THE TENEMENT TOTS.

Oh, How They Will Suffer These Hot Days.

But the Free Doctors Will Soothe All They Find.

The Sick Babies' Fund's Work Now Begins in Earnest.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$15,365.73
Vesta Tilley	10.00

Don't forget the babies.

The poor little ones' sufferings have already begun. The hot weather will sap their young lives. Heat will accelerate the dread work of disease, poverty and starvation among them.

The Sick Babies' Fund doctors are at the crib sides of many of them, and these will surely be saved. In the very warm days the free doctors are kept going, morning, noon and night, never resting while there is a tiny patient to relieve or a portion of their districts uncovered. From this time forward the Sick Babies' Fund's beautiful influence for good will be felt all through the tenement houses. Everybody that helps the Fund will be helping to save little lives, to lift burdens of grief from mothers' hearts, to brighten homes darkened with despair. Less than a dollar will make some baby your debtor for life, though it may never know it. Your spare coin cannot be invested to better advantage than in aiding this beautiful charity.

Here are three more stories told by the Free Doctors of their first day's experiences this year:

I.

Among the first cases I called upon, starting in on our Summer's work among the children, was one on First avenue; name, Dakin. It came through a call on a postal card.

They had no money to call in a doctor, but saw in "The Evening World" the notice about starting up of the free doctors, so they sent their appeal. When I arrived I found that one poor little one had died a few hours before, but there was more work to do, for the two children left were both of them sick; one three years of age with a bad cough which, if it had not had attention, would have certainly developed pneumonia. The other child, two years of age, had a bad diarrhoea.

I prescribed for both, and am in hopes upon my calling to-morrow to find the load on the shoulders of the parents lighter, as they are very much afraid of losing the one who has the cough.

II.

he noble and charitable work has begun but not too soon for Child Abrahams, of No. — Ludlow street. In fact it came at the most opportune moment.

While making a survey of my district, noting the ills and misery of the poor, and sometimes very ignorant, I came upon this case. Mr. and Mrs. A. occupy three rooms. They have a family of six children, one smaller than the other. The husband works at tailoring, earning a scanty living, and finds it hard indeed to make both ends meet. While the wife was out marketing one day last week she left two small children home, and a kerosene stove burning with hot water on it. When going away the door is always locked, so as to prevent robbery by strangers that go through the house for one purpose or another. The children were left playing. The kerosene stove and the fire in the same, aroused their curiosity. As a result the stove was upset and their clothes ignited. An alarm was raised and neighbors climbed through the windows by way of the fire-escape. The fire was fortunately extinguished before much damage was done. One child had her arm severely burned. The mother, ignorant and poor, put on some filthy salve, and did not change same for one week. As I examined the arm it was festering and very ugly looking. I cleaned the wound and put on proper dressing, &c.

III.

One of the "World's" corps of free doctors encountered a pitiable case of destitution and helplessness in a cheerless down-town tenement.

A young mother, but recently arrived from Italy, sat weeping over her sick baby, whose every feeble breath appeared to be its last. The father was absent seeking employment in a nearby country town, and the poor mother was left alone to battle with poverty and disease.

The child had fallen ill since its father's departure, and the poor woman's slender stock of money had fast disappeared in buying necessary medicines and food for the tiny invalid. The physician whom she had called in refused to return when he discovered that there was no money with which to pay for his services.

She was in despair, and her joy can be imagined when she was told by the "World" doctor that her child would receive medical attendance and everything necessary to its comfort until its restoration to health.

The first fresh-air excursion of the Sick Babies Fund will be given Saturday, June 15. One thousand children will be taken down the bay and up the Sound to some cool grove to spend the day. Two excursions a week will be given, with music, refreshments and a good time generally.

Send all money contributions to "Cashier of World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

Vesta Tilley Sends $10.

To the Editor:

I have very much pleasure in inclosing herewith two five dollar bills in aid of the "Sick Babies' Fund," and believe me, I wish you the utmost possible success in your noble efforts to

VESTA TILLEY.

alleviate the sufferings of the poor helpless babies. It is a pleasure to me to watch the steady increase of the funds at your disposal. May you go on and prosper in the good cause you have adopted. Yours truly,

VESTA TILLEY.

Tony Pastor's Theatre, May 29, 1895.

SAID HIS WIFE WAS DEAD.

Lopez Got Rid of His Children Under This Pretense.

Alfred B. Lopez, of 596 Ninth avenue, who said he was a railroad brakeman, two weeks ago called at the office of the Gerry Society and said his wife, Kate, was dead and that he was without means with which to support his two children, Gussie, five years old, and Edward, three years old. The two children were committed to the Convent of Our Lady of Rosary.

