

"But, doctor, only think what it means to me. I am an only daughter. It will kill my poor father; he occupies such a proud and distinguished position in society. Thank God, I never knew my sainted mother. She died when I was only two years of age. Is my whole life to be ruined for such a triviality, I ask of you? Am I to be an outcast from my friends—from that society I love so well? Are the gray hairs of my noble father to be bowed in shame? Is the even of his life to be embittered as was the morn? Is the scoff of society to be leveled at him? Is the finger of scorn to be pointed at him? Is he to suffer all this for my one sin?"

"I am afraid so, so far as I am concerned. But wait, perhaps I can aid you. Nature is unerring in her course. In due time I can be a good physician to you."

"No—not that—never!" she exclaimed.

"Then our consultation is at an end," and he quietly arose as a signal for her withdrawal.

"Oh, but doctor! You are a young man, unmarried perhaps, perhaps with sisters of your own. Surely you will take pity upon me. Surely"—she began opening her portmanteau—"surely money—I am wealthy—surely this would be some inducement,"—holding out a packet of bank notes—"surely for a thousand dollars—there are ten one hundred dollar notes in this packet—surely for that you will save me."

He was moved, deeply moved. The hideous spectre of debts came before him. He thought of the rent overdue and unpaid; of the bills he had to meet—all could be more than satisfied with this amount. The temptation came upon him; it would be so easy—a matter of strict asepsis.

A slight noise in the dining-room like the clinking of glasses on the buffet, called him back to the path of rectitude. His wife had saved him.

Rising up before her, his face paling, his brow contracting, his lips tightening, his eyes fixing steadily upon her, strong, earnest, sincere, determined—she saw all rapidly—

"For a thousand dollars, doctor!" she pleaded, thrusting the packet towards him.

"Listen!" he said. "Listen! I am a married man. I have a loving, a lovely and a well-beloved wife. God has blessed our union with two, to me, beautiful children. Money I need, but not this kind of money. Do you realize what you ask of me? Do you, who may have already sinned, correctly understand? To your self-confessed sin, you now wish to add a crime. Thus you are an accomplice before the fact. All my honor, all my manhood and all my