

Pauline.

I.

The Twenty-first of June.

WHAT!" said Mr. Curtiss. He looked frowningly at the letter in his hand, and added presently, "What can this mean?"

Nobody answered; he was talking to himself. He laid down the letter and went to fumbling over a pile of others that were evidently waiting for attention. Then he stepped to the door of an inner office and spoke:

"Mr. Chase, do you know where Henry is this morning?"

"Henry?" said an elderly man, pushing his spectacles to his forehead, and looking bewildered for a moment. Then he added: "Oh, haven't you heard? Why, I believe the word came after you left the office. We had to let him go; his mother is dying, so they thought. Poor fellow! he was all broken up."