

"Will you have a demi-tasse?" she inquired, "and a cigar?"

He beamed upon her.

"You must be coining money," he purred. "Maybe you could loan a fellow a five?" This, when the waiter was out of hearing, gone for the demi-tasse.

She looked hard at him out of her deep, sad eyes in the endeavor to study him, to find out what manner of man he was. He had left her penniless and broken-hearted, friends had nursed her back to life, and given her her clay to comfort her, and he could accept the loan of a five at her hands!

Careful of his feelings, of his pride, she slipped a crisp bill across the table to him before the waiter could return; but there was a look of such intense weariness on her face that he said to himself:

"She has aged more than I thought. How she must have loved me! How she must still love me!"

He lolled back, comfortably, prepared to enjoy the aroma of his cigar.

"You have had all you wish?" she asked, politely.

"Everything," answered he.

"Then do you mind smoking your cigar as you walk? I feel the need of the air."

"Not at all."

With the same care for his pride, she counted out money for the dinner and tip, and slipped it to him. He paid the bill with the manner of one accustomed to handle much money, at which she smiled feebly, as if suddenly grown very tired.

In the street, she said, more politely still:

"I must leave you here."

"I thought," he demurred, "that perhaps we would walk a little way together." For he had counted upon paying her for the treat with the pleasure of his society.

"I have some work to do," she explained. "I must say good night."

"Good night," said he, raising his hat, and thinking:

"Poor thing! How fond she still is of me! But how it has aged her to shed so many tears! Really, I ought to go back to her. If she makes much more money on that statuette, it may be that I will."

"Good night," said she, and thought, her eyes on the slouch of his retreating figure:

"How useless those tears were! It was the hand of God that took him from me."



## THE MONSTER

HE rose at seven, did this sire,  
 And first he roundly punched the fire;  
 The breakfast then he kicked about;  
 He scratched a match, and put it out;  
 He clinched his teeth on a cigar,  
 And struck a gait, and beat a car;  
 He killed an ad. for lack of wit;  
 He at a mining venture bit;  
 He cut a bore acquaintance dead;  
 He gouged a customer, 'tis said;  
 Blew up a clerk in his employ,  
 And sat upon an errand boy;  
 And yet this man of rabid act  
 A harmless grocer seems, in fact!

EDWIN L. SABIN.