

horror when an insurance company, in which he was a large policy holder, had failed; his irritability followed always by increasing tenderness to his mother; his fits of gloom and the frequent nervous headache and sleeplessness, to relieve which he had acquired the habit which had resulted fatally.

Elul must support his mother and himself now, for there was literally nothing left. He cast about for the ways and means, for the necessity was urgent. A friend of his father's, one who had lost heavily himself, but not all, offered him a post in his employment, and he accepted it at once. It was uncongenial in the highest degree. It involved the present sacrifice of his dearest hope, his prospective professional and literary career, but he did not hesitate. He worked at it steadily and tried to put his heart into the work.

Within a year his mother died and he was alone in the world. Naturally then his thoughts reverted to the old ambitions, and he said that he would, as far as might be, go back to the past, and, for youth is ever daring, in the golden future of his imagination he saw before him wealth that should be his and should redeem his father's name from dishonour. And there was a tenderer hope! It may be doubted if, in the calamity that had befallen him, his courage would not have sunk but for this.

In the old days he had admired, nay, loved, with a boy's pure love, a girl—a woman now—who had seemed to return his love. She was the daughter of his present employer, Zuleme—Miss Newall.

Their relations had changed, but they met still from time to time, and always with the old cordial warmth on her part, on his the worship. Still he believed in her implicitly. To doubt would have been to wrong her. He was yet ignorant of the world; he had the poet's faith.

Time passed. The fame came slowly, the wealth more slowly still. Attainment tarried. A cloud rose up between him and his beloved. She moved in the world of fashion, which he shunned. It was said now that she was engaged to a worldling, a society man, a worshipper of mammon.

He had passed his final examination and was entitled to write B. C. L. after his name. A sense of honour to his dead father had impelled him to do this; and a work on which he had long been engaged, and on which he had built high hopes, was seeking about for a publisher.

The rumour of her engagement reached him. He flung it from him, for his faith was large. Again he heard it, and again. Could it be?

He had no acknowledged claim upon her; he had never asked her to be his wife. How could he tell his future was assured? But, none the less, she was pledged to him; by tacit and unwritten word: by touches of the hand; by looks transmutable by him alone. Her parents, and essentially her mother, were worldly. From the first, after his changed circumstances, he had been sensible of an alteration in their manner, a gradual guarding, as it were, against too close an intimacy. It was natural, yet it stung him; nevertheless, he bore it for her sake.

He had seen her seldom of late, for his time had been much occupied. All his soul was being wrought into the work on which he was engaged. If it succeeded, then—!

The rumour, repeated often, began to chafe and worry him. What if there were foundation for it? The thought was madness. Reckless of prudence, he resolved to put his fate to the test. Circumstances favoured him. The next day, for the first time in weeks, he met her. She was walking alone, homewards, in the early evening, and he turned and walked with her—a little while, and all was over between them. Some trifling with the passionate earnestness of his appeal, some bitter words from him and cruel ones from her. If he had been patient it might have been different, but the limit of his endurance was passed.

There was no formal announcement of her betrothal, but it was known to all her friends and acquaintances. His rival was an Englishman, lately come to the city, with trans-Atlantic pretensions. He was, it was said, highly connected, the possible heir to estate and title in the near future. His means seemed ample. His appearance and address were those of a finished man of fashion. Society courted him and women envied him.

Elul wrote to her after their meeting. He sought an interview. It was denied him. He put himself in her way, but she was never alone. His book came back to him unsold. A fierce indignation took hold of him, a rebelling against his fate, then despair.

Miss Newall and her family were at the seaside; her betrothed was with them. It was the sultry season and Elul was still in the city. The heat was intolerable. He found it impossible to work. Scarcely would he have had the will, had the power remained, for he had lost hope. What he had never yet done he now began to do. He had resource to morphine to stimulate his flagging energies, or dull the mental pain that tortured him.

The result proved fatal. Rapidly he sank.

One night—it was in the following spring—a terrible temptation assailed him. He would take away his life, as his father, perhaps, had done.

He went out into the cool soot night. The moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The stars were all alight. One in particular he noticed, large, brilliant, calm, of sapphire hue; glittering, but restful. It looked down on him pityingly, as the eye of God might have done, and he could not bear the sight. He hurried on. By his side walked two angels—the one of life, the other of death.

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Sauteris was an artist, working onwards through the difficulties that beset the path of genius. He could not yet be said to have acquired fame, but he was on the road to it.

Lately he had obtained an appointment on an illustrated paper for a series of sketches of a national character. They were to illustrate written descriptions, and the choice of writer, who should also be the companion of his journeyings, rested in some measure with himself. Instinctively his thoughts had turned to Elul, of whose early struggles he had known something. He came to the city to seek him and to offer him the post; but before they had met he had heard his story from many lips. What then must he do? Must he, too, abandon him as others had done? He would see him first—tomorrow.

