

# LOST—A MEMORY.

## A Romance of Life in New York City.

"Pretty bad cut, indeed," murmured Dr. Warwick, as he bent over the wounded man stretched on the sofa in Mr. Dillenbeck's sitting room. "How did this happen?" he asked, without turning, of the little man who stood behind him, all excitement.

"Don't know, doctor," replied Mr. Dillenbeck. "Picked him up back on the road near the mill. Horses shied and I got out and found him lying there with that cut in his head. I lifted him into the wagon and brought him home. As I got in I heard you driving by."

"Yes, I'm just in time. He has a bad stab in the top of his head," returned Dr. Warwick, critically and with a woman's touch examining the wounded head. "It's narrow and deep." He used an instrument a moment. Then turning to Mrs. Dillenbeck and her daughter standing near, he said a few words that sent them hurrying away to follow out his hastily given directions.

"There's but one thing I fear about the case," observed the physician, as he was taking leave of his patient late that night, "he may not remember how this happened. The brain has been so depressed, and in a place and way that one may apprehend such a result. In many cases of this sort there follows complete forgetfulness of the past. However, the thing now is to save his life. As for the rest, I'll wait for developments." And Dr. Warwick rattled away in his buggy to seek much needed rest.

But the doctor's fears proved well founded. Not a thing of the last night's happenings or his past life could the young man remember the next morning. He could not even tell his name. The thoughts dashed through his brain at race horse speed, and think, think as he might, he could comprehend nothing at the time but that he had been badly hurt and was very sore and weak.

His wound did not prove fatal, thanks to Dr. Warwick's skill, but although he grew better physically, his brain, in the one matter of recalling past circumstances, failed to act. And here Dr. Warwick had to acknowledge himself powerless to cure. He thought that an operation was useless, and that time or some impressive incident might serve to bring back what was lost. But he could do nothing but keep his patient quiet.

Under the kindly attention of Mrs. Dillenbeck and her sweet-faced daughter, who seemed to take the stranger to their hearts, he daily grew stronger, and in the course of three months was out and about. But he seemed to worry, and would sit for hours at the window looking away down the dreary white road that led to the station, a mile away. He grew more restless every day to the exasperation of Dr. Warwick and the despair of the ladies. But they were not to be burdened with him very long. One night when the house was quiet the pale faced stranger gently raised the window of his room, dropped to the ground and walked out into the darkness.

Jerome Creelman stood on the street corner thinking. Deep depression marked his features. The incubus of some secret seemed to ride his thoughts. The demon of melancholy possessed him. It was whispered among Jerome's friends that he had had some trouble he was keeping from the world. For one to change so utterly as this young artist, from a gay Bohemian to almost a severe recluse, argued to them something wrong with the man. And Jerome Creelman stood alone thinking. "Bah," he murmured at last, "it is not good to think so much, nor for a man to take himself at night to a street corner to be alone."

And now, with seeming inconsistency, he felt a wish to forget himself, to talk to someone. Acting on this impulse he turned and walked rapidly down town. He wandered aimlessly from one cafe to another, looking for some one he knew. Finally he entered an unpretentious looking restaurant, a well known resort for Bohemia's restless spirits.

On making his way to the back of the room he found his favorite table in the corner occupied. The man was a stranger to him. His head was bent in reverie, but he looked up as Creelman approached, with an air of let us not say curiosity, but rather of hopeful inquiry, as if Creelman's coming might be a clue to some long sought for but evasive memory of the past.

As this expression caught Creelman's eyes in spite of himself he felt an instinctive attraction toward him. Creelman courteously wished him good evening, and inquired if there was any objections to his being at the same table.

The man who had pre-empted Creelman's corner had no objections, nay, rather seemed glad of the other's company. He introduced himself by card as Arthur Truscott. Creelman in turn gave Truscott's card. The latter's air of preoccupation vanished as he engaged in conversation, although occasionally his brow clouded for a moment. Creelman, too, forgot himself for the time, in talking to this stranger. It was very seldom that he made acquaintance in this way, but the man had in a few moments aroused in him a degree of interest that was almost fascination.

