EDGED TOOLS.

I have seen bridegrooms and bridegrooms, exclaimed one of the clerks in the office of Earle & Rober's, to the young lady type-writer, as Mr. Sydrey Earle closed the deor behind him, 'but never as uncorectned and matter of fact a bridegroom as the senior partner of this firm! Married last night—and to one of the most beautiful woman of this city—yet he was here to the second in his accustomed y lace this merning, worked like a horse all day, never once looked at the clock, and he is, yes, actually a quarter of an hour later than usual goirg home to dinner!"

The type-writer smiled a sweet smile, not unnixed with bitterses. 'I have known men and men, but never a man to rush in purcuit of what is already his!

The subject of tlese semarks, Mr. Sidney Earle, a handsome man of about thirty-two years of age, war, by this time, comicatably seated in a down-town car, his head turied in an evening edition just handed him by a newsboy. The evening news must have been unusually interesting, for Mr. Sydny Ear'e started in astonishment when the conductor announced his street. Had the observancey of the young clerk in the effice of Earle & Roberts been able to pierce the walls of the residence of Mr. Sidney Earle, just married, as he entered his domain, his experience with young bridegrooms would have been considerably erlarged.

There was no gushing young wife to rush into his outstretched arms; no rapturous

ence with young bridegrooms would have been considerably erlarged.

There was no gushing young wife to rush into his outstretched arms; no rapturous hiss of greeting; nobody but the servant who took his overcoat and lat while Sidney ran lightly upstairs into his bachelor's den. It was a cozy, bright noom, and a cherry fire sparkled in the grate. Sidney Earle's eyes caught the sparkle as he dropped into his easy chair and glanced approvingly around the room. The only touch that suggested a worran's hand was a vate of lovely roses on the table. He took them up and smelt them with satisfaction.

'Flo put these here. She should have kept them for her sitting-room. She loves them so much better than J. My wife! ha! ha!" and Sidney fell into a fit of pleasant musing until the dinner bell called him back to the world.

When old Mrs. Netherton died, she left her entire fortune to be divided between har too greatest of kin—a niece and a

is Netherton always hoped it, but as swent cn, this hope died out. They so fond of each other, they were perfect-ongenial, they were great chums, but

ly congenial, they were great the lovers—never.
When arm Netherton timidly acunded Sidney on the marriage question, he pshawed, and said he was already a confirmed old bactelor, too comfortable and happy to change his condition. He talked of ideals and deals red he had never met and

happy to change his condition. He talked of ideals and deals red he had never met and never expected to meet the wman who would quite fill his ideal of a wife. So dear aunt Netherton died without seeing her sweet hope fulfilled; without even the suspicion (which might have comforted her) that her detth would bring to pass this very dear wish of her heart.

Flo and Sidney had met in the sitting-room to talk over things. 'Yet are a rich weman now in your own right, Flo,' said Sidney.

'Rich, but not independent,' answered Flo, gloomily. 'Here is annt Rachel urging ne every day to get my things ready to go back with her. I have put her ciff from day to day, but this cant go on forever. I must go one day so ner or later. Oh, Sidney, I can't leave this home where I have lived such a happy, happy girlbocd. It be aks my heart! Aunt Rachel's home will never, rever seem hemelike to me, with these eight noisy children, and the country—I never did like the country! Here Flo broke down and burst into uncontrollable weeping.

'Flo, must on live with aunt Rachel'? Could you not mike other, more congenial air-ugemnts?'

Flo dried her eyes and tri d to speak calmly. 'Yes, I must, Sidney. I could not bear to hurt sunt Rachel's feelings by telling her how I feel. Oh, that cear aunt Netherton had not cide and left us! Oh, that we could have gone on in this happy, pleasant if et orget him to come to her rescue! How Sidrey pited her!

He mused in serious silence a few moments. Then he locked up, and his lock

He mused in serious silence a few moments. Then he lockek up, and his lock seemed embarrassed and despe ats. 'Yes cousin Flo, I wish we could go on living

ur. There is a way—'
Fo locked up brightly 'A way? How?
He laughed nervously. 'A strange way,
o. I should say a very natural way, and yet it will star le you.'

Flo looked incredulcus'y at her cousir,
while her eyes continued to ask for an ex-

planation.
'Why,' he said, slowly, 'if we were to

Why,' he said, slowly, 'if we were to marry, nothing need be changed.'
The words were not uttered like the words of an erger lover, they were mechanical, burintss-like, and yet mixed with a certain brotherly tenderness. Flo was startled for a moment. She jumped up from her chair. Then ste looked down at Sidney and laughed almost merrily. "You and I marry! That is an idea!" Then she laughed again and Sidney joined in the laugh.

merily. "You and I marry! That is an idea!" Then she laughed again and Sidney joined in the laugh.

After a while they subsided and Signey sid seriously: "Yes, it is an idea, but not my whole idea. Marrisge would not mean to us what it means to the rest of the world—bordage. You would be free and I should be fiee. We could go on living as we have always done; no hing ned be changed. We could be the same celightful or mpanions, chums, friends, cn'y in the eyes of the world we would be man ard wife. There would the a novely and charm in the situation, would there rot. Flc.?"

Flo's eyes ahene as if she did not entirely disapprove of the scheme but woman like, she began to hunt for obtacles.

"Sidney, is there a woman in this world whom you love or think you could ever love?" she asked solemnly.

"None," he answered, as solemnly.

"And you?"

'There is no man living I love or could,'
said Flo loftily. 'You know how often we
have discussed the question of 'ideals' together? Well, my ideal man is as high as
ever, and I never expect to meet him in
the flesh.'



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