Last night a young woman called at the rooms of the Gerry Society, said she was Mrs. Kate Lopez and that she had just returned from Hartford, Conn., where she had secured employment in a silk mill. She said that her husband was a worthless fellow, drank and refused to support her.

Lopez was found at 426 West Thirty-second street, where he now resides, and arrested. Justice Simms this morning in the Jefferson Market Police Court held him in $1,000 bail for examination to-morrow on a charge of perjury.

Flossie Scalded Li Yung Badly.

Flossie Guey, of 11 Pell street, and Li Yung, of 13 Pell street, had an argument yesterday afternoon in the hallway of 11 Pell street. Later the fight was transferred to Flossie's apartments, and during this fracas a mirror and the frame of Flossie's marriage certificate were broken. Li Yung got on the fire-escape and taunted her. Flossie poured a kettle of boiling water over Li Yung's legs and feet, scalding him badly. Li Yung was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital, and later was transferred to Bellevue Hospital, injured seriously. Justice Voorhis held Flossie in $1,500 bail.

The "Evening World Guards."

The "Evening World Guards," a company of working boys, who have organized to drill, will hold its first meeting at Union Market Square, East Houston, between Columbia and Cannon streets, at 6 P. M. to-morrow. Then all who wish may enroll.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an unexcelled medicine for children while teething. 25c. *,*

JUNIOR EVENING SCHOOLS.

The People of Harlem Say Yes to "The Evening World" Idea.

Here Are a Few Sample Letters on the Subject.

"The Evening World's" suggestion that a junior evening school be established in the vicinity of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street is being supported by the residents of the upper part of the city. Petitions are being circulated asking the School Commissioners to establish the school.

Ex-School Commissioner Edward A. Steers, President of the Twelfth Ward Bank, and Robert E. Steele, Chairman of the Trustees of the District, cordially indorse the demand for the school, and "The Evening World" has received the following letters on the subject:

To the Editor:

Your paper seems to be alive to every necessity. A junior evening school is a necessity in Harlem. Its location on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Madison avenue, is prominent enough to attract large numbers.

H. MORRIS.

Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

To the Editor:

Let us give the younger generation as good a chance as possible to get an education. Only when one junior evening school is started there'll soon be need for another.

J. WILSON NORTON.

216 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

To the Editor:

Knowing East Harlem very well, I think there is need for a school such as you advocate. Trust you will be successful in your efforts.

JACKSON R. CAMPBELL.

FEARED "YELLOW JACK."

Crew of the Steamship Bellena Sent to Hoffman Island.

The Lamport & Holt line steamship Bellena, which arrived this morning from Santos, Brazil, by way of Victoria, Bahai and Pernambuco, reported that while at Bahai three of the vessel's crew were taken ill with yellow fever and sent to the hospital.

Soon after leaving Victoria the third and fourth officers were taken ill with symptoms of yellow fever. Third Engineer Duncan was also taken sick about the same time. The men appeared to grow weaker, and on arrival at Bahai the three sufferers were sent to a hospital, where Duncan died.

The third and fourth officers recovered, but not sufficiently to enable them to perform their duties. Consequently they were left at the hospital convalescing when the steamer sailed, May 3. There were no other cases of sickness during the remainder of the voyage.

On the arrival of the steamship at Quarantine this morning Dr. Doty decided to hold her for disinfection and cleansing. The crew will all be sent to Hoffman Island to be bathed and for the disinfection of their effects. The Bellena will probably be allowed to proceed to her dock this afternoon.

Capt. Iverson was unable to account for the illness of his men, as during the whole time the vessel laid in the harbor at Santos the entire crew was sent to the interior at St. Paull, a distance of over twenty miles form the city, and every precaution was taken to protect the health of the crew while at that port.

CHIEF GICQUEL'S WIFE DEAD.

Found Lifeless in Her Bed at Long Branch.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., May 31.—Mrs. Catherine Gicquel, thirty-eight years old, wife of Battalion Chief Gicquel, of the New York Fire Department, was found dead in bed here this morning.

Mrs. Gicquel had been stopping here for some time past.

Investigation showed that her death had been caused by heart failure.

Dr. Nelson Middleton Dead.

(Special Despatch to The Evening World.)

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., May 31.—Dr. Nelson Middleton, a well-known New York physician, died at his residence on Mount Tabor Way, this morning of dropsy. The deceased was seventy-eight years old and was well known in the Episcopal Church.

Professional Beggars Sentenced.

