UST 8th 1901.

and the cheapest g to quality.

all his goods, 'gets' "Loves me, loves me not?" and can give pur-All I long to know, plucking now your petals, prices and best One by one they go. Lawrence Brainerd in Boston Journal.

******** NANCY'S

You didn't forget the widow, did you. m, when you paid the lad off? We've ers on a pretty long cruise this time, like enough she'll be in need of many are things than the boy's wages will

"Oh, no, Bill, I didn't forget Nancy! I put ten dollar bills in an envelope, one a you and one from me, and gave n to the young chap for his mother. say, Bill, I think that on the next ne'd better 'dress' the boy and let make a 'dip' alongside of either one s while the other 'tends' him. My of for it, he will make a good diver g a little practice, with such men as 14nd I to teach him the business."

Igness you're right, mate," answered "If Neddy has a liking for the er and the widow don't object, the lad it as well commence now as any I'll take a walk up to the cottage with and see what Nancy has to say at it. She may think it's most too gerous a business for her only boy; Lor'. Tom, ain't you and I spent your lives under water and are none

That's so, Bill. Why, a diver in his mit with a good 'tender' at the sure is just as safe as a parson in his thit. Yes, you'd better go and see ng," continued Tom reflectively, "and mes talk with her. And, say, mate, eit she wants anything, so that we can sit for her afore we go away again."

M had just disappeared when the main of the schooner emerged from schin and approached the solitary fig-

"My Tom," he began jocosely; "countthe stars or thinking over your past

I often think over it. Sometimes m, sgain, I wish it had been somebody what had gone through what Bill and here and not us."

Why, man, what is it that you and muste have done that you dislike to all to mind? I've known you both for any 20 years, and, though I say it to whee I never saw two squarer men sit water in my whole life."

Well, cap'n, I think we have done wear what is right since you sailed or company, but shortly afore you with us there was something that med which both Bill and I would all we are worth if it hadn't, al in I'm beginning to feel that have been for the best, as t forth what little there was of the characters of two men."

are always believed that there was in your histories which would of deep interest, but one which you atherto carefully guarded. Now, if tot asking too much. I beg that you take a confidant of me and accept and of a sailor that I will never re-

although Bill and I never said triat happened that day we wouldn't on the subject, more because it et real pleasant for either of us to of than because we were ashamed the world know what confounded a Bill and I were working together wreck just inside of Chesapeake between Cape Henry light and

were pretty spruce young chaps in lays. Now, it seemed, although neithing considerable of the same girl. my two weeks when one Sunday I little one' that I'd left up home. came along and, looking over my der, says: 'Hello, chum! Who have

ays I, as honest as could be, handing the picture, 'That's the woman be my wife some day.'

'My God! That's Nancy And, glancing up, I saw Bill ting at the picture with his face as ite as a new gaff tops'l. Then, thrustthe likeness into his pocket, he hissed ough his clinched teeth. 'No. Tom inter, she will never be your wife! turning, he sprang up the steps out As you may imagine, I was boiling approached him, and, touching coold the shoulder. I asked as gently as

As he looked up to me the expression his countenance was that of a maniac. a features were distorted with either ger or anguish, I know not which. Come, come, I said after a pause, the Circh my chum glared vacantly Give me back the photograph. answer I received was a blow. down I went as though shot, with on top. I was considerably stronger

the those days and soon got the

ed with affair. I held Bill down on

with the oher pulled the picture from his pocket, but in doing so it was torn in two, and I only secured one-half. At this instant out shipmates separated us, and for the rest of that day we avoided each other as much as possible.

"On Monday morning, as we were 'dressing' ourse ves side by side, as usual, ready to go down to work, I could hear Bill muttering under his breath, and just as his 'tender' was screwing on the face piece to his helmet I caught a most malignant look upon his features, but he uttered no threats aloud.

"My companion had scarcely reached the bottom ere I was in the water and rapidly descending. I had made up my mind to give Bill as wide a berth as possible during the day and began my labors, stripping off the copper from the

"We had been down perhaps half an hour and I was commencing to feel a little more at ease when all at once I heard a slight tapping on my copper helmet, and a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I had been kneeling, but quickly rose to my feet and, turning, saw Bill standing before me, but his aspect sent a chill to my very heart. He was extending toward me a knife, the blade of which he touched with one finger and then pointed to my weapon, which hung

"I comprehended his meaning. It was challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for such an encounter! I am ashamed to admit, however, that after the brief first instant of surprise I logan to feel an insane desire to overcome and subdue my rival, even though it was in

which I had been previously working. I I came over here from Gibraltar as a cerdrew my knife in turn. On seeing this move Bill reached forth one hand and grasped mine, which he gave a convulsive pressure, and then waved me back to prepare for action.

