

"Doing as well as could be expected, thank you, sir."

"Is it very serious?"

"Oh, no, sir. Leastways, the doctor says quiet is all she needs. But she has a large lump on the back of her head, and her face is scratched something terrible. Who shall I say called, sir?"

"Her face scratched something terrible," and a lump on the back of her head. And all due to him. It was a novel way of making himself known.

He drove direct to the florist, and gave an order which made a good many people do without "American Beauties" that day. Being a man who disliked mysteries, he inclosed his card with a word of regret.

Then he went home. Oh, what a day he spent! Curwin never forgot the misery of it; for, at last, he fully realized the utter hopelessness of his situation. It was not even as cheerful as that of a rejected suitor. It was a page that must be not only turned down, but sealed forever.

He spent the evening packing, or rather stuffing, his belongings into his portmanteau. He meant to be busy at the office all day and leave that night.

But he could not leave town without inquiring again, and about four o'clock the next afternoon he was again questioning the neat maid.

To his surprise she asked if it was Mr. Curwin.

"Then, sir, would you please come in." And, wondering, he followed her into the pretty entrance hall. She pulled aside the heavy curtain and announced him.

There on the sofa she lay, and Curwin was too dazzled by the sight to notice the lady who rose from the tea-table to shake hands.

"As I am Mrs. Hamilton, I should have appropriated the lovely flowers, Mr. Curwin, but as it is my sister-in-law who was hurt, I generously waived my claim."

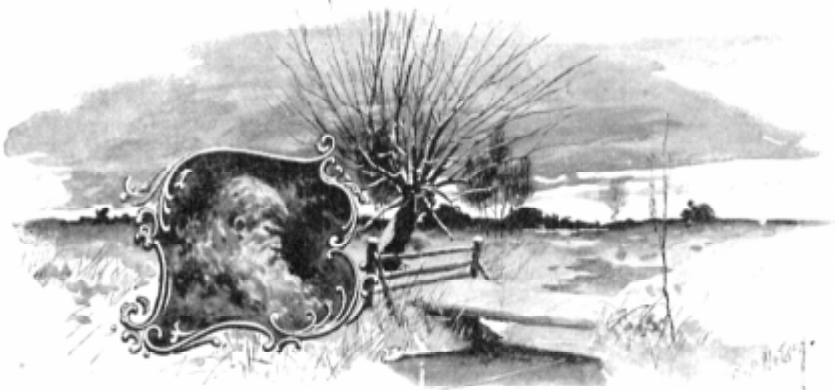
The girl on the sofa laughed.

"They were quite worth a far worse blow, I think, and, Bob said, I didn't deserve them, for I should not have sat down-stairs at all. Didn't you, Bob?"

The artist appeared, brushes in hand, and with his jovial greeting brought Curwin back to earth again.

And they talked, and had tea, and talked again, and Curwin, for the first time, missed a valet as he endeavored to smooth out the crumpled clothes his portmanteau disgorged.

Needless to say, he did not go to New York. Eventually he did, but it was not alone. And the Beavers' day by then was on the wane. To them it was a fatal hockey match.



## WINTER.

**F**ROM out his distant caves of snow and frost,  
Comes Winter, blustering down the mountain  
side:

Upon his furrowed brow dwells ancient pride,  
Whose scowl denotes a purpose seldom crossed:  
His whited locks hang loose, with rime embossed,  
Wherein the slumbering tempest loves to hide;  
Within his breath quick germs of health abide,

Yet 'neath his feet Earth mourns her beauties lost.  
Meantime the engines of the North-land mills

Grind out their powder, like the wheels of Fate:  
Hoarse Boreas lifts his voice and shouts command.

Which rings throughout the length of arctic hills:  
Down come the noiseless cars of snowy freight,  
Which viewless hands unload on sea and land.

CLARENCE H. URNER.