

A Moving Tale.

"Come get ye to bed my little ones all, Oh, get ye to bed I say; For the cartman's coming to move our things At the very dawn of the day. So get ye to bed my little ones all, Oh, get ye to bed I say; Tommy shall sleep in the dining-room chairs And Maude in the crockery bay; And I will sleep on the newel post, And pa may rest in the yard, And babe may lie by the kerosene lamp, Oh, moving day's a dour and hard, So get ye to bed my little ones all, Oh, get ye to bed I say; For the man that charges \$12 a load Will come at the dawn of day."

At 11 o'clock, or nearly high noon, That cartman did appear; There was never a cart on his weary steed, And his breath was "bocky" with beer; And he obediently came to be backed to the curb, "I hope I am not too soon, You know I said I would get around here Sometime before afternoon." But the man stonily looked at him, And rookily answered he: "But never a word the dame's lips stirred— As cold as a corpse was she. But she hunted me up into the van, And her husband she pricked with a goad, For fear the conscience-eating man Would say 'there's another load.'"

"Oh, get ye to bed, my little ones all, It's 12 o'clock at night; I'm weary of living and ready to fall, And your horrid noise is a sight. And the baby's mangled his blessed head, And the chairs have broken their legs, And there's a plaster drop in the coffee pot All mixed with the Mocha's drop. Oh, get ye to bed, my little ones all! Just lay ye down anywhere, And the matron love her backyard Elaborately to swear. She swore of the oars and she swore of the bars Till her talker's head she swore to wear. And a heavy grey illumined her face As she went to bed on the floor. The moral of which, and a moral there is, Is simply this—that a swear May soothe the benediction That follows after prayer."

THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER III.

"A DEAD WOMAN'S JEALOUSY BLIGHTING A LIVING LOVE."

The green turfs were neatly placed over the new-made grave; the little church-yard on the hill was empty again; the sunlight was sending long, quivering bands of gold over the lowly mounds; the birds were singing in the shades of the parsonage garden, and nothing round about spoke of the new-come to that abode of the dead.

Pauline Grey, the beauty, had died out of the brilliant London world years before, and been buried and forgotten. Pauline Lennard, wife of the country doctor, was laid in the earth to-day, but whether she was to be forgotten or not remained to be seen.

The young widower returned home, and for the first time learned that his late wife had made it he did not stop to ask, but this secret not of hers seemed to cry out even from the new-made grave, that he had never been trusted.

"Miss Elizabeth Leigh," the lawyer asked, looking round the room; "is she present?"

Dr. Lennard said she was not; and the lawyer coughed once or twice as he leisurely unstuck his papers, and curiosity was vividly depicted on every face present with the exception of his who might have been supposed to be the most interested in the matter. That curiosity gradually deepened as the reading proceeded, and when the lawyer's voice ceased, there was a general flutter and stir throughout the room.

Miss Elizabeth Leigh was declared whole and sole heiress of Mrs. Lennard's fortune. The doctor's face went a shade paler, and a slight tremor ran round his well-shaped mouth—signs of agitation that did not pass unnoticed. Perhaps the conclusions drawn from them were no nearer the truth than such conclusions usually are.

The old man in the little cottage a few paces from the sea-shore, when he heard of his daughter's good fortune, was no longer old. He was upright, elastic, jocosous. He walked and spoke as he had walked and spoken five-and-twenty years before, ere yet Miss Letty, his daughter, was dreamed of when he had married an heiress; and with the stately strut and aristocratic drawl of that period came back his old passion for the sins and follies of a town life.

No man knew better than he that they were sins and follies; few, perhaps, knew as well how much they cost in the long run; for we have said he had played the game of life in cities, and lost it; but such knowledge was as a wither of them once again, he is over so desirous to taste of them once again, he is over so desirous to sip, before he had lost all his relish for them.

So, when the little cottage had been refurbished and beautified to his satisfaction, Mr. Leigh went to London on a visit—necessary one he called it; and from thence he sent home a lady housekeeper, to be at once a companion to his daughter and a mistress over the servants—for the humble little nest now boasted of three.

