



WOMAN'S INTUITION.

HARDPAN—"Widow Cashley, I love you devotedly. Won't you become my better-half?"

THE CHARMING WIDOW—"Ah, Mr. Hardpan, I fear that you are not seeking a better half so much as better quarters."

him for long walks about the town—walks where the signs of awakening nature were seen on every hand, where the chirp and coo of mating birds rang through the balmy air. They were very pleasant, these walks. There was so much to talk about, so much to do. Bella never neglected her household duties for his sake, but she devoted much of her time to making his visit pleasant, though she made him understand it was not through any sentimental regard, but simply because he was an old friend and an old Torontonian. There were evenings when he sat in her father's house and noted her womanly, housewifely ways, her tender consideration for the children, and how unselfishly she strove to make them happy, and to brighten her home with the sunbeams of love.

Mr. Cogge stayed longer in Philadelphia than he had any intention of doing when he started out. Time passed so pleasantly that he found it difficult to tear himself away. He found, too, that he was insensibly drifting back to his old regard for the girl. He noted the feeling with a sensation of surprise. He thought he had got over all that nonsense years ago, but there were times when he caught himself blushing like a schoolboy when he came across her unexpectedly, while his fingers tingled and his heart danced wildly in a manner decidedly unbecoming to his age, his experience and his *avoirdupois*.

Well, it ended happily. Mr. Cogge proposed and was accepted. He made such excuses and explanations regarding his past conduct as seemed to him necessary—not, I am bound to admit, with a great regard to the exact veracity of his statements, because he was too anxious to marry her to run the risk of losing her by acknowledging that in the long ago his cupidity had triumphed over his affection. She accepted what he had to say in good part, accepted his hand and heart with equal grace, and they lived anew in a little paradise they built for themselves out of the idle fancies of their hearts.

PART III.

Miss Asherton had an aunt in Toronto whose husband was tolerably well-to-do, and when she heard that the old lovers had found their young affection still stirring them with all the force of earlier years, she suggested that in view of the poverty of the Asherton household, Miss Asherton should come to Toronto and be married from

her house. Very kindly and delicately she offered, if this were done, to defray such portions of the wedding expenses as usually fall upon the bride's relatives. The good lady had no children of her own, but the marriage rite was an institution which commended itself to her somewhat romantic temperament, and the prospect of taking a leading part in a ceremony of this description was one too delightful for calm contemplation. She pressed her request so urgently that the Ashertons could not refuse, and in the end it was arranged that the marriage should take place in Toronto early in December, Mr. Cogge agreeing to finish his trip through the States and return to Philadelphia in time to accompany his prospective bride to Toronto.

On the morning of the 5th of November, 1895, Mr. Cogge met Miss Asherton at New York, and they started for Toronto. It was a clear, bracing day, and they were both in the best of spirits. The future was roseate, and their hearts throbbed in ecstasy at the happy prospects of the years which their delighted imaginations pictured. Mr. Cogge felt that Providence was using him kindly. He knew he had acted meanly, contemptibly even, in deserting Bella Asherton years before for the sake of one whom he did not love; but everything had turned out for the best, and now he was comfortably off and was once more by the side of the girl he loved—loved with an ardor which a short while ago he would have deemed impossible. He knew now that even though age had rendered him prosaic and matter-of-fact, the whole happiness of his life depended on his wedding this girl. Without her his existence would be barren, destitute and worthless. But she was going to be his, and his life would be neither one nor the other. It would be an existence of roses and sunshine, of birds and flowers and brooks and everything pleasant. What good deeds had he ever done that Providence should use him so kindly? Surely he had been blessed beyond most men. The future stretched before him blissfully, dreamily. He was happy and content.

(Concluded next week.)



A FAMILY TRAIT.

MRS. NABER—"How is your family for longevity, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN—"Longevity? Why, we're remarkable for it. Jest look at Willie here; only eight years old and nigh onto six feet tall."