Oh, summer time !-

with the julce of ripe blackberries jes'a-drippin from their bills!

"Hullo, old man," came his cheery voice as he woung his baggage into my voice

Oh, the summer time in Georgy, when through | a dull journey!" leaves of green and brown
The bright an violet scented dews jes' rain their
richness down

sunbeam slips, .

An the famished lily puckers up its white resplendent lips!

Where the rare and rainy incense from the

fresh'nin shower swells, An o'er the bars to twinklin stars floats twis

light's and farewells In the lowing of the cattle an the tinklin of their bells!

Oh, summer time in Georgy, when 'neath the Where the purple mornin glory an the honey-

The whippoorwills were singin their notes of

Stay, like a dream eternal, while deares: dreams depart.

An rain your honey sweetness in showers round my heart.

Pshaw! I'm gettin so pathetic my eyes can

times to me.

-Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

HE KEPT HIS PROMISE.

thought differently, and things which John Charrington intended had a queer way of coming to pass. He asked her to marry him before he went up to Oxford. She laughed and refused him. John had felt bound to go. He asked her again next time he came was becoming a confirmed bad habit, and laughed at him more than ever.

John was not the only man who wanted to marry her; she was the belle of our a cigar and unfolding The Times. village coterie, and we were all in love with her more or less; it was a sort of capes. Therefore we were as much the night. annoyed as surprised when John Charrington walked into our little local club -we had it in a loft over the saddler's, I remember-and invited us all to his wedding.
"Your wedding?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Who's the happy Fair? When's it to

John Charrington filled his pipe and lighted it before he replied. Then he

"I'm sorry to deprive you fellows of your only joke—but Miss Forster and I are to be married in September." . "You don't mean it?"

"He's got the mitten again, and it's

"No, I said rising, "I see it's true. Lend me a pistol some one, or a first class fare to the other end of Nowhere. Charrington has bewitched the only pretty girl in our twenty-five mile radius. Was it mesmerism or a love potion,

"Neither, sir; but a gift you'll never have—perseverance—and the best luck a man ever had in the world."

There was something in his voice that silenced me, and all the chaff of the other fellows failed to draw him further.

The queer thing about it was that when we congratulated Miss Forster she blushed and smiled and dimpled for all the world as though she were in love with him, and had been in love with him all the time. Upon my word I thought she had. Women are singular creatures.

We were all asked to the wedding. In Brixham every one who was anybody knew everybody else who was any one. My sisters were, I truly believe, more bride herself, and I was to be the best man. The coming marriage was much canvassed at afternoon tea tables and at our little club over the saddler's, and the question was always asked, "Does she care for him?"

I used to ask that question of myself in the early days of their engagement, but after a certain evening in August I never asked it again. I was coming home from the club through the churchyard. Our church is on a thyme grown hill, and

I made no sound as I vaulted the low, lichened wall and threaded my way between the tombstones. It was at the same instant that I heard John Charrington's voice and saw her face. May was sitting on a low, flat gravestone, with the full splendor of the western sun upon her mignonne face. Its expression ended at once and forever any question of her love for him. It was transfigured to a beauty I should not have believed possible even to that beautiful little face.

John lay at her feet, and it was his voice that broke the stillness of the

golden August evening.
"My dear, my dear, I believe that I should come back from the dead if you wanted me."

I coughed at once to indicate my pre ence and passed on into the shadow, fully enlightened.

The wedding was to be early in September. Two days before I had to run up to town on business. The train was late of course, for we are on the Southeastern, and as I stood grumbling with my watch in hand whom should I see but John Charrington and May Forster. Charrington. This confidence in ifis They were walking up and down the unfrequented end of the platform, arm wanted the minute he wanted it was one ever will know. Oh. May! oh, my in arm, looking into each other's eyes, leading him too far. I hale waiting, dear. in arm, looking into each other's eyes, leading him too far. I have waiting, dear. careless of the sympathetic interest of Every one does, but I believe I hate it Bel

the porters. Of course I knew better than to hesitate a moment before burying myself in the booking office, and it was not till

. deorgy, I love to sing your as good an air of not seeing them as I a the green is on the melon and the sun is could assume. I pride myself on my discretion, but if John was traveling on the blaze;
When the birds are pantin, chantin, an jes' alone I wanted his company. I had it.

carriage; "here's luck; I was expecting

"Where are you off to?" I asked, diseretion still bidding me turn my eyes On the cool an clingin grasses where the fickle away, though I saw without looking that her's were red rimmed.

