

THE KEY OF LIFE.

"I had the key of life," she said, smiling and nodding her golden head. "What would I do, do you wish to know? I'd unlock the gates of the future so I could see the things that I long to know."

"I had the key of life," her face was flushed by the morning's glow and she said: "I'd unlock the wonderful gates of gold and the certain future for you, and I'd unlock the gates of the future for you."

"I had the key of life," he said. "I'd unlock the gates of the future for you, and I'd unlock the gates of the future for you. I'd unlock the gates of the future for you, and I'd unlock the gates of the future for you."

A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Could His Devoted Wife be Ugly in His Sight?

Every afternoon toward three o'clock a carriage bearing a crest drove up at that gate of the Tuilleries opposite the Rue des Pyramides. When the footman had opened the door the first to descend was a woman, who carefully assisted down the steps a young man of timid and hesitating gait.

The young man, who was not yet quite thirty, was as remarkable for elegance of form as for regularity of features. But there was one defect in the otherwise perfect ensemble; the flame which should have vivified it was extinguished. The unhappy man was blind.

The two in exterior formed a striking almost brutal contrast. The young man, liberal to prodigality toward the one, had been strangely voracious to the other. The poor woman was small, sickly, ugly; her irregular features had, besides that suffering expression which not even youth can mitigate, and which defies all arts of the toilet.

sank sobbing upon her knees. The sick man, who had fallen into the torpid state of semi-coma of the night, started up. Ceclie, who had approached the old lady, explained her presence, and sought to console her. Deeply moved by the devotion of a stranger to her child Mme de Chastillon thanked Ceclie with the eloquence of a mother in the very flesh of her flesh.

In spite of this burst of gratitude Ceclie saw that her position near the young man was becoming difficult, and said to Mme de Chastillon that as her son was now assured of a mother's undivided care there was no longer a hindrance in the way of her journey, and she would leave on the morrow.

The old lady protested; she implored the young girl not to leave her. She spoke with a vehemence that seemed to rouse her son from his lethargy. He moved his hand several times with an effort of impatience. Ceclie, who was seated at the foot of the bed, tried to calm the sufferer. At this contact the wasted fingers pressed her wrist significantly.

"You see, mademoiselle," resumed the afflicted mother, "that he would not have his guardian angel leave her work unaided. For my sake do not forsake him! You have just told me that you were returning to Paris in search of employment. You have found employment. Consider yourself my traveling companion, and I swear to you that I will always regard and treat you as my own child."

Cecile yielded to these moving entreaties. She saw that her presence was as necessary to the mother as to the son. The hurried journey, the cruel emotions she had suffered, had prostrated the already ailing Mme de Chastillon, and Ceclie, her sole nurse, now had the care of a confirmed invalid.

of this radiant felicity. As upon that day when her husband had first told her of his love, she often believed herself the sport of some delusion. The least sound or movement would make her tremble. It seemed to her that the awakening from her dream might come at any moment.

By reason of M. de Chastillon's blindness, the social relations of his family embraced only immediate relatives. One evening at the salon of Mme de Glevos, a cousin of Robert's, whose receptions were often attended by strangers, Ceclie remarked an elderly gentleman, very courteous in dress and manner, who passed at her husband with singular persistence. Mme de Glevos began a pretension to present him, saying with a smiling smile: "This is Dr. Richter, as renowned an American specialist who had effected marvelous cures of blindness, older in date, even than that of her cousin, whose case he would gladly undertake."

Cecile gave him an eager welcome. She told him the circumstances attending her husband's loss of sight, and declared the presumptions in favor of a cure were strong, adding that he could give a decided opinion only after minute examination. He then asked permission to visit M. de Chastillon on the morrow.

Cecile could not give this without her husband's acquiescence, which was not easy to obtain. He had exhausted all the resources of official science; he had tested many empirical remedies, alike in value, and finally refused to see the American doctor.

Cecile insisted, implored, but without avail. "Excuse me, madame," she said, she withdrew to a deserted corner of the salon to think over the situation. Suddenly she heard her name spoken by Mme de Glevos, who was in a small conservatory separated from the larger room by a mass of exotic plants.

A minute after he came back, holding Court de Chastillon by the hand, his eyes still covered by a bandage. He led his patient to the middle of the room, stationing him opposite a window, and with a hasty gesture, removed the bandage.

For the three passages now concerned with our story, there was one moment of unutterable suspense. Robert, dazzled by the light, faltered. Then he perceived the mother. "My daughter!" he cried with transport. "I shall not die without having seen the features of my child. But Ceclie—Where is Ceclie?" he asked anxiously.

"A low sobbing answered. The poor woman kneeling behind the doctor covered her face with her hands. "Add you, my well beloved Ceclie," he said, bending over his wife, "I am to see you also!"

"No, no, Robert! Do not look at me, I implore you! But I have not deceived you. I told you, I forewarned you. I am blind!"

"Ugly!" Nonsense. Could my wife, the mother of my child, be ugly to me? So saying, Robert de Chastillon, withdrawing his wife's hands from her face, covered that face with kisses, while the doctor flourished his handkerchief so as to arrest at its source a tear which would have compromised his Yankee phlogia.—Translated from the French for the Chicago Inter Ocean.

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