

hold. The first result of this return of promised prosperity was the retaking of the social position of the lady of the house and her daughter Lilian. Some wise critics shook their head and said: "They are going the pace too soon again. A second crash will follow such premature extravagance." But Mrs. De Vere and the critics had no affinity and the mansion in High Square was the rendezvous of the elite as of yore, regardless of the cost entailed.

Audrey went oftener and oftener to his mother's gay residence. Anti-Poverty Society work was neglected and his zeal was directed into new channels. His wife began to see less and less of him and their relations grew more and more strained. At last the final day of reckoning drew near. "The little rift within the lute" widened till all hope of music was lost. Audrey's coldness increased daily and at last resolved itself into a chilling disdain of all Nyle's attempts to live peaceably. There came a day too when he spoke.

"Let me have some money!" he said shortly, to his wife.

"Why, Audrey, I have none. You gave me none since last month."

He gave her a slow, angry look.

"What have you done with the sum your friend Lawyer Overmeyer gave you?" he asked, quietly.

Nyle gave a little cry.

"You know about it?" she uttered, involuntarily.

"Yes, I know," he answered. How pale and stern he was.

"And you will not forgive me? Audrey, is it such a sin that you cannot look at me in some way besides that. Your eyes are so unkind."

She moved up nearer him. He held her away.

"Do you think to wheedle me into overlooking your falsehood. I shall never regard you worthy of my love again. I have been bitterly disappointed in you."

"I know it was wrong," she cried, her lips trembling, her eyes dewy with repentance. "But I was afraid to ever tell you anything—you hated money so, you said."

He stared at her in mingled perplexity and anger.

"And nothing but money could help me in my purposes," she went on.

"Good heavens!" her husband exclaimed, "My mother has indeed told me the truth when she said you were a most unprincipled little schemer. To think of you talking about this affair like that to me—your husband."

"Ah!" she broke in, coldly calm now. "It was your mother who told you all, was it?" Well, in the face of her knowledge of the affair, as you call it, how does she explain her treatment of me. Why does she slight me? Why scorn me so, *now*?"

Again that stare of undisguised amazement and annoyance.

"She knows where the money went to as well as where it came from," pursued his wife. "And yet knowing it, she considers me unworthy of her notice. You uphold her in her action too. Audrey, Audrey, why is it you do so? I thought you loved me."

"And you presume on that fact! Well, it is vain presumption. How can you expect to be treated differently? I wonder at your dreaming of retaining the respect of anyone who has heard the story."

Nyle stood frozen into a marble-like stillness. Then a pink flushed her cheeks.

"I did not know it was such a crime," she uttered. "Audrey, Audrey, do you mean I have not even your respect?"

"Did not know it was such a crime?" he exclaimed. "And yet—! Good heavens, where is your sense of right and wrong?"

"All lost," she said, mournfully. "Gone with my religion, my happiness, my everything. When I met and loved you, Audrey De Vere, it was a day of losses."

"Aye," he returned, relentlessly. "And the day on which we part will be a day of gain, apparently, for both of us."

Nyle put up a piteously trembling hand over her eyes with a cry of pain, and Audrey went out and left her.

Misery, misery! Oh, the pity of it! Secrets between husband and wife are the rocks on which many a good ship has come to grief.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Written for THE QUEEN.

BETTER THINGS.

By ANNIE K. MCDANIEL.

Better to smell the roses sweet
Than dwell in Fashion's hall;
Better to love as a little child
Than to never love at all.
Better to watch the bright blue sky
Than gaze on Fiction's page;
Better to hear the wild bird sing
Than the prisoner in a cage.
Better to never see the rich
Than envy them their store;
Better to take the stranger in
Than turn him from your door.
Better to do quiet deeds of love
Than have an ill-got fame;

Better to be a beggar child
Than have an evil name.
Better to live in a cottage neat
Than dwell in marble towers;
Better to do the Master's work
Than be decked out in flowers.
Better to fill up the web of life
With a grand and noble worth;
Better to have a gentle heart
Than a fame spread o'er the earth.

Better to teach a little child
Than sit with idle thought;
Rejoice to hear "Well done," at last
For the good work you have wrought.