"To old Branbridge's," he answered, shutting the door and leaning out for a Oh, summer time in Georgy, with the glory in last word with his sweetheart. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't go, John,"

the was saving in a low, earnest voice. "I feel certain something will happen." "Do you think that I should let anything happen to keep me, and the day after tomorrow our wedding day?"

"Don't go," she answered, with a pleading intensity which would have sent my Gladstone on the platform and me after it. John Charrington was love an biles.

An to my lips were clingin the lips I used to made differently; he rarely changed his

opinions, never his resolutions. He only stroked the little ungloved hand that lay on the carriage door.

good to me, and now he's dying I must Pshaw! I'm gettin so pathetic my eyes can hardly see; go and see him, but I shall come home "Waiting, sir! No, Oh, summer time in Georgy! You're the best of in time for"— The rest of the parting must be over by now." was lost in a whisper and in the rattling of the starting train.

"You're sure to come?" she spoke as the train moved.

'Nothing shall keep me," he answered; and we steamed away. After he had seen No one ever thought that May Forster | the last of the little figure on the platform would marry John Charrington, but he he leaned back in his corner and kept silence for a minute.

> When he spoke it was to explain to me that his godfather, whose heir he was, lay dying at Pearmarsh place, some fifty miles away, and had sent for John, and

"I shall be surely back tomorrow," he home. Again she laughed, tossed her said, "or, if not, the day after, in heaps dainty blond head and again refused, of time. Thank heaven one hasn't to get A third time he asked her; she said it up in the middle of the night to get married nowadays!"

"And suppose Mr. Branbridge dies?" Alive or dead I mean to be married on Thursday!" John answered, lighting

At Pearmarsh station we said "goodby," and he got out, and I saw him ride fashion, like masher collars or Inverness off. I went to London, where I staid

When I got home the next afternoon -a very wet one, by the way-my sister greeted me with:

"Where's Charrington?" "Goodness knows," I answered testily. Every man since Cain has resented that kind of a question.

"I thought you might have heard from him," she went on, "as you're to give

him away tomorrow." "Isn't he back?" I asked, for I had confidently expected to find him at home.

"No. Geoffrey"-my sister always had a way of jumping to conclusions, especially such conclusions as were least favorable to her fellow creatures-"he has not returned and, what is more, you may depend upon it he won't. You mark my words, there'll be no wedding to-

My sister Fanny had a power of annoying me which no other human being

"You mark my words," I retorted with asperity, "you had better give up making such a thundering idiot of yourself. There'll be more wedding tomorin." A prophecy which, by the way, came true.

But though I could snarl confidently to my sister, I did not feel so comfortable when, late that night, I, standing on the doorstep of John's house, heard that he had not returned. Next morning brought a brilliant blue sky, gold sun and all such softness of air and beauty of cloud as go to make up a perfect day. I woke with a vague feeling of having gone to bed anxious, and of being rather averse to facing that anx-

iety in the light of full wakefulness. But with my shaving water came a note from John which relieved my mind interested in the trousseau than the and sent me up to the Forsters with a light heart.

May was in the garden. I saw her blue gown through the hollyhocks as the lodge gates swung to behind me. So I did not go up to the house, but turned aside down the turfed path.

"He's written to you, too," she said, without preliminary greeting, when I reached her side.

"Yes, I'm to meet him at the station at 3, and come straight to the church." Her face looked pale, but there was a the turf about it is so thick and soft that brightness in her eyes and a tender one's footsteps are noiseless.

brightness in her eyes and a tender quiver passed about the mouth that spoke of renewed happiness.

"Mr. Branbridge begged him so to stay another night that he had not the heart to refuse," she went on. "He is so kind; but I wish he hadn't staid."

I was at the station at 2:30. I felt rather annoved with John. It seemed a sort of slight to the beautiful girl who loved him that he should come, as it were, out of breath and with the dust of travel upon him to take her hand, which some of us would have given the best

years of our life to take. But when the 3 o'clock train glided in and out again, having brought no passingers to our little station, I was more than annoyed. There was no other train for thirty-five minutes. I calculated that, with much hurry, we might just get to the church in time for the ceremony-but, oh, what a fool to miss that first train. What other man could have done it?

That thirty-five minutes seemed a year as I wandered around the station reading the advertisements, and the time tables, and the company's bylaws and getting more and more angry with John own powers of getting everything he more than any one else. The 3:35 train was late, of course.

