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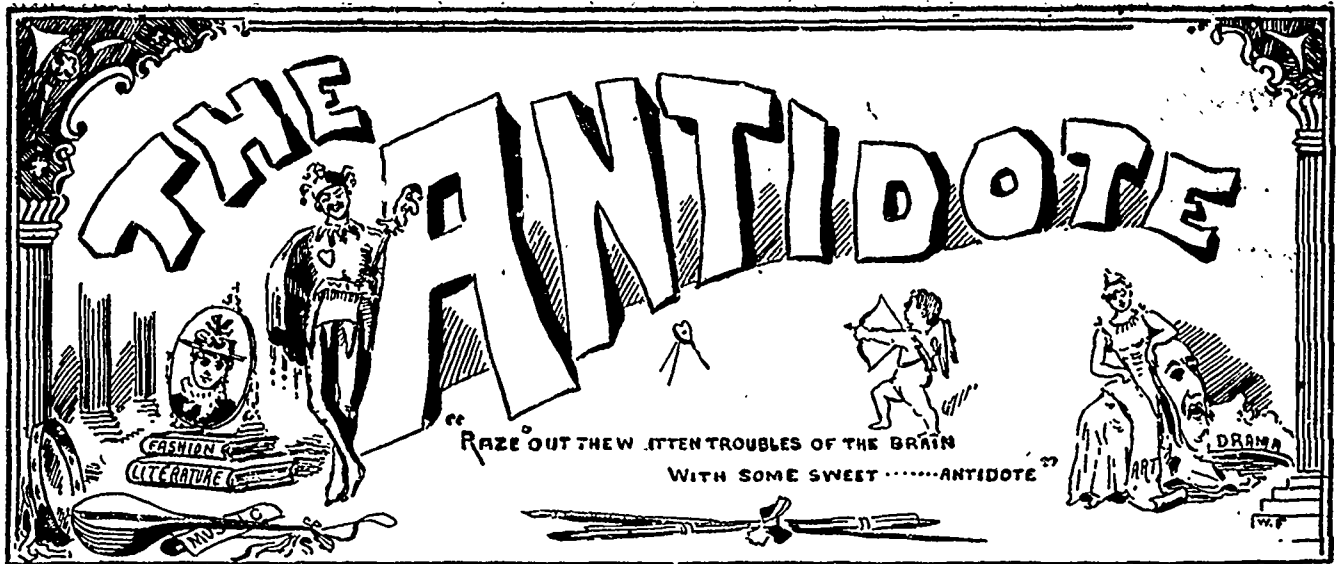
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## INFALLIBILITY.

We all of us count among our relations and friends a number of good people who neither have, nor claim to have, any special infallibility or moral superiority over good people in general; who are not conceited, not arrogant, not even, perhaps, self-reliant, but who are infallible. No matter who gave them their opinions, or how their tastes came, their own opinions and tastes are to them the certainties of primary intuition, "the types of things in heaven;" they cannot conceive of them as only individual impressions like their neighbors', and cannot conceive of the individual impressions of their neighbors as in any way equally important realities to the said neighbors. Their faith is not in themselves, for they will often make no difficulty of admitting incompetence to judge some question they are ruling; and even the temperament of undue self depreciation is not always found incompatible with infallibility; it is a faith in their faith, the feeling is truly in them, and therefore it must be true, that is the reasoning of it. Under this sort of conviction they can never quite lose the impression that there is something morally wrong in any dissimilarity from them. It is not that they want to set themselves up as models, but, since their likes and dislikes, their beliefs, their desires, their ways of doing things, go by the absolute law of being right, there cannot but be some blame to any who depart from that law.

Infallible people do not usually fritter away eloquence in arguments. Why should they, having so simple and final a logic? There are only two sides to any question, the right and the wrong, and their side is the right one; and on the same good grounds they rarely accept discussion of their views, even as self-defense from one they may have arraigned; any attempt to change them is apt to be

looked upon with a holy, and not always patient horror. It does not follow that their views never do change; though inaccessible to direct reasoning they are not inaccessible to the edifying influence of intercourse and surroundings, which, with ordinary minds, do far more than any conscious deliberation to shape the course of thought, and they are, perhaps, rather more than less likely than are the people who for want of faith like theirs, test their own opinions by questioning them, to arrive at other than their earlier phases. The opinion from which nothing can make them swerve is, that the other people, who are not of their mind, are astray.



## ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

It was a tiny white rose which had budded into life so suddenly that it had not yet begun to comprehend the pure joy of living. Its white, tender heart opened wider every minute, and its perfume grew stronger. Then, when like all young souls it had begun to think that the whole of life consisted of beauty, perfume and warm soft air, a lady purchased it and carried it out of doors. The first breath of icy air chilled the poor young rose-soul so that it ceased to grow, but it bravely held on to life, and struggled for breath. And by and by it forgot its trouble and became interested in the world around it. The first thing it noticed was the cheek of the maiden upon whose bosom it rested. This was oval in form and pink in color; such a soft pink that it reminded the rose of the bud which had lain beside it on the florist's counter. And later, as a certain young man drew near, it turned the color of the huge crimson "Jacks," which had nodded to it from the window as the pretty girl had carried it away. "Oh, how do you do?" the young man exclaimed, and then they talked so softly that the rose could not hear what they said, although it guessed that the subject of their whispered conversation was its twin-sister, Love. When the young man went away the rose was pinned on his coat lapel, but alas for the maiden, in the next block another girl wore it. "Thank you, Jack," murmured its new owner, "How do you know just the flowers I like?" And when she was alone again she tenderly pressed the flower to her lips. "Poor little bud, how cold you are," she said, and opening her velvet cape, she laid the rose inside it, and drew a fold of her soft crape muffler over it. The rose, which was nearly withered by the young man's falseness, was warmed by her happy heart and revived. But when

the girl loosened her cape in the street car the rose dropped into her lap, and though, when she left the car, still lost in her happy dream, it clung to her gown with desperate longing, it was shaken into the mud and never knew of the tear she shed over its loss an hour later.

