

when the darkened dusk overtook her. She looked coldly toward him.

"Especially to see me?"

"Yes, to tell you that you have in your possession the power to make or mar all my future life. Mrs. Smytho—Jessie—don't you understand? I cannot marry Miss Dellamy because it is you I love. It is you I want for my wife. The only woman I swear I ever loved!"

Every nerve in Jessie's frame was at its utmost tension. Her dark eyes were fixed on his pale, handsome face. How handsome, how kingly he was! And so like his brother! And in that one little instant Jessie recognised that she loved him as she never even had loved her husband.

And, all her woman's heart crying out in wilful yearning, she smiled scornfully at him.

"You surprise me beyond expression, Mr. Howard. My sympathy for Miss Dellamy, of course, prevents even a formal refusal of your very strange proposal. And, besides that, you have made a slight mistake. I am not Mrs. Smytho; I am Mrs. Otway Howard, your sister-in-law—the bold, designing creature who was so successful in inveigling your brother into a marriage so particularly disgraceful to yourself and family."

Her tones were low, unemphatic, but thrilling with dramatic intensity; and Philip Howard, pale to the very lips, bowed his handsome head in an agony of pain, regret, and shame, as she handed him the well-known Howard diamond, suspended by its silken cord.

"Jessie! Jessie! This is my punishment! Do I deserve it? I didn't know—how could I know? My brother was so wild and reckless, that we naturally supposed—Jessie, my darling, can you not forgive?"

She crested her lovely head as proudly as if she were the daughter of an earl—as coldly as if her heart were not aching to take its revenge in his arms, close clasped to his heart.

"You forget Miss Dellamy, Mr. Howard! For her innocent sake I will forget all this that has transpired, only I shall not retain my position any longer. Excuse me, please!"

A week later and all the world knew that for some unaccountable reason the match between Philip Howard and Blanche Dellamy was broken off. Then ensued the usual gossip. In her own room Blanche raved and cried, and vowed she would never show her face again. And then three months later she consoled herself with marrying Greenwood Delano, whom she declared she had always liked better than anybody in the world.

And the very day the New York newspapers published a column report of the magnificent wedding, Philip Howard went to the plain little home Jessie had made for herself and where he found her quietly embroidering in rich, dainty shades for a popular manufacturer of ladies' imported goods."

"I have come again especially to see you," Jessie, and you will not send me away? I have the same story to tell you—that I love you better than all the world—that I want you to be my darling wife! Come to me, Jessie, and let me make atonement for all you have suffered! My sister and my mother are waiting for you, eager to love you both as dear Algernon's widow and my dear wife—as their beloved sister and child. Jessie, can you say no nay this time?"

And, in answer to the exquisite tenderness of his tones, the passion in his shining eyes, the magnetism of his outstretched arms, waiting to be her haven of rest and happiness for evermore, Jessie sprang to him, smiles dimpling her lovely mouth, tears gleaming on her dark, drooping lashes.

"I cannot say you nay, because—oh! Philip, my king, I love you—I love you so!"

—*Woman's Life.*

The Dog and His Chum.

FRIENDSHIPS between dumb animals are shown and strengthened by little deeds of thoughtful kindness, like this one reported by the *Burlington Free Press*:

A very ordinary-looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat, lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess can be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple

fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon-seat.