

FOR LOVE OF HIM.

When old Colonel Lucas died, he left all his wealth, which was considerable, to his only daughter, then but seventeen years of age.

Bertha and I had been close friends in our earliest childhood, when we went together to school.

As we grew up into maidenhood the feeling strengthened, although she was an heiress and I only a poor orphan, dependent upon the charity of my uncle, the village clergyman.

She was, without an exception, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

A blonde, but possessing in connection with her golden hair and blue eyes a certain dignity, which most effectually did away with the idea of soft angelic sweetness with which we usually associate the word.

There was something in her appearance which gave one, on first meeting her, not only an impression of wonderful beauty but also one of extreme haughtiness.

It was almost impossible, however, to define this latter impression, or to tell to what it was attributable.

I used often to puzzle myself trying to decide whether it was owing to the left poise of her beautifully shaped head, to a certain disdainfulness in the curve of her small perfect mouth, or to her peculiarly independent gait, which also had in it a little dash of jauntiness.

She had grown up a veritable little aristocrat—in theory, it is not in practice.

No one placed a higher value than she upon social distinctions.

This is not at all surprising when we consider the circumstances which she had been reared.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child, and her indulgent father—from whom by the way, she, no doubt inherited some of her peculiar characteristics—proud of her rare beauty, had early trained her to the position of hostess in his home, the magnificent hospitalities of which she dispensed in a royal manner.

In spite of her haughtiness, however, Bertha had a noble heart, full of generous impulses.

I regarded her with that worshipful devotion which a person with a very plain face, and an earnest love for the beautiful, is apt to cherish for one so richly endowed with the 'fatal gift,' as Bertha was.

There was only one other person whom I loved as well, and that was my Cousin Paul.

When Bertha was eighteen, Paul completed his college course and returned home.

Naturally enough, we three were much together.

During those pleasant dreamy autumn days we took many a delightful stroll among the neighbouring hills, and deep into the woods on merry nutting excursions.

At all the village gatherings and merry-makings that Bertha graced with her bright beauty, Paul was her constant attendant.

I don't think that, in those days, either realized that they loved each other.

If they did, they both, appreciating as they did the great social gulf between them, persistently shut their eyes to a fact which, they instinctively felt, would not be likely to increase the happiness of either.

But although they were content with the present delightful uncertainty of affairs, I became exceedingly anxious at the way circumstances were drifting, and at the prospect of trouble that Bertha's ideas of caste were likely to make for them in the future.

As time passed on, and winter with its tide of merry makings set in, I became aware of a change, which my great love for both enabled me to interpret rightly. Bertha, who had hitherto been as sweet and gracious as only she knew how to be, no sooner suspected herself of what he considered the enormous folly or allowing Paul to become an essential part of her happiness, than she suddenly treated him in her coldest and haughtiest manner, shunned his society, and accepted the attendance of her other admirer's all of which made Paul exceedingly miserable.

Occasionally, however, her former sweetness would return, and he would be rendered, for the space of a few days, supremely happy in the sunshine of her smiles. I think I never saw a girl capable of tantalizing a lover to so great an extent as she did Paul.

During the whole winter she kept him alternating between successive periods of hope and despondency, by which treatment, however, his love was not in the

least diminished. People in love are apt to be deficient in sense; but as for pride, Paul had quite as much as Bertha herself.

His character was by no means a weak one.

He and I had grown up like a brother and sister, and I believe I appreciated him a little better than anybody else in the world.

I knew that under his apparent timidity there was more than ordinary strength of purpose, as well as unbending ambition.

That Bertha loved Paul with all the strength of which only such a proud nature of hers is capable, I knew very well, in spite of her efforts to deceive both him and herself.

It takes a woman to understand a woman, and I could see, though she little suspected it, the struggle that was going on between love and pride.

I hoped and believed that her better nature would ultimately triumph, and prove the stronger; but I little dreamed of the tragical circumstances that were fated to bring about that result.

It happened one night that there was to be a gathering of young people in the village which I was prevented attending on account of a slight indisposition.

Paul went, of course, for Bertha was to be there.

Very much earlier than was customary for young people to break up, he surprised me by returning.

'Home so early?' I cried, as he entered my room, and 'Was Bertha there?' followed as a matter of course.