James Purcell, a white-haired old man, who is known to the police as a professional beggar, annoyed the mourners at the funeral of President Darling, of the Murray Hill Bank, who was buried from his late residence, Seventy-seventh street and Park avenue, yesterday. Another beggar has been persistently annoying Rev. Father Albert J. Baden, of the Epiphany Church, at his parsonage, 239 East Twenty-first street, for the past week. He is Arnold Klein, who gave as his residence 153 East Twenty-third street. Justice Ryan, at Yorkville Police Court this morning committed both men to the Island.

Cleveland's Baking Powder has its true composition plainly stated on the label.

FELLED BY A ROMEO.

Tessie's Brother Tried to Drive Her Sweetheart Away.

John E. Hand, of 314 East Eighty-third street, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital at 12.30 o'clock this morning in a serious condition as the result of being beaten over the head with a whiskey bottle in front of his home last night by Alfred Buscher, of 110 Eldridge street, an employee of the Consolidated Gas Company.

Buscher has been paying attention to Hand's sister, Tessie. Hand objected and when Buscher called last night drove him from the house. Buscher left his hat behind. About midnight Buscher returned and gave a whistle under Tessie's window, which she understood. They were talking when young Hand appeared again and attempted to drive Buscher away. The latter drew the bottle from his pocket and felled Hand to the ground. Hand lost much blood before the flow could be stopped.

Buscher escaped. Tessie says that his second visit was only for the purpose of getting his hat.

Mrs. Kovitz, Here's Your Divorce.

Robert Donovan was arrested in Central Park yesterday as a suspicious character. When searched a decree of divorce, for which he could not satisfactorily explain, was found on him. The decree was granted in the Boston Superior Court to Betsy Kovitz from Morris Kovitz, on the grounds of ill-treatment and intoxication. This morning the prisoner was arraigned at Yorkville Police Court where Justice Ryan held him for further examination.

Pears'

No fat or alkali in it—all soap—nothing but soap.

It feels good and is good.

MEYERS,
46 WEST 14TH ST.

FINE MILLINERY
AND
CORSETS.

SONNETTE CORSETS
IN GREAT VARIETY,
A SPECIALTY.

Flats and Apartments to Let.

ONE MONTH FREE—Elegant desirable flats; only one block from 145th st. elevated station, rents, $13.50 to $15.50. Apply 106 Bradhurst ave.

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ESTD 1867
COWPERTHWAIT'S "RELIABLE" CARPETS
TRADE MARK
REALLY, it is not necessary to use many words to interest you in our leader for Saturday.
Our Extra Super C. W. Ingrain Carpet at 36 Cents Per Yard,
IN SMALL AND LARGE DESIGNS.
Our prices are not misprints—neither are the values. It is the simple story of our contract with the public to have the best and cheapest at all times, and we never violate our agreement.
Come early. The matchless prices move goods quickly.
Furniture to Please All in Style and Price.
CASH OR CREDIT.
COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
104, 106 & 108 WEST 14TH ST.,
NEAR 6TH AVE.
BROOKLYN STORES:
FLATBUSH AVE., NEAR FULTON ST.

VEILINGS
AT HALF PRICE.
We offer To-Morrow (Saturday)
An immense assortment of double-width all-silk Veilings, all the latest novelties, including "Trilby," "Rob Roy," "Sea Side," "Nouvette," "L'Austere," "Languedoc" and "Beauty" Veilings in Black, Brown, Cream and combination colors, in plain and fancy meshes, with and without genuine chenille dots, all at the same price..... 48c.
Worth a Dollar a Yard.
Richards
58 West 23d Street.

RUPTURE CURED.
The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient: examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822 and 824 Broadway, cor. 12th st., New York.

Alizarine Dyed

ROYAL
Serge Suits
$12.50
We claim that these serge suits at $12.50 are better than any other serge suit ever made.
This is why:
The cloth is made for us by James Garnett & Sons, of Leeds, England, from the best Australian wool. The threads are twisted very hard, making the surface of the cloth clean and smooth, and preventing it from easily catching dust and dirt. The makers warrant this cloth not to slip at the seams and not to crock.
It is dyed with the wonderful new Alizarine blue and black. Better than logwood and indigo vegetable dyes, because it don't wear off at the elbows and buttonholes; cleaner, free from all impurities and absolutely fast. Exposure to light, sea water or boiling in soda has no effect whatever.
Alizarine dye has been introduced, and has now almost entirely supplanted the old logwood and indigo dyes in the following countries: Australia, Roumania, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Russia, Germany and Japan.
It is now being introduced in most of the military departments of the old world, and is used exclusively for all Japanese military cloths; the Prussian Military Supply Department and the German Imperial Navy.
Our great purchases abroad give us an advantage in our merchant tailoring department that other tailors don't have. Better and newer cloths for less money.
E. O. THOMPSON,
Tailor, Clothier and Importer,
245 Broadway,
Bet. Park Place and Murray St. 570

COMPLETE MOURNING OUTFITS to order or ready made; all requisites in stock. JACK SHIN'S, 6th ave., corner 18th st.

