises, tender with his impositions temperament, adoring his genius, not everthe static monitor, heading his erratic fancy into the procesent path of application and work. Or this beneficent inthe till studio here amble evicence. Numerous morning typicle with studies and sketches assisted the score of the never empty cancl. Meanwhile she kept the put noting with the fire of her special ort through the ones that delighted the county beying habitude of the botte this." minute to which she gained introductions, the pupils whom do directed in the difficulties of phone playing, and her. nound a forms work at the opera-

Margarette was moved by the leving abnegation of a devoted wife to bury her own dreams of fame. She reseturnly innered the briffight promise of her own future when the mainfest the foodbacking sound artist, whose granulate men she made one monorable evening at the Art club, year the mountains remergarmone. It was a charming wedding that followed after three months of ideal courtthin, a wording that remod the combers of the club-tadegree of enthumber uncorposed for any previous exmeen in that extremely excitable and victors sorbity.

of parenters, posts, and neitheres. The whole of the attorness quarter was an face the torois Man marriage that the helpful per eye of hered webs. transformed introductors of flowers, would be tripperent. carse to the Bais de Bounger where surrounded by othe deats and compades. He happy counts coletarized the most stan in the bound promis souther of the believe of Paris. There was fraction and data in all fraces that histed far ascent night. It were a gay and move covalende brilliant or through the fine the post of the last darks as with the was brought to mind by the appearance of Frequent. WHE RESIDENCE ACCOUNT MALLONIA, THAT SHOULD BE DETURN HOPE. the colors of their energy and breaker. The spade was who came to claim his rent remained and the last february must divide repeated to the Mr. busband paid you. enythes of imprompts withing chorusco-

The wealch toxics were encountered; installed. The besimilar of their income was so doubt on too extravagant t space for a student artist. The vast ateller with its udbonding chambers represented a read of many hundreds of cames. The formulations, selected with much bying tasts or the bride, are deeply may the small fortune of Hamelin-Howard. On her side, Marguerite plunged reckledy into expenses over her trouscoss, simple enough in the first place, but too extravagant for the purse of a poor artist's. bests. Nathing was too good or too courty. Pretty confecpersonnent west, nother share and solven however, large and rabbaus-in a word, all the fine fort-lows that a young and prefty woman inturally desires, and never more so than-

when the is an adored and adoring bride. Marguette was French, well brought up, and induced with the provident incitnets of her charge nevertheless she permitted formelf to be carried away by her hashend's scherolity. She three produce to the winds thought red of the finite, we are in her bellef that forture would speedits smile on low gentles, they admiration and gratitude were untiounted for the gidlant young Englishman who had murried ber without a det and taken to the shelter of his love.

and manus as penultiess orphore girl. The first year aped by on rose colored utings. Hamelinworked fast and furiously. Althor numberless canvases with tours ylone statics and sketches. Now am'thoun a certable gem would arouse the unstituted admiration of the circleof students, who, one and all, sylneed a special interest in the litest marriage and happy home created in their midst. Then the baby arrived or little king who came into a kingfrom all his own, a fairs himedoon, wh roln every subject, from the humble concluse to the great master himself. of the famous école, greveled aderingly at his little pink anvas with delightful attaches of every pose of infantile

It was just two years to the day since the joyous bridal that was mortal of the little kins, who had so suddenly and to brighten its dinginess and warm its cold walls. Police, and remailin sympathizers to was pounless.

itts voice choked, and then with an effort he resumed: view of Paris. Hamelin forgot for the moment his troubles And what remained over in my account at the bank I in the artist's delight over the glorious vista of Paris, her.

had the end was so next-

or death without further examining the body.

care she might before long be well enough to occupy her

to anticipation of the undertaker's arrival Mr. Holden

between while the undertaker and his assistant performed

She is alive! Her epelid twitched just then."

However, so positive was the undertaker that life was

Presently the woman's eyes opened, and an arm shot

Mr. Holden statiod from his sont at hearing the un-

O. It cannot be true," be thought, " but I will go

sug called him by name, and then he knew that the

Broady was administered, and Mrs. Holden soon re-

Later in the day the doctor came in haste to stop the certificate. He had just heard low Mrs. Holden had been

attacked by positry thieves and received a blow on the

hand which would assume for certain strange symptoms

he had noticed. He wissed to make a further examination

of the holy before fermally cartifying death. This, of

not my extinct, that he began to rub the body in the region

Rushing to the top of the stairs the assistant shouted;

20222222222222222222222

old position in the family circle.

