

Weariness.
O little feet that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I nearer to the waste lands,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.
O little hands! these weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule or long,
Have still to hold the pen and pen,
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task!
O little hearts! that throbb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires,
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions in ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.
O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven, their source divine,
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

All-Powerful Woman.
What cannot woman do for good or evil?
She is the worst and best of human kind—
Either an angel, or a very devil.
Sour and bellicose, or faintly sweet inclined,
As wife and mother she can make home heaven,
Or bring upon it suffering and blight—
By disposition kind and temper even,
Or loosed from all bitterness and spite.
The sweetest, grandest object in creation
Is a good woman in her proper sphere,
Winning the ardent love and approbation
Of loyal husband and of children dear.
Earnest in her work, devout, untiring—
Ever striving some new bliss to plan—
To no great name but that of wife aspiring—
The crowning glory God vouchsafed to man.
And then, per contra, there is no one living
More to be censured, dreaded and despised,
Than a bad woman, constant trouble giving,
To those who should by her be idolized.
Splendid, scornful and seditions,
Careless of home, and fond of rout and ball,
Wilful, imprudent, conscienceless and vicious,
The friend of no one and the curse of all.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XI. THE PRECIOUS BALMS.

"I heard you say you wanted to speak to me, Mrs. Harford," said Lady Elizabeth, with perfect composure. "You spoke so that we could hear all you said, as presume you intended we should. And I heard this. What is it you want to say to me?"

Anne was taken aback. Between her new dignity as a married woman, making her superior to Lady Elizabeth in her state of undisciplined maidenhood, and her natural veneration for the grand young lady of her old home—between this natural veneration and her moral reprobation of Lady Elizabeth's consorting with Estelle, she was for a moment in a chaotic condition, and did not quite know what to do. She wished to be as once respectful to the earl's daughter and severe to the associate of sinners, mindful of the claims of rank while upholding those of morality; and the combination was difficult.

"I am so sorry to see you with that dreadful person, Lady Elizabeth, so sorry to hear you say 'we,' then said Anne, taking a header into the depths.

"What person? Mrs. Harford or Mr. Stagg?" asked the lady.

"Both," said Anne.

"Why?"

Lady Elizabeth asked this as tranquilly as if Estelle had never broken her marriage vows, and Caleb Stagg, the miner's son, were the Home Secretary at the least.

"Why? Oh, Lady Elizabeth, how can you ask such a thing?" cried Anne, roused out of fear by the strength of her anger. "You—you—that we all look up to at Kingshouse—you to be sitting there like an equal with a fallen woman and the common man who supports her! And then you say 'why?' when a person like myself objects."

"That you are free from her special sin I know," said Lady Elizabeth, gently. "But are you free from it, Mrs. Harford? That you can afford to be so severe! There is not only one kind of evil in the world; there are many kinds. Which of us is free from them all?"

"By George, no!" muttered Mr. Harford, forgetting his orders and remembering his vanity days.

"Oh, Lady Elizabeth!" cried Anne again, unutterably shocked, and not having heard her husband, "do you class running away from your husband and child, and living under a false name with another man as his wife, a sin no worse than telling a little falsehood now and then, or being a little cross or lazy or ill-natured, or anything like that? It is dreadful! Where shall we all come to if we make no more distinction than this?"

"We should come to more charity than we have now," Lady Elizabeth answered.

"Laxity," said Anne, "put in Anne warmly.

"No, Christian charity," was the response. "That poor girl there is scarcely herself. Her grief has touched the tenderness of her intellect, and she is so easily responsible for what she says or does. Cannot you feel some kind of pity for a life so wasted, so wrecked, so unhappy?"

"No," said Anne. "She deserves it all, and more. We have no right to pity such wicked people as she and Mr. Osborne, for all that he is dead. They deserve to die. They ought to die, or be hanged, or something, and not live to set a bad example to others, and to be pitied and made much of, as if they had done nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is this the Christianity you teach, Mr. Harford?" asked Lady Elizabeth, turning to Anne's uncomfortable husband, standing there in the trimmer's dress, wishing to restrain his Annette's rude testifying, yet not wishing to fail the severe dignity of his cloth.