'Yes,' he replied, 'Bertha was there, diverting herself, as usual, by making her adorers happy or miserable, according to her own royal pleasure.'

'Why did you come home so early?'

'I had a severe headache.'

'Paul,' I said, 'tell me what has happened. I've no doubt that your head aches, but I am certain your heart aches more. What has Bertha been doing? What have you been doing?'

'Doing?' he answered excitedly, 'precisely what I've been doing for the last six months. Allowing myself to be made the dupe and the plaything of a girl with a face as beautiful as Venus, and a heart as cold as marble! Not satisfied with the bitter lessons which experience should have taught me, I must put a climax to my folly this evening by actually asking her to be my wife. My wife! Oh, what a miserable fool I have been.'

His appearance charmed me.

From his boyhood Paul had been subject to occasional fits of wild and uncontrollable excitement, during which it seemed as though he were capable of almost any desperate deed.

It is not an unusual thing, I have often noticed, among those apparently quiet people who are subject to almost habitual strong self control.

When their feelings do gain the mastery, the victory is complete for the time.

It had been years since I had witnessed one of these outbreaks in Paul, and I had never seen him when he had given himself up so completely to his excitement.

He did not manifest it by any more loud and angry words, but walked up and down the room with a stern, hard expression on his white face, which was more dreadful than the most terrible ravings would have been.

For over an hour I tried to calm him by every expedient, of which I could think, but vainly, and he left me at last to go to his own room, where I could hear his restless step pacing back and forth for a long, long while.

I passed an anxious, restless night, and the next morning when Paul did not make his appearance at the usual time, with a vague, miserable foreboding that something terrible had happened to him, I went tremblingly up to his door and knocked.

There was no answer, and, half-wild with terror, I opened the door and went in.

Paul was dead. I had a swift intuition of it even before I caught a glimpse of his white face and the still, rigid outlines of his form through the bed-clothes.

My shrieks brought up my uncle, who, while I stood stupefied with terror, approached the bed, where he found Paul with the bottle from which he had drunk the deadly potion still tightly clasped in his hand.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed.

The physician was called, but his efforts to arouse Paul from his deathly slumber were unavailing.

News of the sad event spread rapidly through the neighbourhood, and many

were the conjectures as to why Paul drank the deadly draught.

The real reason, I felt sure, was known to but one person besides myself, and that was Bertha.

She came to me in the afternoon of the same day.

Only a few minutes before, I had felt almost like cursing her in my wild grief; but her appearance would have melted a heart of stone; and I, who had loved her for so many years, felt my anger vanish at the sight of her pale, sad face, and almost forgot my own sorrow in the consciousness of a woe which I felt was of far greater depth and bitterness than my own.

She told me, in a sort of calm despair, and with a tearful sorrow that gave an expression of unutterable sadness to her fair young face, of her great love for Paul, and her vain efforts to crush it.

How, when he had stood before her the evening previous, and told her he loved her, with a tenderness and dignity so peculiarly his own, her heart had thrilled in spite of herself; but she had, with a great effort, repressed the tide of love and tenderness that had come surging from her heart to her lips, and uttered, instead, the cold, scornful words with which she had left him, and rejoined her merry companions—words that now she would give up all she possessed, even life itself, to be able to recall.

Poor Bertha! her punishment seemed greater than she could bear.

We agreed, as it could benefit neither the living nor the dead to reveal it, that we would let the cause of Paul's suicide remain a secret between us, and at his burial there was not, among all those who surrounded the grave, a calmer face than Bertha's.

After it was all over, at her earnest request, and dreading to leave her to the solitude of her own miserable thoughts, I accompanied her to her home.

She busied herself with numerous little, every-day details, with calmness that I shall never forget.

It seemed to me as if she were trying to familiarize herself with the cruel fact that henceforth her life was to be only a succession of frivolous details, through all of which she must pass calmly, with that terrible secret sorrow tugging at her heart-strings.

The morning after the funeral, Bertha awakened me at the first glimmer of daylight, and in spite of all my efforts to dissuade her, for I believed that her grief had made the poor girl insane, she insisted on my accompanying her to Paul's grave.

She would give me no reason, save that she felt sure that something had happened there; and the still horror in her voice and eyes at length inspired me with a vague foreboding of evil, and impelled me to yield to her request.