I ground my pipe between my teeth and stamped with impatience as I watchthe train drew up at the platform that I ed the signals. Click! The signals went obtrusively passed the pair with my down showing that the train would not

Gualstone and took the corner in a first stop, as it had no passengers for our class smoking carriage. I did this with station. Five minutes later I flung myself into the carriage that I had brought. These Explorers Were Ton Hadly Fright-

> "Drive to the church!" I said as some one shut the door, "Mr. Charrington hasn't come by this train."

Anxiety now replaced anger. What had become of the man? Could he have been taken suddenly ill? I had never known him to have a day's illness in his life. And even so, he might have telegraphed. Some awful accident must have happened to him. The thought that he had played her false, never-no, not for a moment, entered my head. Yes, something terrible had happened to him, and on me lay the task of telling his bride. I tell you I almost wished the carriage would upset and break my head, so that some one else might tell her, not I, who -but that's nothing to do with the story.

It was 3:55 as we drew up at the churchyard gate. A double row of eager onlookers lined the path from lich gate to porch. I sprang from the carriage and passed up between them. Our gardener had a good front place near the

door. I stopped. "Are they waiting still, Byles?" I asked, simply to gain time, for of course I must. May. The old boy's been awful I knew they were by the waiting crowd's attentive attitude.

"Waiting, sir! No, no, sir; why, it

"Over! Then Mr. Charrington's come?" "To the minute, sir; must have missed you somehow, and I say, sir," lowering his voice, "I never see Mr. John the least bit so afore, but my opinion is he's been drinking pretty free. His clothes was all dusty and his face like a sheet. I tell you I didn't like the looks of him at all, and the folks inside are saying all sorts of things. You'll see something's gone very wrong with Mr. John, and he's tried liquor. He looked like a ghost, and in he went with his eyes straight before him, with never a look or a word for none of us; him that was always such a gentleman!"

I had never heard Byles make so long a speech. The crowd in the churchyard were talking in whispers and getting ready rice and slippers to throw at the bride and bridegroom. The ringers were ready with their hands on the ropes to ring out the merry peal as the bride and bridegroom should come out.

A murmur from the church announced them; out they came. Byles was right. John Charrington did not look himself. There was dust on his coat, his hair was disarranged. He seemed to have been in some row, for there was a black mark above his eyebrow. He was deathly pale. But his pallor was not greater than that of the bride, who might have been carved in ivory-dress, veil, orange blossoms

As they passed out the ringers stopped there were six of them--and then, on the ears expecting the gay wedding peal came the slow tolling of the passing

A thrill of horror at so foolish a jest from the ringers passed through us all. But the ringers themselves dropped the ropes and fled like rabbits down the belfry stairs. The bride shuddered, and gray shadows came about her mouth, but the bridegroom led her on down the path where the people stood with the handfuls of rice; but the handfuls were never thrown, and the wedding bells never rang. In vain the ringers were urged to remedy their mistake; they protested with many whispered expletives that they would see themselves further Cor. New Bedford Standard.

In a hush like the hush in the chamber of death the bridal pair passed into their carriage, and its door was slammed be-

Then the tongues were loosed. A babel of anger, wonder, conjecture from the guests and the spectators.

"If I'd seen his condition, sir," said old Forster to me as we drove off, "I would have stretched him on the floor of the church, sir, by heaven I would, before I'd have let him marry my daughter!" Then he put his head out of the win-

"Drive like fury," he cried to the coachman; "don't spare the horses."

He was obeyed. We passed the bride's carriage. I forbore to look at it, and old Forster turned his head away and swore. We reached home before it.

We stood in the hall doorway, in the blazing afternoon sun, and in about half a minute we heard wheels crunching the gravel. When the carriage stopped in you find differences of physical structure front of the steps old Forster and I ran

"Great heavens, the carriage is empty! And yet"-I had the door open in a minute, and

this is what I saw:

carriage and half on the seat. "I drove straight here, sir," said the

carriage." We carried her into the house in her bridal dress and drew back her veil. I saw her face. Shall I ever forget it? White, white and drawn with agony and horror, bearing such a look of terror as I have never seen since except in dreams.

And her hair, her radiant blond hair, I tell you it was white like snow. As we stood, her father and I, half mad with the horror and the mystery of it, a boy came up the avenue-a telegraph boy. They brought the orange envelope

"Mr. Charrington was thrown from his horse on his way to the station at 1:30. Killed on the spot!" And he was married to May Forster in our parish church at 8:30 in presence of

to me. I tore it open!"

half the parish. "I shall be married, dead or alive!" What had passed in that carriage on the homeward drive, no one knows-no

Before a week was over they laid her beside her husband in our little churchyard on the thyme covered hill-the churchyard where they had kept their love trysts.

