

healthy colour, and there was a soft, dreamy look in her eyes. Becoming aware of his scrutiny, she blushed anew, and covered her confusion by holding out to him her hand with a bright, grateful smile.

"You seem to have been appointed by Providence as my special guardian angel," she said. "Now, how can I ever thank you?"

"Thank me? Why, what have you to thank me for?"

"For everything that makes a life worth living," she answered. "For new hope, countless kindnesses."

"You owe me literally nothing," said Bream. "It is I who should thank Providence for putting into my hands the opportunity of serving you. I did not make the opportunity. It came to me. I used it, that is all."

"You were always generous," she said, "but that only adds to the burden of my obligation."

Venebles was in his mind, and as they walked side by side to the house, he strove to find some form of words in which he might hint, not too broadly, of his friends' hopes. The flush in her face, the tender dewiness of her eyes as the baronet had ridden by, at once opened his desire to speak, and seemed to intimate how little need of speech there was. He had parted with her before he found his opening.

"That will be arranged without any interference of mine," he said, as he swung gaily back to the village. "She loves him, that is evident enough. I suppose Herbert will want to marry them. I should have liked to do that, but I suppose I must be content with the position of best man. Poor old Venebles, he has waited a long time. How sad he looked as he past. Well, his troubles are over now, and hers too, thank God! They ought to be happy together. He's a splendid fellow, and she—she's an angel. They are worthy of each other, and the whole world doesn't hold a finer couple. By Jove! there he is. Hi! Sir George! I want to speak to you."

The baronet, who had suddenly hove in sight, cantering down a cross-road, pulled up at the summons, and waited until his friend came panting up to him. At his request, he dismounted and they walked side by side together, down a deserted lane as Bream told his story. Venebles went red and pale by turns, but his broad, handsome face glowed like a sun with sudden joy as he turned it on his friend. He wrung his hand hard, pouring out incoherent words of thanks.

"I was right, then; I knew she cared for me." "Her face showed that as you rode by," said Bream. "You never made a more opportune appearance. Where are you going?" he asked, as the baronet swung himself into the saddle.

"I'm going to make another," he answered, "to strike while the iron is hot."

"You're a brisk lover," said the curate, with a laugh. "Had you not better give her a bit of time, and wait a little?"

"Wait!" said Venebles, fiercely. "You talk easily of waiting. I've waited six years already." He leaned over, and pressed his friend's hand again. "God bless you, old fellow! I shall have news for you to-morrow."

He struck his spurs in his great roadster, and was gone like a flash, Bream looking after him till he had disappeared from sight. Five minutes at that pace carried him to Crouchford Court. He tied his foaming horse to the gate, and entered the garden.

(To be Continued.)

TALES OF STREET CAR LIFE.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Mr. John Brownleigh and Mrs. John Brownleigh of Montreal had had a little difference of opinion in the morning, and it did not therefore require a great deal to fan the smoldering fires of mutual resentment when Mr. Brownleigh went home to luncheon. His wife took him rather sharply to task for tramping into the house without shaking the snow from his feet. He found fault with the quality

of the food placed before him at table. They exchanged a few sharp sentences, growing more keen as they progressed, until finally Mr. Brownleigh distinctly commanded Mrs. Brownleigh to hold her confounded tongue.

"John Brownleigh," said Mrs. B. with terrible emphasis, "I hate you!"

"No need to tell me that," retorted Mr. Brownleigh.

"You never give me one minute's peace while you are in the house," she cried, with a tremor in her voice that threatened a flood of tears.

Mr. Brownleigh pushed back his chair with a vicious jerk. "Then I'll go out of it," he declared determinedly. "It will be some time before I bother you again—or anybody else, for that matter. I'm sick of this kind of a life."

With an awful frown on his brow and a terrible deliberation in his movements Mr. Brownleigh made his preparations for departure. His wife watched him without a word, but, yielding to a sudden impulse, called to him just as he strode out into the hall.

"John!"

He came back to the door of the dining-room and glowered at her without speaking.

"Where are you going?"

No answer.

"John—come here."

"It's no use," he said gloomily. "I might as well end it now. You will never look upon my face again."

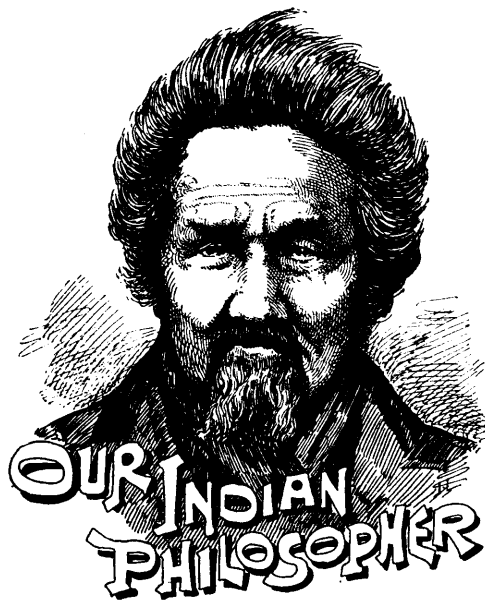
"Oh John! What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"I mean to go down to the first corner," replied her husband, in the same level tone of determination, "and jump on the first street car that passes—Good-bye!"