"Now began the battle. The thrusts, as you must know, were somewhat impeded by the pressure of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been skillfully parried, for any one of them to have proved fatal. In a little while we found ourselves locked, each with his left hand grasping the other's wrist, while the knives waved

to and fro above our helmets. was horrified to see a small piece of the rubber hose drop down before my eyes, and I knew that Bill had severed the

"Suffocation quickly followed, but before entirely losing consciousness I gave the signal to be drawn to the surface. and then I knew no more until I found myself lying upon the schooner's deck. with helmet off and my head resting on Bill's knee, wiping the blood and foam from my nostrils. He was 'dressed' just as he had been when going into the water, barring the removal of the glass 'face

"When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw him wave the rest of the chaps aside, and then he bent down until the cold copper of his helmet touched my cheek as he whispered: 'Thank God, Tom, you're safe. But don't, for the sake of our friendship, say a word of

oh, if you can forgive me yourself!" "Forgive him? Why, bless him, I've loved him since that moment. And never from that day to this has the affair been spoken of to any one but ourselves."

willing to take your life, yet still did so much to bring you to?" asked the captain incredulously.

"Bill was quick tempered, and he was in an awful rage. He would not have hesitated to have thrust his knife into my heart, albeit he would have been sorry for it the next instant, but cutting | level with Celia. the 'pipe' was an accident, and when he saw the terrible death with which I was threatened his anger disappeared like the mists of morning before the gentle sea breeze. The boys told me that when I came to the surface I was in Bill's arms, and it was his own hands which unlocked the helmet from the 'collar' and gave me air. They also told me that he would not stop to have his 'weights' unbuckled nor

"How about the young woman who was the cause of all this trouble? What

thinking that we might prevail upon her to cruise in our company she had agreed to sign articles with a young mate of an East Indiaman. So when we found that out we both of us took a job which lasted us about two years down in Key West. But when we got back we heard that Nancy had been a bride, a mother and was then a widow, the poor chap whom she married having been lost at sea on his very next voyage.

"Then Bill and I hunted her up, and when we found her we adopted her for our sister. We came out here to Frisco, where business is better than on the Atlantic coast, and she came, too, and we've

captain interestedly. "Well, I reckon it did. Leastwise it was alive a couple of hours ago when saw it going over the rail yonder with a month's pay in its pocket to gladden a mother's heart," replied the old diver,

with a quiet chuckle.

"That's just about the size of it, cap'n. And he's a boy that no woman need be ashamed of either, and if his mother will let the lad follow the business into which he's started-and that's what Bill has gone up to the house to find out-I'll wager my gear and 'dress' that within five years there won't be a diver on the l'acific coast who will 'dip' deeper or work longer under water than the same

on deck and saw him sitting on a "But Nancy?" asked the captain. "Hush, cap!" exclaimed the diver in a said, with a little smiling nod of fare low voice. "Not until either Bill or I | well. have 'sounded' for the last time and been laid away in our armor. Then perhaps

> As to Charity. "I'm sorry to hear your late lamented aunt didn't leave you anything. I thought she believed that charity begins at

honor him who needs must chop the stone, Must pluck the root up, murder beast and bird, Then label with a very butcher's word The bleeding pieces. Though he build his throne On brittle stalks and hollow carcass bone,

Still by a princely purpose is he stirred, And such his thirst for knowledge long deferred, aind Nature counts him in among her own. But him I love the muses make their care,

To spell the gentle magic of the air, Of golden boughs and darkest brooks that flow. He has my heart, for perfect things and fair He finds and leaves them fairer than they grow. -John Vance Cheney in Harper's Magazine.

