

great coat, hat and muffler, hurried out, and followed in pursuit of Clara. In the vicinity of the house at which she had left her acquaintance, he observed a young man sauntering around. This person Fred discovered to be none other than Charles Holstrom. So passing hurriedly onward without being recognized he crossed over at the first corner to the other side of the street and walked back. When nearly opposite the house referred to the door opened and a young woman, alone, whom he knew to be Clara, came out. She hurried forward only a few steps when Holstrom wheeled around and addressed her; and having received her hand on his arm they glided hastily along the street. Frederick was startled at the reality. His blood flooded in tidal waves to his heart. His nerves quivered. His soul became exasperated. He inwardly threatened immediate violence to both parties. But having hastily checked the outpourings of his resentment he secretly followed them, yet still breathing volumes of deprecations which rose in steaming vapor from his phrenzied brain.

"Can it be possible?" he soliloquised, "that Clara has been practising deception upon my faithful affection? I have discovered when too late that she has flattered my fond heart with her insidious wiles. I loved her once, I despise her now. She has got rid of her child, and she is now trying to dispose of me also. Ah! the