of his sudden beconvenient.

vectors from vectors

neits was indeed true.

overed complete coustlousness.

course, was now unagerssary.

exclamation from the undertaker.

had certified the woman to be dend.

of the heart, while his roun chafed the hands,

She is place! Being some brandy,"

She is alice! Bring some brandy,"

Lorns downstelps in the assistant's arms.

car and clusched the undertaker's sleave.

paid for our boy's passing and the bit of green earth where he sleeps till we come to keep bira company. O, my sont my little heaven on earth: Why has God been so morelless to us, my wife? Their Marguerite, what have we done that we should suffer like this? Our non-gone-vanished forever-forever!" His voice broke emapletely. He gazed distractedly, about the effent studio, fast filling with the shindows of evening.

From its place on the sased the even of their boy greeted. them in a smile, the ross mouth was parted. It seemed ready to coult the well remembered coo and chuckle of delight that never failed to welcome them. That mysterious buly language that ever trembled on the sweet lips, eager to burst into speech. It was a marvelous picture. With superh technique the artist imburd life into every line of the head and pose. Its simplicity of treatment expressed the charms of infancy, while the color scheme, delicate yet. bold, affected a masterly semblance of health and beauty. It was a masterpiece of the brush, created by the force of a father's adoration and manipulated to perfection by the magical genius of his art. Marguerite led him to the picture. For a long time they stood gazing upon it dumb with regret.

" We can never be alone," she whispered at last, " while we have this wonderful picture of our boy. It is a miracle God himself inspired. We can never he alone while we

She hoped to comfort him. But her words buil the contrary effect.

"Take it away! Take it away!" he should. like one bereft of reason. "Take it awar! Burn it! Bury it! O God! I shall never paint amon. That my son-no-where is he? That is not my boy-it is only a mayor and point. take it away. O. I cannot hear this agony-the sight of that datab drives me mad! Take it away!

He tore the picture from the easel and would have crushed it underfoot, but a fit seized him, and he fell to the floor writhing and forming at the mouth. The arreagus of Murauerite brought the lingering friends suitaide the door to her side. In the scene of confusion that followed the pleture was cast into a cuplinard in the corner of the studio, where it lay forgotten and regiected for many weeks, order a pile of curveses and painting material, while the unfortunate father bey ill with brain fever at the hospital, whence he had been conveyed the same day of his seigure.

Then epaned a dreary period, passed between alternate hope and despute by Marguerite. She watched and prayed on and naur. The sublime stalls for the recovery of her beloved husband, forgetting inher grief to suck some comfort from the parture antil one

"My husband paid you," protested the unhappy were Not be," cried Proquart, "Show me the macore if her soul the delicious you can," be jeered, "Out you go. I give you tweety-face spiritual living of hope in hours, when, if not ready to pay, I send the humaner? "Mercy, oher M. Proquart. I will give you all my loahand's pictures as security if you will but await his recovery. He will show you the receipt-surely there nend be, takely for she was not

Bah, Smered Fraguart. 2 What want I of this college: tion of daute-but, stay, there was one good pictor-the

head of a boy-let me see that." Marguerite sought the masterplece, and, after a long search, discovered it in the cupbeard. Then old Froquert. examined it keenly "Not bad. I might di poss of it 1'H. It moved the most stolld take it, and if I get more than what is don'to me I'll pay to compassion, you. I'm an nonest man-too house, or I would not set Hamellin my chances on this bit of painted canvas."

"No!" oried Margnerite "I counct permit you to take heighbors, never litching a our boy's pleture. Me foothand will pay you but, whatever helping hand to guide his happens, you enumer take that picture.

She caught it from the hand of Proquart and, wrapping If in her apren, stood in defining before him. Proguert the doors of the wine shops was furious. He round and argued, and brails pleaded, but were closed for the right all to no effect. Marguevite grew suspicious. There was semething under it all that she could not understand, but that made her more resolutely refuse to give up the pleture. Frequent finally departed, and speedily executed his There was always the frugal hot supper ready, the pipe, threat of seizing all the furniture and furnishings of the the repose, and absolute (readon from that nagging lengue,

his home discontact and chapts. Everything had been re-moved by Fragmini but a bidstead and healthm, since it is of the habitual drunkard. That was perhaps the most

tested. "Do you not remember, dear, I paid the money to the absorbing topic of the quartier. "Such devotion must feet. Harvein Howard forget forgive me, and I swear "It is," she answered, after a careful scruting to go to forget myself and strike you. The best blurred, oil stained paper. "How came it there? "My poor historial" our boy fied." our boy died."

king wanished. His work was done his riden over. He sible to convine Froquer. He demanded the receipt: king vasished. His work was done his riden over. He could not find it. I implored bits to await your return. I. O. don't doubt it?