THE NOVELIST AND AN EPISODE

It was a perfect spring afternoon, and a little party of three, mounted on mules, were plodding along the track that leads

from Cape Spartel to Tangier. Grierson, the novelist, allowed the reins to drop round his animal's neck and proceeded to roll a gigarette. By his side rode an upright, elderly man with close cropped hair and a keen face, and the third member of the party, a young girl of about 20, was some 50 yards ahead. "It has been a first class sort of day," observed the elder man. "Celia and I

owe you a debt of gratitude for having | wife with a title." looked after us this week in Tangier." "The luck has been on my side," re-"So, dropping the short iron bar with turned Grierson, with a laugh, "You see, tain young person's society was exercising a depressing influence on me."

"Did she bore you?" asked Ardell. "The reverse. She has charmed me more than any other girl for a longer period than I like to think. The point is that her parents insist on her having nothing to do with me, which at least shows they are not wanting in good sound common sense.

Ardell laughed and gazed contemplatively on the surrounding stretch of coun-

"I could put in another month here Celia," he said, with a nod toward the trim figure riding in front of them.

"Is she in a huge hurry to see England?" asked Grierson. He knew a little love, Archie?" of his companion's history. He was a wealthy Australian sheep farmer who had lately sold his run and determined lip. on a visit to England.

meet the man."

The novelist opened his eyes.

"Yes: I had a young Englishman on Constance approached him. the farm as manager. He was with us about five years, a decent sort of fellow, a gentleman by birth. You meet a good many of that sort up and down the runs in the bush," said Ardell. "Eventually he feil in love with Celia and asked my consent. I liked the chap and gave it. Then one day there came a letter telling him there had been a big snap in his family chain and that he had stepped into an estate and money in England."

"I know," nodded the novelist. "I've used him in a good many of my books. what's happened to our shipmates. And, So he went, and you are following?" he added, with a smile.

fetch Celia when things were settled up | cheeks, but there was a smiling look in a bit. But shortly after he had gone I | the eyes still. He was satisfied. suddenly took it into my head that I had done about enough work for one man's life, so sold the farm and brought the girl ly. She listened intently and at the conaway on this trip," Ardel laughed. "It'll clusion indicated the direction of the be somewhat of a surprise to him. You drawing room with a little excited gessee, there wasn't time to write, so he doesn't know we're coming."

Presently Grierson urged his mule into a gentle trot and succeeded in getting "I thought I'd just like to congratulate her. "Are you glad?"

A touch of color flew to the girl's glad he played the man. cheeks, and her eyes glistened. She made a wonderfully pretty picture, he thought. "Are you interested in love affairs?" she asked, with a smile.

"My dear young lady, I've been vainly trying to invent a new one ever since I first began to write!" he exclaimed. Then his 'headpiece' removed, but just knelt | his tone changed. "Now, please tell me all about him-is he as near perfection as a mere man can be?"

"I don't know about Archie being that," she answered, with a laugh, "but he is the man I love, and nothing else matters much, does it?"

"Absolutely nothing. But I wish your opinion was more universal," he added, with a sigh, as he thought of the young person in the party he had left at Gibraltar.

An idea seemed to strike him, for a quick light came into his eyes. "Does Archie"- he began, then paused.

"By the way, I hardly like referring to him as Archie. It seems so horribly familiar. What is his other name?" "Trevor-Archibald Errington Trevor,"

she said, with a laugh. "I've been trying to get alongside of you for five minutes!" cried Mr. Ardell's voice from behind. "Do, for goodness' sake, rein in your thoroughbred for s moment, Celia!"

The girl, with a laugh, turned round to him and waited. Grierson rode on and kept a little ahead of the others for the rest of the way. His face was unusually grave, and he seemed buried in thought. They reached the town, and, wishing to do some shopping, he separated from his companions. When at length he also arrived at the hotel, he caught sight of a tall, good looking young man standing in the hall. He was chatting to a girl at his side. Grierson gave a start, then hur-

ried toward them. "This is very absurd!" he exclaimed as he shook hands with the girl. "I left you to go on to Seville and Madrid, not to follow me here."

Lady Constance laughed. "We started, but father was so terribly anxious to get a glimpse of Morocco that at length we had to give in-so here we

She moved toward the staircase. "Mother was a little upset with the crossing. I am just going to see how she is getting along; then I will return," she

Grierson watched her disappear, turned to the young man and, linking his arm within his, drew him to an alcove in which there was a seat. "You know, it's really too bad of you to bother me in this way," he said reproach

fully. "But there's no alternative. I fee!

bound to tell you what an awful scoun drel I think you!" His companion looked at him in wor "What on earth has happened, Grie

son?" he cried.