It is a sudden step up in the world gave the pleasure which such a step might be expected to give to the fortunate heiress, she had, to say the least of it, an odd way of showing it. Not that she grew pale, and drooped and faded like a fragile flower. She was fragile enough; but she was no flower. She was a sensitive, loving woman, with a warm, throbbing heart, that had great power of feeling pain, and like all hearts worth owning, great power of bearing it.

She went about, and smiled, and talked, and received calls, and returned them, as heiresses of the present day are bound to do, in common gratitude for being better off than other people. Her new dresses, and maudlin, and hats—for Letty detested bonnets—were of the very best quality, the very newest fashion, and the most booming style that she could procure; and in them all she took, and openly showed, a natural girlish interest; but, within, she was not thoroughly happy in her new state. The money seemed to have brought a weight with it; and the girl in her was fast dying out under the burden.

Then, again, Letty was foolish enough to remember and still cling lovingly to the few friends she had possessed when she was humble Letty Leigh; and not all the new ones which the shine of her gowns brought her could compensate for them; and upon them, as her father's express command, she was obliged to turn her back.

One out of them all, and only one, was still declared fit to be her friend. That was Dr. Lennard; but he had turned his back upon her. Some people hinted that spite

was the real reason of this sudden coldness on his part; others and they were mostly very young ladies with a lurking tenderness or the handsome young widower, pronounced it his extreme grief for the loss of his wife that made him unable to bear as yet the society of her friend.

Curious reasoning this; but some people, and particularly very young ladies, have the gift of seeing so deep into things, that their commoner neighbors cannot follow them.

But ere the spring had come round again, before the crocuses had cropped up about his young wife's grave, the doctor was summoned in his medical capacity to the cottage of the Leighs. Mr. Leigh was back then from London—pompous and grand, and stately, but anxious withal, for Letty lay moaning and tossing on what might prove her death bed, if speedy relief did not come.

It was a fever, a bad case of typhus, Dr. Green had said; and at the word the servants had taken the alarm and left. Mrs. Atherton, the lady housekeeper, was at her wits' end; we fancy she would have left, too, but that her keen, worldly eye had fastened upon the rich, silly old man as a likely prize for her to win. The fact that Letty, and not Mr. Leigh, was the rightful owner of the lavishly soattered guineas, she quite ignored, for she had seen enough to convince her that her father's will was law to the motherless girl, and she meant to make her will law also at some future date. Very excellent plans, no doubt, and tolerably feasible; but the planner of them was scarcely fitted for the post of sick-nurse, and so Dr. Lennard saw. He did not see the real reason, but he saw enough to convince him that Mrs. Atherton was inclined to neglect her charge, and spend her time in the tiny drawing-room, mooning oily consolation to that charge's papa.

It was late in the afternoon when the summons reached Dr. Lennard; later still when he stood at the door of the Leighs. It was open, and he went in, and into the little sitting-room. No one was there, and, rather annoyed, he rang the bell smartly. In answer to it Mr. Leigh himself appeared, and presently Mrs. Atherton. Paying little heed to her softly uttered but incessant lamentations over the shameful ingratitude of the servants and her own painful position, he requested to see his patient.

Letty was in a high fever; her cheeks a burning crimson, her gray eyes flaming and flashing, her long, thick hair tossed back over the pillows. She did not know the doctor; she knew no one; and her shrill voice went on without pause or stop, but her words were meaningless; she was delirious.

"How long has she been like this?" was his first question. What medicine has she taken?" he next.

It seemed the answer to neither pleased him, for he gave a little anxious frown, and, emptying the glass that stood half full on the table, he asked for a clean one, and then prepared a fresh potion, and held it to the sick girl's lips. She drank it eagerly; it was acid, and she liked it.

When it was drained to the last drop, and Mrs. Atherton had left the room to attend to his directions, the doctor, standing by the bedside, laid his cool hand on the girl's hot, throbbing brow. At his touch the bright, dreamy eyes unopened, and the red lips smiled gratefully.

"You are kind," she said. "I like you. Don't go away again—don't leave me. They all hate me, everyone hates me now, you know; for she cursed me, and the curse has never left me. Never."

