

## CONFESIONS OF A VENGEANCE SEEKER.

*Concluded.*

“WHEN father finished reading, he looked at me kindly and then slowly said:—‘What is to be done, my son? You are aware that your mother and I wish to advise you what is right. We have your best interests at heart and wish to see you succeed in all that you undertake, but for my part, before I offer any suggestions, hadn’t you better go and hear from Alice herself what are the reasons for the course she has chosen? She may have something that she wishes to explain to you.’

“I will this afternoon,” I replied, slowly, “I do not feel as if I could just now. I will take a walk instead. Let me once more visit the places so full of sweet remembrances.”

“That afternoon came and went and I had not left my room. My heart was filled with vengeance, I lost myself in rage against this fellow who had wrecked my future. Before sunset, however, I started over the path every foot of which had memories once so pleasant. It led me over a high hill from the top of which Alice and I had often watched the sun set on summer evenings. I was descending the other side of this hill when I saw in the valley below me a sight which caused my heart to stop beating. I may have become mad, I don’t know. A mist arose before me. I felt myself tottering and determined my will should conquer, then I regained control of myself! There they were,—Alice and Joe Wilson,—she, my Alice, in his arms, and the sweet kisses he was raining on her pure white brow! Oh, my God, why was man born to endure such torture—torture fit for the Inquisition? No mortal man who had ever felt toward her as I had could stand still and witness the actions of that scoundrel in whom Alice had found a new lover. There they stood! Oh, God be