

on him, his factories' might burn and his wealth dissolve—she whose presence in itself

Bertha's face was bent over the table studying the odd device on her napkin ring. The sunlight flickered in her golden hair as tenderly as if it were giving her kisses of welcome. So she would sit before him all

boot made him look up. The waiter had come in almost noiselessly and stood at the sideboard carving a bird for their second course. Philip was glad he had not said one of the hundred expressing words that had come to his lips. But how slow he was at his carving; was the canvas back so tough, then?

Ugh! There was a glass on the sideboard, and Philip happened to glance into it. The user held the bottle and fork in his hands, yet

her past, even to his and his beautiful building up a new to taint in it. Philip at man. He was not reaved in the reality of their love songs of aurations; he caught of dead beauty and

he was now looking at Bertha's most beautiful face in the mirror, with his evil, swindle-like eyes. He seemed to be studying her features, as if to recall some association. Oh, he had succeeded. A hideous grin distorted his mouth and whole face. Then Philip rose and pushed back his chair. His servant recognized his master's will. Apparently she had played some very unambiguous part in those pre-

Bortha, 'in her life in her he worshiped all the graces. continually found newness and in his devotion because she forgot all which he desired wished he were dead he did not make a prayer posing in tal-

his servant on the shoulder and beckoned him to the door. The malicious grin had hardly time to vanish from the frightened face.

"Ho!" the words came issuing from his master's lips, "and if I ever see your face again, or if you ever breathe a word against the woman I have made my wife"—Then the man sunk up stairs like a whipped dog.

duty, as he glanced
 at a parlor where they
 Ellingsworth's dark
 and cruel and unfeeling
 forward in his seat.
 was wrong, the face
 breathed in the most
 even kissed her fingers
 let a sheet of paper

him. Serita doled
 sink in, and the car-
 to wear his wife just
 the changes in his
 delighted her so much
 drooping step, as she
 that she was tired and
 above all things. So
 her own little sitting

lighting up of her
petty exclamation of
had made an absurd
it be he had got the
after all! She only
and at dawn in the
stairs without seeming
at all.

Bertha, said Philip
the disappointment
rose.

"Must go and dress and try and look
a little prettier, for today at least," Miss
touched his shoulder kindly as she passed out
into the hall, leaving him sitting still a
while.

It was only then that he discovered a letter
that had been concealed by a plate, which
he had care for business today! Still it might

asy chair! I am sure | should return. How the thought of he
 perhaps you would | earned his heart. In a few moments th
 "Behind him found open, and he would
 turned," she said, care- | turn to see her graceful form on the thes
 her eyes to look at | old. She would be dressed in some new col
 restlessly playing with | or perhaps in the black that gave her the ai
 He pulled roughly at | of a dethroned queen. By this time she mus
 moment to ruin the | aware thought of some said thing to say t
 to please her. He | aim, but first it would be:

you are not tired, yet
in that room, and see
different as she was now
his heart.
and looked in curiosity
a key from his breast
in the lock. 'Is it your
and throw open the
for her to enter. The

over it with their snowy
holy rapture soared
every wail, and the
snow humidity steal over
swept indocrisibly in
made for her. Poor
but one true worshiper!
she smiled more sweet-
then her. She held her

her hand and then put
she stood in exquisite
to take in the mean-
had cast her eyes down
seemed like the driven
tail drops. The
chamber subdued her
dare to kiss me here,

existing form into his full cool lips again and he stirred on his shoulder, eyes look a startled re-

when he shall not look
as worth all his agony,
when the cup of his
And who should over-
he not hold it to his
over, the well spring
and sparkling forever
the world stand still
tumble him from his un-
steele him.

killed invitingly, and the
 if the house came down
 out of the dining room
 pant, savior in hand, and
 lady of the house swept
 inside in. Philip from
 the usually most well be-
 havior, and in force-
 ly.

full face of his master's pale with anger, but
palace of lofty contempt
in face and white apron.
He not well behaved, my
re they were alone, and
path in the new pinyon
His old lonely days
The closest feeling he was conscious
was a nervous anxiety for Bertha
once or twice.

"Tell your mistress," his voice was very low, but it sounded firm enough, "tell your mistress I am called away to Lockport. I shall be back by tea time—at 6, I suppose. Can you find my hat for me and—Annie—Annie. Thank you." He pulled it well off

He now, in a friendly way, opened the door. He did not like to shut up the open staircase for fear he might offend Bertha. He dreaded to look in her face now. The maid stood waiting.

"Tell your mistress that I am called—of told you, did I?"

TO BE CONTINUED