The eyes closed again wearily, and the little hand that had been raised to touch the doctor's hand fell down. The potion was doing its work. The doctor sat quietly by the bedside and waited for Mrs. Atherton, inwardly chafing at the delay. Every now and again the gray eyes would open to see if he was still there, and then close, content that he was. As he sat and looked down on the pale, young face lying within a yard of his own, and met the trusting, loving gaze of those shy eyes that had never so met his in health, a vague, half-bisual, half-painful thought grew in his brain; and yet it was scarcely a clear thought, only a suspicion, a wondering surmise; but faint as it was, it made him think with yearning pity of the slight hold that young life had on this world. When at length Mrs. Atherton came back he left his directions with her, and returned to his own home to puzzle and wonder over this strange fancy that had seized upon him, and which he could not shake off.

Every visit showed Dr. Lennard more clearly that no attention was being paid by Mrs. Atherton to Letty. He had pronounced her illness fever of the brain, and not infectious, and on his word the servants came back, but that did not mend matters as far as he was concerned; indeed it made them rather worse; for when Mrs. Atherton sat and talked for the hour together to Mr. Leigh, he let himself enjoy her flatteries with an easy conscience, thinking that one of the servants was watching by Letty. Instead of that the doctor often found her alone, and paroled with throat; and at such times he always attended to her wants himself, in preference to seeing Mrs. Atherton about her. Once, coming early in the forenoon, he found her sitting up in bed, her hair pushed back from her face, and looking so pale and collected, that he thought on the first glance that the fever had left her. As he went forward to the bed, which she held an old shoe in her hand, which she was turning over and examining eagerly.

It was a woman's shoe, very small, very dainty altogether, and had on been a pale drab color. It was far too small, ever to have fitted Letty's foot, and the interest she showed in it puzzled the doctor.

"What is that, Letty?" he asked, gently touching her hand to attract her attention. She looked up at him, no spark of recognition in her eyes.

"It is a little, little bit of the curse she left behind her on the sands, the night she followed us, the night I heard her sobbing breath all round me in the air. I found it in a puddle on the shore; the sea wouldn't swallow it, because, you see, it was a part of her curse, and I deserved it. I didn't think so then; but I know now I did. I knew it as soon as ever he gave over noticing me; he would not look at me, he never spoke to me; and I did so love him."

The wild, bright eyes were brimmed with tears as she repeated over and over again that mournful plaint—"I did so love him! I did so love him!"

"Heaven help me," thought the doctor,

as he turned away from the wistful eyes, "is love of me always to bring a blight?"

He drew the shoes tenderly from her clinging fingers, and, laying back her head upon the pillow, strove to soothe her into quiet. But still her cry was the heavy curse that lay on her, stopping her breath, crushing out her life, killing her.

"It is heavy on us both," said the doctor, softly, as he stooped and kissed her hot cheek, and then went out to seek her father.

Thanks to that interview the poor girl was no longer neglected. Dr. Lennard was not one whose word, when he gave it, might be lightly disregarded, and now he spoke out more freely than was his wont. The consequence was Mrs. Atherton bestirred herself, and made an anxious watcher on the instant; but trusting very little in her, the doctor sent down old Judith, and made her shift herself with her niece. Perhaps he thought that faithful servant, close-mouthed and cautious, the fittest to listen to such words as he had listened to that day. Perhaps he knew that her meaning might be penetrated—for he by no means underrated the woman's shrewdness—they would be as safe with her as with himself.

Miss Leigh recovered but slowly, and Dr. Lennard still continued his visits. He came as a friend now—as more than a friend; the bright and sudden flushing of Letty's cheek hinted that he was welcome; but then the doctor was not bound to see that. He read poems to her; he took her out on sunny afternoons to look at the sea from a seat in her little garden. He bent over her, and watched over her like a mother might over an ailing child, but he never forgot that she was the heiress of his dead wife.

Letty never forgot it either. She thought of it with an icy thrill each time her heart told her, as it sometimes did, how dear she was to her; the memory of that, and of the fearful look that had shone over his wife's face that morning months and months before, when she had said she would live to curse them, rose up between her and every hope of one day being his acknowledged darling.

Dr. Lennard did not dream that it was anything but friendship that drew him so often to that quiet little cottage, but its shy young mistress did; still as she seemed, she knew it was love.

