

turn in our fortunes. Here was an offer of \$400,000 for a piece of property which cost us but \$500.

"As we had had enough of the rough life of the West, and both were anxious to return to our homes, we decided to accept the offer of Strauss. The transfer was quickly effected, and the money deposited to our credit.

"Immediately after the transfer, we started on our homeward trip. As the train dashed over the arid districts of Northern Colorado, and over the rolling plains of Wyoming and Nebraska, I could hardly contain myself for joy. Soon I would be back to the City where dwelt the one who had inspired me to this mining undertaking. Soon I would claim Marguerite for my wife, and thus crown my life with happiness and peace. As we passed through the vast fields of golden corn of Iowa and through the fertile districts east of the Mississippi, my anticipation of the joy which was awaiting me was almost more than I could stand. Here for the first time I disclosed my secret to Clark; and, as our ways separated in Detroit, he promised to be present at my wedding, and to act as groomsman.

"After a few long hours of travel, I arrived in Montreal, and immediately proceeded to the hotel in order to prepare for the grand surprise which I meant to spring upon Marguerite in her home. I determined to visit her that very evening, and calling a cab proceeded to her home. On the way I stopped at a florist's, and procured a bunch of beautiful white roses. I arrived at the house, which was indeed well known to me, and whose outline had often been called up in the

dreary nights of my western life. I hurried up the steps, my heart bursting with joy. I rang the bell; and, in response to my call, the door was opened by a tall unknown man dressed in black. I inquired if Marguerite's father still lived here; and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, I walked into the hallway, and with hurried steps proceeded to the drawing-room, in which she and I had spent so many happy hours.

"I then observed the reason of the strange man at the door and the silence which reigned in the house. There in the dim light was stretched out a casket. My heart sank within me; and at first I had not the strength to approach the glass-covered coffin. At last, with superhuman effort, I tottered forward; and the blood appeared to freeze in my veins, for there before me I beheld Marguerite, beautiful, but dead."

Here the Doctor showed signs of breaking down. He raised a handkerchief to his eyes and wiped away the tears which trickled down his cheeks. In a few minutes, however, he regained his composure; and, fixing his eyes upon some far-distant spot, proceeded with the story of his life.

"As I beheld the pallid features of her who was to have been my wife, something snapped within me. I could not weep, and I felt like one in the throes of a terrible dream. The reality of it all was forced upon me, as I placed my lips upon her cold and ashen brow, and laid the flowers which were meant for my bride at the feet of her corpse. My whole being appeared to be numbed. My soul was