That touching plea amounted the way in noise cases northing the arrows general with tours and the masterpiece on portrait. Strings to say, it was the only nighting he does than one for the masterpiece of portrait. manded. I would not give it."

in this world can part us and that door pleture! "

"Frequest removed everything the next day," contincavalends passed and of the surroy little Rue Varia on its med Margnerite. "He could not seize your work thank. Got that can save him?" short wedding trip is the Bois de Boulogne when another. Godt nor your painting materials. I have carried them orthog of flower had a carriages sharted from the same carefully to the attle that our good friend, Jean Jacquez, cited in an apposite direction on its way to the cometery. the sculptor, placed at my disposal. Come, now, dear huror Monaparations. Analy abgroup signifine flooded the bond, let us leave this big, empty, dreary room. We were appealed gue and flowers lent an noided perfume to the happy here, and then God, for his ewn wise remains, sont while sir. No elegal are amations greeted the second pro- us terrible sorrow, followed by this rain. He has restored attentia the group, of criceds and neighbors uncovering to me, weak and broken in health, it is true, but we red the load or reversity crossed themselves as they have each other, we are together again, and we shall begin watched in exampathetic surrow. Itinh up on the grim all over. Come to our little next under the caves, where funeral car who a throne of flowers embowered in huge the view of Paris is glorious, the air is sweet and pure, and paom, peerly wreaths. Where, he is come and cond casket, reposed all every ray of supplies finds its way into the this whether some object,

flowers to his son. It was his last extravorant set. When door softly on the scene of their sad little drams, and ashe returned and assisted an attricen wife to the big studio stated him up the many flights of stairs leading to their query, and closed his doors for the first time amount the clamorous. Stumble refuge at the top of the house. It was a small, lafty chamber, heretofore used as a limiter room for the sculp-"Margnerite," he said, when they were siene, " we are tor's casts and designs. It was as clean and frosh its soap spart our list quarter's rem the morning our boy died." a tiny balcony, which, as Marguerite said, offered a superb - answer met "

spires and domes her shiring river, and her distant hills and of the death of our toy tops, clearly seen through the sporkling armosphere. The possibilities of wenderful color studies and perspective might not see the effect of her words charged his drooping spirit. Here he would find food for "Our wedding day," he repeated danelly. "Our becaming poungs served. She went to her husbands side to the following the following for the following form the current of the cu Programs, and, placing him in its welcome depths, went. I have foun made to appear a thief-degree to rain by, working with deep absorption, quickly about preparing the simple usual. She fed blos old Proquart? Let us search Help me to find that re-the a child from the steaming howel of fragrent posses outpi end then brought him his one old but chertshod pipe, filling is herself and playfully setting it alight with for own sweet - no receipt - torget H all Dies. By sently friend after friend eligibed to the tiny monage, note comply of hand, all with modest affia to appose the cheer of the house warming. Meanwhile Ramolin salallent in his life chare specing with moint syes over Paris. uniterating the powers grossity of his visitors, hearing only this color of a haby's churchie and cooling, while he formed wagne drawns of the future and felt the first feelide pulse. She rawhed to him and sought to restrain his maintage by parents. He tore her

The fever support Hameller's assempth to such a degree that when the reaction set in after the first days of his return to his wire he was inexpable of any sustained thought. or physical effort. If he came werey week, the clumbing of those long flights of statecases to the abode under the galiles. He found it more agreeable to pass the due throne of the wine shops in the affect below, where in the com-

Gradually he agreement to the influence of an invalious come who came in the gains of a friend becausing forgot cursons and herms blue slowly and sugely on the storegulast noth, cultilizating in absolute rain of anything hosts. The confrores, in sorrow and disgree, finally lost all interest in him. The most worthless of his hoon companions avoidof his society. He became an abstitute drankerd, the most loutherome of all the disgusting forms of the demon of the black bottle. But one friend comained, and that was his faithful wife. She never lost hope. With the tender so in trade of a mother she watched and prayed for his reformation. Her prayers were made practical by the devoted carse of the wife. In her sore trial she turned for comola tion to religion. The little, worn copy of Thomas a Komple, the gift which her mother-

and bequeathed to her, beeams the solace of many faith of the saint conveyed In the beautiful though the posts resence of e Basis, tuvived her drovp ing courage instilled into God a mercy and reward. The day was hever too long, the night never too. done, that was will her. and though her he was with her poor, wielched leashand. Her patience and swermes were the wonder of the quartier.