Does not every woman know when a man passes the rubicon of temperate friendship, and enters the fiery land of love? We think she does. We think she must, if she would only acknowledge it candidly. Letty knew. Her warm woman's heart rose up with a glad thrum when he was by, and her keen woman's eye did not fail to see an answering love gleam on the pale, cold face that only unbent to her, and that rarely. She drew a new life from this knowledge, and brightened and strengthened day by day. But when the weeks slipped by, still the sea lay still and glowing under the June sun, and this love, that she knew was in his heart, never rose to his lips, she began to feel, with a keen, miserable appreciation of its nobleness, the real reason of his strange silence.

Letty began, for the first time, to understand, and to tread around, with bleeding, stumbling feet, the hard road a woman's jealousy had mapped out before her. As the heiress of his wife, no nun in her convent cell could be further removed from the hope of winning him than she. And a horrible conviction that he was right in this, and that no matter how strong his love, he would never own it, pressed upon her. A shuddering sense of a dead woman's jealousy blighting her living love, closed round her day by day; and again the wall that had broken from her dry lips in the fever broke from them now: "It was part of her curse and I deserve it."

Part! It was all. It was the open translation of those mysterious fish of seeming friendliness and real watching. It told why she chose the girl she thought her rival to inherit her money. As none but the brain of the woman could have planned and raised such a barrier between an honorable man and the hapless girl she bound in her golden fetters, so none but the heart of a woman could fully feel its power. Letty felt it. She saw now why the wife, thinking her husband loved her, should leave her money to her, knowing that the doctor as an honorable man would be kept from ever seeking her in marriage by that very fact.

And the doctor, seeing this also, and losing heart and heart together in the neighborhood of this shy, wayward girl, would strive to regain both by telling himself, over and over again, that he could not marry the same fortune twice. While the young girl dreamed and sighed, and the strong man played with the fire, Mr. Leigh was looking out for a husband for his daughter. To find one that suited him proved rather difficult. Those who might have sought the hand of the heiress, in time and opportunity had been granted them, the old man looked upon with utmost contempt. He was no miser. He did not want gold to mate gold. He wanted a gentleman for his child, and, to find one, he went to London. That city was the brilliant youth and doubtful manhood had been passed among its glories; and, in his age, its charm was as great as ever for him. So he went, and Mrs. Atherton remained in charge of Letty.

The oorn was ripening for the sickle; the low, marshy grounds were putting on their autumn garb of purple and deep, rank greenery, and the little cottage was in a glowing tangle of blooms when its master returned. He came alone, and he looked haggard and anxious; but he would be cheerful, and he told them that he expected company following him.

Mrs. Atherton was all complacency. She was overjoyed at her dear master's safe return; she was pleasantly excited over the coming guests, and delighted with everything.

Not so Letty—the girl was tired out; the new hats, and dresses and gaudy summer mantles had been worn again and again; the gushing young lady friends had sunk from patronizing celestials into positive bores. The novelty of being an heiress had worn off, and she sickened at its monotony; and that the life of an heiress, be it lived in town or country, is monotonous, let no one deny. Her money had opened for her the gates of many long-coveted pleasures, but it had barred the only one she cared very much for entering. It found for her one new friend; it lost for her one old one; and with the tenacity of a woman and the waywardness of a

child she turned her back on them all, to grieve and cry out for the unattainable.

Dr. Lennard was everything a rich lady patient could expect or desire, but some thing—what she could not tell—had changed him at once and completely. He never called her Miss Letty now; he had ceased to come in when the delicious twilight was dropping down over the heat and hurry of the long summer day; he never walked out with her; he never sat in the shady little parlor and read favorite bits from his favorite authors, as he had done in those first, never-to-be-forgotten days of her convalescence.

So, wanting all this, the girl had grown tired of everything, and of herself above all; and there were times when, if she could have gone and laid this heavy weight of gold in the hand that had dropped it as a curse at her feet, she would have done it. At others she tried to think of the pleasures it had procured, and would still procure, her father, now getting to be an old man; when she tried to look bravely out on a lonely, barren, life-trail, where her one star should be her only solace, the attendance of her father's love.

Some women seem not so much women as heroines; such tread the hard path spread before them with unflinching step, and trample down the thorns under their feet unblenchingly. They live in the mouths of men; their names make a light about them on the pages of history. But Letty Leigh was not one of them. She was passionate, and loving, and tender-hearted; and the only light she was fitted to cast about her would be on the faces of little children in the heart of a quiet home. For courage, read love; for endurance, faithfulness; for heroine, woman; and you have the picture of Letty Leigh.