"It is always difficult to reconcile Christian charity with Christian purity," he said, smoothly. "Who felt that difficulty more acutely than he?"

"Our Lord pardoned sinners," was Lady Elizabeth's commentary.

"Because He was our Lord, and had the right and the power. But we frail, fallible mortals are different. We must hold the standard of purity high, and keep the light of the lamp undimmed. We must not be too pitiful to the sinners lest we should forget to hate the sin. To condemn cards and pardon the sharper, you know, Mr. Harford, and when I knew that this was absurd, Lady Elizabeth, too great compassion for the evil-doer."

"This he said as his confession of faith for Anne's sake, not deeming it wise to be less exacting for purity than his young wife, having always before him the dread

of weakening those bonds of restraint which men loosen for their pleasure out of the home, and draw tight for their security within it.

"Yet the very life and spirit of the gospels is charity; and the Apostles too taught the same sweet truth," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not to women who run away from their husbands with other men, and leave their children to be brought up anyhow by strangers," persisted Anne, coming back to her point as a cat comes back to the mouse-hole. "If Mrs. Harford had wanted to leave her husband—and that would have been wicked enough when once she had married him—she need not have gone off with Mr. Osborne. If she did not love the man she married, she could at least have kept herself correct," she added, with unanswerable justice.

"I do not defend Estelle's action, but we must remember the whole circumstance before we can judge it rightly," Lady Elizabeth answered. "She had loved Charlie Osborne all her life. She was induced to marry Mr. Harford only after she had been deceived by a false report of his death; and when she saw her old lover again she went away with him on the spur of the moment—not after thought and deliberation. It was not like loving a stranger after marriage. It was more like going back to her own."

"Then," said Anne, hotly, "you hold that a girl is justified in going back to her own, as you call it—that is, in leaving her husband for her first love if he happens to cross her path. Is that what you mean to say, Lady Elizabeth? I can scarcely believe it of you—you, of all people in the world!"

"I do not quite say that," was the quiet reply. "You have overstated me, Mrs. Harford. I only excuse poor Estelle somewhat, not only because of her long and deep-rooted attachment, but because she had been, as it were, betrayed into her marriage with a man she did not love. And it seemed more natural to her to give her life to Mr. Osborne, the man she did love."

"All this is dreadful!" cried Anne, aghast. "And her marriage vows to go for nothing! Whatever she felt she should have borne it. Had she not vowed that she would?"

"We are frail creatures under temptation," said Lady Elizabeth.

"And we should be frailer if such principles as these were accepted," cried Anne. "That I should have lived to hear such awful sentiments from Lady Elizabeth! It is fearful! And the earthquake here so lately! I wonder you have the courage, Lady Elizabeth! I wonder you are not afraid!"

She was sincerely stirred. She wore the White Cross on her breast; and charity to evil-doers was as a black stain thrown across its virgin purity. Tears stood in her china blue eyes—genuine tears of genuine distress. That the sweet lady of Kingshouse should advocate laxity in these matters was a species of blasphemy which terrified and overcame her. She had always looked up to Lady Elizabeth with so much reverence, if her practical democracy had at times somewhat revolted her, but now, when she was not only consorting with sinners, but speaking gently of that fallen creature, and even excusing her and making light of the heinousness of her sin, Anne felt as if she must choose between man and God—human respect and divine guidance.

"Some day you will come to a better knowledge," she said, with quivering lips. "I will pray that you do."

"Perhaps some day, taught by the lesson of suffering in the world, you will think with me—gently of sinners," said Lady Elizabeth in reply.

"I hope never!" said Anne, with fervor.

"But you can at all events refrain from saying harsh things that she can hear. You remember the bruised reed and the smoking flax," said Lady Elizabeth. "She is very, very sad—her mind is a little changed—will you not spare her this pain, this indignity?"

"If she were in a proper frame of mind, and truly repentant, I would," Anne answered. "But she is not, and she ought to be made to see her sin as it is. She is not really mad, I suppose. She can pray, can she not? and God can give His grace even to an idiot, if he will!"

"Then let God judge her. We have only to soothe and help her," Lady Elizabeth replied, as she turned away and went back to Estelle.