O'GRADY & CO.,
THIRD AVE. AND 57TH ST.
BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY.
Ladies' Jackets, Capes and Suits.
Ladies' Tan Covert Cloth Jackets with Velvet Collar, worth $4.50 at..... 2.98
Ladies' Broadcloth Capes, made in the latest style, trimmed with lace and ribbon, worth $7.00, at..... 4.98
Ladies' Tan Covert Cloth Eton Suits, half satin lined, worth $7.50, at..... 5.98
Ladies' Handsome Serge Suits, full satin lined, in navy and black, worth $12.00, at..... 8.98
Ladies' Wrappers.
Ladies' Percale Wrappers, ruffle over shoulder, worth $1.00, at..... .59
Ladies' Percale Wrappers, made with deep sailor collar or with ruffle over shoulder, full sleeve, worth $1.50, at..... .98
Ladies' French Percale House Dresses, large sleeves and full skirt, worth $2.00, at..... 1.25
Ladies' Hosiery and Underwear.
Ladies' Fast Black Hose, worth 15c., at..... .10
Ladies' Ecru Ribbed Vests, worth 17c., at..... .10
Ladies' White Gauze Vests, worth 35c., at..... .25
Men's Underwear.
Men's Gray Merino Shirts and Drawers, worth 39c., at..... .21
Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 39c., at..... .25
Men's Fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 59c., at..... .39
Men's Summer Weight Camel's Hair Shirts and Drawers, worth 75c., at..... .49
Ladies' Laundered shirt waists in a large variety of patterns, full sleeve and yoke back, at..... .49
Ladies' laundered waist, with square yoke back, full front and very large sleeves—regular price 1.00, now..... .69
Ladies' laundered waists, elegant variety of patterns, made in the very latest style, with large sleeves, at..... .98
Ladies' silk waists, fancy figured, changeable and wash silk, made in the latest style, with very large sleeves, at..... 2.98
Ladies' silk waists, with plaited back, full pouch front, stock collar and crushed belt, with extra large sleeves in figured and striped effects, at..... 3.50
Millinery.
Ladies' Untrimmed Hats, in all shapes and colors, worth 35c., at..... .19
Ladies' Trimmed Sailor Hats, worth 75c., at..... .49
Children's Cloth Caps, worth 35c., at..... .19
Ladies' Hats, trimmed with Lace, Ribbon and Flowers, worth $3.50, at..... 1.98
Rhinestone, Steel and Jet Buckles, worth 25c. and 35c., at..... .10

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PROCTOR'S 23d st., n. 6th ave. VAUDEVILLES. To-Day and to-night. From 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. 15c., 25c. and 50c. Reilly & Hull, Three Sisters Dom, Dan Collyer & Mack, Al Reeves, Dorothy Denning, Frank Oakes Rose, Raymon Moore, 4 Richards, Knox Wilson, Kennedy & Williams & others. Sunday concerts 2 P. M. to 10.30 P. M. continuous.

AMBROSE PARK. BLACK AMERICA. Admission 10c. Reserved, 50c. and 75c. 1 AND 5.15. 39th St. Ferry, foot Whitehall St. Fare 5c.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. EVS. AT 8.10. LAST WEEK. SAT. MAT. AT 2. H. C. MINER.....Proprietor and Manager. WM. H. CRANE. HIS WIFE'S FAVORITE MOUVENIRS SATURDAY NIGHT. Monday, June 3, Special Production, FOR FAIR VIRGINIA. Strong Cast. New Scenery. Elaborate Stage Effects.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. EVGS. AT 8. MAT. SAT. AT 2. Irish Opera, Pure! Simple! and Melodious. ALL THE WEEK, EXCEPT SAT. NIGHT: The Lily of Killarney with original cast, including Helen Bertram. Saturday Night—Mixed Premiums. Next Week—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

PASTOR'S—MATINEE TO-DAY. VESTA TILLEY TO-NIGHT. TESTIMONIAL. WEBER & FIELDS, RUSSELL BROS. Saturday Last Time of VESTA TILLEY.

AMERICAN THEATRE. Matinee Saturday. Reserved seats, orchestra stalls and balcony. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, THE IRISH ARTIST.

