

HER POLYGAMOUS IDEAL.

BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSLAER DEY.

They sat facing each other in the dining-room of the St. Denis. Pain, entreaty, pathos, anger, consternation and doubt were compositely depicted on his features. Hers shone with calm resolution, fearlessness and defiance. Between them, on the table, nothing remained but the coffee. The room itself was almost deserted, for the hour was late and nearly all of the guests had departed.

"Can there be a higher, nobler career for any woman than that of wife and mother?" he demanded.

"There are careers and careers. Just now I cannot see my way clear to adopt the matrimonial one. I will not marry now. Perhaps never! I do not know. All that I do know is this—the thought is repugnant. My mind is bent upon other things. I have ambitions." Then she raised her eyes, and, looking him squarely in the face, said half quizzically and with earnestness, "If you were five men in one instead of one man in ten thousand, I might marry you and try it."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, but without raising his voice. "You are entirely beyond me to-night. I cannot understand you. Is it that you doubt my love?"

"No," she replied calmly, while with delicate precision she balanced a sugar cube on the handle of her spoon. "I do not doubt your love, but I do doubt the adaptability of the love of any man through all the circumstances and conditions of married life. You are nearer my ideal, or rather my idea of what a man should be, than I ever hoped to realize until I knew you, but if I should consent to take you down from the pedestal where my fancy has placed you I feel that it would be your undoing and mine. Let us remain as we are—I, to pursue my career; you, to climb to the top of your profession. You see," and she raised her eyes again and smiled brightly upon him, "you are not five men. You are only one man."

He was silent, gazing through the window and wondering vaguely why the street lamp across the way flared so badly in the open air.

"Shall I explain to you what I mean by five men instead of one man?" she questioned.

"As you please," he replied moodily. "It I were five, one of us would poison the other four. However, let me hear this original polygamous doctrine of yours."

"Polygamous! Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I had not thought of it in that light. However, to be thoroughly satisfied from waking to sleeping nothing short of five men could fulfill my ideal of matrimonial bliss. You must remember my childhood. I lived among five aunts. As a rule, I spent from six months to a year with each and then recommenced the circuit. By combining the good qualities, or what I at least conceived to be the good qualities, of the five men of those families into one man and eliminating the bad ones, the perfect husband would be created. But it is impossible of achievement. He would have to be in five different places at once almost every hour in the day; hence, there is only one solution—five husbands!"

She sipped her coffee complacently and, raising her clear eyes again to his, said coolly, "Do you love me?"

He started perceptibly. The blood rushed to his face in a quick flush, then fled again, leaving it paler and more haggard than before.

She fixed her eyes upon his, smiling brightly, and she held his gaze until the anger died out of it. Then she proceeded calmly:

"As a single man you have ambition. If you should marry me and should love me as I want to be loved, there would be no room for ambition or for any other attribute than the one you give to me—love. Yet I would have you ambitious. If I were to become your wife and you undertook to fill to repleteness my ambitious dreams for you, love would wither and die, unclothed, unfed, forgotten. How would you provide that necessary and mighty dollar should we be man and wife if professional ambition stood between you and earthly gain—if love detained you from your daily business tasks—if social obligations rendered you heavy eyed and solemn brained at the beginning of each fiscal day? Do you know that every woman has a

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fad, and have you not discovered mine?"

"No. What is it?" he asked coldly.

"How many hours daily, think you, I spend awheel? Could you accompany me on one century run? How reconcile love, ambition, the social world, money getting and athletic sports and still find time among the duties of a husband to be what you would honestly define a man? Have you not yet discovered why I made that polygamous remark?"

For a moment after she had finished speaking he made no comment. Presently he arose and took his hat and cane.

"Shall we go?" he said.

"No," she replied calmly, not moving. "Sit down again. I want before we part to convince you of the unwisdom of any thought of marriage between us, at least for years to come."

"I am convinced," he replied, reseating himself.

"What, already?"

"Quite convinced."

"What do you think of my theory?"

"I think it quite worthy of a purposeless woman who has no room in her heart for any other love than self. It is the theory of a thoroughly heartless, selfish woman whose career is already attained, and I tremble when I think that you might have said yes. Shall we go now?"

"At once—if you please—at once."

Somehow they did not meet again. He scowled upon the world, and applied every energy of his life to his professional work. She tossed her head in anger and chagrin and sought for extra force and pith with which to impregnate her literary work. The ambitious hopes which he had entertained prospered and were at last fulfilled, for he attained the height if not the zenith of his profession. The career for which she had prayed fell upon her like a mantle when least expected and most unsought. In a way both were famous: each was prosperous. They have traveled as the letter Y is formed, parting in anger where the arms lead off in either direction, each too proud to inquire concerning the other. Neither married.

