

whose health he was anxious, was an elderly man of the old school, obstinate and conceited; such a character as a man with the tact and experience of Paul Yelverton, could mould as he would.

It was the night of the final scene in the play, and Lawson had been secretly admitted to the house as usual, and was now seated with Yelverton in his private room. He had only seen Mrs. Wilson once or twice, when it was absolutely necessary, and even then he did so reluctantly. Yelverton had acted as the go-between since she took up her residence with him.

"Everything is ready," Yelverton was saying. "Have you brought the drug with you?" Doctor Lawson took a small parcel from his pocket, and laid it on the table.

"Will you administer it yourself, in case anything should go wrong?"

"It is not necessary. There will be no mistake. I know exactly how it will act, and the instructions are inside."

"Then you will come to-morrow night after the doctor has been, and restore her to consciousness? I will admit you at this time, when no one is about. I have already made all arrangement for Mrs. Wilson to leave directly afterwards for the Continent, and nobody will suspect that a dummy takes her place at the last."

"Yes, I will be here," was the reply in a hollow tone, as Doctor Lawson rose to leave.

"He will end in a lunatic asylum if he isn't careful," Yelverton said to himself as he watched Lawson go down the garden path.

Everything had passed off successfully, even to the doctor's visit, which was the crucial test, and now Yelver-

ton sat waiting for Lawson to come and release that silent figure upstairs from its deathlike trance. He was already a little late, and Yelverton thrust back the thought of what would happen supposing he did not come. He could not contemplate such a contingency,—it was too horrible.

"He is in such a state that I should not be surprised at anything," he thought. "He might be dead or dying himself." Just then there was a light tap on the window, and he started up with an exclamation of relief.

He unfastened the glass doors and Lawson silently stepped inside. Yelverton looked at his white face and burning eyes with a thrill of fear. How unearthly the man looked! He would be glad when he had done with him; he would never call in his aid again, he determined.

"I was getting a little anxious," he said. "I wondered what I should do if you did not turn up," and he tried to laugh. "However, thank goodness, here you are. Will you come up at once?"

He opened the door, and Lawson followed him, still without a word.

"It looks horribly like death," Yelverton said with a shudder, as he glanced at the quiet figure on the bed. "Make haste, man," impatiently, for Lawson stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the marble face, which wore a strange look of peace and beauty.

"It is death," he answered solemnly.

"What?" Yelverton cried excitedly. "You don't know what you are saying! You are mad! Pull yourself together, for Heaven's sake."

"It is quite true," he replied calmly. "That woman ruined me years ago, and I swore to be revenged. She

made me love her, she promised to be my wife, and then she threw me on one side, without a touch of remorse, when a richer man came along. I lost hope and everything then. I only lived for one purpose; my chance has been a long time coming, but I suddenly saw it when you told me your plan. She had come down in the world, and I thought the money would tempt her. It did, though she was a little doubtful of me at first, but I laughed at the past and she was reassured. I told myself that hers should be the sleep from which there is no awaking—she should do no more harm. Then at last I could rest content."

"You scoundrel!" Yelverton cried furiously. "You have ruined us both. It is murder, do you realize that?"

"Call it what you will," Lawson answered indifferently. "I know I have done her a kindness; I have saved her

from sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, and there is no reason why you should suffer. I can forgive her now,—she has the look once more of the girl I loved. We could not live together, but I can die with her."

He raised something to his lips, and Yelverton sprang forward too late.

"If I have taken life I am willing to give my own in atonement," he said, as he sank into a chair at the foot of the bed. "What should I do in the world now? My purpose is accomplished, and she and I are both better out of it."

Yelverton, carried out of himself for once, rushed to the door to summon assistance, but as he flung it open, there was a soft sigh, and the troubled spirit fled.

He had, indeed, brought his scheme to a successful conclusion, but at what a cost!

AGREEABLE LITTLE DINNERS

BY ADELAIDE GORDON.

DINNER-GIVING, like matrimony, should not be entered upon lightly, unadvisedly, or ignorantly. The art is acquired; it is the result of thought, care, and study, and let no woman count herself an accomplished hostess or socially important unless she knows how to give a pretty little dinner.

I am willing to vouch for the truth of the assertion that the expert dinner hostess is made, not born. When, therefore, your first opportunity arrives for dinner-giving, remember this comforting fact.

Now, if Robert wishes to bring home his really valuable client, and wonders wistfully if you cannot get up some cosy sort of a little meal, don't throw cold water on the scheme.

It may be true that there is but one servant to wait on table, that your experience is neither wide nor deep, and that your table service does not include the requisite numbers of dozens for many courses; zeal and the observance of all the good rules will carry you through, and victory and fame will perch upon your banners.

Even if you have only twenty-four