"What has she been saying to you? What have you been talking about all this time?" were Estelle's two questions, put rapidly and feverishly on her friend's return.

"Nothing of consequence," said Lady Elizabeth. "We had a great deal to talk about that meant nothing and ended in nothing."

A bitter, black-hearted remark, that's what she is!" muttered Caleb to himself, standing at his own inability to help and avenge Estelle by telling Mrs. Harford what he thought of her. "Not fit to hold a candle to her, isn't she, and she daring to brag her over the coals like that! She wants coaxing herself, that does she!"

"I know why Anne Aspline hates me so much," then said Estelle, after a pause. "It is because mother would not visit them, and now that she is properly married, and I was not, she is glad to insult me. It is very simple."

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, almost scared by the unwonted lucidity of her poor friend's words.

"But I do not care," continued Estelle. "for I did only what was right. It was my duty to Charlie when he wanted me, and I went. I did quite right. Did I not, Liese dear? I was quite right to leave Thrift, which I always hated—oh, how I hated that place!—and come to the Riviera with my poor darling when he wanted me, was I not?"

"We will not discuss that now, dear," said Lady Elizabeth, weakly trafficking with her conscience for Liese's sake.

"But I want to discuss it," said Estelle, with a child's willfulness. "And I want you to tell me, yes or no. Did I do wrong to go with Charlie when he wanted me? I was engaged to him long before I ever saw Mr. Harford, and when I knew that he was alive and he said I was to go to him, of course I did. What else could I do—and why should I not? And I did what was right, did I not?"

"Whether I think you did right or wrong is nothing to either of us," said

Lady Elizabeth. "My best answer is, 'I am here to care for you and help you to get quite well.'"

"But that dreadful girl who hates me so much has said such dreadful things!" said Estelle.

"Forget them, dear. While you have such friends as Mr. Stagg and myself, let the rest go."

"And my darling, who never leaves me!" said Estelle, softly, looking up into the blue vault above, where she did really and honestly believe Charlie, as a spirit, was hovering, having postponed his entrance into his inheritance of heaven to be near her.

"And Mr. Harford, who wishes you only well," said Lady Elizabeth, tentatively.

"Oh," was the weary response, "do not talk of him. He is nothing to me, and I want to forget him. I have only one wish—that he will divorce me; and then I shall be all Charlie's—all his body, soul, and name!"

"And he of no more value than a bit of mouse-corn, chickweed," thought Caleb Stagg to himself. "And that queerly lass to have given herself away for a man not fit to tie her very shoe-string! Matty me! the pity of it all!"

After this rude blow, however, Estelle's mind went back to its clouded state, and she lost more than she had ever found of clearness and self-consciousness. Charlie had died sooner than need have been from the same cause; and Anne had, indeed, vindicated the claims of stern justice and righteous retribution. And now it had come Estelle's turn, and her fibre proved no tougher than her dead lover's. Not all Lady Elizabeth's loving care, not all Caleb's humble devotion, counteracted the shock of Anne's scorn. She passed whole days by Charlie's grave, and obstinately refused to go anywhere else. Anthony was still unable to move, and Mrs. Clarricard would not come; and Lady Elizabeth had to be strong enough for the place, however painful its circumstances and onerous its duties. The nurse hired to share the anxieties of the moment was worse than useless. Estelle would not have her near her, and her very presence made the poor girl so violent that she was perforce put into the background, while Lady Elizabeth's maid was a timid young woman who had nerves of her own, and was afraid of her own shadow. Thus the sweet Lily of Kingshouse had it all in her hands and on her shoulders; and sometimes she wished that she could divide the burden with another.

One day she had a more than usual strain. It was hot and striding, and she fell asleep by Estelle, lying on her bed near her and holding her hand in hers. When she awoke she found herself alone. Estelle had crept away with that wonderful cunning of the partially insane, and stolen from the house, unseen of any. Caleb happened to be out of the way at the moment, and the coast was therefore clear. There was hot running and feverish excitement—messengers were sent off in various directions, and a considerable stir was made in the hotel, when Estelle reappeared, as from a walk, brightly dressed, brisk, alert, far more so because more feverish than she ever was in her best days, and no more like an invalid than Lady Elizabeth herself. When gently scolded by Lady Elizabeth, and asked where she had been and why she had given them all this trouble and anxiety, she laughed in a buoyant way, and said she had been out for a little walk, and the day was so fine, and she had a longing to be alone. So the escapade passed without more notice being taken of it, and Lady Elizabeth did not know what it was that her charge held hidden in her breast—something which every now and then she touched as if to reassure herself it was there, and safe in her own possession.

