The belle of the season at Atlantic City this year was Adrienne Vail.

A dark eyed beauty, with one of those rich, wine-warm complexions that remind one of Egyptian Cleopatra, lovely red lips, and white arms sparkling with cordons of precious stones and bands of dead-gold; and, in the purple light of the setting sun, as she sat there in Major Brabazon's barouche, with the foamfringe of the sea on one side and the yellow sand on the other, she was as beautiful as a dream.

Nor was she unobserved by the stream of gay promenaders along the shore. "It's a foregone conclusion, said old

Dr. Pounce. "She'll marry Brabazon, of course,"

said Mrs. Alleyne. "She'll marry the richest man who presents himself, no matter who he is.

observed Captain Dagon, spitefully.
"The Brabazons are a wealthy family remarked Dr. Pounce. "Not that this young fellow has much of his own, but his uncle, old Barney Brabazon, is the richest planter in Lauisiana, without a chick or child to inherit his wealth,"

"You may depend upon it Miss Vail has taken all this into consideration," remarked Mrs. Alleyne, with the quiet malice which one woman often exhibits when speaking of another. "She's the most mercenary creature on the face of

Mrs. Alleyne had spoken, if vindic tively, still truly. Adrienne Vail, with her angel face and voice of low-toned music, was rather inclined to view mankind through the dollar and cent me-

Her face was her fortune. She had been educated by a scheming mother, who, with herself pinched and cramped by perpetual want, had resolved that Adrienne should bring her radiant beauty to the best possible market, and thus redeem the low estate of the family for-

Adrienne's girthood had not been like that of other children; she had tasted poverty, and been trained in the belief that happiness could only be attained by means of a golden spell.

"You must marry, and you must marry rich," was the precept which her mother was continually dinning into her ears-nor was she likely to forget the battle-cry, now that she was on the actual field of action.

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Allyne, biting her lips, as she saw her own redhaired, sandy-complexioned daughter walking without any escort on the beach, "Brabazon's fool enough to believe that the really loves him for himself."

Yes: Brabazon was just such a fool. He was madly in love with the beautiful brunette; he was in a paradise of bliss as long as she sat by his side and smiled on him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and he firmly believed that, with the magnetism of true love, she shared his every emotion.

They were engaged-that is, subject to Adrienne knew that her young suitor had no patrimony of his own, and she had no mind to risk "love in a cottage," for the sake of handsome All Brabazon.

'He stands in a father's place to you, Allan," she said, "and my standard of filial duty is high."

'He cannot help admiring you when he comes." declared Allan Brabazon, who had already written to his uncle upon the subject.

Old Barnabas arrived at last-a yellow-skinned, billious-looking man, with iron-gray hair, rumpled in a crest on the top of his head, and a pair of black eyes that glowed like coals of fire beneath his

shaggy pent-houses of brows. His dress was coarse brown tweed; his boots thick; his hat a flapping Panama, which half concealed his blunt features. But his linen was exquisitely fine, but toned with diamond sparks, and on his finger he wore an emerald ring which represented almost the value of a king's

"Well?" quoth old Barnabas, fixing an inquiring eye on his nephew.

"Uncle," cried the young man enthusiastically, "she is an angel!"
"I'll have to look at her before I make up my mind on the subject," said Uncle

He was taken to call on Miss Vail, and like most other gentlemen he "went down" at the first sparkle of her liquid,

dark eyes. "By Jupiter, Allan, you're right!" said Uncle Barnabas. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

So the gay season went on. The clash of the viols, cornets and trombones, made musical answer to the diapson of the waves; grim old dowagers played cards; battered beaux smoked their cigars, and strove to rejuvinate themselves once more in the fragrance of the sea air; pretty girls flirted; handsome cavaliers held fans and bouquets, and newspaper correspondents invented all sorts of facts for the New York and Philadelphia daily press. And as time went by, rumor obtained credence to the effect that Uncle Barnabas Brabazon was ousting his nephew from the affections of the beautiful Miss Vail.