The novelist opened his mouth to speak,

but paused as he caught sight of a light figure tripping down the staircase. He gripped the younger man's arm and nodded in her direction. The girl-it was Celia Ardell—crossed the hall some three yards in front of them and entered a drawing room without seeing them.

Trevor breathed heavily. He did not speak. His eyes were fastened on the door through which Celia had vanished. "Sufficient explanation, eh?" said Grierson. "A month or so after you left the farm old Mr. Ardell sold out and decided to bring Celia to you. They halted for a week here, and that dearest of little girls is actually counting the hours that will bring her to the man who stole her love and who in return"-

Trevor winced. "Yes," he broke in: "I've been an awful scoundrel. I hardly know how it happened. I left her feeling she was all the world to me. Then, the new life in England, with money, troops of new friends, new faces-I somehow seemed to forget, and"- he paused- "I thought she might forget also!" he continued lamely. "I know it was playing it horribly low down." He looked up at Grierson anxiously. "Do you think it will

"Oh, no!" retorted the novelist airily. "She has only lavished on you every scrap of love she has to give, and finding you are not worth it will only break her heart. But that's a mere trifle and not worth considering. You will be able to marry Lady Constance and boast a

Young Trevor rose to his feet. He was very white.

happen to have actually proposed to Lady Constance"-"I haven't!" put in the other man shortly.

A slight gleam came into Grierson's eyes as he watched his companion.

Trevor nodded and walked sharply toward the door of the room in which the girl was. Grierson came after him at a

run and laid a hand on his sleeve. "One moment, Archie!" he said rapidwell, but I'm afraid it would hardly suit ly. "Lady Constance-you thought her pretty, bright, intelligent. You had mon-

> Trevor looked at him for a moment, and a ghost of a smile trembled on his

"No, not love," he said decidedly. "Not so much that, but eagerness to Then he opened the door and strode in. Grierson walked along the corridor to the billiard room in a thoughtful frame "Oh, is she in love too?" he said, with of mind. He glanced in and saw it was empty. A second or so afterward Lady

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Come along in here! I want you to listen while I talk!" "I have been doing that off and on for some years," she said, with a smile. "Yes: but this time I shall be very in-

teresting. I can't remember anything I've so wanted to tell you." They seated themselves on a lounge.

"Are you ready?" he began. She nodded. "Very well: listen to this: Archie Tre-

vor will never have the exquisite honor of becoming your husband!" he said dramatically. He was watching her narrowly. He "Yes; he said he would return and saw a slight touch of color pass over her

voice, and he told the story to her quiet-

"And he is actually in there with her now?" she cried quickly. "And she's just deliriously happy," he

said, with a nod. He turned round to

Grierson jumped up from his seat and stood in front of her. His face had lighted up again, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"Ah, but you would if you dared!" he exclaimed. "Just forget you're a lady of a man of immense wealth, strike out a line for yourself and marry the man who has adored you for ten years. It will mean a bit of a tussle with the parents, but think how furious the fun will be." She looked up at him doubtfully.

"Yes: I'm serious in just one thing." he said pleadingly. Archie Trevor's voice was heard from

the other end of the hall. "Grierson!" he was crying. "I want

sides, I'm not really poor! My last book was so utterly bad that it ran into 20 editions, and dramatized versions are being played everywhere-packed houses in

Scandinavia last week. I'm stupidly "Come along!" cried Archie's voice im-

"Can't!" Grierson called back, with his eyes on the girl sitting on the lounge. through his veins. "What's the matter?" The voice was

coming nearer. "I'm engaged," said the novelist lacor ically.-Mainly About People.

On Death and Burial. Re not solicitous after pomp at my

had nothing of greater moment to register his name by than a grave. Neither can I apprehend a tombstone to add so great a weight of glory to the dead as it doth of charge and trouble to

the living. Uuquietness importunes a living body more than a ceremony can advantage one that is dead.

elder brother, Sleep, cannot be so terrible a messenger, being not without much ease, if not some voluptuousness. Be- Had she given him up without a word, sides, nothing in this world is worth com- without even a struggle? The thought paralyzed him. be house top to fetch it, much

PHILOSOPHY.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Smooth the world an tak' your case. There's nae use scratchin o' a match Till ye want to raise a bleeze.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Smooth the world an keep it quiet. Folk are like to Tabby's tail-Ye canna pu' her backward by it.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; It's better rubbin straight than crookit. Gin ve want to catch a fish. Ye've got to hae the bait to hook it.