Hamelin gradually grew to be the cure of his ascent to:librahole. When Marguerite's arms weisemed him, no matter how bestint his condition-

the weapon of many a good but autoraximz wife. Mar-When Hamelin was dismissed from the hospital is foliated absorber a courage even withstood his constant lapses from the ironical Fronce have that the landbord must spare the pitcons of all her trials. Meanwhile, she inhered arrives shone in her eyes. He raised her He glanced at it carolessly before casting it aside. One

will puse away—for will be bineed; again-

y his crown genined with tears and the masterpiece on pertrait. Strange to say it was the only picture he details one for Hamelin Haward's reformation. It forced you will give up drink. Will you promise me that?" headed sneered over the matter, but the more tender hearts spirits as long as I live, so help me God!" ed declared: "Verily, R is only a miracle from the good

Finally the miracle was consummated. It was on another successful the mute appeal in his eyes. gistious May morning, the sad anniversary of two memorable days-Marmorite's wedding day, the passing of her child-and some varue intuition of the accordance of the day invasied the clouded brain of her hudsand. He lingered long just the accustomed time of his departure for his he untu in the wine shop. She noted the fact in silence. Youring some fresh access of drinking should she speak to him of the day and its memories. He wandered about the but will God forgive-will God defend me from myself? room, peering into corners, and nimbersty searching for

" Do you want anything door?" Your pipe-yoursuthlessly abundance its faring its follow. Hancella How-dear hours, come?"

"No!" he interrupted her, roughly, "I am trying to and walked herehooded include their ground tribute of Thus, with hopeful words, she led him out, closed the remember-something I middled. What day is this?"

a violent accus. He never before had struck her. Now, in a 40 of delition, he thing for to the floor and rained cruel of we upon the prostrate body. Gradwell's the force of his dastancia act brough him to his senses. Suddenly he desisted and, springing to his feet, stared in dumb burror at the few drops of blood caging from a wound in Marguerity's temple. She 3 spills moth nices, the fell on his knees beride her. Tears of grief and remorse coursed dawn life wheeks: Margorite-my wite" he cried,

" Perget! But I tell you there is a re-

wipt." He trembled with a saiden access

of possion. " And I will put if I smach

everything in this miserable room?" He

wildly What have I done? O. Gest forgive me' Marguerite!" on not tare. The wound was not serious.

his mainess by caresses. He tore her Arms from around ble rock. Then ensued She moved and opened her eyes bemonth the shower of his tears and known She was only sluthery scunned. An ador

bed at least when he torms a deliminant tenant out. The bed and a pile of canvasces and encel was all left to him.

"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro
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"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro
"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro
"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be pro
"But I paid Frequent the last quarter's rent." be "Can you forgive? Say you do forgive me, and I swear

"My poor hashand," she would explain pathetically, of wives Marguerite, you will forgive met 

apportunity that God so strangely sent her. She caught aftached, and I painted over it. But whatever way it his hands in her own, and exclaimed, eagerly:

A forgive you. Thank God for your promise. I for-

manner that only a man can weep.

can palliate my crime of striking you. You may forgive, "Have a good conscience, and God will sufficiently defend thre; for he whom God will help, no man's malice

busished towards her and pillowed his head on her bosom, ages to the tune of many thousands of france. The case "What day?" she repeated, startled by his abrupt southing his wild sols as a mother quiets her child. When the purexysm of his great and subsided he bound up her. the sympathy of the ever generous though excitable and Yes, what day is it-or was it restorday that I lost wounded head, and together they sought the neglected ficide Parisian public. Hamelin Howard became celesomething no trifle-but something of much value. O, portrait of their child. She draw it from the hiding place brated. He could not paint in a year the orders for picby Jove! now I remember, it was that current receipt old where he had concealed it to guard him from brooding tures that came to him in one week. He is an old man heggsages soon we shall be beautiful, all the dragged forth the old easel and stood it up new, rich and famous. Marguerite is a heautiful, silver in the best light. Then he restored the masterpiece to its baired grandmether. She is to this day a devout believer "Theorest," also replied, with all the fortitude size could place on the easel. The curvas was dum with dust and in miracles, and above all in the miracle of her husband's mainly. "This is the unniversary of one wedding day going. He sought a cleansing preparation and set about masterplace.

the bride to be, meeting her one day on the street.