"There!" said Mrs. Vail, her witchlike countenance assuming a radiant expression. "Here it is in black and white. An offer of marriage! My dear, you'll be the richest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Adrienne, in a lovely dishabille of white cashmere and rose-pink ribbons, sat looking at the letter, with something of dismay upon her countenance. "Write and accept him at once," urged

Mrs. Vail. "What ! that old man?" "Old man!" screamed Mrs. Vail. "The

richest planter in Louisiana! Why, child, every diamond that he wears is fortune in itself." "But I don't love him," pleaded Adri-

enne in a low voice.
"Love—bah!" shrieked the old lady.
"What does love amount to? A little sugar and honey, a few sweetmeats and starvation for the rest of your life. I made a love match, and see what a drudging career mine has been. Adri-enne, don't be a fool! You will never have another such a chance as this." Still Adrienne hesitated.

"Mamma," she said, "I am engaged to Allan, and—I love him. And I will be

"But, child, don't you see what ruin that will bring upon us?" Breathless cried Mrs. Vail. "Allan hasn't a penny of his own, and if he offends his uncle-"He can work for a living, mamma,

like other men.' 'Work-work for a living!" snarled the old lady, displaying a set of yellow teeth that would have done credit to a hvena. "And you live in a flat, and do up your own laces in a wash bowl to save the laundress' bill, and turn your own silk dresses, and darn your husband's stockings, to lighten the expenses-you, that have the chance to button your gown with diamonds, and live in a palace

"Mamma," cried Adrienne, would life in a palace be worth without the man you love? I won't marry old Mr. Brabazon, and I will marry Allan, if I have to live in barracks with him, or ride around the world in a baggage wagon!"

And this was the end of Miss Vail's

"mercenary" career. She wrote a reso-lute little note to Mr. Brabazon, while her mother indulged in a good, old fashioned fit of hysterics. The note was worded as

"I like you very much, but I loved Allan long before I ever saw you, and I don't think I can be happy with any one but Allan; so, if you please, Mr. Braba-zon, I must decline your kind offer. And pray-pray don't be any more angry with me than you can help."

Mr. Brabazon read the little, tear stained

note, and, folding it grimly up, went across to the hotel where his nephew was staying.
"Well, lad," said he, "I have offered
myself—myself, mind, the richest man in Louisiana—to Adrienne Vail."
"Uncle!"

Allan started to his feet, turning alternately red and pale.

"And she has -refused me!" The young man was deadly white now. He scarcely knew what he had feared or hoped—he only felt the intense relief of knowing that Adrienne was still true to

"My own true love!" he muttered be tween his teeth-"My dark-eyed jewel! If she had played me false, uncle, I should have been tempted to commit suicide!

"Umph—umph!" grunted Uncle Bar-ney. "Love—love! How these young people talk! And what may I venture to sk, do you expect to live on?"
"I can work, Uncle Barney, for her

sake!" said Allen, bravely.
"Very well!" said Uncle Barney. "Let us go and tell her so.' Adrienne was looking lovelier than ever, flushed cheeks, eyes glittering with

excitement and rose-red lips. "How is this, young woman!" de-manded Uncle Barnabas. "Every one at Atlantic City told me you were a fortune seeker. And yet I have offered you a fortune and you have up and down de-

clined it." "Because I loved Allen better than all the gold of California." said Adrienne

with drooping eyelashes.
"Come here and kiss me, my dear, said Uncle Barnabas. "No, you need't be afraid—I shall not make love to you any more. I've lived to be sixty years without marrying, and I wouldn't wed the finest woman alive. If you hadn't refused me, I should have run off old Barnabas Brabazon's approval; for to the Sandwich Islands to escape matrimony Adrienne opened her lovely eyes very

wide. "Then why did you ask me?" said

"Simply, my dear, to make certain that you loved Allan for himself alone, not because he was the nephew of his rich uncle. And I'm satisfied now!" "I do love him," said Adrienne, with tears in her eyes. "And I love you too, Uncle Barney-only in a different sort of

"I'm quite satisfied, my dear," said Uncle Barnabas, "And I shall take it upon myself to see that neither of you perish of want."