A wee bit crumb that's swallowed wrang Gars ye do a deal o' chokin. Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Bide your chance an tak' your grippit. The folk that pu' ag'in the thorns

Are gaen to hae their gairments rippit.

-Charles McIlvaine in Harper's Magazine.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there;

Folk will stan' a deal o' strokin.

HIS DEAR LITTLE GIRL

The Story of a Recreant Lover Who Changed His Mind.

66----

That was what Terence Dawnay had always called her ever since they had met and loved each other. He was in Ireland now with his regiment, but he wrote very regularly to his dear little girl, and, though there was no question of any formal engagement between them, he had assured her that their understanding was as sacred a bond to him as any public betrothal, and of course she believed him, for she was young and she loved him.

She was thinking of him as she walked down the path to meet the postman. This was her letter day, and Irish letters always came by the midday mail to the Devonshire village where she lived within

sight and sound of the moaning sea. It was late in June, and the summer wind tossed her pretty hair against the cheeks, which were soft and flushed like a peach. The postman was coming up the hill. A smile crossed his weatherbeaten face as he caught sight of the waiting figure.

"Two letters, missy, this morning," he said, as he sorted them from his bundle. "That's all, miss."

Two letters! She went out on the cliff side with them. One was, of course, from Terence. How well she knew his dear, untidy writing! She smiled as she put it in her pocket. That must be kept as a bonne

The other one was in quite strange handwriting, and she tore it open, looking at its contents with bewilderment. A blank sheet of paper inclosing a small newspaper cutting met her eyes. What could it mean? The color faded from her

"We understand that an interesting en gagement will be announced before the end of the summer, and we may safely offer our good wishes to the beauty of the year, Miss Sargeant, at the same time congratulating the gallant fiance on his luck. Mr. Dawnay is well known in Dublin, where his regiment is at present quartered."

The little bit of paper fell to the ground. Of course it was not true. could not be true. Some one was trying to make mischief between them. That was all. Why, he was hers-he had been hers from the very first day that they had met! The newspaper did not know what it was talking about. She eyed the envelope with disgust. Who had done this thing? And who was Miss Sar-

geant? Terence never mentioned her. She pulled his letter out of her pocket and opened it, reading it with a sudden chill which quenched the happiness in her

pretty eyes. My Dear Little Girl-I have hardly a moment "Yes," she answered softly. "Very for a letter, so I am atraid this will be very short, what with polo and goodness knows what else besides, that I have enough to do to get everything done in the day. I'm going down to stay near Cork next week with some people called Sargeant-jolly house and no end of gayeties, of course. I wish [here something had been scratched out] I could have managed to run over to you, dear, but it is quite impossible. You see, there are our maneuvers coming on, and I must be within easy reach of headquarters. I don't know that there is anything of interest to tell you. I have been thinking lately that it's a bit rough on you to be kept hanging on for such an interminable time-not that I've altered, you know that-but, you see, things are not looking very bright for us, are they? It's awfully late. I must stop. Good night, dear little girl. Ever yours,

> The sun was hidden by a thick cloud, the sea moaned on the rocks below, and a light wind ruffled the waves. It looked like a change in the weather. But the girl did not notice the signs of change. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the letter in her hand. She stooped and picked up the little paper, which she had allowed to flutter to the ground unheeded. No need to read it again. It was imprinted on her memory for all time. She wondered what there was for her to do. Must it be renunciation?

That was a question to be answered at once, and before she turned her steps homeward she had made her resolve.

"Our dance, Miss Sargeant." The girl looked up. "Is it? No: I don't want to dance. Do

you mind if we sit it out?" "Do I mind?" repeated Dawnay, with look in his blue eyes which only amused the beautiful Miss Sargeant. She had seen that look so often that it made little Lady Constance slowly raised her head or no impression on her. Had she not danced and flirted through some dozen of attention? Of course Terence was a nice, dear boy, but as to anything elseshe laughed at the mere idea. She was striving for a higher destiny than that, in spite of all the society papers and

Dawnay looked at her as the lay that in a low chair waving a great feat fan to and fro. He believed in her theroughly. He believed that here was the lady of his dreams.

