

...rather than submit to such a shame."

Emily was in a terrible frame of mind, wrought to the highest pitch of jealousy and crushed at heart by her ardent love for her unworthy husband. By the time she reached her home she was desperate, and had determined to commit suicide rather than be subjected to such indignities and to live with a broken heart.

Accordingly she repaired to the corner drug store, where she and her household were known to the proprietor.

"I want," she said in a broken voice, "something that will kill rats."

"Something," she continued in a more trembling tone, "that will not make them swell up and turn black in the face."

The druggist looked at her sharply, took in the situation and folded up some powders.

"There, Mrs. Saunders, is the very thing you want. It will kill all the rats about the house. It was never known to make them swell up or turn black in the face. It leaves them just as beautiful and nice as ever—you wouldn't see any difference in them after they are dead. If anything, it improves their appearance."

Emily took the powders with a shudder and turned homeward. The druggist went to his telephone and sent a message, the gist of which was:

"Is that you, Frank? You had better go home as quickly as possible. I think there is something the matter with your wife."

Upon receiving the message Frank threw his work down and rushed home. He found his wife in bed, with hair disheveled and closed eyes. On the table was a note:

"I die, dear Frank, loving you to the last, although you have proved yourself unworthy of my love. You have been false to me. I found the note for you from that woman in your overcoat pocket and read it. You forgot your vows to me and went this evening to meet her. I followed you and saw that you did not go to the office; you went to keep your appointment and I could not bear it. Farewell, my still loved husband! Look upon what you have done and repent! In death I will not be repulsive to you, as Mr. Short tells me that the poison will not make me swell up or turn black in the face."

Frank immediately rushed downstairs to telephone the druggist to bring around an antidote, and to send for the physician in the next block, but the druggist was already at the door.

"It is all right, Frank," he said, "I gave your wife a harmless powder. It is for you to remove the mental trouble."

Frank hastened to his wife's bedside, aroused her and assured her that she had not taken poison. Emily at once ceased dying and sat up in bed.

"Where did you go this evening, Frank Saunders?"

"My dear, I started to the office, as I said I would, and then I remembered that my partner told me, before he left, that he was going out to see Mary Rudolph, to whom he is engaged, and so I took the trolley and went there to get some papers that I needed for my correspondence."

"And how does this letter happen to be in your pocket—this letter which makes an appointment with you for this evening?"

"That is not my overcoat; it is my partner's. They are just alike, and I

Exchange of Coats Nearly Brought About Suicide, but All's Well That Ends Well.

Emily Saunders had become jealous of her handsome husband. She had been married to Frank only a few months and loved him with a passion bordering on insanity. Unfortunately Frank was inordinately fond of society. He belonged to the clubs, was always foremost at the Mardi Gras balls, went to all the parties of the season and danced with all the prettiest girls. It was rumored that he had once been engaged to Mary Rudolph, who, it must be confessed, was very lovely.

Emily often asked him about that old affair and wanted to know what was in it—whether Frank had actually loved and been engaged to that girl, and what he could see in her to admire. The incipient stage of jealousy was clearly discernible, and it was evident that the green-eyed monster was obtaining a more powerful influence over Emily week by week.

Frank was ever kind and attentive to his wife, but did not relax in his attentions to the pretty girls of his set. He and Mary Rudolph continued to dance together, and kind friends would call Emily's attention to the fact that they were a very handsome couple. Emily was aware of the fact, and she reproached Frank for his attentions to that artful creature. Frank would laugh and say that he wanted partners who knew how to dance, and as his wife was not a dancing woman he must find amusement elsewhere. This may have been an excellent reason for his conduct, had it not been for the fact that there were many other young women, not so pretty as Mary Rudolph, but just as good dancers, who would have served his purpose quite as well. Nor was it an excuse for Frank's sitting in the conservatory with Mary for hours at a time, or so readily accepting invitations to houses when he knew that Mary would be present.

All this was worriment to Emily, and she began to suspect Frank of loving her less than formerly, and of being weary of her society. The fear grew upon her, and she became wretched.

It had been a cold day and Frank wore his overcoat to the office. The next day it was warm, and the overcoat was left at home. Emily was in the act of hanging it in the armoire when she noticed the edge of a letter protruding from the side pocket. In her present state of mind she felt no delicacy about reading that letter.

Evidently it was not a business letter; there was a subtle perfume about it that did not belong to commercial affairs. There was no envelope with it, and the paper was of that delicate quality used by the female sex. With trembling hands Emily unfolded it and read:

"Be sure to meet me Thursday evening at the same place. I long to see you; you dear fellow! Make any excuse you can to get away; we will have a lovely time."

No name was signed, but no name was necessary to throw Emily into a paroxysm of jealous frenzy. She now felt sure that her husband was false, unworthy of her love, and still she loved him passionately.

She would follow him when he went out Thursday evening, and find where he was going.

On Thursday evening Frank seemed to show nervousness at the dinner table, and Emily watched him like a hawk.

"Emily, I have an engagement at the office this evening; my partner has not been attending to the business during the past week as I could have wished, and today he overlooked answering some important letters. I must go down and answer those letters."

Emily looked at him in despair, wondering how the man she had idolized as being the soul of honesty could sit there and make up such a story with a straight face. When her husband had left, she quickly followed him. He paused at the corner of the street leading to his office and after hesitating for a moment proceeded in another direction, taking a trolley car uptown.

"I knew it!" sobbed the unhappy wife. "I knew it! That partner story was intended as a blind. He has gone up to see Mary Rudolph. I will sue for divorce tomorrow. I will leave him and go to the ends of the world."

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