

# THE TEST OF LOVE

# From Modern Society.



**HALIFAX;**  
**RESCUED FROM TRAIN**

April 3.—A man was arrested at Halifax on the night of Monday, April 2, for having been brought to Halifax from Truro and up to the bridge at night.

Several officers participated in the rescue of the man from the train. The man was rescued from the train at Halifax on the night of Monday, April 2, for having been brought to Halifax from Truro and up to the bridge at night.

### REPORT NOT UNANIMOUS

The report of the officers on the two sections of the railway have been called for by the government. The report is not unanimous.

### HE HAS HIS WATCH

The watch which was found on the person of the man who was rescued from the train is being examined by the police.

### HEARS POST CARDS

The man who was rescued from the train has received several post cards from his family.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Tell me, just as you used to do when we were boy and girl. What is it, Nell? What can I do for you? How can I alter things?"

"You cannot alter them," she responded, shaking her head sadly. "No one can do that. But you can give me your advice. . . I'm stupid tonight; I mean to be so brave. . . There! I'm myself again now!"

"I'm obliged to be cautious," said his guide. "There has been a scare of burglars in this neighborhood recently, and the servants. . ."

"I want to put my position to you as clearly and in as few words as possible," said Lady Marlington. "I am speaking at first in a cold way, but it will get warmer as we go on."

"In a moment, Graham was at her side holding the little trembling hands, seeking to soothe her, scarcely knowing what to say."

him, he has become jealous of the past. It isn't that he cares for me in the least degree. Love, if it ever lived in him, has died long since. And, terrible as it may sound, I believe that—had he even loved me, he would have left me free of me, and yet retain the child."

"You better not try to get away, he said. 'There's no window in this room, and twenty feet from the ground! Master's a justice of the peace, let me tell you. I'll fetch him to have a good look at you.'"

"I'm not to be parted from your child," said Graham, at last. "And I have power to rob you of him."

"This way!" she said. "Go straight along at the end of the passage is the door. Open this, and you will find yourself in the garden. Good night! Do your best for me!"

"I promise that I will do my best for you," he said. "I will do my best for you, and I will do my best for you."

"Good old name," commented Bennington complacently, as he made the signature. "Suggests ancient Scottish chiefs—and modern bankrupts. No one could succeed nowadays with a name like that."

"I hope your chat with Lady Marlington was an interesting one," observed Sir Denis. "I'm sure it must have been between two such old friends. In a moment of indiscretion, a weakness my wife rarely permits herself, she told me one day that you were the only man she had ever cared for. An unfortunate admission, which I fear may go against her in the action I intend to bring!"

"Pray spare me your moral reflections upon my conduct!" "You have grown tired of your wife, and would like to be rid of her. Lady Marlington sent for me to come to her tonight, not as an old friend, but as a barrister, to give her my advice!"

"I do not practise!" returned Graham, smiling at the paltry insult. "Perhaps my abilities as a barrister are poor. But I am this at least: Sir Denis Marlington, and that is something; you will never be—I am a man! I am not a cowardly blackguard who ill-treats his wife, and uses her child as a means of forcing her to submit to his brutalities!"

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step nearer Graham, a grimly humorous smile upon his face. "No, I have few friends. I am almost a recluse. And it is my custom to go out for months at a stretch without any warning. But what you propose now is no more than a whim!"

"Do you think so? I call it a rather novel kind of sport. Perhaps it is something more than that with me. Perhaps it is revenge—only revenge is out of date—revenge on a man whom my wife still loves; revenge on the woman who has never loved me, the man she married at her mother's bidding, merely for the sake of wealth and position. Anyhow, do you accept this?"

"Are you really in earnest?" "Certainly not!" She would spoil it all. She would look upon it as her duty to sacrifice herself, as she would call it. She has a pronounced sense of duty—it is one of her most uncomfortable traits. Besides, it must be part of the proof that I have asked you to give me that you are a man, as you have proudly called yourself, for her to think that you have failed when, I assume, she reckoned on your help!"

"That will be the hardest of all to bear!" "Well, you can refuse it, of course. If you do so there will be the scandal, and my wife will lose her child!" Leslie Graham hesitated some moments.

Then he saw, as in a mental picture, Nell's pleading hands, her broken voice, broken with love, as she spoke of her child. Could he sacrifice himself for her sake? But did love count anything as a sacrifice? Could he, who loved her with all his heart and with his very soul, count this as one?