## Nursed Back to Life.

The car conductor picked it up and put it in his pocket, until he reached home, where his little girl nursed it so tenderly that when next morning she dressed for her music lesson, it looked so fresh and lovely, that she could not resist sticking it into her buttonhole. Half an hour later as her teacher, a young German, fresh from the "Vaterland," patiently tried to pilot her through the mysteries of a "piece" in "key of A natural, three sharps, 4-4 time," his eyes fell on the pretty flower and they filled with tears. His little pupil, who had the fine instinct some women possess, noticed his emotion, but said nothing until the lesson was over. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hememan, I wonder if you'd mind keeping this rose? It's so cold out, I'm afraid it will be dead before I get home, and I do hate to see a flower die. May I leave it?" "Certainly, miss, certainly," was the ready answer, and after the tactful child had gone her merry way, the lonely musician kissed the rose. Perhaps for a moment he fancied it was the face of the blue eyed girl he thought of so constantly. At night he took it to his boarding house, and seeing his landlady casting wistful glances toward it he gave it to her. She carried it, a great white beauty by this time, to her own little room in the basement (which the cook had declined to occupy), and many times that evening, as she sat patiently turning sheets as a restful change from catering to the appetites of thirty people on the lowest possible financial basis, her eyes turned lovingly to the snowy flower. Next morning she took it with her on her early trip to market, and in the butcher-shop its stem gave way and again it fell to the ground.

When the tired little woman dressed for dinner, she missed it, and felt she had lost a friend, but she hunted the house through in vain. Long before this, however, the butcher's boy in sweeping the store, had found the poor rose fading in the sawdust and placed it in the icebox. It woke a tender memory of his long dead mother, and his language and behavior for the rest of the morning was so subdued that his employer rallied him about being in love. That night he wore the rose, fresh and sweet again, though with some of its petals gone, to a dance, and it won him several partners who would never have danced with him, only the flower softened their hearts to the awkward boy. One of them slyly hid one

of the soft white leaves in her bosom, because it looked so like the one her lover had given her when—well, he had been dead a long time, and she had another now, and another girl asked him where he had got it. To this he unblushingly answered that he had bought it, but declined to surrender it to her, and appeared at his work next morning slightly the worse for wear, but still decorated with the now drooping rose.

#### In a Rose Jar.

Towards night he gave it to a little lame boy for whom he cherished a sternly repressed fondness, and the cripple in turn allowed his grandmother to take it. She, looking at it, forgot her poor health and failing spirits, and dreamed all evening of the husband to whom she went (let us hope) before the morning dawned. When the undertaker began his work, he found the flower dead in her hand, and threw it from the window. A little school-girl passing by saw it fall, and rescued it, for she said: "It will help Jeanie's rose jar." And so, ere long the poor rose lay not only broken-hearted, but with every petal torn apart and wounded, covered with salt and crushed under a heavy weight. "What a weary thing life is," it thought sadly, forgetting in its pain and sorrow, the hearts it had cheered by its perfume and beauty, and the pleasant scenes it had witnessed, and remembering only the mournful part of its own existence. "I might as well die," and so it did. But when, some days after, the little girl removed the weight and stirred the leaves, she wondered "why that one little rose should have such a strong perfume." "Perhaps the person who wore it had a kind heart," said her sister, who was in love and very romantic, "or perhaps," she added, gently touching the sweet, dead petals, "perhaps it loved somebody." "Well, I don't know anything about that," answered the practical little girl, "but it smells very sweet. Let's put it in the jar we're going to give Mary." And so it came to pass that the poor little rose which had seen so much, only to die at last hopeless and in the dark, became part of a present which helped to make glad a sweet young girl on the day she became a bride. And the loving heart-rose knew it, all dead and scattered though it was, and it quivered so that the faint, tender odor filled the room like a benediction or a whispered prayer, and lingered long after the wedding day was a thing of the distant past.

#### LIABLE TO FORGET.

He—I beg your pardon. I forgot myself.

She—That's all right. People are liable to forget the trivial and unimportant things of life.

Find her Master & Mistress



FIND ANOTHER DOLL

#### JANE'S REPARTEE.

Mistress (angrily)—See, Jane, I can write my name in the dust,

Servant (admiringly)—Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' like education, after all, is there, mum?

#### CHIPPER CHESTNUTS.

Coming to time—the promissory notes. The baldheaded man in the front row is the only one who likes to see stars. When a thing is whispered it travels faster than when shouted from the house-tops. An eavesdropper—the convict who escapes by way of the roof.

#### A NEW DEFINITION.

Signora Fringuelli's little boy wants his mother to tell him all about the construction of the phonograph. "But how is it made? What is it?" the little urchin persists in asking. Tired beyond measure, to get rid of his importunity, she impatiently exclaimed: "The phonograph is —is an electric parrot!"

#### MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Kate—The bride's uncle gave her away. Jessie—Couldn't he get anything for her?

Kate—No, nothing but a husband.

**A New Version of "A Man's  
a Man for a' That."**

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,  
"For a' that and a' that,"  
But though the song be clear and strong,  
It lacks a note for a' that.  
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,  
Yet claim his pay, and a' that,  
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,  
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare,  
Were true and brave and a' that,  
And none whose garb is "hoddin gray,"  
Was fool and knave and a' that,  
The vice and crime that shame our time,  
Would fade and fall and a' that,  
And ploughmen be as good as kings,  
And churls as earls for a' that.

You see you brawny, blustering sot,  
Who swaggers, swears and a' that,  
And thinks because his strong right arm  
Might fell an ox and a' that,  
That he's as noble, man for man,  
As duke or lord, and a' that;  
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,  
And not a man for a' that,

And man may own a large estate,  
Have palace, park and a' that,  
And not for birth, but honest worth, be  
B thrice a man for a' that,  
And Donald herding on the muir,  
Who h.ats his wife, and a' that,  
Be nothing but a rascal boor,  
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—  
The truth is old and a' that—  
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that;"  
And though you'd put the minted mark  
On copper, brass and a' that,  
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,  
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that—  
'Tis soul and heart and a' that.  
That makes the king a gentleman,  
And not his crown and a' that;  
And man with man, if rich or poor,  
The best is he for a' that  
Who stands erect in self-respect,  
And acts the man for a' that

—Charles Mackay.

**NO HARM DONE.**

Chappie—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once?

Miss Pinkie—Why, bless me, there is no harm done. You can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.

**WITH THANKS.**

Lord Chumpley—Do you return my love?

Miss Millions—Why, yes; I haven't the slightest use for it.



From the "Strand."

**FASHION NOTES.**

Spring fashions, it seems to me, are always far lovelier than those of any other season. They are always so dainty and airy and utterly fetching, and so like the sunshine and flowers that come at that time. They are always very much more novel than at any other season; fashion makers' brains seem to work better, and they give us fresh ideas and unusual modes, and this year they seem to have outdone themselves, for everything is so beautifully novel to us at least, and we do not mind at all the fact that our "new" fashions are only very old ones trumped up to catch our fancy.

The 1880 modes seem to be the favorites, and the canvas lined skirts, the great gigot sleeves and the wide-spreading revers appear everywhere. All the details, too, of that decade are creeping back to win their way into fashionable favor. The fancy for contrasting bodices also grows apace.