So Adrienne Vail "married rich" after all. Rich. not only in money and sugar plantations, but rich, in love and true affection. Happy little Adrienne!

Proscribed Words.

It is known that the late Mr. Bryant drew up a list of words and phrases which he held to be indefensible, and which writers for his journal, the Evening Post, were enjoined to avoid. The correctness of this index expurgatorius has been sometimes questioned on this side of the Atlantic, but, so far as we know, it has not been subjected, until very recently, to a rigorous scrutiny on the part of any English critic. That has now been done, however, in the Nineteenth Century by Mr. Fitzedward Hall, who disputes, in the most peremptory way, Mr. Bryant's competence as a judge of good English. Aside, however, from the inquiry whether Mr. Bryant's own diction did or did not swerve widely from the accepted English model, we are all of us concerned to know whether the words and phrases stigmatized in his well known schedule are really open to objection. On this head the judgment of an Englishman whose opinions are clothed with some authority in the eyes of his fellowcountrymen is of obvious moment when we consider that Mr. Bryant supposed himself to be supplant ing American vulgarisms by approved English idioms. Mr. Bryant proscribed, for instance, such words as "afterwards," "aggregate," "average."
"aspirant," commerce," "conclusion,"
"nominee," "notice," "portion," "state,"
"above," in the sense of "more than" and some thirty other words, every one of which, it is affirmed by Mr. Hall, was used by Mr. Macawlay, together with such prases as "would seem," "to be mistaken in," and "try an experiment," which were specially obnoxious to the American critic. Going over these words in detail, Mr. Hall points out that to displace "telegram" by "dispatch" would be to prefer indistinctness to neology, since dispatch may be of many sorts, besides telegraphic. The same exception may be taken to Mr. Bryant's rejection of "nominee" in favor of "can-didate," for obviously there may be several candidates before a convention, only one of whom can be the nominee. Again if such words as "state," "repudiate," and "locate," are unendurable, which —by the way, is denied—why M. Hall inquires, should not "statement," and "repudiation," and "location" be dismissed along with deniedthem? And may one, he adds, no longer which is the "repudiate a wife?" He suggests, further that "interment," "disinterment," lated to deceive to go out with "inter," "interment," in the bottle.

"state" and "notice." The use of the adverbial "prior to," instead of "before," which Mr. Bryant condemned, is said to be supported by respectable au-thority in England; and the phrase "we are mistaken in," is pronounced far bet-ter than the substitute "we mistake in." As to the demurrer to "conclusion," in the sense of "close," this, it is averred, implies a restriction of "conclude" to the sense of "infer." Passing to other items in Mr. Bryant's list, Mr. Hall asserts that "quite large," unqualified by a negative, is in many contexts good English, while such an expression as "no: quite large enough" is manifestly correct in any collocation of words. Another interdicted adjective, "material," is shown to be not only proper, but indispensable, in such a phrase as "a material difference." As to Mr. Bryant's 'preference for "seems," over "would seem," embodied in one of his prohibitory mandates, this, Mr. Hall thinks, evinces "an almost increditable contempt for the sanction of the best English writers;" and he adds that "a man must be dreaming" who does not at once feel the difference between "seems" and "would seem." Indeed many of the words forbidden by Mr Bryant are adjudged by this critic to far more legitimate than the title of his best known poem. "Synopsis" is right, and so is "autopsy," but "Thanatopsis" is declared just as indefensible a formation as "telegram," which Mr. Bryant would not tolerate in his newspaper. The title of the poem, we are told, should have been "Thanatopia," or 'Thanatopsy.' We have said that Mr. Bryant's posi