"Very well!" he said. "If you demand this of me as the price of keeping your own wife's name free from dishonor, I give it. God knows it is little that I would not do for her sake, and—"

Sir Denis Marlington looked bored. "Please be sparing of your heroics. Adelphe-melo-drama died somewhere in the last century!"

Six weeks ago "George Brown" was sentenced by the district magistrate to a term of eighteen months' imprisonment for breaking into Sir Denis Marlington's house, with intent to steal its owner's valuables. The prisoner offered no defence.

But when the weary time had been served in darkness and solitude, and he stepped forth, once more into the bright light of day, into the freedom of recovered liberty, a woman was there at the prison gates to offer him a fresh gift she had once taken from him, a gift that meant all the freedom of the earth to him—the gift of her love. "My husband died two months ago," she said, simply. "He was killed in the hunting-field. Before the end he told me everything. You were right, he said, he was whatever you had called him, and you were indeed a man!"

# AN APRIL FOOL'S PARADISE - Edith Morgan Willett in Lippincott's Magazine.

Bud Bennington was responsible for it, so, naturally, was the first of the April- or ancient feast day sacred to the observance of practical jokes.

"I suppose the truth is, Phylis is sorry for her own folly. . . Well, who wouldn't be? . . . What a life! Every day hard at work in the city—grinding away half the night over his law-books! Gee! I wonder what the poor devil would do if some one left him fortune or a fake fortune! Jimmy Crickets! How's that for an April fool!"

Chewing his pencil excitedly, he sat, revolving a scheme that was positively diabolical in its inspiration. And yet Bennington was not the fiend incarnate, merely young, considerably in love, and—Pomeroy was his rival. Though the youthful Bud would not have admitted this for worlds.

"I have just deposited to your credit at the Fifth Avenue Bank of this city the sum of \$2,500, the amount, with interest at 5 per cent., of a loan made to me by your father ten years ago. I regret very much that I was unable to repay it during his life-time, but am only just in condition to discharge an obligation which has laid very heavily on my mind."

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quise sky above, and under-foot a hard earthenness that positively cried for pity. . . "This is 'Grey Gables'—Mr. Walter Pomeroy. Just send over three dozen of your finest American Beauty roses at once, please, C. O. D. That's all. Good-bye. And the speaker, with a bow, departed. . ."

"Roses are selling at two dollars a dozen. That makes seven dollars spent in fifteen minutes. Why, Pomeroy will be dead before he has a flower on the day. Great guns! I wonder what he's going to do next."

"It's getting pretty costly, though," reflected the joker complacently, as he settled down to his neglected breakfast. "Roses are selling at two dollars a dozen. That makes seven dollars spent in fifteen minutes. Why, Pomeroy will be dead before he has a flower on the day. Great guns! I wonder what he's going to do next."

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# SOLOMON, A YOUNG PUBLISHER - By Catherine Frances Cavanagh in the American Magazine.

Among the several office-boys employed by the Galaxy Magazine, Solomon, a Jew of about sixteen years of age, with small, spider-like body and close-set, glittering eyes, in which lurked all the cunning of a fox. In spite of his youth, he possessed "the wisdom of the serpent," and while I cannot compare his meanness with that of the dove, I must acknowledge that he knew when to be meek, to whom to be meek, and how to be meek—and that served Solomon. He was not a favorite with

the others of the office force, and because he received hourly snubbings I did my best to show him that I, at least, had no "Christian" prejudices to prevent me being interested in one of his race. Before I saw the last of him, however, he reminded me forcibly of a vretched cur that a friend of mine once rescued from a muddy canal, which showed its gratitude by wiping its dirty, stinky coat all over her white dress, causing her to regret that she had extended a helping hand.

But, for all his faults, Solomon was a bright, intelligent chap, who absorbed knowledge as a sponge does water. He had had very little schooling, as he informed me—"I was kept out of school to mind de kids. Dere's sixteen of 'em, and dat means sixteen Jews in my mudder's crown in heaven."

cheap, grayish-white paper, which, Solomon confided to me, was "tea-paper," given by a friend that works in a wholesale grocery-store, who's willing to help me out. The press-work was done by an "amateur's press," purchased with money which Solomon earned doing odd work before and after office hours, for, like a dutiful little Jew, he turned every penny of his

THE YOUNG MAN'S MONITOR, Published by SOLOMON GOLDENBERG. The twelve inner pages were of a

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