Thus was accomplished John Charrington's wedding. - Temple Bar. the east, - Life.

BEAR HUNTING IN ALASKA.

One dark day in winter, during a heavy snow blizzard, with the thermometer down to 40 degs. and the wind at the rate of forty miles an hour, when the mere thought of outdoors sent a cold shudder through the system, a native came rushing into the station exclaiming, "Nan-nook! nan-nook! nannook!" To say that all were startled would be speaking mildly. We were excited. A few queries put to the native located bruin about ten rods from the station, quietly eating his breakfast from a dead walrus that had drifted ashore the fall before. Grasping our rifles, handing one to the native, which we kept conveniently at hand, shoving a

few cartridges into our pockets, throw-

ing on whatever garments came at hand,

we sallied forth for Mr. Bruin's skin.

A short distance from the station the assistant passed the writer, his long legs having a decided advantage in wallowing through the deep snow. Some four or five rods from the station the steward. was met returning with face and ears frozen. The writer however kept on doing his best to keep the two hunters, just seen through the dimness ahead, in sight, when he heard the report of a rifle quickly followed by the report of another; thinking that bruin had at last succumbed, the writer hurried on until he came to the dead walras, when he stopped to listen. Nothing of bruin or hunters could be seen and nothing but the howling of the winds could be heard. Retracing his steps he arrived at the station with face frostbitten and both ears frozen. Some half an hour after the assistant and native returned and the assistant tells the following

Approaching the place they suddenly ROBT. MAYS. came upon bruin quietly feeding, scarcely ten paces distant. The native being in advance without intimating his intention raised his rifle and fired, causing bruin to raise his head and give an ominons growl. The assistant, in order to use his rifle more dexterously, had taken the mitten in his right hand, in his agitation dropped it and the wind whirled it instantly out of sight. In stepping aside to bring the native out of line he stepped into a hollow, came near falling, thereby losing his sight on the bear when he fired. He thinks his bullet must have struck very near the animal, as the snow flew all over him, and he was so frightened that he marched off, they following, but soon lost sight of their object. Perhaps they did not care to get too near and were perfectly willing he should go. One of the natives in the old signal station hearing of the occurrence muffled himself up in skins, took his rifle and a supply of cartridges, went down to within fifteen paces of the dead walrus, sat down and waited for Mr. Bruin to come back and finish his breakfast.

He had not long to wait, for bruin soon came and commenced tearing off the flesh at a great rate, as though in anger for having been driven away and now determined to make up for lost time. At the proper moment the native raised his rifle and fired, killing the brute instantly. Help being near, he was dragged into the old station and skinned, the carcass furnishing a good supply of fresh meat for the natives and his skin proving to be one of the large and finest the writer ever saw.-Alaska

The People of the Chinese Empire. In order to understand China you must remember that the country is not made up of one people. Nearly every one of the eighteen provinces has a different language from the others, and the coolie of Peking can no more understand the language of the coolie of Canton than can the peasant of Berlin understand the jargon of the lazzaroni of Naples. A servant of north China is no good in south China, and the people of the different provinces have different habits and customs and different ideas. They look different. The Chinamen who come to America are all from the southern part of the empire. They are lean, scrawny and short.

The Chinamen who live along the great wall are, as a rule, six footers. Many of them can carry 500 pounds on their backs, and they are either fat or muscular. In the provinces between and of intellectual caliber. The people of the north have better faces than those of the south.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Wanted, a Big Bell.

No sign of John Charrington; and of May, his wife, only a huddled heap of white satin lying half on the floor of the wished some of the members of the con-Young Lady-Good morning, Mr. Surgregation would solicit subscriptions for

coachman, as the bride's father lifted her Clergyman—Yes, Miss De Goode. It out; "and I'll swear no one got out of the is my ambition" to have the largest and finest bell in the city. Young Lady—I have plenty of leisure and would like to help.

Clergyman-Very well. Here is a book. Don't waste time applying to families who live within two or three blocks of the church. They won't give anything.-New York Weekly.

Popularity of Blonds. It is interesting to know that an intelligent hair dresser claims that blonds cannot be done away with; that blonds are essentially the beauties of civilization, and that they cannot be driven away. He says that the blond can dress more effectively, and that a well kept blond has ten years' advantage in the point of yeuthful looks. You cannot expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature, for in the novels turned out during the year there have been 382 blonds to eighty-two brunettes. -Ladies' Home Journal.

Easily Distinguished.

He-I was just reading about life on a cattle wanch. So interesting, dontcher know. They brand the little calves so as to distinguish them. She (coldly)-That is unnecessary in

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