Creelman soon learned that his companion was something of an artist, too. He had almost given up painting, he said, and now devoted himself to illustrating for the magazines, among which he had become well known. The two became friends in an hour. Truscott was a delightful talker, and Creelman was from the first charmed. They found they had many things in common. Both were artists, men of intellect. In addition, they were drawn to each other by a strange affinity, that both felt upon meeting each other's eyes for the first time.

In the course of conversation it came out that Truscott was dissatisfied with his present apartments up town. He wanted more quiet. He had sought it in other parts of the city but found dreariness.

Creelman, delighted with this man's artistic nature, saw opportunity for a companionship at once congenial and elevating, and eagerly proposed that Truscott should take up his abode with him. He lived with his wife alone, he said, in a quarter that would

just meet the requirements of Mr. Truscott, he was sure.

As they parted, after drinking to each other, the latter promised to think on this proposition. Creelman left, much pleased at having met such a man.

It was two weeks later, and after further solicitation on the part of Creelman, that Truscott accepted his offer and installed himself in Creelman's home. His presence seemed to cheer the older man. His melancholy diminished and he remained at home in the evenings, except when he went out with his new found friend.

As for Alice Creelman, she, too, felt an interest in Truscott, whose advent into the house she had but feebly opposed. Like her husband, there was much in her that sought sympathy with the stranger. She felt as if she had known him long before meeting him.

Once she thought she recognized in him an old friend, but it was only a passing idea. Never, she concluded, could she have seen this man, with his wonderful eyes, his pale, earnest features and remarkably heavy beard, and have forgotten him. No she had never known him.

For Arthur Truscott she possessed a weird attraction. He would gaze intently at this woman of regal bearing, drinking in the beauty of her olive face, with high cheek bones, and jet black hair. His eyes would wander over that figure, the perfect lines of which were not obscured by a single fold, for she wore severely plain costumes. The tall palm, gracefully inclining to this side or that, typified her. A tremor shook Truscott's frame as at times with half closed eyes he revelled in her beauty. The elusive idea of a past association with this woman beset him.

At first they lived very pleasantly and simply—these three. Jerome appeared to love his wife, but was a trifle neglectful. Arthur thought, and singularly undemonstrative and unconfiding in his affection.

It was not long before Arthur, too, loved Alice. To be near such a woman, in daily touch with her, and not to love her was impossible for him. The idea startled him when he first understood his feelings. But he went on to Jerome and told him bluntly that he loved his wife, and that, as a man of honor, he could not remain longer in his house, that they must separate.

To his surprise Jerome only laughed. He knew it; they all loved each other he declared. He would not hear of Arthur's leaving and refused to say any more about it. Such a nature Arthur failed to understand. Although his conscience was hardly set at rest he remained.

And thus they lived on. They called one another Jerome and Alice and Arthur. Among them there grew a tacit understanding never to speak of the past. Only one exception was ever made to this. One day at table Alice spoke in a joking way of the greenroom. She looked up, caught a heavy frown on Jerome's brow and ceased speaking, confused.

But a moment later she stole a glance into Arthur's face with something like the thought of an affectionate appeal. He was seized again with that convulsive tremor, and a chill passed over him. In that moment the music of the past rang in his ears. He arose and left the table murmuring, "When and where?"

Jerome was full of hope and plans for his next pictures, and was quite bright and companionable. His work's suggestions and criticisms on his work he declared invaluable to him. Thoroughly in accord with each other's ideas in general, this life was to Arthur almost an ideal one.

The two artists had but one physical recreation. In the large room on the top floor, every morning, at 7 o'clock, Arthur and Jerome met, and for a half hour or so the scrape and click of fencing foils might be heard. But the cry of "touché" was infrequent. The two men were well matched.

Arthur painted occasionally. His work bore much talent and knowledge of technique, Alice said. Jerome declared his genius exceeded his, and he was very proud of his own work. But Truscott's work for the magazines took up most of his time.