"Have you any more dances to spare me?" he pleaded. "I know I was late, but that was not my fault." "Not one left," she said indifferently.

voice, and he was quite content to sit in the cool shadow and listen to her. "And when do you go on leave?" she said lazily.

"That," he said steadily, "entirely depends on circumstances." Why had she never written to him?

Truly he was to be sorely punished for

against the wall, but he turned away with a grim smile. He was not the sort to run away from trouble when he found himself face to face with it. He was no

coward at least. Then, with an exclamation, he seized a letter which was stuck up on the mantelshelf, possibly put there by his servant on the previous evening.

It was a letter from his dear little girl after all! For a minute or two he hardly

"I should have written to you before now, my dearest-for you are always that -only I have been very ill and am only now up on the sofa and can only write you these few lines to say that I love you, dear, I love you so much that I must do what seems to me the only thing left for me to do, and that is to give you your freedom. I don't blame you, dear. I shall never think badly of you. Always believe that I love you better than anything on earth. I sign myself for the

"Eight o'clock, sir," said his servant's

"Meaning the little girl you left in Devonshire?" she said, with a mocking smile. "Oh, I know all about her! Lord Carruthers-you know him?-told me he knew her people."

"I don't know what you mean," he said hotly. "There is but one woman in the

their retreat, talking in light, laughing

has no mercy"-The voices trailed away into silence. "You heard that?" said Dawnay in hoarse accents. "But it is not true! It

can't be true that you have been playing The woman looked at him for a moment. Some good angel, a rare enough visitor to her, urged her to tell the truth for once. She did so with a curious feel-

ing of pity. The boy was in such ear-

"It is quite true." Dawnay staggered to his feet.

"Then heaven help the man who loves Terence Dawnay sat in his quarters with his head buried in his arms. The cool dawn crept in through the windows on the motionless figure. For hours after his return from the ball he had not

moved. Presently he raised his head and looked about him with haggard eyes. He got up

loved her. Dear heaven, had he thrown away the substance only to find himself

striving to grasp a shadow?" "Come in, Stevens!" he shouted as sudden idea flashed upon him. "Put some things up in my bag. I may be away for a day or two. And just get my

Obtaining three days' leave, he was able to catch the night mail from Kingstown to Holyhead, and the next afternoon saw his arrival at the little house where his dear little girl had struggled back to all the pain of life, which at present seemed shorn of all its gladness. He walked straight in. There was no

and the next minute he was down on his knees, holding her to his heart and kissing the cheeks which had grown so thin

and white. "My sweet!" he cried. "Only tell me that you forgive me! Oh, darling, I have been nearly mad since I wrote that letter to you! Can you ever forget me and take it back? You shall know all, dearest.

"That is such a very stale story," she whispered faintly, with a smile which told him that the gates of Eden had opened to him once again.-Woman's Life.

seat." "Allee light," responded the Chi-

naman, immediately rising. One of the women sat down, and them the pugnacious looking young man turned his attention to several other men who were seated, buried in their newspapers. "There are some other American citizens in this car," he remarked audibly to no one in particular, "who haven't the pothe ties of a Chinaman." One of the . .. arose and stood on the rear platform, where he was followed by two others, and the women eventually all secured seats.-Philadelphia Record.

When George IV was prince regent, he She talked to him in her low sweet | visited Doncaster, and at the time his royal highness was suffering from a cold. gentleman of Europe."

> in his hand." "Him!" cried the old lady in profound

contempt. "That the prince! Why, he

erms.

-ST, LINDSAY ON FARE MEASURES NOT MEN.

CO

e mark sometimes tell us. We'll mak ks in these parts to DS, and SERGES. It ing. We are proud

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person can

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....

HELOVES ME -SHE LOVES ME NOT.

Tell me, yellow daisy, Of your subtle art is you softly whisper, "Lores me, loves me not," is your message poignant With fatality and your answer uttered

as I drop your petals On the soft green sod Does she truly love me If the number's odd? If the number's even, Do the fates decree

My love unrequited; We must parted be?

LOVERS.

How They Fought For Her Under Water.

wrorse for it now?"

"all right, old man. So long!"

difficult nor ex " cap; you're wrong about the stars, beliaven't cast an eye aloft for the whilf hour, but as for the past-yes, Is beginning to think over that a lit-In pleased with the recollection, and

this Tom hesitated ere he began. about, yet we have mutually kept a we made of ourselves. Yes, cap'n. tell you. It was way back in '65.

