

from his painful revelry, "no weakness! You have your way to make in the world, and your work to do; God will help you, and no creature shall hinder you," and he plunged resolutely into his duties.

Mr. Ludolph was late in reaching the store that morning, and Dennis found himself secretly hoping, in spite of himself, that Christine would accompany him. His will and heart were now in distinct opposition, and the latter would not obey orders.

When Mr. Ludolph appeared, it was with a frowning, clouded brow. Without a word he passed into his private office, but seemed so restless and troubled in his manner that Dennis felt something was wrong. Why should he take such an interest in this man? Why should he care? The other clerks did not—not one save himself had noticed anything different. Poor Dennis was to learn that he had a disease of many and varied symptoms.

After something over an hour had passed, Mr. Ludolph started from his desk, took his hat and cane as with the purpose of going out—a very unusual thing at that time. But as he was passing down the store, he met Dr. Arten opposite Dennis's counter.

"Well," said Mr. Ludolph impatiently.

"I will call again this evening," said the Doctor, prudently non-committal. "Your daughter has caught a very severe cold. I hope it is nothing more than a cold, but so many troublesome diseases commence with these obscure symptoms, that we have to wait till further developments reveal the true nature of the case."

"You doctors make no headway in banishing disease from the world," snarled Mr. Ludolph. "There is small-pox around, is there not?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say there is a great deal of it, but if you remember the history of that one disease, I think you will admit your remark to be unfair."

"I beg your pardon, Doctor, but I am anxious, and all out of sorts, as I ever am in sickness" (when affecting himself,—he might justly have added). "It seems such a senseless, useless evil in the world. The idea of you Christians believing a benevolent Being rules the world and that he permits small-pox. Can it be possible that my daughter has contracted this loathsome horror?"

"Well, it is possible, but I hope not at all probable. We doctors are compelled to look at the practical rather than the theological side of the question. It is possible for *any one* to have this disease. Has your daughter been vaccinated?"

"No!" growled Mr. Ludolph. "I don't believe in vaccination. It is as apt to vitiate the system as protect it."

"I am sorry for that," said the Doctor looking grave."

Keen Mr. Ludolph saw and read his physician's expression accurately. Seizing his hand he said eagerly—

"Pardon me, Doctor, you can understand a father's feelings. Watch this case night and day. Spare no pains, and be assured I will regret no expense," and he hastened away to his daughter's bedside.

No prisoner at the bar ever listened with more interest than Dennis. If it had been his own case they were discussing it would not have touched half so nearly.

But a moment before, Christine in her pride, wealth and beauty, seemed destined to go through life as in a triumphant march. Now he saw her to be a weak human creature, threatened as sorely as the poorest and humblest. Her glorious beauty, even her life, might pass away in Le Grand Hotel as surely as in a tenement house. The very thought thrilled him with fear. Then a great pity rushed into his soul like a tide, sweeping everything before it. His stern resolution to stifle and trample upon his love, melted like a snow wreath, and every interest of life centred in the darkened room where Christine tossed and moaned in the deeper darkness of uncertainty and doubt. The longing to go to her to comfort and help, was so intense that it required the utmost effort of reason and will to prevent such rash action. He trembled at himself—at the strength of his feelings, and saw that though he might control outward action, his heart had gone from him beyond remedy, and that his love, so long unrecognized, was now like the principal source of the Jordan, that springs from the earth a full grown river, and that he could not help it.

Mr. Ludolph found little comfort at his daughter's bedside. Sending her maid away, who was glad to go, Christine told what she had overheard. Small-pox seemed in the mind of every one, but this was not strange since it was so prevalent in the city.

"O father, what shall I do—what shall I do, if this should be the case? Janette will leave me, and there will be no one to take care of me. I know I will die, and I might as well, as to be made hideous by this horrible disease. No, I would rather live, on any terms, for to die is to be nothing. O father, are you sure the Bible is all false? There is so much in it to comfort the sick.