

way. But I can easily make some excuse for going to the other side of the bed."

Edith was about to do this when she caught sight of the mirror on the wall. The patient was not asleep. He was wide awake and looking straight at her. He was pale and emaciated but there was no mistaking those eyes. They were gazing directly into her own. Not in anger, either, but with love and tender yearning.

Edith's detour in order to be opposite those eyes instead of behind them was without the slightest hesitation.

"O, Tom!" was all she said. But the exquisite pathos in her voice as she uttered those two words made Tom understand. Penitent, Edith kneeled quickly and buried her face in the bed-clothes. A thin, weak hand was laid gently on her head; a voice, full of the music of forgiveness, whispered her name.

Then the nurse appeared in the doorway. She stood there, wondering again, until Tom once more beckoned to her.

"Nurse," he said, his voice having suddenly lost all its sadness, "you may bring the roses back again, now."

Marriage a la Mode.

L. McLeod Gould.

YES, said the Marquis, tentatively crossing his left leg with his right, "I sent to your office Mr.-er-Martin because I felt that it was about time that I had a biographer; I had come to the conclusion that an interviewer was the cheapest form of biographer, and I naturally asked the "Sensational Gazette" to furnish me with the same, knowing the high reputation of the paper, and being well aware that the masses to whom I wish to appeal, regard it as the one and only exponent of the Truth, combined with a thoughtful sensibility of the wishes and an unprejudiced consideration both for the moral welfare and the intellectual entertainment of the public."

That this was an unusually long speech for the Marquis was evidenced by the prolonged sigh which ushered it to its close and by the thoughtful air with which he now deliberately unhooked his legs only to entangle them in the reverse position. But he had not quite finished, and as is often the case the post-dictum was of more practical value than the

whole of his collective remarks preceding.

"Please be so kind," he said, "as to help yourself to a whisky and soda, and as you are up would you mind passing the implements of conversation over in this direction. I always find that talking makes me thirsty, and that brain-work causes a void which is best filled by stimulant."

I rose and after ministering to my own wants, considerably placed both the decanter and the syphon within easy reach of his august arm; then before re-seating myself I leant against the mantelpiece whilst lighting a cigar, and thus addressed him.

"I think, my lord, that it would be as well in order to avoid useless questioning if you were to acquaint me with some of the details of your early life. In fact I think that the purposes of this interview would be best served if you were to give me a brief resume of your history. The Public, my lord--and here I would remind you that whilst revising your career it would be as well for you to keep it in your mind that the Public is always to