

extent to which he would have to compromise his dignity, and if he could then have known that he would marry in the future, if he could then have pictured another as being his wife, he would have left unsaid for the sake of that imaginary personage what he went on to say to that thoughtless but repentant little bright-eyed Jessie.

There is no need to repeat here all he said. It is sufficient to state that with distinct and well-remembered exactness he calmly recounted their earlier meetings and relations with regard to friendship or love; and in firm logical tones he showed how every action which he recalled to her poorer memory was a proof of his affection. "I had hoped," he continued, "that when you had reached the age at which you would be capable of returning my affections that no other person could enter into your mind as a suitor. I felt that I was just, in expecting this much from you. I gave every thought to you, and left you out of no plans for my own enjoyment or comfort. All this I gave, and had I not a right to expect something in return?"

He turned and looked into her eyes as he finished, and no wonder his heart melted when he saw the expression of her face as she restrained with the greatest difficulty the tears which were in spite of her filling her bright eyes. No dew drop's sparkle could remind him of such brilliant beauty, no diamond could compare with the radiance that shone from those bright orbs.

For a moment he stood irresolute before her. Then it might have been a heavy sigh or the force of an energetic purpose within him that caused him to straighten his muscular shoulders and project his chest.

Jessie looked up at him in his dignified attitude, and no wonder, if her eyes drank in a knowledge to her very heart that she loved him. For the first time in her life she admitted it to herself that he was the only one who ever could fully fill the position of the hero of her future.

Till that moment she had felt indifferent to his conduct, but now she relented, and with all the force of her impulsive nature, felt like exclaiming that she loved him. But a sense of propriety prevented her.

"Has Joe Lawnbrook been speaking with you?" she asked.

"I have neither seen you nor Joe Lawnbrook since you were together on the river's bank; and this pretence of innocence on your part is too transparent to deceive me. It has long enough been continued. I must bid you farewell. From the bottom of my heart I hope you may never regret your conduct toward me."

And thus he went from her, out into the world alone, knowing no comfort from other human voice; and when he was gone, in an instant it came to her, that her affection for me was a guilty passion unworthy of her, and there was the noble Walter Marston, the perfection of manhood, gone from her, never to return.

She sank helplessly down on the sofa and cried.

CHAPTER VII

"Their anger fierce and fiercer waxed.
"Nor for a moment was relaxed."

—[Van Veldon.

On the same night that Walter Marston bade farewell to Jessie Harle I went again to the spot where he had seen me last, under circumstances before described; and here again, after he had left her to walk by himself, he had wandered.

The night was cloudy and we came face to face before either was aware of the other's presence.

I started back; and he, still excited by the passions that had welled up within him an hour previous indignantly stood fast and faced me.

For several seconds we stood thus in silence.

"Good evening Walter," I said at length.

"You're a coward," he exclaimed in answer.

And his stature increased as he fiercely glared at me.

Could I explain the circumstances he saw, it would have only made matters worse. I would have narrated a fabrication, but I knew not what he'd learned from Jessie.

"'Tis you Lawnbrook I have to blame for this," he hissed and 'tis you who shall pay the penalty.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

Three-Card Monte Men Out West.

The reason why I urge upon every one, however smart, not to put too much confidence in his own smartness, will be seen further on.

Yesterday I had to wait several hours at Monmouth, Ill., a station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. Monmouth has been frequented by three-card monte men for years. I have always known it, have often seen them there, and have often written about them.

Well, yesterday they were there again. One of them, with a Canada-Bill dialect, wanted to show me some strange "keerds" that he got up in Chicago.

"What were you doing up there?" I asked, knowing that he was a three-card monte man and feeling an interest in his modes.

"Me and pap," he said, "took up some hogs. We took up a pile on 'em, an' made a heap; but pap he got swindled by a three-card monte man. Got near ruined. But I grabbed the keerds, and I'll show you how they done it."

"Never mind, boys," I said. "I know all about it. I know the whole racket. Now I'll keep quiet, mind my own business, and let you try your monte-game business on some one a little more fresh."

The monte boy saw at once that I was posted, and soon turned his attention to a good-looking, jolly, young and innocent clergyman in the depot. In a few moments I saw that the innocent clergyman had become deeply interested. His interest grew as he watched the cards. There were three ordinary business cards.

"I believe I can tell which card has Willoughby & Hill on it," said the innocent clergyman.

"All right—try it" said the monte-man flopping them about.

"There, that one," said the clergyman smiling.

Sure enough he was right.

"I don't see how your poor father could lose all his money at such a simple game as that," said the clergyman. "Why your eyes can see the cards all the time."

"Suppose you bet \$5 that you can tell," suggested the monte man.

"All right; I'll risk it" said the clergyman, "though I don't like to win money that way."

The cards were turned, and of course the poor, unsuspecting clergyman lost. Again he tried it hoping to get his \$5 back, but lost again. Then he put his last dollar and lost that. Then, seeming to realize his situation, he put his hand to his head and walked out of the depot.

"To think," he said, "that I, a clergyman, should get caught at this game. Why, I might have known it was three-card monte. I've no respect for myself," and he wiped his eyes like a man who felt the most acute condemnation.

"Why don't you complain of the scoundrel?" I said.

"I would, but I'm a clergyman, and if they should hear of my sin and foolishness in Peoria, I would be relieved. My poor family would suffer for my sins."

"Then I'd keep quiet about it," I said; "but let it be a lesson to you never to think you know more than other people."

"But they've got my last dollar, and I want to go to Peoria. I must be there to preach on Sunday," said the innocent, suffering man.

"Can't you borrow of some one?" I asked.

"No one knows me, and I don't like to tell my name here after this occurrence," said the poor man, half crying.

"Very well," I said, "hand me your card, and I will let you have \$5, and you can send it to me at the Palmer House, Chicago, when you get to Peoria," and I handed the poor man the money.

A moment afterward I spoke to the agent at the depot about the wickedness of these monte men, and told him how I had to lend the poor clergyman \$5 to get home.

"And you lent him \$5?"

"Yes. I lent the poor man the money."

"Well, by the great guns!" and then he swung his hat and yelled to the operator.

"Bill, you know that ministerial-looking man around here!"