

THE MASTERPIECE

By Anna Comtesse de Bremond

Have a good conscience and do not unduly regret that you have read this story in a man's magazine. — Thomas's Key.

She deposited the inspired words slowly and clearly. The voice, vibrating with the faintness of a faint light, fell like rain on the heart of the artist. His wife, who had been sitting at the desk, looking at the clock, and who had been waiting for her husband, rose and came to him. She was pale, and her eyes were full of tears. She had been waiting for him for a long time, and she had been thinking of him very much. She had been thinking of him very much.

They were both young, both gifted in their own way. He, Hamelin Howard, was a painter of the most famous schools of the day. She, Marguerite Howard, was a singer, a pianist, a composer, and a poet. They were both young, both gifted in their own way. He, Hamelin Howard, was a painter of the most famous schools of the day. She, Marguerite Howard, was a singer, a pianist, a composer, and a poet.

The wedding took place in the most beautiful of settings. The bride and groom were surrounded by a large number of guests. The ceremony was performed by a priest, and the couple were pronounced man and wife. The wedding took place in the most beautiful of settings. The bride and groom were surrounded by a large number of guests. The ceremony was performed by a priest, and the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Hamelin Howard was a man of great talent and great ambition. He had a vision of himself as a great artist, and he was determined to achieve it. He had a vision of himself as a great artist, and he was determined to achieve it. He had a vision of himself as a great artist, and he was determined to achieve it.

It was just two years to the day since the young bride had passed on in the arms of her husband. She had passed on in the arms of her husband. She had passed on in the arms of her husband. She had passed on in the arms of her husband.

paid for our boy's passing and the bit of green earth where he sleeps till he comes to lead his company. O, my son! my little heaven on earth! Why has God been so merciful to us? My wife! Dear Marguerite, what have we done that we should suffer like this? One son—gone—vanishes forever—forever! His voice broke completely. He gazed disconsolately at the silent studio, still filling with the shadows of evening.

From his place on the easel the eyes of the boy gazed at them in a smile, the rose mouth was parted. It seemed ready to smile the well remembered one and chuckle of old light that never failed to welcome them. That mysterious baby language that ever trembled on the sweet lips, eager to burst into speech. It was a miracle of the artist's superb technique. The artist inhaled 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 mastery of sensibilities of health and beauty.

It was a masterpiece of the brush, created by the force of a father's passion and manipulated to perfection by the magical genius of his art. Marguerite led him to the picture with regret.

"We can never be alone," she whispered at last. "It is a miracle God himself inspired. We can never be alone while we have this."

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

"Take it away! Take it away!" he shouted, like one bereft of reason. "Take it away! Burn it! Burn it! O God! I shall never paint again. That my son—no—where he is! That is not my son—it is only a canvas and paint—take it away. O, I cannot bear this—take it away—the sight of that dear child 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, his head resting on the floor. The screams of Marguerite brought the neighbors outside the door to her side. In the confusion that followed the picture was torn into a tangle of canvas and paint, and the unfortunate father lay in a faint on the floor.

Then Marguerite turned to the picture and wept. She wept for the recovery of her beloved husband, for the fact that she had been so long without him, for the fact that she had been so long without him.

"My husband's soul," she protested the unhappy wife. "Not he," cried Proquart. "Show me the picture, if you can," he cried. "O, you see, I give you twenty-four hours, when, if not ready to pay, I send the picture."

"More, dear M. Proquart, I will give you all my husband's pictures as security if you will wait his recovery. He will show you the receipt—surely there must be some mistake."

"Bah," sneered Proquart. "What would I do with this collection of duds—no, stay, there was one good picture—the head of a boy—let me see that."

Marguerite sought the masterpiece, and, after a long search, discovered it in the cupboard. Then old Proquart examined it keenly. "Not bad, I might as well as buy it. I'll take it, and if I get more than what is due to me I'll pay you. I'm an honest man—no humbug, or I would not set my eyes on this bit of painted canvas."

"No!" cried Marguerite. "I cannot permit you to take my husband's picture. My husband will pay you, but whatever happens, you cannot take that picture."