CHAPTER XII. HOW THEY MET AND PARTED.

One of the difficulties of the present position was Estelle's obstinate refusal to leave Mentone, where Charlie was buried, and where his spirit still lived. There was no doubt that she ought to be taken away. The only chance of mental rehabilitation was in change of scene and diversion of thought; but who could insist when she so passionately and so tempestuously refused? Lady Elizabeth had neither the nerve nor the power to carry a shouting and protesting maniac to the station, and if she had not, there certainly had Caleb ever been than she. Left alone and not thwarted, Estelle was quiet enough, if not always amenable to control; but to be taken forcibly away would have roused into active mania what was now that dulled and brooding condition known technically as "melancholia."

Anthony could not come for yet awhile, and Mrs. Clarricard would not, till certain toilet arrangements were completed. Lady Elizabeth confessed that Estelle was in perfect physical health, which was so far a relief. If her mind had gone a little astray, it would come right in time, and there was nothing to fear. Ever since that first (false) announcement of Charlie's death she had done no harm to herself or any other, and would not now. A few days more or less did not signify, and a perfect equipment did. So the mother contented herself with a few letters full of futile excuses to Lady Elizabeth, and waited until her cloaks and bonnets and gowns should be sent home to her.

But Estelle did not wait for that at all. Her one cry to Lady Elizabeth was: "Keep my mother away, Liese! She would send me mad if she came! She was too wicked to my darling! I will never see her again!"

Meanwhile, Anthony's broken bow was healing apace, and would soon be well enough for him to take the journey with due care and precautions. And, after all, he was the proper person to come and make arrangements. He was the very one who had legal authority to act—the only one who could dispose of this poor wrecked life, or say what should be done with this more than widow and less than wife.

It was one of Estelle's bad days, when the working of her brain was even more than usually impeded. She was lying in bed, having refused to get up; and was in that state of semi-consciousness so well known to the watchers by these mournful besides. Her eyes were closed, and she was silent and impassive.

While she was standing there, her main desire at this moment being that Estelle should rouse herself enough to take some soup, Lady Elizabeth heard the omnibus from the station clatter through the gates and draw up at the hotel door. Then she

heard a voice she knew only too well, and a strange halting sound, like and yet unlike a human step, which came up the stairs and stopped at the door of their saloon. A moment after, Anthony Harford, on crutches, stumbled into the room into which Estelle's bedroom opened, to find only Caleb sitting rather in the shadow, listening for any sound that might seem to ask his assistance, while apparently occupied in verifying certain flowers got that morning in his early walk before Estelle had stirred or Lady Elizabeth was visible. When Anthony came in, he started up in mingled trepidation and yet relief. Now that queerly lass would be lost to him, and his days would be as days without sun or sky, but Lady Elizabeth would be relieved from the anxiety which was beginning to tell on her rather heavily. How Estelle would bear this meeting remained to be seen. He hoped much, but he feared more. Had he had the ordering of things, and she could have been content, he would have liked to carry her away to some distant place where no one should see her more, or to have the care of her here at Mentone with the full consent of all belonging to her. He knew, he said to himself, that he could manage her, if he might do so he would, and could make her almost happy. But his doing so he would wish only absolute submission to every wish or fancy of hers and to manage her was merely to adore her and obey her.

White, wan, and lean, Anthony was but the shadow of his former self. He looked as if he had been drained by some vampire of all his blood, as if the day of his final reckoning had come. But his changed appearance was due more to mental distress than physical discomfort, and the anguish of the moment was in pain of this meeting and the doubt of himself that it included. But this fellow, this creature, this usurper, roused the man's pride and passion, and so far, did him good.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked, haughtily, speaking to Caleb as to a dog.