Altogether it was not much wonder that the thoughtful man, the reverse of welcome to her, but that she kept to her father, in the vain hope that the more she loved him the less she would grow to love Paul Lennard.

Almost the first question of Mr. Leigh had been:

"Where's the Doctor Lennard?" Mrs. Atherton explained that since Mr. Leigh had left for London there seemed to be no attraction for the doctor at their quiet little cottage, and he had ceased to call altogether of late. She looked up under her lashes at Letty as she spoke, and Letty, meeting the glance, flushed crimson.

"I wanted to see him," continued Mr. Leigh. "I must get him and Captain Harker, and Wilkinson, and Dodd, to meet my friends when they come."

These mysterious friends, whose coming made such a commotion in the village, proved to be two exquisites of the first water—London water, to be understood. That they were very great gentlemen, indeed, no one could doubt, seeing their sparkling rings and fashionable coats and trousers (excuse mention of them), which were surely cut from that famous pattern that was designed, so the great artist who made them explained, to walk about in and nothing else. By no means might they wear sit down in them.

The curious ones who watched these gentlemen walking arm in arm through the village in company with Mr. Leigh, were completely dazzled by such fashionable excellence, and retired in-doors, mutely wondering at the grandeur of Mr. Leigh's connections. Letty herself, standing in the porch, her straw hat in one hand, her trailing dress and the folds of her lace shawl caught up in the other, felt utterly abashed and shamefaced, as she knew herself under the observation of a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, ostensibly surveying the flowers, but in reality levelled at her; and her heart palpitated stormily as she submitted to two soft butterfly pressures from pale, straw-colored kites and felt a nameless odor of distilled waters floating about her as the gentlemen passed.

Letty knew her father was angry with her by the cold, measured way he spoke as the little party turned in-doors, apologizing for his daughter's appearance in delicate, half-tinted words. She had known all along that they were coming that afternoon; she had known, too, that her father expected her to dress her best and look her best, and she had intended to do so purely to please him; but a trivial, simple thing served to change the whole current of her thoughts, and prevented her doing either or the other.

That morning, standing in the garden looking over her flowers, Letty had raised her head suddenly to find Dr. Lennard watching her a short way off up the lane. He was riding slowly when she first saw him, but, urging his horse into a canter, he came straight on and stopped at the gate. Letty's face flushed rosy, and her small hands, not brown now, but like sun-burnt lily leaves, if such could be imagined, flung down the flowers she had gathered, and began eagerly to unfasten the gate.

For an instant the grave doctor leaned forward in his saddle, his stern mouth twitching, a patch of burning red on each swallow cheek. If the girl had looked then, she might have drunk in such a draught of love from the fathomless dark eyes bent upon her as would have quenched the thirst of her heart forever; but she did not; she only raised her face, still flushed when he spoke.

"You need not trouble to undo the fastenings, Miss Leigh, for I have not time to come in this morning. I should scarcely have ventured on stopping if I had not seen you in the garden as I rode by."

The young face darkened at once, the clear eyes grew troubled, as you might have seen the depths of a tiny lakelike change under the shadow of a storm-cloud.

"Your visitors have not arrived yet," he remarked, as he saw she would not or could not speak.

"No," replied Letty; "but they are coming to-day, and papa expects you will dine with us."

"Yes, I know he does," said the doctor, looking away from her towards the sea; and I am not sure whether I can come or not."

He will be very disappointed if you cannot," said Letty; she might have added with truth, "and I, too, shall be utterly disappointed if you do not."

"Well, tell him I will do my best to get here," said he; "but a doctor's time is not his own, you know, that he should use it for his pleasure."

He spoke lightly enough and pleasantly, but he did not smile, and Letty did not.

"I shall be still more pressed for time next month," he continued. "Doctor Green thinks of going over to Paris for his

autumn trip, and I shall have a good number of his patients to look after in addition to my own, while he is away."

"And when will you go away?" asked Letty.

"When I feel I want a change," he replied; "not before. I am as well and happy as I hope or wish to be in my own quiet way."