tive assertions as to correct usage are not to be overruled merely because other so lecisms to which he was himself addicted may have escaped rebuke at his own hands. Another part of Mr. Hall's crit-icisms seems decidedly more pertinent. It may, perhaps, be fairly questioned whether Mr. Bryant was justified in putting forth his prohibitory list, when we find that his own writings of a subsequent date were pretty thickly strown with the forbidden words and phrases. Mr. Hall shows that a letter written during the poet's last visit to Europe would, under the latter's own rules, have been entirely inadmissible to the columns of the Evening Post. In the columns of the Evening Post. In one short paragraph, for instance, we find such words and idioms as "telegram," "aggregate," "materially," "realized," "repudiate," "authoresses," "poetess," "conclusion," "average," "vicinity," "afterwards," "it is stated," "are mistaken in," "experiments have been trial "and "world seem," And it been tried," and "would seem." And it is certainly curious, when we remember that "oration" was one of the words prohibited, to observe that as lately as 1873 Mr. Bryant brought out a volume of his own composition entitled "Orations and Address. In the same book we find 'parties" in the sense of "persons," the parties in the sense of "persons," the substantiative "progress," the verb "state," "spent" in the sense of "passed," "tariff" with the meaning of "rate," also "telegram" and "party record." It is suggested that the reviewer of the Evening Post would have been in an awkward quandary had he been asked to make this volume the subject of a notice.

Mr. Hall regards what he terms Mr.

Bryant's "fantastic and parcel-learned affectation" of purity of speech as merely a salient exhibition of the misplaced preeducated Americans. He attributes their frequent and sometimes ludicrous failures in the effort to employ immaculate English to ignorance, or at least misappropriation of those precedents of good usage by which Englishmen are content to abide. Dwelling in a community in which there is a constant tendency to divergence from English standards, the would-be purists among us are in the habit of deferring with too absolute submission to the decision of sunbry English and Scotch self-appointed arbiters touching what is and what is not good English. These professed experts in idiom, whose writings Americans are apt to accept as the utterances of profound philologists. Mr. Hall deems for the most part shallow pretenders and criticasters, whose brazen self-assertion is their main qualification for the role of Aristarchus.

Milk as Food.

Unadulterated, undiluted, unskimmed and properly treated milk, taken from a healthy cow in a good condition, and produced by the consumption of healthy and nutritious grasses and other kinds of of food, contains within itself, in proper proportions, all the elements necessary to sustain human life through a considerable period of time. Scarcely any other single article of food will do this. When we eat bread and drink milk we eat bread, butter and cheese and drink water-all of them in the best combinanation and condition to nourish the human system. All things considered good milk is the cheapest kind of food we have for three pints of it, weighing 3% pounds and costing 9 cents, contain as much nutriment as one pound of beef, which costs 18 cents. There is no loss in cooking milk, as there is in beef, and there is no bone in it that cannot be eaten; it is simple, palatable, nutritious, healthful, cheap and always ready for use, with or without preparation. This is to say that, chemically, 3.7 pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef in flesh-forming or nitrogenous constituents and 3.17 pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef in heat-producing elements or carbo-hydrates. must therefore assume, from the data offered, that the relative values of beef and milk as human food are as 31/4 to 121/4, or as (in round numbers) 1 to 31/4. If milk is 8 cents per quart, then it is the equal in food value to beef at 12% cents per pound; and vice versa, when beef is at 25 cents per pound, then milk should be 16 cts. per quart, calculated on its food value. We thus see that, at any ruling prices, milk is certainly one of the cheapest, if not the cheapest, food that can be furnished to the family, while all experience is in favor of its healthy qualities.

When you see an article in a newspa per headed "The Political Outlook," look at the bottom line, and if it says "sold by all druggists," don't read it.

There is such an article going the rounds which is the advertisement of a patent medicine. It is a counterfeit well calcu-lated to deceive. Don't read a political article unless the owner's name is blown

Clerks.

How difficult it is to distinguish them from proprietors until you are used to them! Then it is easy. Proprietors wear clothes that clerks wouldn't be seen wearing to shift ashes in.

At the start clerks always speak of themselves as "salesmen." They have a faint idea that the latter is a dictionary

word and means something.

The king clerk is the "floor-walker." He's a drum major without bearskin cap or baton, and fills an important position in an important manner. Poor humanity always feels its knees quake before his awful presence, until he says, "Show these ladies them hose," and it is proved that he is mortal.

The active clerk shows all the goods in his department, talks a steady stream and wears a customer out. He makes a few sales and does not stay long in a

The listless clerk, with drooping eyes and pale necktie, drops the goods on the counter in a don't-care-a-tive sort of a way, wearied by the exertion, and the customer trades with him because he is

so refreshingly lazy.