There is an American lady here who has very little of the world's goods, but who, at the same time, always manages to dress well. She showed me a very chic made-over gown of black and tan that deceived even me into believing that it was quite new. The bodice was of black surah, piped with tan cloth. It had a flounce be thea and very picturesque sleeves and was belted with a black silk belt, piped on either edge. The skirt was of tan cloth, and had one crossway band about the bottom of black surah. It was a rich looking dress and very distingue, and no one ever could have suspected that it was the result of patching together two old gowns.

Another combination frock, which was quite new, by the way, was of cloth and silk crepon, in a very much wrinkled pattern. The wool was of a dull gray blue in a pale tint, and formed the skirt, which was gored in nine breadths, the seams being outlined with narrow gold braid.

The crepon was very soft and rich, and shot in two colors, blue and gold. The

round bodice was fashioned of it, and had large gigot sleeves, falling over the hands in points. The body was seamless, except under the arms, being fitted over a lining of silk.

Small capes, sometimes single, sometimes double or triple, are seen on many of the new bodices. They are usually silk-lined and stand out stiffly over the shoulders, resting on the tops of the large sleeves. Most of the spring gingham and cambrics have these fetching little capes, the top one often being made of some coarse wash lace.

**SMILES.**

The present April is a "Bull" on wind.

"The doctor says Bingley is greatly improved by his trip abroad."

"Well, I met him this morning, and he wanted to borrow 50 cents, but I couldn't discover any change."

Smiles

When it comes to having the toothache, You will generally observe That a man may be a coward And yet have a lot of nerve.

Father—I am not annoyed because you asked my daughter for a kiss, but I certainly expect that you will now ask me—

Young Man—A kiss!

Father—No, sir; but for my daughter's hand.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Grocer—Ah, good morning, Judge! Tried them eggs I sent you yesterday morning, I suppose. How did you find them?

Judge Rascible—How'd I find them? Guilty, sir, guilty, every blamed one of them.

"How's old Blobbs?" asked Slobbs, who had just returned to the city.

"Why, Blobbs is in real estate now."

"Is he, indeed?"

"Yes, he's dead."

## RECIPES.

**Angel Cake**—The whites of 11 eggs are first beaten to a stiff froth and 1-2 cupfuls of powdered or fine granulated sugar stirred into it. Add then a teaspoonful of vanilla and one cup of flour into which has been mixed one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The flour and cream of tartar should be sifted four times and beaten lightly into the other mixture. Bake 40 minutes in an ungreased pan with a tube in the centre. Invert the pan and allow a current of air to pass under the cake as it cools. A turk's head pan, (one with a tube), should always be used.

**Tapioca Jelly**—Cover one cup of granulated tapioca with a pint of water, soak it over night. Next day drain into a farina boiler, and if the water has been nearly dissolved add another half-pint of boiling water, cook until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Add one-half cup of sugar, then stir in hastily the well-beaten whites of two eggs, drain into a mold and stand it in a cold place to harden. If perfectly made this will turn out keeping the shape of the mold, it must be as delicate as gelatine, not firm and stiff. Put a pint of milk into a double boiler, beat the yolks of two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, moisten a tablespoonful of corn-starch in a little cold milk, add to the hot milk, cook a moment; add the eggs and sugar, cook another moment; take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool; serve the jelly with this custard poured around it.

**Steamed Batter Pudding**—Beat two eggs broken without separating, until light. Add one cup of milk, and when thoroughly mixed, two cups of flour, and beat until smooth and light; then add one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and beat again. Lastly add one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one-quarter of a pound of candied cherries, cut in half and floured; stir quickly into the pudding and turn into a greased melon dish. Boil or steam continuously for two hours and serve with foamy sauce.

## A DREAM.

"Well, it beats Sam Hill to see that hen-a-sittin on that lump o' coal in that flower pot. I've druv her off eight or ten times, but she allers manages to git back ag'in. By Gesh! Supposin' she should hatch a ton o' coal!"

## GOOD.

"What did you think of that photograph of myself I sent you, Maud?" asked Borely.

"It was splendid. It was so like you I yawned every time I looked at it," said Maude.

## MARRIAGE BY EXPRESS.

(Ludovic Halevy in the Illustrated Figaro.)

"When your name is Luynes or La Tremoille I can easily understand that there is some satisfaction in becoming the father of a race of Luyneses or La Tremoilles. But upon my word if you are called Chamblard, what possible interest, I should like to know, can a fellow take in the business."

So spoke young Raoul Chamblard, lounging comfortably in his seat of red velvet, on the 26th of March, 1892, in a drawing-room car on the Marseilles express, which had started from Paris at 8.50 a.m. Young Chamblard was talking to his friend, Maurice Revoille, who was returning after a six months' furlough to his regiment in Algiers.

The lieutenant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique answered his friend's question with a non-committing shrug, and Raoul went on:

"All the same, that is my father's fixed idea—there must be Chamblards to follow us! And as the governor has but one son, it devolves on me to be the happy instrument."

"Well, then, be the happy instrument."

"But, my dear fellow, I'm only 24. It is hard lines to have to marry at 24, and it seems to me that I am entitled to a little more amusement—and in fact to a good deal more."

"Well, then, amuse yourself."

"I've certainly done it so far. I have amused myself, and no mistake. But my tastes run to somewhat expensive pleasures I can't enjoy life without money, and I've come to my last half-penny. Think of that—my last half-penny!"

"Get out! You're as rich as Croesus!"

"That's just where you make a mistake. When I came of age, three years ago, I had what my mother left me. She was not very rich, poor mother—only 600,000 francs! It was pretty well a love-match for the governor. I soon ran through the 600,000 francs—and in common decency could I spend less than that, with such a father as I have? The governor is tremendously rich."

"So everybody says."

"And they say right. He has 12,000,000, well tied up, that nothing can touch, and his bank brings him in, one year with another, 300,000 or 400,000 francs, in addition to the interest on the 12,000,000. You couldn't name a sounder house than the Chamblard's—steady going, honest and more than respectable. The governor doesn't do me justice, but upon my soul I can be just to him. The governor has only one vice. Every day at his club, from 5 to 7, he plays piquet for 10-sou points. He keeps an account of his games as scrupulously as he does everything else, and the

other day he was telling me that his piquet had brought him in a clear £200 in the past twelve months. He has a stall at the opera—only for the music, not the ballet—and never sets foot behind the scenes. Anyhow, my father is what you may call a model of all the virtues, and he is never tired of putting something by for me. But to speak frankly, I confess he is just now putting by a little too much. He has cut off the supplies. If I won't marry he won't give me any money—he has said it in so many words. That is his programme, and he has picked out a wife for me, three wives in fact."

