

Pauline.

I.

The Twenty-first of June.

"**W**HAT!" 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."