THE FATE OF THE EGOTIST.

By Mary F Myon

lack to her dosk.

It was 11 o'clock, and the Egothet was back again. He occupied the same position before the fireplace, and Eacheling dish of the most approved type, concecting a cheese fondu after the intest recipe of the clover apositio of the chaining dish.

It looked as though a pleasant sollande a deax were there, yet both were ill at case. Boyond remarking as he entered, "Estire, I'm still a fool!" the Egotist had not spoken-However, the cooking was still accomplished, and the presence of a savey dish and a sympathetic personality has a great effect upon loosening a man's tongue, so at last the Egotist spoke. "I saw her."

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