

Then the clock struck. Once, twice, thirteen times it beat into my fluttering heart, and I ran laughing out of the park and spent the rest of the dark hours walking.

Next day, Madaline was still ill, and though the information bureau rendered me some sort of service by saying, I could mend roads next week, it did not produce food. For hours I quoted the third verse, now high, now low, and people edged away from me.

'Augustus,' spake she, most sedately withal,  
'Did you hear some one giggling out in the hall?'  
'Ah, yes, darling wife, 'twas the chambermaid Moll,  
I bade her good morning. She snickered, that's all,  
Her manners are certainly monstrously small!'

The whistles began to blow and I saw workmen bring out their dinner-pails by the brick-yard. Then I don't remember anything else definitely until you bumped into me."

Louis cracked a brazil nut with great skill, and ate the firm and unbroken meat in company with five rasins.

"Very interesting. Perhaps we'd better be going around to my place now, what," said "O. V. B." "you'll spend the night with me, won't you?"

"Just a minute," said Louis earnestly, "you're not convinced of the unluckiness of 13. Monsieur Pichon, my uncle, tried twelve times to commit suicide, but if it was by drowning he was always saved, if by hanging he was always cut down, if by casting himself before a vehicle the vehicle always stopped in time. The thirteenth time he tried by jumping out of a window. He landed on a soft lawn and soon was seemingly perfectly well. Then a rich relation died and left him a fine fortune. He got married and started for a tour of the world in great good spirits. At the station among all his laughing friends he fell dead. The doctor said it was heart failure, brought about very likely by a fall."

"You may bring me the bill, waiter," said O. V. B.

"13 dollars I'll bet," said Louis.

"You're wrong! only 7 dollars," replied the other looking at the bill.

"That proves nothing," said Louis glumly, "who will dare say 13 isn't unlucky?"

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## A TRAGEDY

Tenderly she took the still white form from his arms and laid it beside those which had gone before, bold drops of perspiration gleamed on her forehead as she looked furtively about her. Suddenly a sigh escaped from her trembling lips. Then silence. Presently another sigh, more heart-rending than the first, seemed to well up from the very depths of her soul. "My G——, but these people sure do have lots of laundry!" she remarked as she surveyed the bundles of clothes piled about her.