

weeping, and thou, valley of Ajalon, why wailest thou not over a ruin like this? And where is the villain who has wrought this ruination? Where? Welcomed into the salons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke Streets, whisking around the daughters of wealth in the revolting proximities and the semi-nude indelicacies of the waltz and the polka, fascinating the feminine heart like as the insect is fascinated by the devouring flame. Fascinating? Yes; all the more because of the dark romance that is whispered about that "Charlie is a little fast, you know." Fast! Yes. By oaths of eternal fealty, by protestations and perjury, he has wrought out the ruin of humble innocence, and then cast the victim aside like the trampled rind of an orange, out of which the sweetness has been expressed. This is the romance that floats about in the balls and social parties of society, concerning a man, a creature, a loathsome reptile, to be scorned, despised and ostracised—but then, ye goddesses of society, the reptile is "eligible," and has money! Beneath the circle of Orion and the Pleiades there is not a type of character more detestable and infernal than is found in some of your circulating roamers over the land for purposes diverse. With malice aforethought, stealthily as the panther they insinuate themselves into country homes in pur-