"Three wives!"

"That's so. He came to my room one morn'g and said: 'We must come to the point. Here, look at this list!' He had set down the names, the families, the dowries—it was drawn up in descending order of the dowries. I had to give in—I agreed to an interview with Number One. They managed it in the Champs-Elysees, at the Salon there. Ugh! Number One was dried up, stale, bony, pimple-faced!"

"Then why did your father—?"

"Why? Because she was a daughter—only daughter—to a Roubaix manufacturer in a large way of business. It was magnificent! We were to start with 100,000 francs a year on each side, and eventually, if the thing answered their expectations, there was to be a shower of millions. The governor was in ecstasies over the idea that all his millions in Paris would one day grow into an enormous pile with all those millions from Roubaix. You may be sure the millions would not frighten me, if only they could accompany a lovely, a very lovely wife, with good style—any amount of style. And that is my programme, don't you know. I must be able to take my wife to the front boxes at the theatre without having to blush for her before the attendants."

"What! before the attendants?"

"Why, certainly. I am known. I have a reputation to lose. Those box openers, my dear boy, are always the same, and you bet that they know me! For five or six years they have seen me coming with the best known and the best dressed people in Paris. So, don't you see, I could never have dared to show up before them with that Roubaix stick. I tried to make the governor see that, as decidedly as I could; but there is no arguing with him. There are some things he doesn't understand and can't understand. I don't blame him for that—he belongs to another generation and I belong to the present one. So I put my foot down and declared I would never marry Number One. Mind you, I spoke to the governor in the most sensible manner. I said to him: 'You want me to have a home of my own—an interior as he put it—but when I have furnished this home with a scarecrow to frighten the sparrows

away, it will fill me with disgust, this interior of yours, and I shall be compelled, irresistibly compelled, to fix up for myself a little exterior. Thus, I shall have an establishment within and an establishment without—and won't the money fly then!" But the governor refuses to listen to anything. He doesn't see that I can't do without a pretty little wife, pretty and nice in the Parisian style; that is to say, original, bright, a trifle mischievous, with a spice of devilry in her, a wife that would be looked at in the streets and would have opera glasses leveled at her in the theatre, one who would do me credit and give me a certain distinction. I must be able to carry on my bachelor life with her as long as possible. And then there is something else which I can't say to the governor. He is called Chamblard—not his fault; only the consequence is that I am called Chamblard too, and it is not altogether easy to push yourself in society with such a name. A lovely, thoroughly lovely wife is the best passport you can have. Look at Robineau. He has just been elected at the little club in the Rue Royale. It is not exactly the Union nor the Jockey, but all the same you can't get into it for the asking. And why did Robineau get in?"

"The Lord knows."

"Because he has married a delightful wife, and this delightful wife is a first-class skater. All the papers had some gossip about the exquisite, the charming the ideal Mme. Robineau. She came to the front all at once, and then Robineau came to the front as well. He was elected at the club six weeks after. Now, the governor does not understand the importance of these things. It is all Hebrew to him. But still, as he had absolutely cut off the supplies, I was obliged to knock under and consent to an interview with Number Two."

"And what was Number Two like?"

"What was she like, my dear fellow! She is the daughter of a merchant at Antwerp—made in Belgium! We had tried the provinces, and now we went abroad. Evidently the governor does not like Parisians. My mother came from Châtellerault, and she was a saint if there ever was one. Well, at the Opera Comique last night, in Paris, they showed me Number Two—a great blonde, stupid, masculine Flemish creature—A Rubens! A regular Rubens! Imagine a giantess, a colossal woman, taller by a head than I am. It would be physically impossible to get her into a stage box, and they are the only ones I care about. When we came out of the theatre I told the governor that I liked Number Two no better than Number One. I said I had had enough and would not even see Number Three. We had some words over it. When the gov-

ernor left me he banged the door, shouting: 'Not another sou shall you get from me.' And I knew he meant it, too. I went to bed, though not to sleep. Try as I might, I could see no escape from the big claws of the Antwerp woman—when all of a sudden, about three in the morning, there came a sudden flash of light. I conceived an idea which I ventured to call a stroke of genius."

"I haven't a doubt of it."

"A stroke of genius! I knew that you were leaving to-day for Marseilles, early in the morning; so I bolted in English fashion, and without taking the governor into my confidence. And by at the first stop, at Laroche—I've been looking in the time-table—I mean to send my father this telegram."

With an air of triumph Raoul drew a paper from his pocket.

"It's all ready—listen! To M. Chamblard, S. Rue de Rougemont, Paris: Laroche Station.—I have left with Maurice by the Marseilles express. I am going to make a journey round the world. It won't take me more than six months. I have engaged a berth in the Irawaddy by telegram. Leave to-morrow for Singapore. Anything rather than the Flemish alliance. Good-by. Your affectionate son—awfully sorry to leave you—Raoul Chamblard. There, now, isn't that a capital dispatch?"

"Not so bad; but you don't mean it seriously?"

"I do, though! I shall start if I don't get an answer from the governor before I reach Marseilles. But I shall get one; and that for two good reasons. My governor is logical and will say: 'What good am I doing myself by this? instead of getting into mischief with the white beauties of Paris, he will be doing it with the yellow ones at Singapore. The second and the last reason is that he worships me and can't do without me, and the little bit of sentiment at the end of my telegram will go straight to his heart. I'll tell you how all this will come about. My message leaves Laroche at 12.20, and the governor will get it at 12.30. I bet you 10 louis that I shall find at Dijon or at Macon, in the station telegraph office, a message addressed to me, saying 'Come back, Antwerp match dropped.' It will be in nigger phrase will the governor's telegram, because he is methodical, and leaves out useless words. Is it a bet?"

"No, I should lose."

"That you would. Have you any papers?"

"Yes."

They read three or four dailies. It took them a quarter of an hour, and as they read they exchanged a word now and then about the new ministry, the races at Auzeuil, Yvette Guilbert—especially about Yvette Guilbert. Young Chamblard had been to

hear her the evening before last, and he hummed the teg.

Un fiacre allait trotinant  
Cahin, cahin

Hu dial Hop ia!

Un fiacre allait trotinant  
Jauno avec un cocher blanc.

The Chasseur d'Afrique had to confess that he had never heard Yvette Guilbert sing "Le Fiacre," and young Chamblard raised his arms in astonishment.

"Never heard 'Le Fiacre'? And you have been three months on leave. What did you come to Paris for? I know it by heart."

He began to hum it again. As he hummed, his voice became gradually slower and weaker, he sank back in his seat and was soon peacefully asleep, like the overgrown baby that he was.