.46

you will never have it without."

(Ye), my dear; and let me tell you one thing, when you

.46

take bold of hands, my dear, keep your own on jop, so that

the minister shall place his hand upon yours only. You will

have the upper hand, you know, always, if you do that, and

Knows All Marriage Superstitions.

superstition, and there is no wedding superstition, lowever

trivial, that Mass Rittenhouse does not keep track of, and

no little, insignificant happenings to which she does not

attach importance. There is many a wedding party that

she hovers about as it enters the church, to do some little

service for the bride. "Let me just unbutton one of your

with pennies when he has forgotten to put something in

his new wedding suit, cut of deference to the superstition

that he who goes to the altar with any of his pockets empty.

more or amindan, upon each of which size bases prophecies.

which surprise her nearers. Which one will rule, which

will die first, whether the couple shall be separated.

whether they will disagree, all are predictions of which she

is firmly convinced, after she has observed the minutia of

upon which she places the greatest importance,

"Whatever you do, don't cough at the altar," she

sloves-it is better luck; you will not be bound so tight."

Of course such sentimentality could not live apart from

My poor husband, she faltered, be calm. There is With a palette knife he carefully removed the object.

remains the parties. While he worked over it Margarette

need was quickly pressured the table hid, and a bowl of



"I will forgive you, but you must first promise me that What luck! "

e you with all my leart." Then he broke down atterly-subbed in the terrible who, likewise, brought peace to stricken hearts.

It was the loss of our boy-our ruln-the malice of old

"It is," she answered, after a careful scrutiny of the "I know not," he cried. "I must have placed it on the happened here it is-old Frequert's receipt for 250 francs.

"It is not luck it is a miracle!" said Margoerite, revmided. I would not give it."

bis convicted expansion to restrain him, compelled them to

"You were right to refuse," said Hamein. "Nothing drink less when in his company. Those who were nard swear it, I shall never touch another drop of wine or for this happy miracle."

Together they knelt before the picture. Marguerite's There was a moment of deep silence. She essayed to voice rose in fervent prayer, while he howest his head speak, but joy held her dumb. When her voice returned in silent unison. The eyes of their child beamed down upon them from the restored canvas. Into the room stole the mellow chime of the Angelus bell, ringing in plous mem ory of the incarnation of another child, the divine child, The news of the recovery of the receipt of Froquart

spread guickly through the quartier. Some there were Frequery, that dreve me to drink. But not even all that who laid the reformation of Hamelin-Howard to that lucky chance. Others more discerning attributed it to the devotron of his wife, while the plous few regarded the matter In the light of a miracle brought about through the intervention of buly Thomas a Kempls.

The chagrin of old Fromart was profound. He was As she repeated the words of the saint, she drew her speedily brought to justice and made responsible for damevoked considerable comment from the press and roused.

BUT NOT HER OWN. Turtle Plays Cupid.

vited to the church.

but she had a full

ser of crested and

monogramed cards

to gladden her

U You will come.

won't you. MISS

Marrianne?" said

Beart

REDA OLMSTEAD was only 16, but even at that early age she was the belle of Little Falls, where she lived. A pretty girl always has plenty of suitors, and Freda was no exception to the rule. Of the many she favored two, Arthur

mericld and John Martin. Eventually she became betrotted to Martin, who was an engineer by the railway. As a betrothal gift Martin gave Freda a diamond ring. A few weeks after the engagement was catified Martin had to go away on a tour of imspection. leaving Freds almost heartbroken.

For a day or two she kept to herself, but, thinking it was no use making herself more muserable than she was already, she accepted an invitation from Arthur Burfield to go for a row on the river with him though she knew Marrin neight not like her to be seen with Burtletd.

The day deed for the outing was ideal, and in high spirits Freda started. In the rivet were a number of tarties. While they were gliding over the water in the host Freds stretched out her hand and cought a little The creature was small, and playfully Freds took off her engagement ring and slipped it over the turtle's meds. The turtle resented this liberty and bit her flager, causing her to let it fall overboard into the water. With it

went the ring. Freds was in a terrible state about her loss. She knew Martin would not believe the turtle story when she had to explain why she was not trearing his ring. But what could she do? The ring was gone beyond recovery. When warns many a groom. Many another she has provided Marsin returned he paid Freda an early visit. She met him tearfully, and began to explain the absence of his betrothal gift. As she fully expected, the turtle story was not believed, and, accusing Freda of being unfaithful, will never be any wealthier. She also notices every little. Martin broke the engagement with father words, and returned to Germany, his rative hand.

