

ture, there is nothing more common in the annals of matrimony than your case."

"Then when I 'went on,' as you call it," Desmond said sneeringly, "you stayed behind to offer consolation, I suppose!"

Ferris took a step forward and stopped. "This is your house, Desmond, and I am a guest in it," he said quietly.

Desmond dropped into a chair. "Good God, man, can't you see I am beside myself? What does all that this matter with Lola up there like that?" He shuddered at the thought of her.

"It is my justification for tonight, Desmond, and you must listen. In all these years I have not begun to keep peace with you; I 'stayed behind,' as you say. At forty I am a humdrum old bachelor, but I have kept my honor and my self-respect, and I have been able to be of some use to the woman I most cared for in the world. Never since I came back into her life has the matter of love been considered by either of us. With another type of woman it would not have been possible to sustain such relations, but Lola has quaint, old-fashioned principles, and she is not emotional or analytical. She accepted my loyal friendship without a question."

"I believe you, Ferris, but she must have all unconsciously been loving you. It was to you and not me she turned tonight."

"Yes, God bless her for that!" A sudden light of happiness illumined Ferris's face. "Sometimes I have thought, Desmond," the younger man went on, "that some other woman may have come into your life—it does not stand to reason that you would go your way altogether alone, the need of companionship is so great. But if it is so, you have never betrayed it, and I like you for that. You have been the model husband, attentive and courteous always, gratifying for every wish—she is full of praise of you."

"Don't, Ferris," the man broke out impulsively; "don't, I can't stand it." He folded his arms and gazed intently into the fire. In another fire, upstairs in his room, the ashes of a little note lay smouldering.

"You spoke just now of—another woman." The words came slowly, and Desmond's voice took on an absent tone as if his thoughts were far away. "If I am as you say, a model husband, it is all owing to her influence. I deserve no credit. Whatever of virtue there is in me, she has made."

The doctor entered the room, and went up to Desmond's chair. "She has passed away without regaining consciousness—there was no hope from the first. Will you go up now?"

Desmond staggered over to Ferris, and laid his hand heavily on the other man's shoulder. The faces of both were ashen, and Desmond's throat was parched so that it was with great difficulty that he spoke.

"I respect you more than any man living," he said. "Go up to her now; you have the better right." He pushed Ferris toward the door, and turned to the doctor with a hysterical laugh that ended in a sob.

"This is my silver wedding," he said.

"Help, help!" shrieked a woman's voice.

They who heard it were women, too.

"Doubtless she wants us to save her life," sneered some of them, and went their way.

"Possibly she desires us to assist at a function," suggested others, and tarried.

—The Idiot.

Dyer—What induced you to buy a bicycle?

Duell—So as to be able to cross the street with some degree of safety.

Wyld—Why doesn't your daughter take music lessons?

Mack—I own the houses adjoining mine.

TRIADS.

Three things have men of the Cymric race:
Strength of limb, firmness of face,
And gentle deed, stout knighthood's grace.

Three things of the soul the Cymri own:
The soldier's zeal to fear unknown,
Worship of woman, help for the lone.

Three things are of their spirits within:
A loathing hate of deadly sin,
And love and faith, where lights begin.

The home of the mighty—the Cymric land:
Three things bound in its rocky strand,
Pure air, rich vales, and mountains grand.
—Idyla.

TO A DAHLIA.

Madam—your vast voluminous skirts
Are out of out of date,
The twentieth century maiden flirts
And rides of late
In garments that resemble more
A springtime blossom loved of yore,—
A bifurcate.

Gowns are for priests and judges old,
And grave to wear;
They need the dignity of fold
And laces rare.

Skirts for girls have had their day,
So change your dress for bloomers gay
Or folk will stare.
—Isabel Richey.

A WINTER SWEETHEART.

Oh, isn't she neat and trig and sweet!
With her hair a-curl and the swish
and swirl
Of silk and lace round her flying feet,
Her eyes a shine and her cheeks all
pink—
The queen of the lake and the skat-
ing rink,
And the beautiful belle of the ball!
As she waves her fan from the opera
box
The world is at her call;
She breaks all hearts and she lowers
stocks
In last year's summer girl!

Not long ago Mr. Andrew Lang put forth some strictures upon a paper of George Moore, with the result that Mr. Moore, who has evidently learned a thing or two in literary polemics, replied in the following very amusing letter addressed to the editor of the Saturday Review:

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.
Sir: In this month's Longmans Mr. Andrew Lang comments somewhat strangely on my article entitled "Since the Elizabethans," published in the Cosmopolis for October.

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been hired for me, I noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing. I mentioned the river to my landlady.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing."

"What kind of people come here?" I asked distractedly.

"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir; we had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."

"Oh, really! . . . Does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"

"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."

"Really! Does he catch much?"

"No, sir; he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."

Yours truly,

GEORGE MOORE.

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Rakeleigh—Last summer, when I came near drowning, all my past life came back to me.

Miss Pert—I don't wonder you refused to drown.

Hewitt—I don't see how you can love that girl.

Jewitt—You didn't hear her father's will read.

Pruyn—Don't you Irishmen ever feel out of place in this country?

O'Rourke—Not atther th' foorst elic- tion, eor.

going to school

Do the children go to school? And are they joyous and happy? Is school-life a pleasure? And is progress being made? Or is the opposite true? Does the close of each day bring a headache? There is no appetite and sleep is imperfect. The color gradually leaves the cheeks and only a little effort is followed by exhaustion. To continue school means to come to the end of the year with broken health. What is the best thing to do? Take

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