DEATH UNTO LIFE.

I saw Life coming toward me. Then she With smile supernal. Men, looking after, said: "Lo, Death!" But I: "Lo, Life eternal!" -R. R. Bowker, in October Century.

> LADY MARY'S MISTAKE. BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

"No, he doesn't love me any longer!" said Lady Mary.

The old Counters looked up with a troubled smile on her beautiful face. "You are sure of that?" said the Countees.

"---Quite sure, mother."

"My dear, when a woman hesitates, been married two years; between the first year and the third the happiest couples doubt each other's constancy. All women think at times that their there." husbands no longer love them; many occasionally believe it; many---"

"Know," said Lady Mary. "And are mistaken."

think every one is as good as yourself."

you are sure; there is no more to be house alone." She laughed again, resaid,"

Lady Mary bent over the back of her forehead. "There is no more to be said," feeling lonely when I'm away." Was she answered. "I am sure because I that a reproach of her childlessness, or am sure. I couldn't give you any a regret. "There's nothing more wholereasons. I only know that I feel it to some in a family than mothers, except be so. George is courteous and con- when they develop themselves as mothersiderate as ever-he is kindness itself. in laws. Aren't you going up to dress But he doesn't care for me, mother, as for dinner? I just want to finish--" he used to do."

Counters.

"He could live without me. He can -I just wanted to say: of course I I told him only this morning."

husband who couldn't live without you for me as you used to-once. But you -if required?"

"If he required. There's the differwants only an hour till dinner."

Lady Rothwell draw her daugh hand toward her, and held it in her know-sometimes I think you are own. "Dearest," she said, "only don't rather hard to satisfy!" He had thrown exaggerate! Remember, you didn't to the little lid of the escritoire, whose marry an angel. Lovers have nothing two halves closed up and down with a

of her mother's, in the brougham, as dressing-room. she drove back to Bryanston square. Lady Mary remained standing for a Her marriage with Sir George Treeling, minute or two, in self reproachful two years ago, had been a love-match, thought. Yes, it was true, as her It seemed so unexceptionable in every mother had declared, she was exigeante. way, it really need hardly have been A man cannot spend his life in maudlin one, but, as it happened, it was. George display of affection. It was positively Treeling, young, good-looking, well off silly of her to dislike his calling her and fairly idle, had made a desirable "Mary." Did she call him 'Georgie' suitor and a satisfactory husband, now, as she had done, once or twice, in Cynics might opine that he had spoiled the early spring of their love-making? his wife. That is to say, he never yet had given her occasion for tears. True, nobody called him "Georgie" Which is saying a good deal, consider- and all his own people had always ing that she loved him.

"I couldn't give mother the facte," mused Lady Mary. "And really, when still brought-or sent-her flowers. He I come to think of it, there aren't any went to his club a great deal. Of course facts to give. All the same, I feel it. -especially of evenings. Of course For the last six months things have men go to clube. somehow been very different. I couldn't. As she turned to leave the little alcove, say to mother: 'Here is proof. It's six apology in every attitude, her eye fell months since he left off calling me on a scrap of paper sticking out from May."

nook, not much more than a cozy corner, which opened off a landing, built out on some leads. She noticed that her husband was seated, writing, at a little brown and gold escritoire he kept there, a "genuine Riesener," one of those spurious antiques which are now found in every well-furnished house. He was writing so eagerly that he did not even observe her approach as she swept along the heavy stair-carpet And by the bend of his shoulders, the fling of his legs, the flerce scratch of his pen across the paper, she could see that he was greatly excited, unusually so-although always, certes, George Tresling must be styled a nervous man. She was close beside him when he looked up with a cry.

"Good heavens, how you startled me!" he said, and he held his hand across the paper before him, bending forward as if she always says she is sure. You have afraid that any one should see what he was writing.

"Startled you? Why? I have just come in from my mother's. I had tea

"Naturally. You are always at your mother's-almost. I just want to finish--

"Almost!" she repeated, laughing. The daughter rose. "You were al. "It's a good thing you added thatways an optimist, dearest," she said, what is it?-adjective?-adverb? It with affectionate impatience. "You saves you from exaggeration. Why, you know perfectly well that I never go "But, of course, child, if you are sure, to my mother's unless I am left in the solved to show a brave front.

"Well, it's a good thing you've got a mother's chair and kissed the tall white mother to go to. It saves you from

"George," she said, lingeringly, as "Of course not," interrupted the if thinking many thoughts in that one word. "Oh, there's plenty of time. I

be perfectly happy without me, and so didn't mean what I said this morning, about your being just as happy away "Of course he can. My dear, you are from me. Only-cometimes"-ber voice exacting. Did you expect to have a trembled-"I feel as if you didn't care do-don't you, George?"

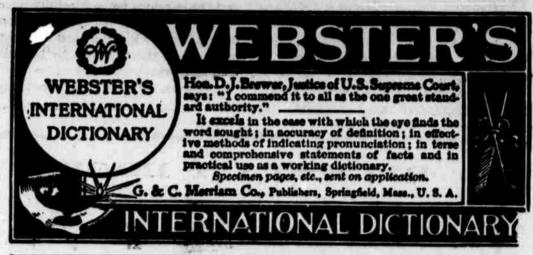
He started up, with an excited crash, ence, mother. I hardly ever see him. from his persistent stoop over the I don't know where he spends his even- writing table, as if breaking away from ings. But, hush, I am not going to a tension grown insupportable. "I will complain of my husband; only I didn't give you my answer to that question want you to think me altogether a presently," he cried, with assumed goose. Now I must run away. It lightness, "and I'll try to make it as satisfactory as possible. We haven't time just now. Why, Mary, in common with angele, except wings." lock in the middle of them, and, turn-Lady Mary reflected on these words ing the key, he ran upstairs to his

Why, he hardly liked it even then. called her "May." Yet-no, she had no positive grievance against him. He

the slit at the back of the escritoire, Arriving at the house, she hastened where the lid closed up. Papers were upstairs to her dressing-room. On her very apt to slip through like this, from way she had to pass a little staircase the smooth leather surface and out at







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