

HIS VICTORY.

A cold, sharp wind whistled through the leafless trees in the dreary gardens and whirled the white dust round the square and up the streets. The sky was dull, the clouds heavy. At intervals the sun shone out for a brief moment, then vanished as quickly as it had come. It was at best, however, but a sickly sun, and although it cast a temporary brightness across the pavements and big high houses, its rays did but little to temper the piercing blast that seemed to cut into the very marrow of one's bones.

"Mary," he said, earnestly, "this life surely cannot satisfy you." "It looks as if it did," she answered coolly, avoiding his eyes as she spoke, "since I am leading it and am happy. I must have excitement." "If your conscience and heart were at ease you would not require them. And the day of reckoning will come when you grow old-away from your friends."

How I must hurry away! Pay me a visit at the hotel to-morrow, and tell me what you thought of my performance. "Ophelia" is one of my best parts." "Yes," he answered, his eyes upon her face. "I will visit you to-morrow. And, oh, Mary, if I could persuade you to spend Christmas at the farm!" "I dare not do that. They will soon be sending me away."

She threw back her head scornfully. "I will not marry you." "Then I'll say 'Good-bye,'" he cried hoarsely. "I see you do not love me. And all my dying day I'll never try to see or speak to you again." And taking up his hat he went away. When he was gone Mary flung herself down upon the sofa, weeping passionately. "Oh!" she cried presently, starting to her feet and drying her eyes. "Why should I weep? I have only to wait and he will come back."

On to the stage, and falling her in his arms, pushed his way through the crowd of maddened excited people all fighting desperately to get out by the wings. It was a hard struggle, and while she was thus engaged, he, who had been buffeted and kicked and jostled upon every side, kept back by the weight of his burden, every step impeded by Mary's flowing drapery. Tom soon despaired of ever saving her life or his own.

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Of all the bereavements which are possible, the loss of a young child is perhaps the most disappointing, and the hardest to bear. During the heated summer in New York City as many as a thousand babies have died in a week. Of course, in a crowded city, with its unsanitary districts, many of these deaths would have occurred any way.

fact remains that this tremendous mortality was to a great extent due to the lack of inherent resisting power in the victims. These babies when born had in their bodies the seeds of disease. The deadly heated termly shortened the period of their sufferings.

"There's one for you," said Ophelia. Then burst into a weep, and sang. And carried away by the sweet pathos of her voice, many of the audience shed copious tears.

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