Suddenly he awoke with a start. The train had pulled up at Laroche. Young Chamblard ran to the telegraph, and the clerk stolidly counted the words. "Take your seats, going on!" Chamblard had only just time to spring on the foot-board of his carriage.

"Whew! That's done" he said to the Chasseur d'Afrique. "What do you say to breakfast?"

"By all means breakfast!"

They went together to the dining car. It was a regular journey, for there were two drawing-room cars between them and the restaurant, and these two cars were both crammed.

The express was dashing along at full speed, pitching as it went, and one needed to have one's sea legs on. Then a vehement gust of wind caught the train, buried it in clouds of dust and made the gangways anything but easy to pass.

They pressed through the first car, the first gangway and the first squall of wind with considerable difficulty. They managed the second car, and Chamblard, who was leading the way, found it as much as he could do to open the door of the second gangway. It resisted his efforts under the pressure of the wind, but yielded at last; and then Raoul received simultaneously a blinding whirl of dust in his eyes and in his arms a golden-haired young damsel, who cried: "Oh, I beg your pardon!" He also cried: "Oh, I beg your pardon!" while at the same moment he was run into by the Chasseur d'Afrique, who, blinded like his friend by the dust, exclaimed: "Get on, Raoul! Get on!"

The two gangway doors were closed, and the trio were shut up in the little corridor at the mercy of the wind,—young Raoul, young Maurice, and the young damsel, with the golden hair. "Her 'Beg your pardon!' was followed by 'M. Maurice!' which elicited a 'Mlle. Marthe!' The young damsel with the golden hair knew the chasseur, and, perceiving that she was almost in the arms of an un-



known man, she drew back and made a masterly retreat to the edge of the car.

"I did not know that you were in the train," she said to Maurice. "Are you going away?"

"Yes, to Algiers."

"We are going to Marseilles. I was just fetching a shawl for mamma, who felt the cold. She will be so pleased to see you. You will find her in the restaurant. I shall be back directly."

"Let me be your escort."

"You are very kind."

She disappeared with a slight inclination of the head for young Chambard, who stood as if he had been turned to stone, gazing at Mlle. Marthe with eyes full of admiration.

She had just had time to observe that he was a very good looking youth, dressed irreproachably, and that he was gazing at her with large and somewhat stupid eyes. But she could divine in these eyes a thought which was naturally not displeasing to her: "Ah! mademoiselle, how lovely you are!"

As for Raoul, he was saying to himself. "This is my ideal, distinctly my ideal. That simple traveling dress is the best possible form! And the cap, a trifle on one side, just over the ear—that cap was perfection! That is a girl who knows how to dress! She would make a hit in a stage-box! That spice of English accent, too!"

She had, in fact, a little English accent. For years past she had taken a vast amount of trouble to catch that slight accent. She would say to her English teacher. "Oh! yes, Miss Butler, I do want to know English but still more do I want to talk French with an English accent." She had given most of her time to that; and fortunately she had been rewarded for her perseverance, and her little Anglo-Parisian brogue was at times quite original.

Whilst Maurice was retracing his steps with Mlle. Marthe, Raoul took his seat at a table in the restaurant car. Presently he saw them return together with her mother's shawl. Maurice remained for a few minutes by the table where the ladies were at breakfast with the brother of the golden-haired damsel, and then he came back to Raoul. As soon as he came up Raoul broke out:

"Who is that? Tell me quick who it is! Now I'll marry that girl if they like, straight away, the moment we leave the train. In my very arms—I held her in my arms! Talk about figures—why, she's a dream! There are very different sorts of slender figures, don't you know! You can have slender figures which are hard, rough, stiff, bony, ramped up by those hateful stays—and I have devoted a good deal of study to the theory of the corset—it is one of great importance. Then again there is the genuine sort of slenderness, easy, natural and melting. No, melting does not

come up to the idea of what has just flitted by me—glided between my hands. Unctuous! Yes, that is the word to suit it! unctuous! That is my impression to a nicety. Unctuous is the word."

Raoul was frankly delighted with his own talk.

"Ah, yes!" he went on, "she is unctuous. And that little nose in the air! Utterly Chinese! Every bit of her, in short—all in the air! Who is it? Tell me, who is it?"

"She is the daughter of one of my mother's friends."

"Rich?"

"Very."

"I was thinking of the governor when I asked that, for I declare I would marry her without a penny. It is the first time I have said such a thing about any girl. And what is her name?"

"Mademoiselle Marthe Derame."

"Derame! You said Derame?"

"I did."

"You don't mean to say that her father is a merchant, trading with Japan and China?"

"That is the man."

"My dear boy, I can't believe it. This is the sort of thing you only meet with in the vaudevilles of the smaller theatres."

"What is the matter with you now?"

"The matter with me! Why, that is the governor's Number Three—yes, Number Three! The father of this little wonder is one of the governor's piquet friends at the Old Club—and I wouldn't see this Number Three. And there it comes tumbling into my arms on a gangway between Paris and Lyons! After breakfast you must introduce me, and I shall tell the mother everything."

"Not everything!"

"Yes, every word—that her daughter is my father's Number Three—that I would have nothing to say to Numbers One and Two, but that I am quite ready for Number Three. Oh, my dear boy, how lovely she is! That nose especially, so, beautifully tilted! She was looking at me then. And in a peculiar way—I'm sure she doesn't dislike me. Did you talk about me? Did you mention my name?"

"No."

"Why didn't you? But you will after breakfast. Do you know, it is my belief that this affair will simply run as if it was on wheels. The first thing to do is to telegraph to the governor, and then to-morrow—Oh, by Jove! I wonder if there is a telephone between Paris and Marseilles!"

He stopped short and called the waiter.

"Is there a telephone between Paris and Marseilles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good business—thanks. Think of that, Maurice—there is the telephone! The governor will make the proposal to-morrow

by telephone. That will be capital. Marriage by express—electric, telephonic and romantic all at the same time. Between a little face of that sort and a journey round the world, don't you see. I have not the slightest hesitation. But how is it you never thought of marrying her?"

"Oh, that is too big a match for me. And then—then you see—she is not exactly the sort to go and bury herself in an Algerian garrison town. She is a Parisian, an out-and-out Parisian, who wants to be amused, and means to be amused."

"That just suits me—suits me down to the ground. That's me all over! I want to be amused, she means to be amused, I mean to be amused, we both mean to be amused."

Young Raoul was beside himself with joy; and as soon as he had finished breakfast he indited a new message for his father. Even as he wrote he continued to talk in great excitement.