He strolled out, as was his custom, sketchbook in hand, into the night.

Ah! That figure, wild, neglected, desperate, with upturned, daring eyes! In a moment he has transferred it to his paper. In the next he has recognized it, by some subtle intuition Heaven-sent; by the rapid movement of the hand across the brow—remembered now.

ZULEME.

Elul passed out of Miss Newall's life as completely as if the grave had closed over him.

Many had condemned her for his fate, which was generally laid at her door; but when he disappeared, and it was said that an old friend had taken him by the hand and was attempting to reclaim him, she heard nothing further. She asked no questions and people avoided the mention of his name in her presence.

If she was happy, if she had forgotten the past, it did not always seem so. There were times when a feverish restlessness took possession of her, followed by depression and indifference.

The preparations for her marriage went on, but the event itself lingered. People wondered at the delay and began to assign causes for it. It was said by some that Miss Newall was reluctant to resign her liberty, or that she was secretly fretting over Elul's fate. Others attributed it to her lover himself, and hinted at difficulties of a sordid nature, and whispered that until Zuleme's father should come forward with larger settlements than he was prepared for, the postponement must go on. Society was impatient, but its impatience did not hasten the event.

Time passed—two years. Zuleme's sisters married, settled and went away to homes of their own. Her lover went across the sea to England once, returned, went back again, and married the daughter of a millionaire manufacturer.

Zuleme saw him depart with scarcely a regret. Her pride was hurt, nothing more.

Her father failed and died, and then the common every-day drama was acted over again—from wealth to poverty.

She stands now before the picture in the Art Gallery, and the old love of her dead early girlhood revives within her breast with passionate bitter pain and longing. Has it ever died?

If she could but see him for one single moment of time; could but kneel at his feet and ask his forgiveness. Is he living or is he dead?

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,

In the old likeness that I knew,

I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

The home in D'Alembert street is very quiet when she returns; only the sound of the children's voices in the street outside, or the wheels of a passing cab. There is no light, but the deepening twilight, for her mother is away visiting a married daughter, and Miss Newall's gas must be economized. The solitary servant meets her at the door with expressive gesture and whispered words of warning, but Zuleme fails to catch them.

A figure is standing in the room. It moves towards her as she enters, takes her hand.

"Zuleme!"

O God, the bliss, the rapture!

They sit there all unheeding of the moments, while the story of each of their lives, since the time they parted, is told. Zuleme has taken off her hat, her ulster, and the gas is lit, the tea is served.

It had gone well with Elul after that terrible night when Sauteris had met him and had snatched him from his threatened doom.

Canada had heard often of Sauteris in the passing years. Pictures had come from him from time to time, from railway car and camp in the far Northwest, and lately from an *atelier* in Paris. His native city had grown proud of her wandering R. C. A.

But of Elul she knew nothing.

He worked with a purpose after the first, when his moral health and physical strength began to return—a determined purpose to reward Sauteris' generosity. The horrors of the fate from which he had rescued him, the magnitude of the crime and Sauteris' magnanimity at once appalled and impelled him. But he worked *sub rosa*, in other lands and other a new name, until the end was achieved.

Zuleme had been always in his thoughts. Through Sauteris he had heard what had befallen her; and now, in defiance of Sauteris' good-natured railery and playful cynicism he had come back to seek her.

"I am not wealthy, dear," he pleaded, as they sat together in the heaven of restored confidence—"probably shall never be, for there will still be my father's name to clear where it can be done, but you will not send me away again, or—you will come with me?"

And Zuleme's cheek had flushed a rosy red and her voice had faltered.

"Oh, Elul, I am so changed—these grey hairs."

But Elul had looked in her face a moment and, for answer, had lifted a curling tress from her brow and, twining it round his finger, had kissed it.

EROL GERVASE.

RETURNINGS.

Though dark and far the sun at night
And chilly stars the lonely light,
How swift the breaking beams arise
With gorgeous hues to deck the skies!

The fairest flowers that glad the eye
Beneath the darts of winter die,
Beneath the kindly kiss of spring
Their maiden blushes back they bring.

The birds whose rapid-beating wing
Sought more congenial clime to sing,
Again o'er perfumed meadows fleet
To fill the air with warbling sweet.

Though the frail barque with sails outspread
Hath with thy lonely lover sped,
Thy sighs like wintry night shall flee
When vernal morns shall bring him thee.

ACUS.

PERTINENT INQUIRIES.—Is "cheap" food the cheapest? Do diamonds and dime novels go well together? Is not a secret safer with one than with half a dozen? Which is the worst—to be worried by fortune or misfortune? Is it not better to wait until the day is done before boasting of its achievements? Does not he who picks a quarrel sometimes find the sore on his own person which the "picking" made?