We had come down from New York one of us knew it, that we were both had been aboard of a wrecking her about the size of this one for overhanling my things in the foreand was just taking out a picture

four wife! says he as he took the forecas'le before I could stop him. and surprised as well. I followed boy." Cask, with both hands up to his "Will she never marry?"

wreck well aft, while he was amidships.

in its sheath at my belt.

a struggle to the death.

"Suddenly I began to lose my air and pipe. But still at that moment I remember thinking that it must have been an accident, as Bill, even in his anger, would not take such a mean advantage over his

piece' in his headgear.

"How was it that he cut your hose,

down beside me, calling all the while for me to open my eyes, just as though I had been a brother."

became of her?" inquired the captain with much interest. "Oh, Nancy? Poer girl!" said Tom. "Why, she didn't care nothing for either of us two fools. All the time we were

looked after her ever since." "Her child? Did it live?" inquired the

"What! Do you mean that Neddy, your 'tender,' is Nancy's boy?"

she might."

"Well, her charity began and ended home." with the Home For Aged Women or some such institution."-Atlanta Constiwith one hand at his throat and

TWO FRIENDS.

Leading his feet wherever he may go,

matter so very much to her?"

"What do you think you will do?" continued the novelist. "You see, if you

Suddenly Trevor swung round on him. "Going to play the man?" said the novelist quietly.

ey, she a title. Head turned a little?" He paused. "But it wasn't love, not

The bantering tone dropped from his

"Don't you see?" he cried. "Now that you cannot marry the man your parents picked for you, obviously the only thing you can do is to marry the man you would choose for yourself." "But I haven't chosen," she protested. title, forget the desirability of marrying

you, old chap!" The novelist turned excitedly to Lady "There! You can tell from his voice that he's happy. Think of the embarrassment it would save you, tedious explanations, too," he raced on. "And, be-

and met his imploring gaze. She was smiling, and the blood went tumbling seasons and received more than her share

burial nor use any expensive funeral cer-That man were better forgotten who

Death, if he may be guessed at by his the deep grave, furnished with all things herause empty of desires. his madness.

Brancis Osborne (1593-1658).

dared open it. Then he tore it open and read its short contents with eager eyes.

last time. Your Dear Little Girl." Twice he read the little heartbroken letter. A knock at his door awoke him from his miserable thoughts with a start.

world for me, and she"-He broke off. A couple were passing

"Rhoda Sargeant? Oh, she will end by marrying Carruthers, of course. She is only playing her usual little game with that nice boy, Dawnay. She might spare such a youngster. That sort of woman

with me all these weeks!"

For a few terrible minutes he looked at her in silence—a silence which frightened you," he said and turned and left her.

stiffly and drew a long breath. His infatuation was dead. He had called it love in his youthful ignorance, but the bewildering light of truth had dispelled that idea forever. What a fool he had been! He stood for a moment looking out on the still, gray morning and with a sudden flood of remorse remembered the letter to which there had been no answer-the letter which in a moment of his blind infatuation he had written to his dear little girl. He loved her-

serge out, will you?" He was still in his mess dress, but his man paid no attention to that. In a few minutes he was in his usual undress uniform and striding over to the colonel's quarters.

one to be seen, and, opening the door gently, he stole into the room where his dear litle girl was lying looking out at the distant blue sea with such sad, tired She looked around as she heard the door shut, and a cry burst from her lipsa cry which brought Terence to her side,

Only tell me that you love me first."

They All Got Seats. A pugnacious looking young man with red hair swayed from a strap in a crowded Walnut street car the other evening and glared at a Chinaman who was fortunate enough to occupy a seat. Three or four women were also standing. The red haired young man fixed his gaze severely upon the Chinaman, but the latter appeared unconscious of his surroundings. After a few minutes the young man tapped the Celestial upon the shoulder and exclaimed: "See here, John, why lon't you try to be an American citizen? Get up and give one of these ladies your

Blowing His Own Nose.

One day the royal party were showing themselves to the people from a balcony. "Which is the prince? I must see the prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshire woman who had come to see the "first "That's him," said a bystander, pointing upward-"him with a handkerchief

His eyes fell on a revolver hanging blows his own nose!"-London Standard