"I shall send my telegram from Dijon—and I shall address it to the club—the governor will be there about 5 o'clock, and so will the father of the little phenomenon. They will be able to talk the thing over straight away. Can I ask for an answer to Lyons? Where is the time table? Just hand me that time table, Lyons, 5:25—no, that would be too quick. I shall get the answer at Marseilles. Are they stopping at Marseilles? Yes. For a day? Capital—so shall I. 'Send answer to Hotel Noailles.' My telegram is first rate—you shall see in a minute. It's as good as the other—may, better. I have a regular knack for telegrams to-day. Yes it is first rate."

He wrote and wrote, glowing with inspiration and rapture, after he had read his message over again, with vast satisfaction. He showed it to Maurice. The Chasseur found the whole thing very entertaining, though he tried not to laugh. When Raoul had counted the words in his telegram, he said to the waiter: "I want you to send off this message at Dijon. Here are 10 francs and there will be two or three left over for yourself."

Then, turning suddenly around on Maurice, he said: "Are you leaving to-morrow? What o'clock?"

"At 2."

"Oh! then there will be time. Everything will be settled by 2 o'clock."

"Settled? You must be mad!"

"Not at all; it is already in good train, seeing that she was the governor's Number Three. There is only one thing I want you to do, and that is to introduce me to the mother at once. After that you can leave me alone. I will answer for all the rest. But we must change cars at any cost, and secure two places near my mother-in-law!"

"Your mother-in-law?"

"I said my mother-in-law. (Once find the two places, and I am master of the situation. You don't know me. I have made up my mind what to say to the mother, what to say to the young brother-in-law, he is quite a nice looking fellow, and what to say to my fiancée, I shall have won them all over before we are at Lyons. Well, Lyons; no, that is rather rapid; say Valence or Montelimar. Just hand me the time table. Let us have everything cut and dried, we must leave nothing to chance. Oh, do look at her! She has been cracking nuts for the last quarter of an hour, and how she cracks them! Just a little snap with her teeth and, crack! What darling little teeth they are! She is as pretty as ever when she eats; that is a great point. Women who are pretty whilst they eat or sleep are rare. But this dear creature, she eats like an angel! Crack! there goes another nut! And she's looking at me under her eyes; I can see she's looking at me! Oh, the whole thing is going splendid."

And in fact, everything did go splendidly. At Montbard, where they were due at 12:32, the introduction of Raoul to Mme. Derame took place. As soon as she heard the name of Chamblard she gave a start—the start of a mother with a marriageable daughter, as she thinks: "Oh, what an excellent match!" The fact was that her husband had often spoken to her of young Chamblard. "He would make a capital husband for Marthe. Chamblard and I talk of it now and then over our piquet, but the young fellow is restive and will not settle down. It would be first rate. Chamblard is richer than we are, twice or three times as rich. And Marthe sets herself against marrying. She has already refused five or six thoroughly suitable matches, under one pretext or another. They did not take her fancy; one was too old, another had no style, another lived in an unfashionable quarter—she would not marry into sugar, nor yet into cotton, nor into wine, nor into anything else, for that matter. Nothing will suit her but a very young husband and he must not be too grave. She insists on having somebody who is very rich, with nothing to do, and fond of pleasure."

How exactly the younger Chamblard talked with this sketch. If it came to doing nothing, Raoul showed talent of the first order. No sooner did the conversation turn on horses, dogs, carriages, hats, bonnets, dresses, jewels, races, fencing, skating, cookery and the like, than he gave evidence of the rarest and highest ability.

Then they fell into general conversation. Raoul was very brilliant as they neared Chalons-sur-Saone at 8:10, relating how he had devised a wonderful little brougham, though he did not men-

tion that this brougham was presented by him to Mlle. Juliette Lorphelm, of the corps de ballet at the Folies-Bergere. It was a marvel of a brougham. It was small, as a brougham ought always to be, but a great deal was compressed into a little space. There was the indispensable toilet drawer, a secret money-box and jewel-case, a clock, a thermometer, a barometer, a slide for writing—but all this was nothing.

He grew animated and excited as he spoke of his achievement. Marthe was listening to him intently.

"When you raised the four panels of the brougham you were naturally in the dark, but the four panels were lined with looking-glasses. Then you had only to press a knob concealed in the cushion on your right, and six crystal drops, ingeniously arranged in the blue satin lining of the brougham instantly became so many electric globules, and your boudoir was lighted up. Not for five minutes, mind, but for an hour, or for two hours, if you liked. There was an accumulator under the seat. When I gave this idea to my carriage builder, he was overcome with envy and admiration."

Marthe also was overcome.

"What a charming man!" she said to herself. "I only wish I had such a brougham! Not blue, though—I don't care for blue."

Then they went on to speak of jewels, bonnets, dress, and Raoul distinguished himself more than before, if that were possible, on all these questions. He had paid ever so many long accounts from fashionable dressmakers, milliners and jewellers! He had been present at many consultations on the designs of some particular dress, or the arrangement of some particular costume, and at ever so many trying-ons and attirings! As he could draw very fairly, he used, as he finely put it, to throw his ideas on paper, without being asked. He had even designed the costumes of a little piece for the stage, which was played at some little theatre devoted to the interpretation of revolutionary, anarcho-symbiotic ideas—ideas of decency and delinquency, fin de siècle, fin du monde.

He took out his notebook and pencil, and lightly sketched a few of his creations, in spite of the shaking of the train. He had plenty of tact and thought of everything.

"It was for a set of charades," he said, "played to very nice people at the house of my friend, Baron So-and-So." He invented the baron on the spot, and gave him a fine name which was highly effective.

Marthe was carried away. Never had anybody struck her as being such an original and attractive talker.

"Not so long ago," said Raoul, a con-

sin of mine, who has a way of coming to me for advice, consulted me about a ball dress for the carnival at Nice. Let me tell you what I recommended to her. Here—I'll draw it as I go along. Look Mademoiselle!" You may be sure that she was looking. "I will try to make myself understood. A clinging dress of blue satin—I am awfully fond of blue." She felt sorry; she hated blue. "A clinging dress, I said—close-fitting—my cousin has a splendid figure and can afford to do that." He glanced at Marthe, and his glance implied, "so could you." She understood and blushed slightly at the delicate flattery. Raoul went on:

"Pale blue satin, of the palest blue; and over the satin skirt a robe of pompadour lace with very soft shades of green, pink, mauve, cream and deep blue. Then wide double sleeves of blue velvet, with Venetian lace cuffs. Do you see what I mean?"

"Thoroughly."

And with a sympathetic voice, she repeated:

"Double sleeves of blue velvet, with Venetian lace cuffs."

Suddenly the train stopped with a jerk, and the porters were crying, "Macon! Macon!"

"Macon—so soon?" said Marthe.