On the other hand, Arthur's admiration for Jerome's work was almost unbounded, especially in his treatment of bizarre and terrible subjects, to which he devoted much time. He took delight in this reflecting on the canvas the morbid conceptions of a disordered mind.

The days slipped away. A curious fascination for Arthur Truscott's face gradually crept over Creelman. As gradually did Arthur's love for Alice intensify. Often when with Arthur a strange, questioning stare appeared in Jerome's eyes. At length all his old unrest again possessed him. He became moody, ceased to share his evenings with Arthur and his wife, and went out to walk about the streets and lounge in the restaurant by himself. In the evening he shut himself up with his painting.

His face had assumed a saturnine expression, and his manner to the two associates became curt and at times surly. Arthur grew distrustful, and Alice shrank from him, and usually kept to her room when he was in the house.

And so, slowly, the breach widened, and the three were companions no more. Then the longing for remembrance and Alice's affection filled Arthur's soul. He and she were seldom together, for she had seemed to avoid him as well as her husband. Yet he thought he detected in her eyes a yearning, a world of unhappiness, a pleading for something. He longed to go to her and speak, but he could not. And yet it seemed as if she belonged to him and not to Jerome.

But one evening Alice came to him and spoke in a half timid way of strange doings on the part of Jerome. The night before he had suddenly left his bed in the room opposite to her own in the middle of the night, and half dressed, had lit a candle and gone up stairs to the large fencing room on the top floor. She heard him unlock the door and shut it carefully behind him. She waited quite a while, but did not know when he came back, and drowsiness soon overtook her.

A clear delicious table drinking water is the Willmet Spa Water, yet it cures many forms of stomach diseases. Witness certificates; send for pamphlet.

"Surely he does not paint at such an hour and with such a light," she said. "I dared not follow him, because he has been so morose and repellent of late and he is fearful in his anger. But somehow I do not feel that everything is right. His fits of melancholy grew less for a time, but considering his behavior lately I do not like to think of him going out in such a fashion at dead of night and locking himself up in that room."

Arthur tried to quiet her alarm. "Jerome is eccentric, like most artists. If he chooses to do this, it is his own house and we cannot interfere. Say nothing about it. It is probably a mere caprice and he will stop it soon."

"His words gave Alice a little comfort. But nothing was said. Still Arthur was troubled himself, he knew not why.

The next evening Jerome went directly to his room after a late dinner. Arthur sat with Alice and sitting in the huge armchair in the drawing room, drinking in the harmonies that rippled from the piano under her supple white fingers.

The room was in half light. Now the dream music coming from the instrument lulled Arthur's senses and he was soon lost in a profound reverie. He was trying to remember.

Alice ceased playing and let her hands rest idly upon the ivory keys. A soft light gathered in her dusky eyes as she looked at Arthur. "But he saw her not. Then she began the tender strains of Mendelssohn's 'Regret'."

A violent trembling seized the man. His head rang with confused noises. Before his eyes swam bewildering visions. For a moment he lost all sense either of light or of darkness, but seemed endowed with a supernatural power of hearing.

Alice stopped short. She had risen, pale and quivering. In an instant he was at her side.

"I beg of you," he moaned, beseechingly, "finish that song for me."

"I cannot," she replied, "it has bitter memories for me." He looked at her hopelessly. Her eyes glowed strangely. He held out his arms. In the next moment he was conscious of holding her close to him, of a subtle perfume wafted to him from the past, of warm lips pressed to his, a gleam of light into his memory—and all was over. She had left him.

He walked away to go to his room. In the hallway a bright object lay upon the floor. Mechanically he picked it up, but did not look at it. As in a dream he went upstairs and sat down in the room, staring at the lamp burning dimly on the table, as if wondering how it came there. The fantastic figures on its shade danced before his eyes.