We hastened breathlessly into the churchyard, and to Paul's grave.

There had been a slight fall of snow the evening before, and all around we saw evidences that the grave had been disturbed.

Although it was as yet scarcely daylight, a group was soon collected, spades were brought, and, after the first few shovelfuls of earth had been removed, the broken coffin-lid was found.

A little deeper were other fragments of the coffin, and finally torn shreds of the shroud.

Words would fail to describe the horror that was felt in that little group as, in the solemn twilight of that gloomy morning, those ghastly evidences of the robbery of our dead were thrown up before us.

Bertha was carried home unconscious, and for weeks afterwards lingered between life and death.

Search was made for the body far and near, but all efforts to trace the robbery were unavailing.

Suspicion, it is true, pointed strongly to a medical institution not many miles distant, but in spite of the sharpest vigilance, no proofs could be discovered, and the disappearance of the body still remained a mystery.

Although Bertha recovered from the severe attack of brain fever which followed that dreadful morning, it was evident that her constitution was terribly shattered, and that, instead of gaining health and strength, she was daily becoming weaker.

She lingered through the spring and summer, but when the autumn leaves commenced falling, her life also went out, and we buried her.

Ten years after Bertha's death, during which many changes had taken place, I went over to the churchyard, as was often my habit, one evening just at twilight.

Instead of finding myself, as usual, the only visitor, I was surprised to see a man standing by Bertha's grave.

He was so deeply occupied with his own reflections that he did not observe my approach until I stood close beside him, when he turned, and I recognised—

Cousin Paul!

I was almost inclined to believe him a visitant from another world, until a hearty and decidedly human shake of the hand convinced me that he was a living reality.

After the first shock of surprise had passed away, he narrated very briefly the strange, almost incredible, story of his resurrection and escape.

His body was removed, as we suspected, by some medical students for the purpose of dissection; but to their purpose and horror he proved to be a living man, the effect of the laudanum having served, as is sometimes the case, to stupefy him into only the appearance of death.

The students had exhumed him just in time to save his life.

Paul promised to keep their secret, provided they would swear never to reveal to anyone the fact that he was still living.

He went away to a distant land, and strove to forget the past.

He worked hard and struggled with the world until he had won from it fame, if not wealth, but he had never succeeded in forgetting Bertha, and was finally impelled by an irresistible impulse to visit his native village.

The intelligence of Bertha's death had reached him, by the merest chance, a year after it took place, but of course he was entirely ignorant of the attending circumstances.

I told him of all the sad events that had succeeded his supposed death; of Bertha's deep sorrow and repentance; of the scene in the graveyard; of her subsequent illness, and how she had finally died 'for love of him.'

After I had finished, Paul remained for a long time silent, struggling with strong emotion.

When he raised his head, however, all traces of it had vanished, and I knew from the expression on his face that henceforth the past was to be a sealed book.

I never heard him mention Bertha's name again from that time till the day of his death six months ago.

But though he worked hard at his profession, which is one of all others is calculated to take the romance and sentiment out of a man's nature, mingled much with the world, and met many other beautiful women, he always remained true to Bertha's memory, and expressed just before he died a desire to be buried at her side; and although it necessarily involved a revelation of the secret that we had guarded for so many years, I saw that his wish was gratified, and now, after their long separation, they rest side by side.

Mr. Kipling's Nicknames.

At the Sports' Club recently, Mr. Kipling's unfortunate line was under discussion. It was not the original subject, but two members happening to hold contrary opinions upon another matter, one of them, by way of effective argument, told the other he was a flannelled young fool, and the other, by way of repartee, said his friend must be a muddy old oaf. Upon that Mr. Kipling came upon the agenda, and various criticisms were advanced of the poet's spectacles and other defects of his point of view. An athletic young member of an athletic family, which has produced generations of cricketers, footballers and soldiers, offered some remarks. 'The worst of it is,' he said, 'that you're not safe to do anything without old Kipling finds some fancy name for you. I don't quite know what I am. I play cricket for my country, so I suppose I'm a 'flannelled fool'; I play haliback for the school, so that makes me a 'muddied oaf,' and when I went out with the first lot of yeomanry he called me an 'absent-minded beggar.'