That "so soon" had a delightful sound in Raoul's ears. It meant a good deal, that "so soon?" Raoul occupied the five minutes of the stoppage in completing and touching up his little sketch, which was somewhat disjointed; and he did not observe that his young brother-in-law had gone to the telegraph office with a message. It had been privately written out by Mme. Gerame, and this also was dispatched to the Old Club.

The train departed at 4.11, and Raoul had not even thought of getting out to see if there was a telegram for him in the office window. And there was one, too, which was permitted to lie at Macon forever. It was a message of five words only—"Come back, Antwerp scheme dropped."

On and on rushed the train. Another dress was under discussion now, a peau de soie of delicate pink with bows of guipure lace running down the front. Raoul literally dazzled Marthe by his inexhaustible wealth and learned technical expressions.

As the express was dashing through the station of Romaneche at 4.32 Chamblard the elder walked into the card room at the Old Club and met his friend Derame.

"Shall we have a game of piquet?"

"Delighted."

They set to work at once. The first piquet ended in a defeat for old Derame, and the second was just beginning when a footman came up with a telegram for M. Chamblard.

"Excuse me," he said.

"By all means."

As he read his face flushed; he read it again and grew crimson. It was Raoul's brilliant dispatch from Dijon: "My dear father, I have abandoned my journey. Most extraordinary meeting. Your number three—actually your number three in the train with her mother—and I had refused to see her! Oh, if I had only known! Let us strike whilst the iron is hot—I'm striking, and you must strike. Monsieur D. is sure to be at the club—speak to him straight off. Tell him I can away so as not to marry an ugly woman—that I would only marry for love—that I am madly in love with his daughter. This evening we shall be at Marseilles, Hotel de Noailles. Let Monsieur D. advise Madame D. by telegraph. I will ask for you on the telephone to-morrow. At this moment she is cracking nuts. Exquisite! She is exquisite! She fell in my arms on the gangway. Telephone to-morrow at 9."

The excitement of M. Chamblard could not escape the notice of M. Derame.

"Something serious?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We will stop the play, if you like."

"Yes. But tell, tell me, did Mme. and Mlle. Derame leave this morning by express for Marseilles?"

"Yes, at 8.50. Why do you ask? There hasn't been an accident?"

"Oh, no—no accident. You could hardly call it an accident—more like— But come along into the other room."

Then he told him everything, showed him the despatch, and gave him the necessary explanation as to "Number Three." The fathers of the two young people were both convulsed with mirth, and in ecstasies of delight over the providential meeting.

"Why, you said your son did not want to marry."

"No more he did; but he has seen your daughter, and now he is quite willing. Come now, send a telegram at once to Mme. Derame."

"Won't she be thunderstruck at being introduced to a son-in-law by telegraph?"

Here the footman came back again. This time it was a telegram from M. Derame.

"This is from my wife," he said, "at Macon, 2.15."

"Capital!" said M. Chamblard, "the affair makes progress."

"Am much disturbed," the message ran. "Have come across the son of M. C. Rue Rougemont, your club friend, in the train. Introduced by Maurice. You have often spoken of a possible alliance in that quarter. He is evidently charmed by her. Just now he is talking to her, and looking—you know how. What is to be done? Check, or let things take their course? Large for me, I believe."

The elder Derame shows his telegram in his turn to the elder Chamblard, and they go on talking in the best possible humor and agreement. Then they start their piquet again, after sending off two telegrams to the Hotel de Noailles.

The first message, to Mme. Derame, ran thus: "If you like, if she likes, yes. Enormous fortune."

And the second, to Raoul: "Spoken to D. Is telegraphing to Mme. D. He approves; so do I."

A footman takes both messages to the office in the Palace de la Bourse. And whilst they sped along the wires and overtook the express about 6:30 o'clock, in

the neighborhood of Saint Lambert, the Derames, with Raoul and Maurice, were dining together at the same table in the best of spirits, as familiarly as possible. Marthe was gazing at Raoul and Raoul was gazing at Marthe, and Mme. Derame was saying to herself:

"Marthe is falling in love—I know she is falling in love. She did it last year—at a ball, with a very handsome young man, but he had not a sou. This time, luckily, Edouard told me there is plenty of money; so, of course, if Marthe is willing, so are we."

The train rushed on and on, and Raoul never ceased talking. He even passed away from actualities and soared into the region of general ideas, vigorously expounding the theory that the first duty of a woman to display retained elegance in all things. With endless detail, he explained what a perfectly correct life in the social sphere implied and what a perfect elegant woman ought to be. And in imagination he took his elegant woman from Paris to Treuville, from Treuville to Lake Como, from Como to Mute Carl, and he drew a picture of the elegant woman's travelling trunks—a wonderful set of trunks. Besides, he was also the inventor of a trunk, for he had invented heaven knows what!

Very daintily, then, he put the young Marthe through a sort of examination, which bore no resemblance to the examination of the Sorbonne or Hotel de Ville. Did she skate? That was what he wanted to know first of all. He was himself a distinguished skater, and wanted to meet with a woman devoted to sport. He had no sooner mentioned skating than her young brother—how invaluable young brothers can be at times—exclaimed:

"My sister just can skate, and no mistake! You should see her doing eight. And she can swim, too, like a fish!"

She skated! She swam! She was fond of sport. With quiet enthusiasm Raoul said to the girl:

"I congratulate you, Mademoiselle! A woman who does not swim is no woman!"

And with rising vehemence, he added: "A woman who does not skate is no woman!"

When a forcible idea occurred to him he had a way of going back to it concisely and strikingly.

Marthe was glowing with delight. She was a thorough woman! Never had a more pleasant speech been addressed to her.

Night was coming on and it was necessary for the time to interrupt his delicious conversation and return to the drawing room car. Young Derame was already asleep. Raoul's expositions were on too high a plane for him.

On their return journey they came to the gangway where they had first met in the morning. She was walking in front of him, and he said to her in a low voice:

"It was here this morning—"

And she turned around with a smile.

"Yes, here, this morning!"

There was still the same slight English accent which she never dispensed with, even under the influence of a strong emotion.

"Here this morning!" That was all and it said everything.

What an exquisite night it was! The rain was over, the wind had fallen. They had swept into the atmosphere, the charm the sweetness of the South. The moon chased every vestige of mist from this

idyllic scene. It was everywhere spring—spring in the world—spring in their hearts.

"She loves me!" he murmured to himself.

"He adores me!" she thought.

And they were justified in thus giving themselves up, without strife or resistance to the attraction which drew them naturally together. From the first word they exchanged, there had been a close and complete identity of tastes, ideas and sentiments between them. Our little Jack and Gill were thoroughly suited to glide through the world together, performing all the functions of fashionable life, all the rites and ceremonies of social worship, with the regularity of a machine or an automaton, at the fitting moment, in the assigned dress, wherever it was the correct thing to amuse oneself.