With a cry of terror Mrs. Brownleigh rushed to his side and twined her arms around him.

"You shall not! you shall not!" she panted. "Oh John! Is it so bad as that? Is life with me so terrible that you could rather choose a lingering death? I will not—I will not let you go!"

Her impetuous pleading prevailed at last, and John Brownleigh still lives. He and his wife are very gentle to each other now, for both remember the fatal shadow that so nearly fell upon their home.



The Sagamore

The reporter was a little surprised to observe a contribution box fixed at either side of the wigwam door. On entering he discovered others disposed conspicuously about the room. Mr. Paul arose and held out his hand. The visitor gave it a vigorous shake. The old man held it out again. A little surprised the reporter shook once more, but when it was held out a third time he drew back and stared. Mr. Paul still held out the hand and pointed to it with the other, at the same time briskly nodding his head in its direction, his eyes fixed on the reporter.

"I don't see anything there but dirt," commented the reporter at last, after critically surveying the extended palm.

Mr. Paul gave his pocket a vigorous slap with his free hand and still kept the other extended. In a sort of desperation the reporter thrust his hand into his pocket and

produced a coin, on which the old man's grip closed like a vise. The reporter had solved the problem. Mr. Paul then pointed to the various contribution boxes around the wigwam. His visitor took the cue, and wondering what it all meant dropped a coin in each. But it was not till he had gone out and dropped one into each box outside the door that the sagamore deigned to speak.

"For the heathen, I suppose?" queried the reporter, indicating the boxes.

"For me," replied the sagamore.

"Is that so? Has the noble redman become a road agent? You never levied on me in that fashion before."

"Ain't them 'lections gonto be right away?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said the reporter, "the campaign has begun."

"It's begun here, too," said the sagamore.

"Why?" ejaculated the reporter, "you must be a ward manager."

"Ain't anything," responded the other.

"Then why this tribute?" demanded the reporter.

"When 'lections comes on," explained the sagamore, "money's only thing kin talk."

"Well," said the reporter, "you have got the money—what have you got to say?"

"Gimme some more."

"Some more what?"

"Some more money."

"Is the information you have to impart so very valuable?"

"Ah-hah."

The reporter once more went the rounds of the contribution boxes.

"Now," he said, "let's hear what you have to say."

"This gonto be mighty tight 'lection," said Mr. Paul, with profound emphasis.

"Yes?"

"Mighty tight. Your man gonto git licked if things goes on way they go now."

"Do you really think so?"

"Can't fool me."

"What had we better do, do you think?"

Mr. Paul held out his hand once more. The reporter saw it, and then repeated his question, for he was getting anxious. The sagamore bore the appearance of a man who was the repository of a great secret, and the patriotic reporter would not let a few dollars stand in the way of his own enlightenment.

"Tightest 'lection been here this long time," said Mr. Paul, shaking his head slowly.

"But our man must be elected," cried the reporter. "We must move heaven and earth to elect him."

"Won't do no good if you don't do it right way," declared the sagamore.

"What do you mean by the right way?"

The sagamore held out his hand once more. The reporter's hand sought his pocket. It was empty. He shook his head.

"It's no use old man. I haven't another cent."

Mr. Paul surveyed him haughtily for a moment and then with majestic mien pointed to the door.

"You go 'way from here pooty quick," said the sagamore.

"But you haven't told me—" began the reporter.

"I ain't got no time talk to you," broke in the other. "I'm heap busy."

"But I have whacked up handsomely," protested the reporter.

"Kin you whack up some more?"

"No—I can't."

Mr. Paul once more pointed to the door.

"That other party gonto send man here see me this afternoon," he remarked. "You better go 'way 'fore he comes."

"Why you confounded old humbug! Are you pulling the string both ways for what you can get out of it?" the reporter ejaculated.

"Ah-hah," complacently rejoined the sagamore.

"And you pretend to both parties that you have the key to the local situation and bleed them for all they are worth on the strength of that?"

"Ah-hah."

"And where do you expect to go by and by?" demanded the reporter with a sardonic leer.

"To the Senate," was the calm reply of Mr. Paul.

The reporter went over in one corner of the wigwam and fainted.