

"While the attention of Philip was momentarily given to Mrs. Tremaine and Miss Hall, she purred.

"Oh, Mrs. Gower, I do want a rabbit's paw more than anything else in the world."

"A rabbit's paw! what for?"

"To put my rouge on with, it's just the cutest thing out, for that. Do you paint, Mrs. Gower?"

"I fancy I see your lip curl, and Alec asks me what I am smiling at. I tell him above, on the rabbit; and that my smile is the reflection of the laugh in your Irish eyes. He says I don't punctuate often enough to let him kiss me. Give me credit for a little sanity yet, Ella, for I know how foolish this sounds; but our great happiness is so dazzling after our dark days of despair, that I dare say we are a little daft.

"And now, for a startling bit of news that I have been trying to keep for the last—but it won't wait—a telegram arrived here yesterday for Charlie Cole, from Grand Central Hotel, New York City, from Mr. Stone, running thus:

"C. BABBINGTON-COLE, ESQ.,

"Your wife, Mrs. Cole, died suddenly of malignant sore throat, on the twenty-fifth, and was buried same evening.

"TIMOTHY STONE."

"The first thing on our arrival this a.m., Alec wired the information to the Tremont Hotel, Jacksonville, to Charlie. And so death has stepped in, freeing him from an unhappy union, Pearl is not as yet aware of this; but we shall tell her on her coming over from the O'Sullivan's to-morrow. When we reach Jacksonville, she can procure the usual black robes.

"It appears that Mr. Stone has actually rented an office here, in which he will carry on the real estate