Freda was heartbroken, and though, during the years: that followed, she had many offers of marriage, refused them all. In spite of Martin's unjust accusations, she was true to him, and would always remain so.

Fifteen years proved, then one day the news reached She is not only considered something of a mascut, but Preds Olimstead that, while fathing, some boys had caught Heavy a Philadelphia bride has accured in advance the rules a turtle with a dismont rius yound its neck.

Thinking it must so her long lost betrothal ring. Freds. set off in but have to the finders. She recognized her

She could but try to find out. So a letter was disbreaks either of the other rules will die first. When the patched by the first could to Germany, and after a long

Finally there was nothing left but a competence and her a card. Not long ago one of the seasons give brides, bride looks said while she is standing as the altar she has. Produced was scaling to welcome him, and an affectan aristogratic name, which may be called Rittenhouse, good as size was fair, determined that like Marchane in the form, and the market name, although it is not that, it is equally good in Philas should be one of her humanal."



n a little rottage at Hapton, England, for a charter. Mrs. Holden, and just passed away.

The mashand was distracted with grief, its wife had been ill only a few days, and though the doctor had given him warning.

HOUGH the frivolenation of the passed away.

HOUGH the frivolenation of the passed away. mough the doctor had given him warning tant sine was much worse he did not realize thing possible had been done for the invalid. The doctor was satisfied that size was in good hands, and that with

ment, has the reputation of earrying the unsolletted attendance at Mr. Holden was only it small wage earner, but every- church weddings to a point where it has become a Baltimore fashion, it remained for Philadelphia to produce a woman who is a monomaniae on the subject

tint, now, she was no more! The vacant chair would Just as surely as the redheaded girl appears before ervo as a reminder of what had been. Knowing how ill the white horse, this little, light halved, failed looking Are. Hobben had been the doctor made out the certificate woman, with delicately pretty features and a slightly restive touch to ber dress, appears in the vicinity of Philadelphia charches before the arrival of the wedding party. onyoyed his wife's remains to a spare toom. With bowed She finds her way to it, so that the sight of her in a loand the sorrow atricken husband sat downstairs in the callty incomes a sharp tookout on the part of those living in the neighborhood. helr duties. Ite was completely everyome by the shock She is most often seen in fashionable bendities, though

she is a common visitor at Roman Catholic weddings, Contains to the chamber of death the sad work was where she slips quietly in before the service. She is also processing in allence, which was suddenly broken by an well known down in the slums of the Italian quarter, through which many of the fashionable wend their way to the ritualistic church of the Evangelists, there to be The assistant said it was impossible, for the doctor married by a priest of gorgeous cope-.56 .56

Attends 24,000 Weddings in Twenty Years.

It is within the memory of the oldest sexton of Phila delphia that she has been attending every wedding which she could hear of in this way for twenty years. Those who know her best say that she makes a systematic list of every one as fast as its date is animalized and that she not only goes regularly but that she averages about four a day for every week day in the year. At the lowest culculation she has already been to something over 24,000.

As might be expected, this little woman has a lintery. When he came out of the kitchen he saw his wife being. It was a romance of an early day, and of a lover who went to the Elost Indies, and of a beautiful wedding which the prospective bride had planned in all its details, which was to take place when the lover came back. These plans and it was bridemaid them, and still the lover did not come. After awhite there were no more letters, and then there were years of waiting, during which weddings and riches dwindled for the bride.

delphia annals. Her prettily sentimental first name of Marrianne-pronounced with all its syllables-places her to a nicety in her niche of a day gone by and an impovvisited gentility equally out of date. There are certain little ways which clims to her in spite of an odd, old fashleared look, one, for instance, that one wears to her weddings, whenever weather permits, a small, white lace toque with bunches of violets.

At the fushionable chairs to waich her sent delights to distinguishment of carries a fun of increase becats. were changed and made all over again each time she was which is also an herricon. Many an usher the response speak in an pressure, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtain-

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Never Is Barred from Weddings.

"Whatever you do," she says, "stand close together called upon to be bridemaid (that was thirty years ago, one to her sentle attractiveness offering her time with sequelly low voice and both rise from your known together. Ing passenden of it. special politeness as the has whispered the name of Ritten-iouse to his polite: "Which name?"

If you stand apart you will quarred and the one who breaks either of the other rules will die first. When the To few enough of for Philadelphia weddings is she now groom recognizes some one class on the way to the after onclay it reached Martin.

An invited guest allocath occasionally sometical sends for will soon be looking for another wife, and when the