

Hot water and massage? I will try it as soon as I get home. And then a dash of cologne? Oh, yes! No doubt it will work wonders. Thanks, very much. Good morning.

SCENE II.

The same as scene I. Time—Four weeks later. The same young lady discovered in the chair; the only noticeable difference being in the expression of her face, which is now downcast and forlorn in the extreme. The young lady sighs deeply, causing the dentist to offer apologies, which she does not notice. She then sighs again and engages herself in conversation:

"How well I remember the last day I was in this chair. Was it last summer or ages ago? Alas! it was about a week before Christmas, and this is the 11th of January. The dentist reproved me for delaying so long. He little knows what I have suffered. Did so many dreadful things ever happen to anyone else in the same length of time? Impossible.

"First, Margaret came home. I tried all day to tell her I was the same as engaged to Charlie, but every time I mentioned his name, she changed the subject. He came to the house in the evening, of course, and Margaret and I came down together to see him. The moment those two laid eyes on each other there was a rush. I heard one voice saying, 'My dearest Cheery,' (it seems the wretched girl has a nickname for him) and another voice, ejaculated, 'My darling pet.' Then there was a sound of promiscuous kissing.

"It was the male biped who first remembered my presence and brazenly asked: 'Have you told sister Ruth yet?' 'No,' replied the shameless creature who was clinging to him. 'I wanted you to speak to papa first.'

"After that everything went wrong. When I spoke to papa about the sealskin he was very stern, reminded me of hard times and Margaret's outfit, and on Christmas morning he gave me \$50, telling me it must cover the cost of that party dress I wanted. I never wore a fifty-dollar evening

dress in my life, and I never will. He gave Margaret an imported wrap, which was never bought for three times that sum.

"Mother gave me an imported walking dress in hideous shades of brown. She knows I hate brown and no color could be more unbecoming to me. But she said she got it at a bargain, because the people who ordered it went into mourning, and the shades were serviceable. She cautioned me that it must last me until summer, because Margaret's outfit, etc. I'm sick of Margaret's outfit already.

"Lansing gave me a box of gloves; he sent Bessie Allen another box and also a lot of flowers, which he neglected to add to my present. It's pretty hard for a sister to see a stranger getting a nicer present than she does herself. When I took Lansing to task about the theatre woman he dared to talk back and said she was great fun. If he had never met Bessie Allen he didn't know but he might do something serious, but as it was I needn't worry. Then the depraved wretch gloated over me and boasted of Bessie Allen's sweet disposition as compared with mine. He wound up with some remarks about saving his money to give Margaret something nice. I hate Margaret! Why was she ever born?

"Then Alice and George added to my already heavy burden by sending me an ugly feather fan. It never cost a cent over \$5, I know. Alice sang the same old song about hard times, Margaret's wedding outfit and such things, and added mysteriously that they expected to have considerable extra expense in a few months. The way some married women talk and act is positively indecent. It's horribly vulgar to have babies. Alice knows I hate them, and that I like to feel that her house is as much mine as papa's is; but how can I if these things are forever happening!

"But I think the worst blow of

all came from Howard. As soon as I recovered from the shock of my sister's treachery and Charlie's shameful deceit, I resolved to accept Howard and have a double wedding. Anything would be better than being left out in the cold by every one and being maid of honor at my younger sister's wedding. So when I was showing Howard the nasty little bangle which Charlie insulted me with, I took pains to speak of the beautiful ring he had given Margaret. 'I wish I had a nice ring,' I said, with the most charming naivete: 'But I'm afraid I'll never have one unless you give me that one of Emily's.' No man could ask for a better chance to propose, but the human fiend before me only added to my insults by saying: 'My dear little sister,' (I hate for men to call me their sister; that's what Charlie calls me now). 'My dear little sister, you would be welcome to it if it were not for the fact that it is now the property of Mrs. Cushing, the widow of my old college chum, and I know you will congratulate me when I tell you that she has promised to give herself in exchange to me in the spring.'

"It's no wonder I want to die; only wish I could kill a few people first and then——"

"Is that all, doctor? Thank you. No, I didn't notice the pain to-day. The marks on my cheeks? Oh, it doesn't signify; I don't care for looks. Good afternoon."

He—"Were you at the football game?" She—"No." He—"Well the score was 22 to 0." She—"And what does that mean?" He—"None killed and 22 wounded."

"You get off here," said Charon, as he warped his boat into the slip at the bottomless pit. "Dear me!" exclaimed the cyclist; "I am disappointed. I did so want to try those gold pavements; but I suppose there are worse things than cinders, after all."