"I am Caleb Stagg, from Kingshouse, and I am here to help Lady Elizabeth look after Mrs. Harford," said Caleb, with a quiet patience that was in its own way dignity.

"Where is she?" returned Anthony, still speaking in the same rude, rough way. For, indeed, it wounded him sore to see this man here where he should have been, and would, now that the villain who had wrought all this evil was dead, had it not been for this untoward accident.

"I wonder," said Caleb, pointing to a door that stood ajar. "Lady Elizabeth is there with her."

There was but one she for both these men, so unlike as they were and with such different claims; and for all her grandeur and goodness and charm and self-devotion the sweet Lily of Kingshouse was but the satellite where this other was the central star.

Estelle, with her eyes still shut and her lips drawn close, seemed to hear and know nothing. Lady Elizabeth, her nerves strung and her senses all intensified, heard and knew all. It was as if she were in the room and saw as well as heard—Anthony's impatience, just touching on brutality; Caleb's self-control, that rose into dignity. She came through the doorway, laying her finger on her lip, and as she turned, Estelle opened her eyes wide with a strange and—

"For the beauty of mind which goes with the health of the brain," vicious smile, and touched something that was in the thick coils of her hair. Then she closed her eyes again and lay as still as before.

"Speak softly," said Lady Elizabeth, making no more formal greeting. "She is easily startled."

"Let me see her," said Anthony, his brow drawn low, his lips pressed close. "I will not frighten her."

Lady Elizabeth, moving softly, went into the room, and Anthony prepared to follow her. But his crutches fell sharply on the uncarpeted floor, and he stopped, with an angry exclamation.

"Let me help you, Mr. Harford, sir," said honest Caleb, coming forward with all his kindly nature roused to be of service to a fellow-man, but, above all, to be of service to one who loved her. "Lean on me for this side, and maybe one stick will be enough for the other. It will make less clatter."

"Thanks, yes," said Anthony, with by no means effusive gratitude for the service rendered. "Man-like, he was totally without any gratitude for small services of temporary usefulness. Large ones he would pay back with his life, if need be. But to lean on Caleb's shoulder did not soften his heart to the ungainly interloper who had taken the place that should have been his, and he went on into the room where Estelle was lying, mutely cursing his fate and all humanity with the passion and injustice of his unregenerate kind. As they came up to the bedside and looked at that poor beautiful wreck—a more sorrowful victim of love than ever was Ophelia—Caleb felt the strong man leaning on him, quiver like an aspen leaf in the wind; but he made no open demonstration. He neither groaned nor wept, nor yet spoke. He only trembled with the suppressed emotion of a passionate man used to control expression, and lightly laid his hand on hers.

Then Estelle, opening her eyes wide, fixed them on the faces of the two men standing by the side of her bed—Anthony in the full light and Caleb in the shadow—and as she looked she shrieked and covered her face in her hands.

"Estelle, dear, do you know me?" said Anthony, very gently, bending over her; but she only shuddered and moaned, shutting out the sight as something too painful, too terrible to be borne.

"Will you not speak to me, Estelle? Dearest, are you afraid of me? There is nothing to fear! Darling, speak to me. Oh, my love, look at me once more with those dear eyes and tell me you do not hate me!"

He said all this at intervals, softly, his passion, his despair of entreaty, rising as the time went by and she still hid her face and moaned.

"One word, my Estelle," continued Anthony, who, by now, had lost all memory of her sin and of his own anger and dark resolves—whose heart had gone back to her again with all its former integrity of love—and who determined that, come what might, he would take her in his hand before the world, and rehabilitate her by his love. He was man enough to face the world and overcome it. "One word," he pleaded; "tell me that you are glad I have come,

and that you will go back with me to Thrift and your child!" He forcibly took her hand from her face—that long, soft, perfumed hand—and carried it to his lips. "Oh, my darling! will you not speak to me one word!" he said, with a sob. "Not one look to the man who loves you!"

Then Estelle uncovered her face and looked at him with sudden gentleness.

"Poor Anthony, do not cry," she said, simply.

He kissed her hand again. Judge and criminal—it was the judge who sued and the criminal who granted.

"But I have found you now, and we will be happy together again," he said, his very soul in his voice.