The average clerk comes up town in the morning the very ideal of spick-span newness. He is fresh every day, his collar and shirt front are just from the smoothing iron, his clothes are molded to his form and his hair looks as if his good, kind grandmother had slicked it down with bear's grease. He is a

The poorly dressed clerk: There are no facts in regard to this nonentity.

The "masher" as a clerk: He is en-

gaged because of his superlative attractions to silly women, who call on him every day and buy some little knick-knack in order to bask in the sunshine of his radiant and charming smile.

A genial clerk, a man who is too good for his position and a positive addition to a well-regulated establishment. One clerk of this sort is worth a whole store full of average clerks. He sells goods before you know you have bought them. The genuine business man sometimes

begins life as a clerk, but he pushes out of the position in an amazing hurry. The lady clerk: Who would be so ungallant as to say she is not interesting? She is. Gentlemen always like to trade at the counter where she presides, and she is usually assigned to a department where they are sure to come on little errands. Ladies, on the contrary, do not like to purchase of her, and it is noticeable that she is seldom in the dress

goods department. There are a great many varieties of clerks-drug clerks, grocory clerks, and ten thousand others. They are the ornamental and somewhat useful mile-post on the highway of business. They seem to be a necessity, but why they should carry the world in its entirety on their shoulders, and superintend the progress of the planets in their orbits, is a mysterp. But they all do it; or, at least, think they do.—[New Haven Register.

Sedan in 1880.

Sedan, as a battlefield, may be said to be already obliterated. The wide region over which the struggle raged still remains, but already in these few years have disappeared almost all traces of the tragedy of which it was the theater. The graves whose mounds studded the strangely diversified terrain from Bazeilles to Fleneux, from Givonne to Floing. The visitor to Sedan can find now no guide to the battlefield. The English resident who for the first year or two after the battle offered himself in that capacity has abandoned the role for lack of employment, and concentrates himself on his original avocation. I have spoken of the visitors to Sedan, but, indeed, there are now no visitors. "They came very thick for a year or two after the battle," so testifies the hotel waiter, but now we have not once in six months a stranger who desires to see the field of

Sedan itself is fast altering so as scarcely to be recognized by one familiar with it during the war time. Its fortifications are undergoing demolition, and Sedan is now in name, as in effect it had been ever since the introduction of rifled artillery, an open town. Vanban's bastions and curtains were very massive, and their wrought stone faces and cemented backings yield reluctantly; but they are gradually being effaced, and Sedan is opening its lungs and stretching itself beyond the trammels that were wont to inclose it. Ditches are being filled up, and the boulevards are being laid out on their site. As one enters from the railway station through the suburb of Torey, formerly inclosed within the line of circumvallation, he passes stately side streets lined with fine new buildings. Where the German soldiers used to fish in the stagnant moats for chassepots, cuirasses and other spoils of war, solid earth has taken the place of water, and long stretches of black woolen cloths are now lying on the space where once were ranged, row upon row, the hundreds of field guns that he vangished had surrendered to the victors. The gate from under whose archway the bearer of the flag of truce emerged from the distracted city is gone so completely that the very site is not identified. In the little place inside the bridge over the Meuse, Turenne, in his coat of verdigris, still stands in that uncomfortable attitude on the cannon balls; but the pickaxe of the destroyer is laid at the foundation of the citadel in which the great general was born. There is a new landlord in the Hotel Croix d'Or, a man who nonchalantly tells you that the war was before his time here, and he takes no interest in anything concerning it, The streets swarm with French soldiers; but soldiers smart, natty and consequential, in very different case from the broken miserables who, wolfish with hunger, distracted with horror, mad with conflicting passions, thronged its ghastly thoroughfares and littered its bloodstained open spaces on that other September day when De Wimpfen sullenly put his hand to the articles of capitula-

"But you can't get home if the wind is dead against us, can you?" inquired the nearest passenger. "Oh, yes," replied the Nantucket skipper. "Oh, yes, I had the boat made with two sides, so that when she couldn't sail on one tack she could on the other. It is the only boat in these waters that is built that way." And the passenger was reassured and the Clara gos in on time.

