

## DID HE LOVE HER?

They faced each other in the brilliantly lighted drawing room. The girl had risen in her excitement and stood with her hand clutching her throat. Her eyes gleamed and her face was white and set.

'I know I should not have told you, Emily,' the man was saying, his eyes fixed upon her face with a sort of despairing eagerness. 'I know it. But—I could not help it. I have struggled against it so long. Do not look like that. I should not have told you.'

He buried his face in his hands and the girl's voice whispered huskily:

'No, you should not have told me.'

He raised his head and threw it back with the suggestion of defiance which he often had, and which she had always liked.

'I am not so sure about that after all,' he said suddenly. 'I love you—you, you, and no one else. It was right that I should tell you. If you love me what wrong could be greater to all three of us than that I should marry Alice? Is an engagement sacred? Emily, do you—do you love me?'

Emily's hands hung limp and helpless by her side now. She dropped into a chair.

'God help me!' she cried for I do.'

The man made a swift motion towards her, but she sent one look at him from her miserable eyes that made him pause. He waited in silence until she spoke again. Her voice was monotonous and passionless.

'Listen,' she said. 'You say you love me. I have said that I love you. You are a man bound in honor to the noblest woman on earth. I am bound to her by ties stronger than those of honor. I love her. She is my friend. I would rather die than cause her unhappiness. And, though I have said I love you, I would rather never see you or hear of you again than cause her unhappiness. No one can know her, live with her, be admitted to the honor of her companionship without being ennobled, without coming to worship her. I will forget what you have said. You must marry her.'

'I love you,' persisted the man.

'Did you not once love her?'

'No,' he protested passionately. 'I admired, esteemed, worshiped her goodness, but—I love you, Emily.'

'Are you quite sure?' persisted she.

'Try me and see,' cried he, with the swift upward motion of the head, which means that he would defy the universe for her.

'Very well,' said she slowly. 'If you love me, do this for me. Make my friend happy, never let her guess that I have dared be disloyal to her. Never let her dream that you were faithless to her. Marry Alice, if you love me.'

There were protestations and reasoning. Emily with firm, set face, persisted. By and by he arose.

'Very well,' he said, I think you are wrong, but because I love you and have promised to do your bidding I will marry your friend. And because I love you and because her happiness is dear to you I will make her happy. Goodbye, Emily.'

'Because I love you,' he repeated,

and then went away. And Emily, standing behind the curtains to watch him as he went, sobbed aloud:

'My dear, my dear! But you did not love me or you would not have done it. You did not love me!'

Did he love her?

## GIDDY BICYCLE GIRLS.

The writer in the New York Herald includes in his report of a visit to an art gallery the following episode:

I might have completed the romance in my fancy had not my attention been attracted by three bicycle women who were directly in front of me, and out of pure curiosity I followed them I was disappointed that they would not linger in front of Bonnington's "Normandy Coast Scene," but I made a mental note to return and continued in pursuit. I followed them through the room of the porcelain eyed "Herculeum bronzes," wondering what would interest these up to date young people. They finally paused in front of the three much battered "Graces."

'I wonder what wheels they rode,' said the frivolous youngest.

'Wheels of fortune, of course,' replied the eldest, and on they sped, stopping again when they reached a handsome old sedan chair.

'They couldn't have had wheels in those days,' again exclaimed the youngest.

'Whoever invented that as a mode of conveyance must have had 'em,' said the second.

I could stand it no longer; they were too modern, and I wanted to return to my Bacchante.

## A QUEER MONSTER.

While traveling at one time in the west the writer's attention was arrested by a remarkable object. In outline it resembled an immense serpent, and it writhed and twisted as it flashed along in the sunlight. Since then it has been seen covered with a hard iridescent shell, and it appeared almost or quite dormant. It is much more active sometimes than at others, and when the mood is on it it will run and leap and rise and fall with a tremendous roar. The people said that while they could not tame it, they succeeded in making it work, and it was serviceable in carrying heavy objects, which, however, differing from most beasts of burden, it would only carry on its bosom. It loves the valleys and refuses to be driven up a hill. Wherever it travels it always goes in it bed, and those familiar with its habits say that if by chance it leaves its bed disaster is sure to follow. It has great commercial value, and its shell is sold in many places.

But the strangest part is yet to be said. It is a fact unparalleled in nature that this wonderful creature has arms, but no legs, and its head is at one end of its body and its mouth at the other.

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Peel, Jan. 1, 1898.

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|                    | FR'T  | EXP.  | SUB  |
|--------------------|-------|-------|------|
| Woodstock.....     | 9 00  | 12 27 | 4 35 |
| Hartland.....      | 10 17 | 1 30  | 5 25 |
| Peel.....          | 10 45 | 1 41  | 5 40 |
| Florenceville..... | 11 25 | 2 00  | 6 02 |
| Bristol.....       | 11 40 | 2 08  | 6 13 |
| Bath.....          | 11 58 | 2 17  | 6 25 |

DOWNWARD.

|                    | EXP. | SUB. | FR'T  |
|--------------------|------|------|-------|
| Bath.....          | 2 54 | 6 50 | 10 50 |
| Bristol.....       | 3 03 | 7 04 | 11 07 |
| Florenceville..... | 3 12 | 7 15 | 11 25 |
| Peel.....          | 3 30 | 7 40 | 11 55 |
| Hartland.....      | 3 42 | 7 58 | 12 17 |
| Woodstock.....     | 4 22 | 8 50 | 1 30  |

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