She shuddered visibly, and looked appealingly at Lady Elizabeth. Her one conscious thought was to stay here, where Charlie's grave held Charlie's heart, and was the altar where she worshipped.

"Do you want to see your boy?" then asked Anthony; "your little son? He has grown now, Estelle; he is a big boy, and remembers you. We teach him to speak of you—to ask after you. He has not forgotten you. Do you not wish to see him again?"

"No," sighed Estelle. "He was yours, not mine. He is better without me."

Tears gathered into Anthony's eyes. Hers were dry. If she could have wept, she would have been saved.

"How can a child be better without its mother?" he said, tenderly. "How much better he will be with you, you mean, my darling! How we are all longing for you again!"

Again she shuddered.

"Ask Anne Aspline," she said.

(To Be Continued.)

Latest Scottish News.

Major Vernon Carter has been selected for the command of the Second Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

There is now a likelihood that Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, will be unanimously chosen for the McCrie-Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh.

At Fairlie, Wigtownshire, the other day a hen, after watching several chickens, died; thereupon a cat took charge of the brood, and has since been their jealous guardian.

Rev. James R. Grant, parish minister of Buntine, died after a very brief illness on 8th May. He had been out walking on the previous day. Mr. Grant was over 80 years of age, and had been for 14 years minister of the parish.

An old landmark in the drapery business of Glasgow will soon disappear. The great establishment of Thomas Chalmers & Co., Tron-gate, will put on a new face and look as gay as possible in the guise of a People's Coffee Palace.

Wm. Dickson, one of the two surviving members of Galashiels Ancient Weavers' Corporation, died the other day, aged 87 years. The Flodden flag now becomes the property of the last survivor, Mr. James B. Brown, Viewfield.

By a carriage accident in Nottingham Mrs. Michie, wife of Dr. Michie, was so injured that she died on the 10th May. The Queen and the Princess Frederica of Hanover were present at the wedding of Mrs. Michie at Balmoral during the Jubilee week.

What are known over a large part of Scotland as "Dixon's blazes" were seen on the night of the 10th May for the last time. The proprietors have resolved to utilize the furnace smoke in the manufacture of gas, for reheating tar, ammonia and other residual products of the coal, and the flames which illuminated the midnight skies of Glasgow will now pass into gas flues, instead of into the air as formerly.

A Plea for the Denominations.

The best men in every congregation—the men who work best, train their families best, pay most, make most sacrifices, attend public worship and prayer meeting most regularly, and are most influential for good in the community—are, without exception, the men most attached to the doctrines and polity of their own churches. This is true of every denomination. The men who have most influence in the community, the men who have most influence in other churches are invariably the men who work best on their own denominational lines. Over against this undoubted fact put the other undoubted fact that the man who never has any influence for good in his own church or in any other is the ronder who craves about union.

Denominationalism cannot be such a bad thing if it produces the best men we have.

—*Canadian in Canada Presbyterian.*

Dr. T. Henry Burman, an eminent German authority, says: "Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, caused by bad blood." At the Brompton Hospital for consumptive London, Eng., a statement has been published that 92 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. This explains why the proprietors of Warner's safe Cure claim that they have received many testimonials which they have not published, because of the incredulity with which they would be received were it claimed that Warner's safe Cure cures consumption. But the fact is that your kidneys are cured and put in a healthy condition they expel the uric acid and poisonous waste matter, and prevent the irritation of the delicate substances of the lungs, thereby removing the cause. When the effect is removed the symptoms of kidney disease, which is called consumption, disappears, and with it the irritation which caused it.

A Dead-Head Dog.

Col. Shanly is the owner of a dog of which an interesting tale is told, but the veracity of which cannot be vouched for. It has a habit of leaving the Colonel's residence on Piccadilly street about noon each day and waiting at the corner of Richmond street for a street car, when it hops on, and rides as far as Dundas, from where it runs down to its master's office in the County building. After waiting around there for an hour or so it once more takes the car for home.

—*London Free Press.*

American in London store.—I wish to buy a pair of suspenders. Shop-keeper—Never heard of such a thing, sir. American—Isn't this a gentleman's furnishing store? Shop-keeper—No, sir; this is a haberdashery and dress supply shop, sir. American retires staggered.