BROADWAY Theatre. Evs. at 8. Mat. Sat. 2. CAMILLE D'ARVILLE. A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

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THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT. 134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d ave. Monster Orchestrion Plays Afternoon and Evening. 25c. st.

CARRICK THEATER. LESSEE MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. TO-NIGHT AT 8.30 PRINCE KARL. Sat. Mat. BEAU BRUMMELL.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Evs. 8.15; Wed. & Sat. Mats. MONROE & MICK in MY AUNT BRIDGET. Next Week—KATE CLAXTON and Mme. JANAUSCHECK in TWO ORPHANS.

AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN, 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. OPENS SATURDAY, JUNE 1. John Kernell, Amelia Glover, Great Vaudeville.

14TH ST. THEATRE. MATS. WED. & SAT. DAN'L SULLY in the CORNER GROCERY.

HERALD SQ. Theatre, B'way & 35th st. Ev'gs at 8. Daniell & Teuxbee's Operatic Burlesque. HAMLET II.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Evs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. PUDD'N HEAD WILSON, with FRANK MAYO.

HOYT'S THEATRE. BEGINNING June 3. HER AMERICAN DEBUT. FORGET-ME-NOT. JANET ACHURCH. AND IN THE SEASON. TERRACE Garden, 58th st., bet. 3d & Lex'g'n aves. FERENCZY OPERA CO. DER OBERSTEIGER.

GARDEN THEATRE. Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Evenings at 8.15. DU MAURIER'S TRILBY. Dramatized by Paul M. Potter.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Mr. A. M. Palmer, sole mgr. Mat. Wed. Sat. TO-NIGHT, 200TH TIME. ANOTHER WEEK OF LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. BESSIE BONEHILL AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. Souvenirs, Last Performance, Sat., June 1. Puzzles of the National Game of Baseball.

KOSTER & BIAL'S MAT. SAT. THE WONDERFUL GRAGGS. HARRIETT VERNON. SPECIAL SERIES LIVING PICTURES.

KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE. Original Continuous Vaudeville. MON. TO 11 P. M. 25c., 50c., 75c.

ABBEY'S THEATRE. Evs. at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. LILLIAN RUSSELL, OPERA CO. In De Koven and Smith's comic opera, THE TZIGANE.

IMPORTED MUSIC HALL. 'TWILL BE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. & Irving pl. LAST 9 DAYS. Prices 25, 75c., 50c., $1.0. THE FATAL CARD. Last Mat. Sat. at 2. Evs. 8.15.

Personal.

A.—A.—HAVE YOU SEEN IT? Art Studies from the Nude, a monthly portfolio for lovers of highest art; superb reproductions of paintings by renowned artists; Nos. 1 to 6 ready, 50c. each. Mailed by Artists' Publishing Company, dept. 15, St. Louis, Mo.

AT 1432 BROADWAY, commission sales, money advanced on diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, seal garments and other valuables; established 1865. James P. Matthews.

ADVICE FREE—Lawyer; accidents, damages; all lawsuits, all honest business, all courts. 278 W. 23d st.

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EXPERT DETECTIVE SERVICE, confidential and honest; search for witnesses. Citizens' Secret Service Co., 13 W. 42d st.

GET YOUR CARPETS cleaned by Great American steam carpet cleaners; superior to others; 120 West 25th st.

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KNOW your fate and fortune; consult Mlle. celestial palmist, 30 East 17th st.; fee $1.

VIAU'S French Coutille corsets; long waisted; no padding. 153 West 23d st.; send for circular.

11 WEST 30TH ST.—Millinery; the latest styles; ladies' own material used; also bonnets; flowers furnished.

WORK All "Situations Wanted" Female Advertisements in The World are Repeated in The Evening World without extra charge. *20 words cost 10 cents in The World.* Over 500,000 Circulation Guaranteed. FREE

A POSTPONED MARRIAGE.

And the Noble Part Ralph Stuart Played as a Friend in Need.

"It is true, Mr. Stuart, I have known you from my childhood, and as a friend I have esteemed you; but it is impossible for me to entertain an offer of marriage, and for reasons which you no doubt already suspect. My hand and heart are pledged to another."

"It seems a little hard, Helen," said the young man, "that Ronald Cameron should take the place in your affections that I had already secured, as I supposed."

To this remark the young lady made no reply, and as the case appeared to be closed against him, Ralph Stuart bade her good-afternoon and took his leave, much disturbed and disappointed.

Helen Morrill was the village belle and an heiress, while Ralph Stuart, also his rival, Ronald Cameron, were both among the most worthy young men in the village.