She caught it from the hand of Proquart and, wrapping it in her apron, stood in defiance before him. Proquart was furious. He roared and threatened, and finally, but all to no effect, Marguerite grew suspicious. There was something under it all that she could not understand, but that made her more resolutely refuse to give up the picture. Proquart finally departed, and speedily executed his threat of seizing all the furniture and furnishings of the studio.

When Hamelin was dismissed from the hospital, he found his home dismantled and empty. Everything had been removed by Proquart but a bedstead and bed, and a chair. The bedstead Proquart had taken the bedstead and bed, and a chair. The bedstead Proquart had taken the bedstead and bed, and a chair.

"But I paid Proquart the last quarter's rent," he protested. "Do you not remember, dear, I paid the money to Proquart, and he gave me a receipt. It was the morning our boy died."

"I remember," replied Marguerite. "But it was impossible to convince Proquart. He demanded the receipt. I could not find it. I implored him to await your return. I offered all your paintings in security but our son's portrait. Strange to say, it was this one picture he demanded. I would not give it up."

"You were right to refuse," said Hamelin. "Nothing in this world can part us and that dear picture!"

"Proquart removed everything the next day," continued Marguerite. "He could not seize your work, thank God; nor your painting materials. I have carried them secretly to the attic that our good friend, Jean Javoy, the sculptor, placed at my disposal. Come now, dear husband, let us leave this hideous, dreary room. We were happy here, and then God, for his own wise reason, sent us terrible sorrow, followed by this ruin. He has restored you to me, weak and broken in health. It is true, but we have each other, we are together again, and we shall begin to think of the future. Let us go to our dear home, where the view of Paris is glorious, the air is sweet and pure, and every ray of sunshine finds its way into the tiny oratory to brighten its dimness and warm its cold walls. Come, dear husband, come!"

"This, with hopeful words, she led him out, closed the door softly on the scene of their sad fate, and ascended the stairs to the attic, where she found the picture hidden in a box. It was a small, lovely thing, a portrait of a young boy, and it was a masterpiece of the brush. It was a masterpiece of the brush. It was a masterpiece of the brush.

She is most often seen in fashionable societies, though she is a common visitor at Roman Catholic weddings, where she slips quietly in before the service. She is also well known down in the slums of the Italian quarter, through which many of the fashionable world their way to the cathedral church of the Evangelists, there to be married by a priest of gorgeous cope.

It is within the memory of the oldest sexton of Philadelphia 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 announced, 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 calculation she has already been to something over 24,000.

As might be expected, this little woman has a history. It was a romance of an early day, and of a love that went to the heart of the artist, 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 were changed and made all over again each time she was called upon to be bridesmaid (that was thirty years ago, and it was bridesmaid then, and still the lover did not come. After awhile there were no more letters, and then there were years of waiting, during which weddings and riches dwindled for the bride.

Finally there was nothing left but a competence and an aristocratic name, which may be called Rippenhouse because, although it is not that, it is equally good in Philadelphia.

girls and dimes, but shining river, and her distant hills, clouds seen through the sparkling atmosphere. The possibilities of wonderful color studies and perspective checked her drooping spirit. Here he would find food for renewed interest in his work. Marguerite drew forth a long vase filled with flowers, and placed it on the easel. Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes. Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

Proquart, who had been sitting in the doorway, went quickly about preparing the simple meal. She led him like a child from the steaming bowl of fragrant porridge and then brought him his one old but cherished pipe, filling it herself and playfully setting it alight with her own eyes.

and of the death of our boy." "It was only the truth—and she turned her face that she might not see the effect of her words."

"Our wedding day," he repeated, dazedly. "Our child's death—but the receipt—where is it, Marguerite? Where is that receipt? Don't you know that I have been made to appear a thief—dogged to ruin by old Proquart? Let us search. Help me to find that receipt."

"My poor husband!" she faltered. "Be calm. There is no receipt—forget it all."

