

He was straightforward, upright, industrious, and of good sense and fair intelligence. The wife was of ampler mind. A great affection united them. At times he had had, ever since his wound, severe headaches, when he was apt to be irritable and hasty. As years went on his and her connections and the deaths of middle-aged seniors at the bar, pushed him forward. Men liked this courteous gentleman, and they prospered. How much the woman was or stood for in the partnership she hid even from him, magnanimous as only love can be. Perhaps he knew, better than she thought, the largeness of the mental and moral capital thus lovingly invested. Only a masculine mind so great as not to have needed her help could have fully seen and thanked it, and yet—he listened.

She came back, swift and graceful, holding up the hand on which a ruby shone, and crying:

"Oh, thank you, Harry! What an extravagance!" and, leaning over as he sat, she kissed the red scar which crossed cheek and temple. There was some pretty, tender talk, which I shall not report, and at last she said:

"Did you ask Dr. Archer to come in and see my Jack?"

"Yes, he dines here. I asked him to replace Weston, but he will come in before dinner. I had a little talk with him about your Uncle John."

"Well, Harry?"

"He thinks that he is breaking up, not here or there, in any one organ, but a general—well, what he described as a slackening of all the complicated