

WILHELMINE AND HER FAUSTUS.

Sad Tale of Fleeting Love, Desertion by a Coward, Long-Suffering and a Struggle for a Child.

Charles Brofeazie Promised to Marry the Unfortunate Girl, Whom He Had Betrayed, but Instead He Left Her in Shame and Misery—She Meets a Nobler Lover, However, Who Gives Her His Name and Now Seeks the Recovery of Her Babe That Was Adopted by Mrs. Wilson.

Little Charles Brofeazie won't be three years of age till next July, but in the course of his short existence he has innocently caused more annoyance and vexation of spirit to the half dozen people with whom he has come into contact than the ordinary youth would give to his family and friends in twenty-one years.

In the first place the rogue, Charles, came into the world under a cloud. When he was born his mother was unmarried and his father—well his father was a coward and he disappeared as completely from sight

when the birth of the unfortunate babe was about to take place as a feather does when caught by the wind.

The infant's father was Charles F. Brofeazie. His mother was Wilhelmine Drecks. The father's name was volatile. He left the poor German girl whom he had betrayed under promise of marriage, to meet whatever fate destiny had reserved out for her. And when, like a scared thing under cover of the night, he slipped away, there remained behind him an unborn babe, without a name to claim as its own when it should be ushered into existence, and a dis-

honored woman, who, while she was about to become a mother, was not a wife.

Wilhelmine Drecks, four years ago, was a poor honest German girl who had then only recently landed in this country. In an unfortunate moment she met Brofeazie, who was a handsome, blood-spinnating immigrant from the Fatherland like herself. He was weak and selfish. She was weak and erring. And in the heedless, thoughtless pursuits of the moment, they paid no regard to the future and the consequences of their folly.

When he saw himself pushed to the wall the man simply resorted to the coward's alternative and deserted.

The woman suffered for her weakness. The tiny light of life was born in due time, and when its mother first saw it lying helpless in her arms she felt the first pang of the long misery that she was to undergo. She could not baptize the child, for there was no name that she could honestly give it. Its only birthright was shame.

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