

the back, where they stuck in the tight-fitting groove, as the lid closed up.

Lady Mary carefully drew out the page of note-paper, intending to return it to her husband. As she pulled it toward her, however, her eyes fell on her own name, so she thought, in his massive, sprawling handwriting.

"May! Cruel, adorable May! What is this that you say about separation? About my being able to live without you? Why, you know I can't. And if I could, I wouldn't. Is this your reward for all the devotion I've shown you? Not that a fellow wants to speak of that, only—"

The paper was blurred, the ink not yet dry. No more had been written.

Lady Mary stood holding the paper in her hand. A great joy came into her eyes, filling them to overflowing. And then she burst into tears.

"May! Cruel, adorable May!" He had been writing these very words, when she had broken in upon him with his reproaches. No wonder then, that in his righteous pride, he had withheld them, left them unspeakable, hidden them, for the moment, away. What she had said that morning—that he no longer seemed to need her company that he sought his happiness away from her—these unjust accusations had wounded him to the heart. Not trusting himself to speak calmly, he had written a few loving words of reproach and reply. Before he had finished, she had interrupted him, returning to the charge. "Cruel, adorable May!" He still thought her "adorable." And he deemed her to be "cruel." He was right. She stood looking at the damp, blurred word in a mist of loving ecstasy and shame.

"Still here?" said her husband on the threshold. Then he sprang forward, and his voice changed its tone. "My God, Mary, what have you got there?"

She held out the unfinished note. "Forgive me," she stammered, and the tears rained down her cheeks. "Dearest, forgive me; see, I found your note to me. It had slipped through the back of the desk. Oh, George, can you forgive me that I ever doubted your love?"

He hesitated for a moment, and his color came back from ashen white to a burning red. Then at last he said:

"Please don't talk nonsense, Mary. Of course, I never thought you doubted my love. But men are different from women. I—I—of course I love you, Mary."

She took a step toward him, and he caught her in his arms.

"Call me 'May,'" she whispered, her head upon his shoulder, "as you always used to, until five or six months ago."

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A second flood of color streamed across his face. "May!" he said, almost affectionately; "foolish, darling May!"

"Not 'cruel,'" she murmured, looking up at him.

"No—no, not cruel," she said, and kissed her.

"But—?" And still she looked up at him, with smiles among her tears.

"But—?" he repeated, uncertain, searching.

"A little—just a little—adorable!" she prompted, almost inaudibly, all blushes and rippling happiness.

"Altogether adorable," he answered hastily, and kissed her again, and softly disengaged himself. "Now hurry up and dress."

Left alone, George Treveling gazed down at his shiny boots. Then he turned to the secretaire and thoughtfully unlocked it.

"Well!" he said, "well!"

And he sat down and wrote the following note, in the place of the one his wife had carried off with her, pressed tight against her breast:

"DEAR MAY: If you wish it so, of course it must be so. You are the best judge of your own happiness, and on no account would I interfere with such plans as you may desire to make for your future. So I regretfully bid you farewell, wishing you all prosperity. Yours sincerely,

GEORGE."

This note he carefully inclosed in an envelope and addressed to

"MISS MAY ST. CLAIR,  
3 Piccadilly Mansions, W;"

and the envelope he as carefully placed in the inner breast-pocket of his coat, for mailing. Then he went out on the landing, and there waited for his wife's coming down.

"We must contrive to have that stupid

little table altered, if we can," he said.

"Should we?" answered Lady Mary, gaily. "I don't know. I owe it all my happiness."

He bent, as he offered his arm, and kissed her upturned countenance. "It shall be as you like," he said. "Everything, henceforth, shall be exactly as you like, dear."—October Cosmopolitan.

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Docket T. No. 132.  
In the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska. Hannah Oliver, complainant, vs. John J. Davis, et al, respondents. In chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 17th day of November, 1900, I, A. J. Sawyer, master in chancery, of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, will on the 21st day of October, 1900, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the east door of the county court house building in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, sell at public auction for cash the following described property, to-wit: Lot number three (3) in block number three (3) Pleasant Hill Subdivision, Lincoln, situated in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

A. J. SAWYER, Master in chancery.  
WEBSTER & FLEHARTY, Solicitors for complainant.

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