The muscles of his face twitched in agony. "When and where? But one ray of light in all this darkness," he murmured. "The touch of her hand, the 'Regret' perfume." He glanced at what he had picked up. It was a locket. Inside he found a faded paper, torn across obliquely. By the dying flame of the lamp he read:

ar. 3, 1882.  
possibly  
wrong for me,  
profound respect,  
re. So I leave you forever,  
Sincerely,  
Hugh Arnold.

The lamp went out. "Hugh Arnold!" Arthur repeated. The name echoed in his brain. "Somewhere in the past I have known it—when and where?"

He wheeled his chair to the window and gazing out into the night, the street was deserted. The flame of a lamp down the block cast dancing shadows far up the street. Arthur sighed.

In the handsome house opposite a white haired old man seated himself in front of a piano. Arthur saw him as he saw many things he recalled. His senses were in a sort of lethargy. Not until the former struck the first notes of a soft melody did Arthur become fully conscious that he was there. He started again Mendelssohn's "Regret." The man at the window listened, rapt, trembling, exulting in the charm of the sad melody.

The music died away in a sigh. Rising from his chair the unhappy man with a sob of anguish threw himself on his couch. If he could only remember. He racked his brain until it throbbled in his head. He tried to force remembrance. The touch of her hand, the perfume wafted from the past, the sorrowful "Regret," Hugh Arnold, again the "Regret." "When and where? I cannot—cannot remember. Oh, when and where? When and where? He raved, until he sank exhausted upon his pillow.

At the same moment Jerome Creelman arose noiselessly, dressed himself, and with the deliberateness of action and the staring eyes of the somnambulist, made his way by the light of a candle to the room on the top floor. He unlocked the door with a small key which he drew out and grasped tightly in his hand. He shut the door after him. The spring lock clicked, and all was still.

It was Saturday night, and the clocks were striking 8. The streets in the vicinity of Union square were lively. Arthur Truscott stood in the shadow of a tall building idly looking on the scene. Carriages rattled by filled with men and women bound for the theatres and concert houses. Throngs passed in and out of the brilliantly lighted shops and restaurants. On the crowded sidewalks the people good naturedly jostled each other. The air was mild and the stars glittered merrily. New York was at play.

Arthur bent his step toward a hotel and sank into the luxurious chair of a barber. He was seized with a desire to have his beard cut. "Take it all off," he said to the little Frenchman into whose hands he had surrendered himself.

"Six years ago," he soliloquized, as he passed into the street. "Yes, six years ago to night, March 2. How I have wondered since then. And yet when I came to New York, how familiar it all seemed to me. I must have been here before. Shall I ever remember? Who was I? What was I?"

His meditations were interrupted by a collision with a person coming hurriedly around the corner. Both men bowed to each other with mutual apologies under the street lamp. The elder peered very curiously at Arthur and then passed on.

Two hours later Arthur found himself in his own street, but it was only when he stood on the steps of Jerome Creelman's house that he flashed across him that the man he had met so roughly was Dr. Warwick. And the sense of a great wrong done him at some time by someone came upon him in full strength and weighed like lead upon his heart.

He entered the house and started up stairs. The mellow chime clock to the ante-room was striking 12. To the successive night he had done this, and I can stand it no longer. Come," and Arthur led a soft hand slip into his.

He followed mechanically, wondering. Alice led him up the staircase to the last floor. The touch of her hand imparted a delightful warmth to his body, and his nerves responded to the glowing excitement of the situation. But he said nothing, only followed the lead of that hand.

They were in the passageway now. Very slowly, very quietly the two moved forward. A narrow slit of light marked the bottom of the door at the other end. Arthur bent down from a woman in his head. A breath of air made the door creak. It was not locked! He stood within.

On a chair at the other end was a candle. Seated on a stool, with his back to them, was Jerome Creelman, with his head bent forward.

Arthur crept across the floor, almost feeling yet dreading what he was about to see. Alice, closed behind him, was trembling. Slowly Arthur raised his head to look over Creelman's shoulder. Jerome did not move. What was he looking at?