"Forget! But I tell you there is a receipt!" He trembled with a sudden access of passion. "And I will find it if I smash everything in this miserable room!" He seized a chair and dashed at the door. She rushed to him and sought to restrain his mad passion. He tore her arm from around his neck. Then ensued a violent scene. He never before had struck her. Now, in a fit of passion, he flung her by the hair and raised a cruel blow upon the quivering body. Struck with the force of his dastardly act, she fell to the floor, and, springing to his feet, stared in dumb horror at the few drops of blood coming from a wound in Marguerite's temple. She lay quite motionless, a groan on her lips, and her hands were clasped in prayer. Tears of grief and remorse coursed down her cheeks.

"Marguerite—my wife!" he cried, wildly. "What have I done? O, God forgive me! Marguerite!"

She moved and opened her eyes beneath the shower of his tears and kisses on her face. The wound was not serious. She was only slightly stunned. An odor

able smile of forgiveness shone in her eyes. He raised her in his arms and carried her to the bed. In frantic haste he brought water and bathed the wound, forcing her to swallow some wine until she was revived.

"Can you forgive? Say you do forgive me, and I swear never again to forget myself and strike you. The best of wives—Marguerite, you will forgive me?"

She forgot the shock of his cruelty in her joy over the opportunity that God so strangely sent her. She caught his hands in her own, and exclaimed, eagerly: "I will forgive you, but you must first promise me that you will give up drink. Will you promise me that?"

"I promise you," he answered, solemnly. "I swear it. I shall never touch another drop of wine or spirits as long as I live, so help me God!"

There was a moment of deep silence. She essayed to speak, but he held her dumb. When her voice returned she answered the mute appeal in his eyes.

"I forgive you. Thank God for your promise. I forgive you with all my heart."

Then he broke down utterly—sobbed in the terrible manner that only a man can weep.

It was the loss of our boy—our ruin—the malice of old Proquart, that drove me to drink. But not even all that can expiate my crime of striking you. You may forgive, but will God forgive—all God defend me from myself!"

"Have a good conscience, and God will sufficiently defend thee; for he whom God will help, no man's malice can hurt!"

As she repeated the words of the saint, she drew her husband towards her and allowed his head on her bosom, resting his wild head on a mother's quiet breast. When the proximity of his arm and his hand touched her forehead, she forgot the shock of his cruelty in her joy over the opportunity that God so strangely sent her. She caught his hands in her own, and exclaimed, eagerly: "I will forgive you, but you must first promise me that you will give up drink. Will you promise me that?"

"I promise you," he answered, solemnly. "I swear it. I shall never touch another drop of wine or spirits as long as I live, so help me God!"

There was a moment of deep silence. She essayed to speak, but he held her dumb. When her voice returned she answered the mute appeal in his eyes.

"I forgive you. Thank God for your promise. I forgive you with all my heart."

Then he broke down utterly—sobbed in the terrible manner that only a man can weep.

It was the loss of our boy—our ruin—the malice of old Proquart, that drove me to drink. But not even all that can expiate my crime of striking you. You may forgive, but will God forgive—all God defend me from myself!"

"Have a good conscience, and God will sufficiently defend thee; for he whom God will help, no man's malice can hurt!"

As she repeated the words of the saint, she drew her husband towards her and allowed his head on her bosom, resting his wild head on a mother's quiet breast. When the proximity of his arm and his hand touched her forehead, she forgot the shock of his cruelty in her joy over the opportunity that God so strangely sent her. She caught his hands in her own, and exclaimed, eagerly: "I will forgive you, but you must first promise me that you will give up drink. Will you promise me that?"

"I promise you," he answered, solemnly. "I swear it. I shall never touch another drop of wine or spirits as long as I live, so help me God!"

There was a moment of deep silence. She essayed to speak, but he held her dumb. When her voice returned she answered the mute appeal in his eyes.

"I forgive you. Thank God for your promise. I forgive you with all my heart."

Then he broke down utterly—sobbed in the terrible manner that only a man can weep.

It was the loss of our boy—our ruin—the malice of old Proquart, that drove me to drink. But not even all that can expiate my crime of striking you. You may forgive, but will God forgive—all God defend me from myself!"

"Have a good conscience, and God will sufficiently defend thee; for he whom God will help, no man's malice can hurt!"

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

"There is a foreign substance here," he said. "I must remove it before I finish."