They reached the drawing room car. Curtains were drawn over the lumps, and the travellers sank back, drowsy or asleep in the big, red arm chair.

"Let us change places," said Raoul to Maurice in a whisper. You come by her, and I will go and sit next to her mother, for I must speak to her."

Maurice took his part in the manoeuvre in the most accommodating manner. Marthe didn't understand it. Why was he leaving her? Why was he talking to her mother, and in such low tones that she could not hear him? What on earth was he saying?

This is what he contrived to say between Montelimar, 8.35, and Pierrelatte, 8.55.

"I beg you to listen to me, Madame, I am an honorable man, and I want—it is my duty—to tell you exactly how matters stand. Let us begin with a very important part. My father knows M. Derame."

"Yes, I know he does."

"Another still more important point, My father is very rich."

"Yes, I know he is."

"That is capital, then, capital! Now, I can go on. I left Paris this morning, and in my pocket I have a ticket for cabin No. 27 in the Irrwaddy, which sails at 4 tomorrow for Suez, Aden, Colombo and Singapore. I shall go on board to-morrow at 4 o'clock unless you allow me to hope that I may become your son-in-law."

"Monsieur!"

"Don't move, Madame, don't move. Mlle. Marthe pretends to be asleep, but she is not. She is watching us, and I have not finished yet. I have hardly begun. You will tell me—I am sure of it—you don't know me—that Mlle. Marthe doesn't know me. Allow me to inform you that mademoiselle and I knew each other better than three-fourths of the betrother couples on the morning of their marriages. You know how these things generally come about. A hasty glance at the theatre, a long way off—good glasses have been put in requisition, and they inspect one another. 'What do you think of him?' 'Oh, not so bad.' Then some days later, at a ball between two sets of quadrilles, a few breathless, gasping phrases. Next, a meeting in the museum, between the four walls of a gallery. That is what happened to me with a young lady from the provinces. I fagged at it in the morning with the guide Joanne, so as to prepare something to say in front of the Raphaels and Murillof. After a few interviews of this sort everything has been done. They know each other, they come to terms and the marriage is agreed upon

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\$45,520,000.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
FIRE & MARINE.

INCORPORATED 1851.  
Capital and Assets.....\$2,551,027 09  
Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... 1,797,995 03

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difficulty or dispute. . . . .

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HUGH W. WONHAM, - - Special City Agent,  
1759 NOTRE DAME STREET.

But as for Mdlle. Marthe and me, we are old comrades already. To begin with, at 11.30 this morning she fell into my arms."

"My daughter in your arms!"  
"Do not start, Madame. Mdlle. Marthe will see that you are startled."

And in fact Marthe was closely following this scene with her eyes, between her half-shut eyelids, and she said to herself:

"What is he telling Mamma? She has to hold on to his arms to prevent herself from jumpin' up."

"Yes, Madame, in my arms! By the greatest piece of good luck—the most fortunate of chances—we ran against each other on one of the gangways. And since then I have seen her, not in the deceptive light of the theatre or museum, but in the bright sunshine, at lunch, cracking nuts with the prettiest teeth imaginable, and I have seen her just now in the moonlight and I know that she skates, and I know that she can swim, and I know that she would like a brougham of pearl gray—and have it she shall! And now I am admiring her in this subdued light. Ravishing! Is she not ravishing!"

"Monsieur, a mother was never yet in such—"

"In such a situation! I recognize the fact, Madam, and that is just why we must get out of the situation as quickly as possible, as it is clear it can not be prolonged."

"That is very true."  
"Here is what I propose. You will

stay at the Hôtel de Noailles; so shall I, of course. You will have all to-morrow morning for a talk with Mdlle. Marthe, and the telephone for a talk with M. Derame. You know who I am, you have seen me, too, in the daylight. I have spoken—I have spoken a great deal—you and Mdlle. Derame have been able to form a good idea of what I was and what I thought. Now, at what o'clock do you breakfast to-morrow?"

"But I can not tell—I assure you monsieur, that I am stifled—upset—prostrated!"  
"Still, let us name an hour. Eleven? Will eleven suit you?"

"If you wish it."

"Very well then. At 11 o'clock I shall be in the dining room of the hotel. If you tell me to go, I will go—if you bid me remain I shall remain. Give me no answer now; take time for consideration—it is just as well to do that. I shall hope to see you to-morrow at 11."

In the morning there were some very interesting communications by telephone between Paris and Marseilles.

When Mme. Derame entered the dining room of the hotel at 11 o'clock, Raoul came up to her at once. The chasseur, ever precise in his manoeuvres, had taken Mdlle. Marthe under his charge. There was a brief interchange of conversation between Raoul and Madame, who was much moved.

"I am told, monsieur, that there are

steamers every fortnight between Inda-China and Marseilles. You might perhaps put off your departure—say until the next steamer!"

"Oh, thanks, madame! Thank you!"

At 2 o'clock the Derames and Raoul accompanied Maurice to the steamer. On the bridge Raoul said to his friend:

"Now you quite understand, you are to be my best man! As soon as you have reported yourself, ask your colonel at once for leave of absence. I think it will be in about six weeks."

Raoul was mistaken. It was certainly a marriage by express—five weeks sufficed.

As they were ascending the steps of the Madeleine, Raoul said to Marthe:

"Noon!"  
"What are you thinking of?"  
"Nay; what are you thinking of?"

"Noon?—that was about the time in the gangway, was it not?"  
"You have guessed it."

They broke into a laugh, but soon looked serious again, and entered the church in an irreproachable manner.

They were scanned with much curiosity, and in different parts of the church the spectators were making their comments.

"It is a love match, you know!" "Yes; it seems they met in a railway train."  
"Quick as a flash of lightning." "Quite a charming affair." "And so uncommon, too!" "Yes—so uncommon!" "A love match—a regular love match!"

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INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

Capital and Accumulated Funds . . . . . \$34,875,000  
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds . . . . . 5,240,000  
Deposited with the Dominion Government for security of Canadian Policy Holders . . . . . 200,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA.

**NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1825.

Capital . . . . . \$5,000,000  
Total Funds in hand exceed . . . . . 1,700,000  
Fire Income exceeds . . . . . 1,200,000

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**ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1803.

Capital . . . . . \$6,000,000  
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Fire Income exceeds . . . . . 1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

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**ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

Subscribed Capital, . . . . . \$25,000,000  
Paid-up and Invested, . . . . . 2,750,000  
Total Funds, . . . . . 17,500,000

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N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1890.

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