They met, apparently by accident, in the dim library of a mutual friend. Exactly how the friend had managed the meeting she never confessed. From the distance came the murmur of voices, the ripple of laughter. The mutual friend was giving a literary evening. He and she were expected to appear as lion and lioness for the occasion. But first the hostess closed the door on them, and they stood face to face in the rose colored light. The hostess was noted for her clever arrangement of general effects.

It was the first time they had seen each other since that last dinner at the St. Denis. She had made her career and had discovered that it could not confer all the happiness which her feminine nature required.

He had gratified ambition, attained wealth, was socially popular and had become a patron of athletics. But when the door closed behind their hostess he knew that his love for this woman had alone made his quartet of success possible.

He told her so in calm, straightforward words.

"Ambition, wealth, social pleasures and even sports," he said, "I have pursued only because I knew that somewhere in the world you lived, and I found a selfish pleasure in pleasing you, even though it were without your knowledge."

And she, smiling through tears of happiness, replied:

"I have lived long enough to know that the one man who truly loves possesses more real worth than any composite being might. If you love me, it is all I ask, for by love and through love all other things are possible."

Presently the hostess returned and, peering into the room, said:

"Well?"

"We are to be married tomorrow," he replied, "quietly, here in your parlors."

And the hostess again said:

"Well?"

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Death in Nightmare.

One of the late beliefs of the medical profession is that many people die each year while asleep from heart disease that is brought on by nightmares or bad dreams. A specialist on the heart said recently that in his opinion in nine cases out of ten of deaths in bed heart action was stopped by fear which injurious dreams brought on.

"I have taken part in thousands of autopsies," said this expert, "and in many cases made a study of the habits of those who died. I found that the majority had been sufferers from nightmares or other nocturnal disturbances of dreamland and that frequently they woke up in the middle of the night completely exhausted and gravely alarmed through some particularly vivid dream. If people are frightened to death while awake when they have their full senses and hope for relief, why is it not doubly likely that they die from fright while asleep when their courage is dwarfed by faculties temporarily affected?"

The Croup

Any of the children ever have it? Then you will never forget it, will you? Don't let it go until midnight again, but begin treatment during the evening, when that dry, hollow, barking cough first begins.

Get out your Vapo-Cresolene (for you surely keep this in the house), put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the child breathe in the quieting, soothing, healing vapor. There will be no croup that night. If it's midnight, and the croup is on, inhaling the vapor will break the spasm and bring prompt relief.

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JOHN MERRITT, M.D., of Brooklyn, in the N. Y. Medical Record.

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Tar soap has been highly recommended for skin irritations.

A few drops of ammonia in the water soften it nicely and help to remove stains from the hands.

A few drops of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

A good piece of soft wash leather with which to rub the face after washing helps to keep the complexion smooth and white.

Keep the teeth nice. Have a pair of keen, critical eyes to watch a speck of discoloration and a good brush to scrub them with after each meal, not forgetting the back or underside of the teeth.

Elsie: "Melville says he thinks platonic friendship is the thing, and that he will never marry."

Maud: "I used to know a fellow who said that too."

Elsie: "Where is he now?"

Maud: "Upstairs playing horse with baby."

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for Coal Handling Plant, Moncton," will be received up to Wednesday, the 12th day of March 1902, for the construction of a concrete foundation and framed building for a coal handling plant at Moncton, N. B.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
February 24th 1902.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Armoury, Woodstock, N. B.," will be received at this office until Saturday, 15th March next, inclusively, for the erection of an Armoury, at Woodstock, N. B., according to plans and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and on application to the Postmaster at Woodstock.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of the tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of tender, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

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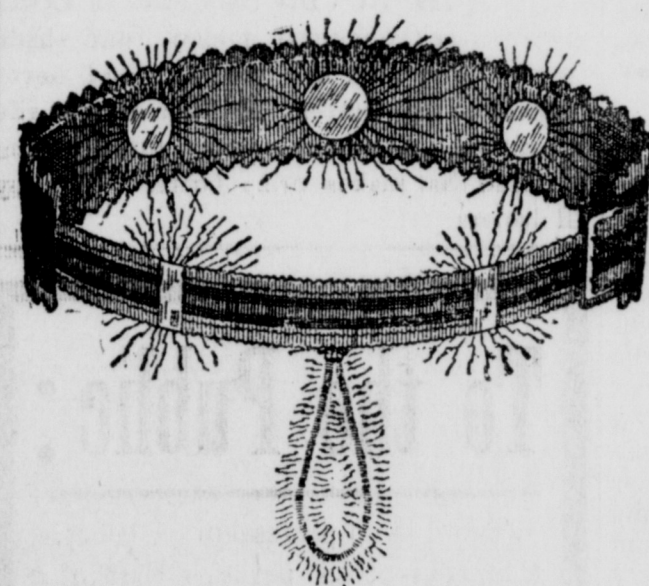
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