With a palette knife he carefully removed the object

restored the picture. While he worked over it Marguerite sat quietly by the bedside, and a bowl of steaming porridge steamed. She went to her husband's side and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at the picture, now gloriously restored, save one corner over which he was working with deep absorption.

Back from the Dead.

There was great sorrow a month or two ago in a little cottage at Hapton, England, for a mother, Mrs. Holden, had just passed away. The husband was distracted with grief. His wife had been ill only a few days, and though the doctor had given her a chance, she was much weaker than he realized that the end was so near.

Mr. Holden was only a small wage earner, but everything possible had been done for the invalid. The doctor was satisfied that she was in good hands, and that with care she might before long be well enough to occupy her old position in the family circle.

But she was no more! The vacant chair would serve as a reminder of what had been. Knowing how ill Mrs. Holden had been the doctor made out the certificate of death without further examining the body.

In anticipation of the undertaker's arrival Mr. Holden conveyed his wife's remains to a spare room. With bowed head the sorrow-stricken husband sat downstairs in the kitchen while the undertaker and his assistant performed their duties. He was completely overcome by the shock of his sudden bereavement.

Upstairs in the chamber of death the sad work was proceeding in silence, which was suddenly broken by an exclamation from the undertaker.

"She is alive! Her eyelids twitched just then!"

The assistant said it was impossible, for the doctor had certified the woman to be dead.

However, so positive was the undertaker that life was not yet extinct, that he began to rub the lady in the region of the heart, while his fingers touched the lady's hand.

Presently the woman's eyes opened, and an arm shot out and clutched the undertaker's sleeve.

Knocking to the top of the stairs the assistant shouted: "She is alive! Being some brandy!"

Mr. Holden started from his seat at hearing the unexpected news.

"She is alive! Bring some brandy!"

"It cannot be true," he thought. "But I will go and see."

When he came out of the kitchen he saw his wife being borne downstairs in the assistant's arms.

She called him by name, and then he knew that the news was indeed true.

Brandy was administered, and Mrs. Holden soon recovered complete consciousness.

Later in the day the doctor came in haste to stop the certificate. He had just heard how Mrs. Holden had been nursed by poultry slaves and received a blow on the head which would account for certain strange symptoms of the body before formally certifying death. This, of course, was now unnecessary.

ATTENDS 24,000 WEDDINGS

ALTHOUGH the frivolous Baltimore belle, in her quest for amusement, has the reputation of carrying the unsolicited attendance at church weddings to a point where it has become a Baltimore fashion, it is introduced for Philadelphia to produce a woman who is a nonpareil on the subject.

She is most often seen in fashionable societies, though she is a common visitor at Roman Catholic weddings, where she slips quietly in before the service. She is also well known down in the slums of the Italian quarter, through which many of the fashionable world their way to the cathedral church of the Evangelists, there to be married by a priest of gorgeous cope.

It is within the memory of the oldest sexton of Philadelphia 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 announced, 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 calculation she has already been to something over 24,000.

As might be expected, this little woman has a history. It was a romance of an early day, and of a love that went to the heart of the artist, 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 were changed and made all over again each time she was called upon to be bridesmaid (that was thirty years ago, and it was bridesmaid then, and still the lover did not come. After awhile there were no more letters, and then there were years of waiting, during which weddings and riches dwindled for the bride.

Finally there was nothing left but a competence and an aristocratic name, which may be called Rippenhouse because, although it is not that, it is equally good in Philadelphia.

It is within the memory of the oldest sexton of Philadelphia 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 announced, 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 calculation she has already been to something over 24,000.

As might be expected, this little woman has a history. It was a romance of an early day, and of a love that went to the heart of the artist, 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 were changed and made all over again each time she was called upon to be bridesmaid (that was thirty years ago, and it was bridesmaid then, and still the lover did not come. After awhile there were no more letters, and then there were years of waiting, during which weddings and riches dwindled for the bride.

Finally there was nothing left but a competence and an aristocratic name, which may be called Rippenhouse because, although it is not that, it is equally good in Philadelphia.

It is within the memory of the oldest sexton of Philadelphia 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 announced, 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 calculation she has already been to something over 24,000.

As might be expected, this little woman has a history. It was a romance of an early day, and of a love that went to the heart of the artist, and