

answered to it in his own bygone day
was dead—long since dead and for-
getting for all but now. Yet this was

"Then he has disappeared."
"It would seem so."
"Who can tell me where he is?"

It was the old days come back again. In the instant he was reconciled. He hooked the clasp at her throat with eagerly trembling fingers; he would have seached a kiss from his charmer, even under the eyes of the waiting wailer. But she patted him back with playful hands. He followed her humbly through the door that afforded access behind the scenes, his snow-flecked eyes pocked up by his leering smile of coquette. But in the darksome passage he did not see the vengeful gleam of condescension triumph that flared up Medora's face while she led away her

"My poor boy, my poor boy," she murmured as she opened her arms and folded him to her breast.

Next morning, with the first stirring of domestics in the hotel, there

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