

letter was only written ten days before she was married."

"Ten days ago!" ejaculated Somers.

"Why, she must have been engaged to the man at the time! The preparations for the wedding must have been well under way. She never said a word about her intended marriage?"

"Never a word."

"I'll be hanged if I understand it. What in the world did she intend to do? Did she mean to jilt the other man, and did her courage fail her at the last moment?"

"I'm as dumbfounded as yourself," answered Bradwithe.

"Well, old man," said Somers, rising from his chair and coming towards Bradwithe, "you have my sincere sympathy."

"Thanks, Tommy," said Bradwithe, accepting the proffered hand, "but if you haven't any objections to making it congratulations instead of sympathy, I would prefer the former."

"Then you weren't in love with her,

after all! And you can agree with me in styling her a heartless flirt."

Bradwithe shook his head.

"No, Tommy, I can't do that. I would be condemning myself at the same time, and I am not quite prepared to do that."

"How? In what way?"

"Well, Tommy, I've been false to Helen myself."

"You appear determined to convict yourself. How do you make it out?"

"I am engaged to be married myself. I found out last night that I cared more for Miss Van Amburgh's little finger than I ever had for Helen. In fact, Tommy, I found the element that was missing in my appreciation of Helen. All last night I sat here, and wondered how I could let Helen know of my newly-found happiness. I was in an awful hole, and I couldn't see any way out of it. But Helen has done the right thing at the right time, and relieved me of all responsibility. I am rejected, with thanks, if you please; but the thanks are on my side of the house."

*Edward F. Slack.*



### THEN AND NOW.

**B**ENEATH her window in the fragrant night  
 I half forget how many truant years have flown  
 Since I looked up to see her chamber-light;  
 Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown  
 Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves  
 Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,  
 And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,  
 Like restless birds, the breath of coming rain  
 Creeps, lilac-laden, up the village street  
 Where all is still, as if the very trees  
 Were listening for the coming of her feet  
 That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze  
 Sings some forgotten song of those old years,  
 Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

*John McCrae.*