

of the patients, a word or two regarding the nurses superintendent and physicians will no come amiss.

The nurses, ten in number, are volunteers, and are a healthy, happy, sympathetic band. As a rule these go in for regular training after leaving the Home. The head nurse, Miss McTavish, is a graduate of a training school and an altogether capable personage. Miss Ecclestone, the housekeeper, who was my genial escort in the enforced absence of Mrs. Craigie, is a thorough, painstaking, energetic woman, whose duties are as numerous as the proverbial preacher's family. There has been a change of resident physicians lately, Dr. Wickson, whom I knew, having gone to Edinburgh to take a post graduate course. Though absent in body he is assuredly present in spirit with the sufferers in the Home, who speak of him in words of highest praise; so much so that my statement, "I knew him," was an open sesame to their hearts. He was a large-hearted, large-bodied Christian gentleman, and his words and deeds of sympathy are kept green in the hearts of the patients. His successor is a man of totally different ilk, boyish looking, not troubled with an overabundance of sympathy, but clever withal, quick witted and jolly; but one can readily perceive that the patients are not wholly reconciled as yet to the change.

The superintendent, Mrs. Craigie, was confined to her room, and bed the day of my visit, but did not let that prevent my making her acquaintance, and through her gaining fuller knowledge of the Home and its workings; not even when I constituted myself a veritable interrogation point, and poured question after question into her willing ear, did she falter, but cheerfully and graphically proved that statistically and generally she was a veritable "bureau of information."

The following answers suggest my numerous questions: "Yes, this institution is only partially a government institution. 15 cents a day for each patient being the limit, gifts, legacies, collections, etc., etc., go to make up the balance. No, we are not the aristocratic holders of red-tape that we are sometimes accused of being, nor are our portals opened only when our palms are crossed with gold, no, no! It is surprising the ignorance that exists regarding this place. Would that it were in our power to receive all the incurables who present themselves, but we must discriminate. Could the people but see how each application is weighed at the board meetings and discussed and thought about, we would not hear such sentences as 'oh there is no use you trying to get in there, there is so much red tape.' The Home is full; no vacancies for men and just one or two for women. One more now, though it is hard to realize Maria Simpson has gone. Of the 122 patients now in the Home 89 are free patients, the rest paying a stated sum weekly, so you can judge Miss Editor that the outgo in money matters comes closely up to the income. The food is the best the city affords, the place is kept comfortably warm (a rare thing in such institutions) and the home feeling, and home-like surroundings are remarked by every visitor."

During my most pleasant interview with Mrs. Craigie, I met Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Winnet and Mrs. Gowanlock, all leading workers in connection with the institution, and I left after promising to come some day and literally take my knitting and stay all day with Mrs. Craigie and her dear charges in the Home for Incurables.

Godey's Magazine for January contains a superb frontispiece by Newman; The Munger Collection of Pictures with 25 magnificent illustrations; an article on Fair Women, with pictures of some of the most beautiful women in America; a ghost story, by Miss Mitchell; and besides these there are short stories, accounts of travel in Russia and Italy, and Godey's Fashions. The Godey Company, 32 Lafayette Place, N.Y.



HE postman handed it to her through the little wicket, and with eager hand she clutched it, and clasping it tightly hurried home, heedless of the many enquiring eyes which watched her from the village store, which was post-office as well.

It meant so much to her, she was almost afraid to open it; but at last, in the seclusion of her own room, she broke the seal. Merciful heaven! what was it, that writing! She knew it only too well, but it was not what she had expected! With staring, fascinated eyes she read:

MY DEAR WIFE,—I am free; was liberated on account of good behavior and I am coming to you.

ROBERT.

Free, and coming to her,—she repeated the word "free," over and over again, in accents of terror. Whatever should she do. How could she live and endure this disgrace which had fallen upon her. California had seemed such a long, long way off, she had fancied herself secure, had told herself over and over again, that no one would ever know, and now, oh the horror of it, everyone would know. Everyone! She buried her face in her hands to hide the flush of shame which mounted to it. She, a lawfully wedded wife, whose husband was alive, had called herself a widow, had acted a living lie for ten years. Ten only! it seemed a hundred. She had allowed herself to be wooed, almost won, by one of the noblest of men. What would he say when he knew, he who scorned a lie above all things? And her children, her proud, beautiful darlings, for whose sake she had sinned, what would they say, what would they think! She had told them their father was dead, and he was alive; a drunkard, a swindler, a thief, a common jail-bird, forever disgraced.

The Almighty had dealt very bitterly with her. She was a poor, weak woman, but she had not meant to sin. She had said her husband was dead, and was he not dead to her? She had sacrificed her peace of mind for her children's sake, was she not to be commended for that? How could she bear to have them disgraced before the eyes of the world by owning that the notorious swindler, Henry Dunbar, was their father? His sentence had been imprisonment for life; how was she to know that he would be allowed to go free at the end of ten years on account of his good behavior? How was she to know that he would recover, when only a month before the chaplain of the prison had written to her saying that he was dangerously ill and could not live more than a few weeks at most?

Then, and then only had she allowed herself to dream of love and happiness with the man who had patiently wooed her during all the ten years of her supposed widowhood.

Oh the bitter irony of life! Only last night she had experienced such a blessed sense of relief, had felt sure that the husband who had made life a burden to her was dead, and that soon, very soon, word would come to her, telling her that she was free to marry the man she loved, and who only last night had spoken so significantly of the "Valentine" which he was going to send her on the morrow.

"Why could he not have died?" she asked herself passionately. "It was his duty to die, it was the only thing he could do to redeem his past. Good men were dying every day, men who were honored and beloved, why should one so dishonored and hated, yes hated—she hissed the words between her clenched teeth. Why should he live on?"

Her dainty high-bred Helen would know no bright, happy maidenhood. She would be shunned by her companions as a girl whose father was a thief, a forger, and had actually been in prison; they might even pretend to be afraid of having their pocket handkerchiefs and things stolen when she was around,—some girls were mean enough for that sort of thing. And Percy, her bright high-spirited Percy would have his boyhood imbibed by the taunts of his school-fellows. And Muriel, her baby, her darling, her golden-haired fairy, how her sweet face would whiten with horror, when she found that "papa" whom in her baby innocence she always spoke of as being "up in heaven" was in prison all the while.

He had loved Muriel in the days gone by, this man who was so full of faults. When she was only a tiny infant he had held her in his strong arms with looks of adoring fondness, and there had been tears in his eyes as he wished that for her sake he had been a better man, and even while he held her, the officers of the law had come and arrested him.

Oh, the awful horror of the days and weeks that had followed; she turned cold even now as she thought of it, when she learned for the first time that her elegant home of which she had been so proud, had been in reality a gambling hell, and she the innocent decoy which had lured hundreds of young men to their ruin. She had never truly loved her husband, even when she believed him to be an honorable man; she hated him with a deadly hatred when the law found him guilty of almost every crime except that of