

sons and brothers that jewel worth, which, once sold, is purchased! By our heartless are largely responsible for of our fellows. Women! why will you not yourselves each day that more all maxims, the golden rule, as it matter how large are ones, so long as those same within their proper cavity red with useful knowledge, flowing with tender love of it? Women should study another as men treat one? Whatever woman's rights man has a right to treat with unkindness the humblest of her's children. With good-will to none, I am the worthy class. CATHARINE D.

### LIKE AN OLD STORY.

a poor clerk, without high tions, commonplace, ungainly, and inexperienced in. She was plain, dependent, unattractive, and whose living seemed the end of her had ever been in love—over gone beyond vague that love, marriage and they saw all around them in their own lives. And all in love with each other, prized beyond measure—how could find him lovable? A man could deem her as she came another surprise of the experience—their little world of their in the great swirling world and the cosy sympathy, confidences, the bashful tenderness that came into the wider and brighter world that before had removed.

t of the love-making had they had adjusted themselves to their new condition, life broad and wholesome between them began to elence. Each of course, and all reason, the good of the other—to him, a faithful, devoted he was a deity, an unending which God in Heaven had sent into her loved her, she worshipped the old, old story. Her careful attention to her as to be pretty for him, a more careful in his, it was because of the himself which her love in him. She lived for

him only; he for himself—and her. To her it was all a beautiful dream, to him an awakening. It inspired him with ambition, her only with devotion. With her, dull earth had dropped away and radiant Heaven had opened; with him, earth remained, but had lost its dullness and had become shining and pleasant. She would have died for him; he would have preferred to live to make her happy and enjoy himself the good which had come to him. And all this is merely the old, old story.

Surely he could not have been, after all, so inferior as he had deemed himself before her love came into his life. He reflected that he had been underestimating himself, and that if so good and sensible and loyal and tender a soul as she could find admirable qualities in him, such qualities must exist and be patent to the world. Thus grew his pride, and then his vanity. It was as grateful to his self love as it was to her devotion, to humble herself before him, to look up to him, to hang upon his words, to repose her heart, her life, wholly in his keeping. To be eager to serve him, to renounce everything for his sake. In every way he encouraged him to take her life into his hands and make of it, whatsoever he would. The discovery of a self-surrender so complete, of a devotion so unrestrained, warmed the marrow in his bones. His spirit expanded, and the strength of a giant entered his soul. So much deeper and stronger than she did he come to feel—did she make him feel—that he began to regard her as a tender creature placed under his guidance—a frail, helpless, homeless dove, whom he must cherish, watch tenderly, and direct in the ways of his choice. Thus it came about that he began to criticise her now and then, suggest changes here and improvements there; and she accepted these petty tyrannies as special blessings, and gloated over them, and trained her manner to accord with them, and deemed herself the most fortunate of girls to whom the great God in Heaven had sent the priceless blessing of a good man's love. And all this, too, is only the old, old story.

They were married at last. The world was very sweet and tender and beautiful in those rosy young days; and even poverty could not throw a mist over the morning of their lives. For was he not advancing in material ways at a pace which surprised the commonplace associates who, before she came into his life, had known him as a commonplace man like themselves? He even looked forward to the time when he might be rich and influential, when he would be spoken of as a self-made man, who through sheer force of innate superiority, had broken down the barriers which confine ordinary men, and had escaped

into the larger world beyond. And how proud she was of him and his prosperity! How she pinched and patched and saved and contrived and planned! How able and shrewd she was in her suggestions, and how sensible he found them in practice! Surely, one of these days he would be called a remarkable instance of a self-made man!

In all possible ways she humbled and obscured herself. It did her good to see that in this way his pride and self-importance (which she knew to be admirable qualities) were developed and sustained, perhaps magnified. There was infinite sweetness even in the humiliation which she suffered when he tyrannized over her, and treated her as an inferior being, and browbeat her over little things; in accepting his domination, his prying into all the little secrets and privacies of her woman life, his interference in and direction of her dress, her domestic affairs and the minutest details of her small recreations. What if he did make her read books which she did not like, entertain people with whom she could have nothing in common, and deny her the little cherished things that she wanted and that he thought were trivial or injurious? What if, sometimes, he flew into a passion and heaped abuse and reproaches upon her, when she had tried so faithfully to please him, and had been so humiliated over her own shortcomings? What, even, if a blow did come at last, that sent her reeling to the wall, her face blanched and an inconceivable pain wringing her heart? Was not he the master, the king? Had she not sworn to love, honor and obey him? And, oh, God in heaven! did she not love him, and would she not have died for him?

The days grew longer, then, and Heaven—perhaps because she had become more accustomed to it—seemed not so bright as formerly. But still the fire of devotions (and who may know to what extent, if at all, it was fed by duty?) burned brightly within her heart. And what, if chilling blasts should come in force, seeking to overwhelm it and scatter it to the winds? Steadfast and devoted she would be to the end of the lengthening day. And this, too, is but part of the old, old story.

Toward the very end, she did something—in an old, old story like this it never matters what—that sent his passion beyond the bounds within which a blow may bring satisfaction. In their own home, under the very chandelier which her hands had adorned with some fragile ornament, he thrust a pistol against her breast, while his eyes blazed, his face purpled and his curses issued in thick and husky words. He cursed her for a fool and ingrate; cursed her for being a non-entity, a drag upon his life, a worse than nothing; cursed her for not accepting the

blessing of a comfortable home, of a husband who gave up all pleasures for her sake and who slaved for her like a beast in the yoke. And then his passion rising under her complete abjectness and despair, lashed by the dumbness of white lips from which the power of speech had flown, maddened by the unspeakable reproaches which, still tempered with the old tenderness, shone from her wide-staring eyes—he pressed the finger of murder upon the trigger.

A crash, a smothered gasp, and she sank to the floor, while he stood there looking down upon her; upon the white, pinched face upturned to his; upon wide eyes which, looking into his, spoke things which Heaven has never given to lips the power to express; upon the painful heaving of her chest; upon the form so lately alive with energy to do his bidding, lying unshapely and disorganized on the floor; upon the thin stream of blood which soon issued from her speechless lips; and as he thus looked down upon this pitiful wreck, there unfolded within him a mighty scroll, unwound by a flaming hand, and upon the whole length of it, suspended, as it were, from highest Heaven and stretching thence down into nethermost Hell, he read the dreadful tragedy of his sacrifice.

He was faint. He dropped the pistol; in falling it touched her hand, and her fingers closed upon it. A distressing fullness, forcing itself upward, pressed upon his throat and sought to burst his temples. He staggered away from her, and fell weakly into a chair at the further end of the room; and her glance, tenderer now than it had been since the days had grown long and the light had faded from Heaven, followed him thither and rested calmly upon him, as though caring for one thing only, and that a last impression to take away with her on the wings of eternity and cherish fondly forever. Rising above her to confront him, the man saw a shadowy black frame, with a cross-beam from which hung a rope; and it was not in him to go and kneel beside her, and take her hand, and bestow a caress upon her, and beg the infinitely sweet boon of her forgiveness; it was only the scroll that he saw, and the calm, fond eyes and the shadowy black frame above them.

Someone, attracted by the crash and the fall, came into the room. Was this the avenger of the law, the witness who would hear the accusation of the dying, the builder of the shadowy black frame? Is the old, old story like that? Painfully, slowly, the wife said to the intruder:

"I—I have shot—myself; my husband—is not to blame!"

The black frame faded away with her words and her life, for was not the pistol in her hand? And the man, no longer burdened with her living, sat shrunken, cowering and wizened in his chair.