'I wish he would just call a fellow one thing and stick to it. You get muddled up among such a lot. Hanged if I know just what to call myself for an all-around title that expresses the whole business. You see I'm a 'flannelled fool at a goal' and a 'muddied oaf in a wicket' and an absent-minded beggar' and a lot of other things that old Kipling hasn't found any fancy names for yet. But I'm so mixed up with these that I don't know what to call myself. What am I? I'm a sort of a mix up of an 'absent flannelled oaf' and a muddy-minded beggar. Or am I a flannelled mug in a goal or a muddy absent wicket on a mind, or what.

I tell you there ought to be proper rules for poetry, as there are for cricket and everything else. If not, Kipling will go on and invent fancy names for ping pong and motor cars and other things till a decent chap who thinks he's just a bit of an all round sportsman will have to get a new dictionary as big as Hyde Park to find out how to describe himself.

'And look at my young brother. He's everything that I am, and in addition to that he's just got his commission in the marines. So he's a sort of giddy Harumfradite as well as being a 'flannel-footed

beggar' and all the rest of it. I suppose I shall have to state his qualification for the club as a 'muddy absent flannel fradite' when I put him up for election. Old Kipling is getting to be too much of a slogger to keep his place in the average. Somebody ought to tell him.

He Gave It About Treatment.

He was the son of a rich and fond father. Already 'the old man' had set him up in three or four different ventures, but in every case the young man has sold out at a loss after not more than a few months' experience.

Finally he came home after a short session as a dry goods merchant in Kansas and announced that what he really wanted to do was 'farm it.' He had tried nearly everything else and there was something about the free and independent life of the farmer that strongly appealed to him. He was willing to settle down for good if his father would supply a farm.

The fond father brought 160 fertile acres two miles from town, laid out several hundred dollars in the purchase of live stock and machinery, had the old farmhouse rebuilt, and started his son as a master of the ranch under the most favorable circumstances.

But after the first week or two the young man's ambition to wring a living from the soil sadly failed. He let the land and the cattle to look after themselves and spent most of his time sitting around the drug store and the cigar store in town.

Three or four months went by in this way, and if it had not been for the care of the watchful hired man there would have been little left of the farm. Sometimes for five or six days the young farmer remained in town, and his long absence from the scene of his agricultural experiment became a matter of common gossip.

One day his fond father happened into the town cigar store and was met by the smiling proprietor.

'I say you're son has become a Christian Scientist,' said the cigar man.

'What are you talking about?'

'I say you're son has become a Christian Scientist. You bought him a farm three or four months ago, didn't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he's been giving the farm absent treatment ever since, hasn't he?'

The Baby Member.

The baby member of the house is Cong. Lever of So. Carolina. He is only 27 yrs. old, and looks 20. He was private secretary of the late Cong. Stokes, and when the latter died was voted by a grateful constituency into the vacant seat.

Every pay at 11.45 Bert Kennedy, assistant doorkeeper warns all persons not entitled to the floor to vacate, 'the rules of the house requiring the same.' For three days Kennedy saw a small boy sitting at a desk and coolly disregarding the official summons to retire. He threw his piping, penetrating voice in the direction of the lad, but without effect. On the third day Kennedy told his troubles to Amos Cummings.

If that boy don't get out of here before 12 o'clock I'll throw him out, said Kennedy.

What boy? asked Cummings.

Sitting over there, replied Kennedy, pointing in Lever's direction.

I wouldn't throw him out, said Cummings.

Why not? inquired Kennedy.

Because, remarked Cummings, you might lose your job. He is a member of the house.

Kennedy didn't say a word, and Lever remained undisturbed.

A White Flamingo.

A joke which no doubt afforded satisfaction to the perpetrators was recently played on a post commandant in Cuba, who had the misfortune to be unpopular with his men. A New York paper tells the story:

The commandant had plenty of it, asserting it to be the most effective preventive of tropical diseases ever discovered; and he was very much attached to a pet flamingo, who resented being kept in captivity, and showed his resentment by nipping at every soldier who passed his way. For the soldier there was nothing to do but to mutter under his breath, and wait for revenge.

One morning an order came from headquarters that articles pertaining to the camp which were not sheltered from the weather should be whitewashed. Later in the day the commandant went out to look at his pet flamingo. He found him as white as the driven snow.

To the sorrow of the soldiers, the bird survived the treatment.

Where can I get some of Helloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.