A large square of canvas was leaning against the wall. A winter night scene was painted on it. A long road stretched away to a lone light in the deep background. All was white. But in the foreground a man, with a blood stained knife in his hand, was bending over a prostrate figure on the moonlit snow. The blood flowed from a wound in his head. The faces of both were thrown in a strong light.

Jerome Creelman had not stirred. He still sat as if staring at his handiwork, and Arthur had forgotten him in contemplation of the tragedy before him. He looked closer. Surely he must be dreaming. No, the face of the man on the ground was his own! And the other man—why, his was the face of Jerome Creelman! For a moment he was stupefied. Then a cry burst from his lips. He knew now!

Alice shrieked behind him. She, too, knew what it meant, and knew that she had loved in the past, and still loved, Hugh Arnold! Creelman sprang to his feet, furiously rubbing his eyes.

And now like a moving panorama flitted before Arthur's eyes the scenes of that past life. Of Jerome and himself—Hugh Arnold—the artists, boon friends. Of Alice, her favorite music the "Regret." Rivalry and bitterness. Her coquettishness. Her sacrifices for Jerome and friendship. His letter to her. His departure. The station. The lonely road. The quarrel, and—

A muttered oath from Jerome. He comprehends. The two men confront each other with dark hatred in their faces. Alice clings to Arnold, uttering incoherently. An awful silence.

"Jerome Creelman," speaks Arnold, with terrible calmness. "I know now why it is that all these years I have suffered so much. I know now who I am and what you are. Fate has brought us together again. Now, both of us cannot live."

He glances about. On the wall hang two rapiers. He reaches up and takes them down. He hands one to Jerome and grasps the other. A fierce light breaks into Creelman's eyes.

Alice clings again to Arnold, but he shakes her off roughly. "Are you ready?" he asks.

"Ready," answers Creelman, and the same instant the blades cross. A twist, a thrust, a parry, a clash of steel, an oath from Arnold as the point of Creelman's sword pierces his shoulder. A pause. The men are breathing hard.

Now a rush from Arnold. Ah, touche! He presses his enemy closely. Back and forth they go. Click! click! Creelman parries skillfully. Again his blade reaches Arnold's body, this time a little lower. Before he can recover Arnold is upon him. Back, fiercely following, he drives his enemy. The fatal picture is over-turned. They are trampling on it. Another lunge from Jerome. His foot slips. A flash—the blood spurts, and he falls backward. Arnold steps aside.

"It is finished. Now I know when and where. Come, Alice," he says.

Different Ways of Burying the Dead.

The modes of burying the dead differ widely among various peoples. Among some the dead are buried lying, others sitting. In the case with several of the Indian tribes, among whom it is related, warriors or leaders in the nations have been buried upon their favorite war horses. This was the manner of burial of the famous Indian chief, Blackbird, of the once famous Omahas. There is a remarkable agreement of custom, however, in the practice of placing the body east and west.

It is held by some writers that this custom is due to solar symbolism, and the head is placed to the east or to the west according as the dead are thought of in connection with the sunrise, the reputed home of the deity, or the sunset, the reputed home of the dead. There are, however, some tribes that lay their dead north and south, and others bury men with the face to the north and women with the face to the south; while among some of the African tribes, if one happens to die away from his home, he is buried facing his native village.

Said John Collett Esq., Director of Great Britain Navy Contracts, "your factory is not nearly large enough you will not be able to supply the demand for your Korr Soup Vegetables."

DO YOU?

ONIONS.

Mrs. Dorothy wasn't quite happy today as could plainly be seen by the "ugly little gleam in her eyes, and the unlovely curl of her red lip. Indeed, she was a little more than not quite happy, she was almost miserable. You see, she hadn't been married long, just long enough to find that Ted was only a mortal after all, and not long enough to learn that mortals are the best sort of folks for this kind of a planet.

That is a hard time to give young people. The honeymoon just gone down, and the light of common sense hardly tinging the sky, you can easily see how almost dark the world must be. The time is sometimes quite long, too; indeed, it has been known to last a life time.