"Well, Cousin Ralph, has your wooing ended in winning?" were the words that fell on his ear, moving along as easily as the gliding of a serpent. The voice was that of his cousin, Phebe Ann Douglass, several years his senior, who had approached him unperceived as he was walking slowly home. Ralph had been in the habit of making her his confidante in all his tender experiences, and had always supposed that her counsels were wise and prudent, while in reality they were subtle and ingenious, and always had reference to some selfish end of her own.

"Really, Ralph, this is a sad disappointment to you," she said after hearing his story. "Helen Morrill is the very girl you ought to have, and she ought to have you. Ronald Cameron is not the one for her. He is nine years her senior and unsuitable in every way."

"I had set my heart upon Helen Morrill, but I do not see any honorable way to get her," Ralph replied. "Her preference for Cameron has been clearly and distinctly announced—in fact, they are engaged, and I would not for my right hand obtain her by any base or dishonorable act."

"Will you let me manage this case for you, Ralph?" asked his scheming cousin. "If you will leave the matter entirely in my hands, Miss Morrill will dismiss her lover, and you will never know why."

"I cannot imagine what course you intend to pursue, Cousin Phebe," said the young man somewhat disturbed. "I know you are a skilful diplomatist, and shall rejoice in your success if obtained in a proper way."

"Leave that to me and give yourself no further concern about it."

And with this remark Phebe Ann bade Ralph good-day and left him to continue his walk alone.

Some three months had passed, and arrangements for the marriage of Ronald Cameron and Helen Morrill were in progress. The young people were to remove to town immediately after their marriage, where Mr. Cameron would be associated in business with his uncle, his father's brother, who had taken a deep interest in the young man's welfare. Mean time, Helen was spending a few days, by invitation, in the family of that uncle of her prospective husband.

"A letter for Ronald Cameron," said the postman, one afternoon. "Is he residing with you, ma'am?"

"He is expected to-night," said the aunt, taking the letter; and at the next moment, exhibiting the beautiful envelope to Helen, she added, "I wonder where it comes from? It appears to be a town letter, and marked on the corner of the envelope, 'To be opened by Ronald Cameron only.'"

"And a lady's hand, too," remarked Helen. "Please let me look at it. Have you no idea, Mrs. Cameron, from whom it has come? There seems something strange about this."

"I really don't know what to make of it, my dear," replied the lady. "I know very little in regard to my nephew's correspondents and friends. Some lady, of course, who has her own reasons for writing to him."

Helen balanced the letter on her finger for a few moments, with her eyes still intent on the delicately written address, then laid it down with a sigh.

"Suppose you open it," suggested the aunt, who was becoming more and more curious in regard to the contents. "A wife has a right to know all about her husband's correspondents—at least, my husband never keeps anything of that sort from me—and you are almost a wife."

"No, no, Mrs. Cameron," objected Helen; "I would not open it for the world. And please don't you open it—at least on my account."

But the caution was not heeded, and, in a few moments, the lady, having left the room, returned with the open letter in her hand, her face pale and excited. She had moistened the gum by holding the letter for a few minutes in the steam of a boiling kettle.

"Well, is there anything very unusual in the letter?" asked Helen.

And then taking it from Mrs. Cameron, she read:

"Everything is in order for our elopement on the 12th, just two days previous to your intended, or rather, pretended, marriage with that pretty girl, Helen Morrill, of whom I have been so jealous. Wonder what she will think when the day comes and the bridegroom is not there? Has she suspected the real object of your frequent trips to town? Don't fail to meet me at the usual rendezvous, at 8 o'clock, precisely. Yours, as ever, E."

The letter dropped from Helen's hand, and for a few moments she sat as if paralyzed, Mrs. Cameron also being dumb with consternation. Finally rousing herself with a nervous start, Helen said, in a hollow voice: "It was well you opened that letter, Mrs. Cameron. It will enable me to escape the terrible trouble and disappointment that were being prepared for me. When your false-hearted nephew returns, he will find another letter awaiting him."

An hour more had passed, during which the poor girl had been sitting in her chamber, writing a few words now and then between her hysterical sobs. The letter was finished at last, and read as follows:

"Ronald Cameron: Sir, you are a base deceiver. I know everything. Settle this matter with your own guilty soul. I have no desire to see you again.

HELEN."

Having written this brief note and left it for her faithless lover, Helen returned immediately to her country home.

"Is the girl crazy, Aunt Cameron?" asked Ronald, on reaching home and reading the letter Helen had left for him.

"I saw nothing that looked like insanity," was the lady's answer. "She appeared to be very much disturbed, however."

"But what could have disturbed her?" demanded Rioland.

