

Two Men — A Study.

A man is dead. So are many men. There are more men dead than living. But it is not of the many that we write. It is of the one. That is a way of the world. The world spends little time in thinking of death in the abstract. An explosion or a fire may destroy a thousand lives to-morrow. We read about it in the papers. We talk about it in our homes and places of business. But we think of the accident, the responsibility, and perhaps a little of the desolation. But we do not think of death. It is only when we are confronted with death in the singular that we soberly think about it. The many die—death to us is an abstraction. The one dies—death to us is a reality. So we write of the one.

In life he was a prince among men. He was universally liked. Among his business associates he was admired for his manly and straightforward ways. By his honesty and ability he had prospered and had enjoyed for many years an income which entitled him to be classed among the elegantly comfortable. He lived well and he spent well. Friendship with him carried the assurance of a good time. To meet him in the street at noon was to secure a hearty invitation to luncheon, and his good nature and innocence never suspected that his regular noonday accostings by certain acquaintances were anything but accidental. He was everywhere introduced as a royal good fellow, and his friends were careful to see that none of his generous impulses was ever restrained.

He was devotedly attached to his family. He gave them a beautiful home and surrounded them with every comfort and pleasure that could be desired. He was proud of his wife, and provided her with a liberal allowance for clothes. He saw, too, that her carriage suffered

nothing by comparison with those of her friends. As an indulgent father he gratified every wish of his children. He supplied them with every form of toy and amusement. He sent them to the best schools. He was particular that they were clothed with the finest. Then, in the summer he took the family away to a fashionable colony by the sea, established them in an expensive cottage, provided for every possible want, and then returned to the hot city to make more money, that his wife and his children might be happy.

His devotion to his family was a theme in the households of his friends. He stood as a superb example of a loving husband and an affectionate father. He said that he lived for his loved ones, worked for them, and what he earned he gave them. Between his family and his friends he spent every cent of his income. He saved nothing. He carried no life assurance. He made no provision for the future. He expected to attend to that some day, but he wanted to enjoy the present and have his family and friends share it with him.

His present is over, and his future is beyond earthly provision. But what of the future of his family? His business died with him. He left no bonds, no gilt-edged securities, no life assurance. The "all" which his last will and testament left to his "beloved wife" consisted of household effects, a few horses and carriages, and the legacy of four healthy, hungry children. But he will be always remembered as a splendid fellow among his friends, and a tender, devoted husband to his wife, who has only the memory of a sweet and happy past with which to enter the desolate and barren future.

Another man is dead. Few mourn him. He was not popular during life.