Well, Mrs. Dorothy was in this gloomy twilight, only she had no idea that that was what ailed her. She had been a rather spoiled daughter, for her father had died and her mother had devoted herself to her little girl. At last Ted had come, and Dorothy had given him her heart, and now they were living in their own pretty home and the poor little wife was unhappy.

There was a neighbor, Mrs. Seall, who often came to see Mrs. Dorothy. She came today. Her face was neither lovely, lovable, nor loving, but somehow people let her talk to them. Dorothy sat down in a pretty pink-bowd rocking chair, and Mrs. Seall folded herself up in Ted's dark green sleepy-bowd, and glanced about the room. A vase on the mantle held a faded flower. Mrs. Seall had never seen a faded flower there before. She smiled.

"You are getting down with the rest of us," she said, nodding toward the neglected vase. "I noticed too, that your Ted went without a flower, this morning."

Dorothy flushed. Mrs. Seall's pale eyes brightened.

"I knew it wouldn't last," laughing. "I told you so at the first. I think. Men never hold out as lovers long, my dear. I thought you could keep one as long as any woman for you are so pretty and bright, but it always comes at last; I can always tell it."

Dorothy flushed again.

"You quarreled; I hope we are both above that," she said, a little stiffly, but her visitor only laughed.

"I hope you are, my dear; it does not always come to that—not in the early stages. I told you not to spoil that boy, but I must go now. I bought some lovely new onions for dinner; may I send you two or three?"

"I thank you," said Dorothy gratefully, but Ted does not like them. I used to eat them, and I would enjoy some, I am sure, but if you please I won't take them to-day."

"Now let me tell you, child; you are going to ruin your husband; you might better take my advice. There's Mrs. Smith, just down this street, she used to be a pretty girl; now she is a slave. It began by her bowing to every whim and notion of her husband. It is really kinder to a man to stand firm to your own way now and then. If a man finds you are easily managed, he thinks you are made of very poor material. If you are firm and independent, he will learn to respect you."

Mrs. Seall went home, and Dorothy pondered all she had heard in her heart. Little Jack came in with six beautiful milk white onions, and Dorothy placed them in a pretty glass dish on her dinner table. Now and then two big tears welled up and overflowed her lovely eyes, but they were too few to put the fire out, and so it gleamed there, an angry smoldering flame. She could not forget the morning. They had slept late and then everything had gone wrong. She forgot to put in the coffee and the result was a cup of dirty looking water which Ted had pushed away from him—well, not gently.

Dorothy begged him to wait for some better coffee, but he refused with a manner freezingly polite; then Dorothy cried, and Ted sat still eating the burnt toast, greedily. Dorothy left the room, and went up stairs, the clock struck half-past eight. Ted hurried through the hall, slamming the door behind him. Then Dorothy arose in her wrath, and a little while afterwards Mrs. Seall had found her with that dark fire in her pretty eyes.

Dorothy was a little less careful about the dinner today. In the first place she had forgotten to get anything for it, and besides she hardly cared if it was not nice; remembering Mrs. Seall's advice, she thought it might teach Ted a lesson. Presently she saw Ted turn the corner and hurry toward home. How could she know that his heart was full of pain and that remorse was burdening his soul? Her pretty little nose lifted itself higher in the air, her dainty head was thrown haughtily back, and anything but an angelic expression settled over her face.

Ted came in; her look froze the kind words on his lips. She seated herself at the table silently, and he was about to do likewise, when the fragrant onions attracted his attention.

"Do you intend to eat those?" he asked pointing to the offending dish, and looked at his wife.

"I shall do so, if I like; will you have one?" she answered lightly.

"No," he said. "I thought you knew they are very offensive to me, I believe I have told you that I have never been able to overcome my dislike for this vegetable."

Dorothy laughed, and her lids fell over the fire that had begun to blaze in her eyes. Slowly and insolently she replied:



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"Seems to me I do remember, but what has that to do with my dinner. I suppose I am still allowed to eat what I like."

"Certainly," Ted answered politely, and you could think of nothing to tempt your appetite but onions?"

"I chose to have them," she said.