"She received a communication in regard to you from some one, I believe," said his aunt, in an excited and embarrassed manner. "But I cannot answer any more questions. She has told me some things in confidence."

"Did you see the communication?" persisted Ronald.

"Don't ask me another word, I can not and will not tell you anything more," said the lady, who, seriously disturbed at the disorderly—in fact, criminal—act into which her curiosity had led her, had destroyed the mischief-making letter immediately after its departure.

"But such behaviour is unreasonable," said the perplexed young man. "She should at least give me an opportunity to explain the matter to which she refers. A base trick of some sort underlies this whole affair. However, I will write to her immediately."

The note was brief but earnest and straightforward:

"My Dear Helen (for so I must still address you): The note just received from you is a mystery that I cannot explain. I have done nothing to deserve such treatment from you. Please write at once and tell me all you have heard, and from whom. RONALD."

But this letter came back unopened.

"I do not see what more I can do without compromising my own dignity and self-respect," said Ronald, "if the girl is insane I certainly do not want her for my wife, neither do I if she is unreasonable, capricious or jealous without cause. At any rate will give her time to recover her senses."

A week had passed without any further communication between the estranged lovers. Helen was sitting alone in her front room, the morning passing off wearily. She had been weeping for a half hour, as if her heart would break, when a ring sounded at the outer door. Her first thought was to retire and refuse the caller, whoever he might be, but at the next moment Ralph Stuart was admitted.

Crossing the floor he approached her, and taking her nerveless hand in a kind and affectionate way, said: "I was passing your house, Miss Morrill, and could not resist the temptation to make you a call. But you look pale and disturbed. Are you ill—seriously ill?"

"No," said Helen, with an effort; "I am not ill, Ralph, but worse than ill. My heart is breaking with trouble."

"It grieves me to hear that, my dear friend," said Stuart, tenderly. "Once, you know, I hoped to be the one who would be near you at all times, and comfort you in every hour of trouble, but that privilege was reserved for another."

"Yes, Ralph, it was reserved for another, but he has shown himself undeserving of it," said Helen, excitedly. "I am obliged to believe that Mr. Cameron is a base deceiver, and I have given him up. I have no longer any confidence in him."

"Why, Helen, this sounds very strange," said the young man. "It makes me more than ever desirous to be of some service to you. May I call again soon—to-morrow evening?"

The permission was granted.

Other visits followed that one, and by the end of a week Ralph Stuart had said, "Kind fate has given you to me at last, my dear Helen, and I now ask once more—will you be my wife?"

"Yes," was the answer, faint, but distinct. "You will be true to me, I am sure."

Another preparation for the marriage of Helen Morrill was in progress, and the talk of the neighborhood.

A little of the story leaked out here and there, to which Madam Rumor added ten times as much.

For some reason, evidently something very dreadful, Ronald Cameron had been peremptorily dismissed, and Ralph Stuart, who had formerly been an applicant for her hand, had come in to take the place of the discarded lover.

The wedding morning dawned, and all was gay and lovely.

At 11 o'clock the marriage ceremony would be performed.

"A strange affair!" said Ronald Cameron, as he sat alone in his room on the morning of the day which would, as he supposed, place forever beyond his reach the girl whom he had so tenderly loved, and whose image he could not move from his heart. "A strange, strange mystery!" he repeated, "and one which I cannot unlock or solve. Inexplicable in fact, certainly. A dark, devilish trick of some sort." And rising from his seat he paced the room. "Can it be possible that this is the work of Ralph Stuart? He has always professed to be a friend of mine, although we have never been intimate. But certainly he could not be base enough to perpetrate an act so despicable as this. Helen and he are not the ones for each other. They are entering upon a life of trouble. The mischievous trick by which she has been alienated from me is sure to be discovered sooner or later."

A knock at the door suddenly arrested his thoughts, and the young man was more than ever startled and surprised when, on opening the door, he was confronted with his rival, Ralph Stuart.

"What!" he exclaimed; "Ralph Stuart, is this you? Calling to see me, within two hours of your wedding, to which I had not even been invited?"

But the young man's expression showed plainly that he was not there on an unfriedly, much less an evil, errand.

"I have come, Ronald," he said, "to tell you a strange story. I offered myself in marriage to Helen Morrill, as you probably know, some months ago, and was refused. Later I renewed my suit and was accepted."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said Cameron, regarding his visitor earnestly; "I know all that."

"When we parted last night," continued Ralph, "she was expecting to meet me to-day at the marriage altar."

"And are you not still expecting to meet her there?" asked Ronald, with increasing surprise.