He was looking down on her, half-sad, half-smiling, watching the deepening color in her cheeks and the restless movement of her fingers. A strange look, it went to her heart, and made her feel sick and faint under the noonday sun, for, as her eyes met his, she knew that her closely guarded secret was being ruthlessly looked into; she felt it through every quivering nerve, but she would not submit—she would not act out her little useless role of indifference to the last.

"I am glad you are so content," she said. "It is not everyone, be they high or low, who can say with truth that they are as happy as they wish to be."

"Surely," said the doctor, "you are among the few who can say so?"

"I am not," she replied, steadily "and I don't ever expect to be. I am only a woman—and women, you know, are always wishing for something more than they have got."

"Well," said Dr. Lennard, "the next best thing to being perfectly content is to be wisely ambitious."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but she felt the warning was meant for her, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"I hope you are wise in your ambitions, Miss Leigh," he continued.

"I do not pretend to be ambitious—I am only fanciful," she replied, coldly.

"Only fanciful?" repeated Dr. Lennard, musingly; "perhaps that is so. Well, keep to your harmless fancying, Miss Leigh; it is the safest."

Raising his hat, he then wished her a good morning, and rode off, and Letty had answered with a stiff "good morning," as she turned and went into the house.

All that forenoon, we are sorry to say, Miss Letty was in a very bad temper—so bad that, instead of putting on her most becoming dress, and going up her thick, glossy hair, a la mode, to receive her father's guests, she donned a simple muslin, and leaving her hair twisted up in its usual rich negligee, she put on her hat and went off for a walk, and it was on her return, as she stood tired and flushed in the porch, that she met those formidable strangers. She knew she looked rustic and hot, and everything she should not, on the moment of introduction, and she knew her father was angry with her for so doing—not very angry, she hoped, for Mr. Leigh was in the habit of getting into furious passions now and then.

It was said once, when his first wife, the heiress, was living, Mr. Leigh struck her down in the garden with one blow, and left her there, because she angered him by refusing to let him have more money. That was many years ago, and Letty, of course, knew nothing of it, but she knew enough to feel that it would not do to cross him too much. So she went to her room, and making a hasty but most becoming toilet, descended to the rather late dinner, looking so fair and fresh that the old man's brow relaxed, and the young gentlemen favored her with a steady stare while they stood up to receive her.

(To be Continued.)

A Tobacco Smoke Consumer.

A gentleman whose lungs are not strong enough for him to enjoy the fumes of tobacco after a dinner party, took with him to a friend's house a little lamp which he set on a table when the cigars were lighted. Over the flame of this little lamp was a ring of platinum which became red hot in a very few seconds, and which consumed the smoke of a dozen cigars as fast as it was made, so that the atmosphere of the room was as clear as it would have been had there been no smoking going on at all.

Settled at Last.

Cape Cod Item: "I saved a lady from being run over by a runaway horse to-day, and the spectators gave me three cheers and a tiger."

"The lady, I suppose, was rich and beautiful, and will marry you. Who was she?"

"I don't know. She disappeared while I was getting the ovation. In short, I lost the lady and got the tiger."

Educational Item.

Texas Siftings: First Yale Student—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?

Second Yale Student—Yes.

F. Y. S.—Got an answer?

S. Y. S.—Yes, I telegraphed the old man, "Where is that money I wrote for?" and his answer reads "In my inside pocket."

Will Arrest the Wrong Man.

New York World: It is safe to wager that somebody will be held for the murder of the woman killed in the East River Hotel yesterday. He may be acquitted on trial, but our detective superiority to that of London will be made pretty apparent all the same.

106 Agnes St., Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." Wm. H. McCONNELL.

"Throw up your hands," said the thief, as he levelled his pistol at the hotel clerk's diamond shirt-stud. "Well, that's what I call a high-handed proceeding," was cool reply.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, last night it was decided to extend a call to Rev. Daniel Spencer, F. R. G. S., of London, England. The pastorate was rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. A. H. Munro. Rev. Mr. Spenser is at present on a visit to Canada, and is pastor of the Baptist Church at Teddington, Eng.

Alcide Vadoro, an Egyptian, just arrived in New York, had \$2,000,000 and youth. The youth is left, but the two millions have been squandered, and Alcide is looking for any means not beyond his strength to earn a livelihood.

A woman was offered a dress if she would saw a cord of wood. She came and sawed and conquered.