"Well, perhaps so," said the young man. "But first please read this letter, which was handed to me half an hour ago, and tell me what you think of it."

"The letter is marked 'private and confidential,' I see," said Cameron, hesitating.

"Yes; but that does not make it so," was Ralph's reply. "At least, it constitutes no reason why I should conceal it from you."

Opening the letter Mr. Cameron read:

"My Dear Ralph: This is the day of you triumph and mine! At 11 o'clock you will be the husband of Helen Morrill, and to me you are indebted for your success. I told you all would come out right, and you have to thank a little scheme of mine. That private letter about which Helen has no doubt told you, and which fell into her hands so opportunely, and stopped the progress of Ronald Cameron's wooing just when he was about to win his prize, was written by me. It was sent to town by a confidential messenger and deposited in the post-office at the proper time, and it did its work well. The only reward I shall expect from you will be to help me a little, if you can, in securing that discarded lover, Ronald Cameron, on whom I have set my heart. But remember, entire now. Your affectionate cousin,

PHEBE ANN DOUGLAS."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Cameron; "this is indeed a strange affair, and as great a surprise, I suppose, to you as to me."

"Certainly," said Ralph, emphatically. "I had not the remotest suspicion until now of Helen's reason for breaking her engagement with you. My plotting cousin, Phebe Ann, seems to suppose that Helen must have spoken to me in regard to a certain letter which was at the bottom of the trouble, but Helen never mentioned the occurrence to me."

"And does Helen know nothing in regard to this strange revelation?" asked Cameron.

"Certainly not. You are the first one to whom I have disclosed it. But, with your permission, I will speak to her at once. My desire to have her for my wife can never stand for an instant in the way of her happiness. She must know that there was no just reason for dismissing you, and then decide in perfect freedom. I would, my dear fellow, have done anything that was just and honorable to secure her, but in a base act of treachery like this I can take no part."

Cameron rose, and grasping his friend by the hand, while tears stood in his eyes, said, "Ralph Stuart, I never knew you until now, and the pledge you make to me I make to you in return. I shall not attempt, by word or act, to influence Helen's action in this matter. For the present, she is your affianced wife. Go and see her, and let me know the result. If she concludes to carry out the programme already arranged, and become your wife to-morrow, I will, with your permission, be there to witness the ceremony, and will give you both the blessing of a friend. But, in the mean time, I will detain you no longer. Make haste; only an hour remains."

"I am glad to see you my dear Ralph," said Helen, addressing her affianced husband. "The hour for our marriage is at hand, and there are some little things to be spoken about."

They were alone together in her private boudoir, the bride arrayed in her wedding robes, pale, but firm and resolute.

"My dear Helen," said her lover, "there is a letter I received an hour ago, and which I wish you to read at once. Ronald Cameron has already seen it. I have just come from his room. I will pass into another apartment, and leave you alone while you peruse this strange epistle."

"What does this mean?" asked the bride, with a crimson flush.

"You see, my dear Helen," said Ralph, the tears starting to his eyes; and having drawn the letter from an envelope, and placed it in her hand, he passed quietly to an adjoining room.

"Miss Morrill desires to see you," was the message that came to him a few minutes later, and in another moment Ralph stood again in the presence of his betrothed wife.

"Well, my dear, you have read the letter?" he asked.

"Yes, Ralph," Helen replied; "and I never realized the sincerity and earnestness of your friendship so deeply as I do at this moment. You remember that when you first asked me to be your wife I told you that as a friend I had always loved you; so I did, and shall, to the end of my life. But, Ralph," she added, raising herself from the sofa, on which she had fallen, half fainting, and placing her hand firmly on his arm, "my dear friend, I cannot consent to be your wife until I have seen Ronald Cameron once more. If he forgives me, and still loves me, as I know he once did better than any one else in the world—But I will not add anything more, you see my whole meaning."

"Yes, dear Helen," said the young man "The joy that it would have given me to make you my wife shall not stand for a moment in the way of your future happiness. We can and will be friends forever. Ronald Cameron is now in his room awaiting my return."

"Then please fell him," said Helen, earnestly, "that I desire to see him immediately."

What occurred during that interview is too deeply hidden in the secrets of human hearts to be told in words. The wedding appointed for 11 o'clock that day was postponed.

"Postponing the wedding!" exclaimed the village gossips.

"Worder if Helen Morrill really has a mind of her own, and knows who she does want?" said one antiquated and ubiquitous maiden.

As for Phebe Ann, she passed off into hysterics the moment she heard of the postponement; and the hysterics became more intense when she realized that she had not only failed to secure Helen for her beloved cousin, but