THE BITTERVILLE MYSTERY.

"Wife, come here, quickly and see if you can tell what's Nancy Perkins," exclaimed John Ponsby who had been gazing curiously for several seconds through a window that overlooked the front yard of his next

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Ponsby, upon seeing the familiar figure of Miss Nancy Perkins, a maiden of forty or thereabouts, standing upon her own doorstep, dressed in an old gray ulster, which was partly concealed by a faded woolen shawl, and her well-known sun bonnet drooping like a mask over her face. She was swaying around and bending forward and backward, as though convulsed by some powerful emotion.

"Is she laughing or crying, or what in mercy is the matter with her? I'd go right over and see, but she's such aqueer reserved sort of a body; like as not she'd tell you to mind your own business. She is always more civel to you, John, won't you go?

"Not I, indeed! Just look there! She has certainly gone crazy, for see, she is hitting her head against the front door. Has Peter spoken to her since he came

"Not that I know of; but John, if he is your brother, he hasn't a spark of manhood if he doesn't marry Miss Nancy

"But she is rather old now." "So is he—ten years the older."

"Well, they would have married twenty years ago if it had not been for your senseless chatter, and that of a few others of your kind, telling her he went twice a week to see 'Squire Nesbit's daughter, when he was only posting the old gentleman's books—doing night work to increase his earnings."

"Now, John, don't go raking over the past! I am sorry enough, and told him about it last night; but you know I didn't find out the truth until he had gone to California. Dear me! to think that's twenty years ago, and now he's come back well off! Bless my soul! John, now I know what's the matter with Nancy; she is dong that to attract Peter's attention."

"Oh, no! It's only a little after six, and I don't think he's up yet." "I'll warrant he's up and watching her from his window.'

"Well, it doesn't seem to me that she would rig up in that kind of a style and make such a fool of herself. I think a girl, no matter how old she is, will try to look respectable and act decently if she wants to gain an honest man's beart." "But don't you see that she has the

very old shawl on she used to go sleigh riding with him?" "Well she is making a pretty show of herself to others as well, for see that

crowd of boys climbing on the fence, and yonder goes a cloud of women, some of them still in nightcaps. "Yes, there's Mrs. Frisbee, and Mrs. Snyder and Sallie Yeomans, and Aunt Betsy Bly. I'll just run out and see what they think of such antics." And

uneasy but good natured gossip was gone to join a crowd of her kindred spirits hurry toward Miss Nancy's gate. In a few minutes nearly the entire population of the village had gathered around the neatly-kept door yard where low has passed over the countless the odd looking figure was swaying, now gently, then vehemently, and again standing motionless, but never glancing around, and seemingly unconscious of the curious gaze of the villagers.

Miss Nancy had lived long alone, taking no interest in the gossip and tea drinking of the neighborhood, devoting her leisure time to birds and flowers, while she earned her living by fancy knitting, sewing and embroidery, which she did for a firm in Boston.

Her well known habits of seclusion made the fast swelling crowd at the gate dislike to intrude further upon her while she seemed convulsed with such paroxysms of grief or mirth, which it was they could not tell. Curiosity had reached a degree that was absolutely painful, when Tom Jones, the bad boy of the village, sang out-

"I'll bet a nickel I can go up and hug the old girl, and she won't slap my face

nuther?" Tom was a reckless, mischievous lad of sixteen, and he set astride the fence, holding a five cent piece between his soiled thumb and forefinger, eagerly scanning the faces of his companions, to see if any one of them was willing to cover his stake.

"I dare you to do it," said one, producing a similar coin. "Here, Bill Kerr, you hold them. It's all I've got or I'd make it dollars instead

of cents," said Tom, as he vaulted over the fence. Sure enough, the audacious young

rascal mounted the steps and placed one arm tenderly around the swaying figure. To the utter amazement of the giggling crowd, she did not repulse him, but stood motionless, with his arm encircling her lank shoulder.

Now the old bachelor, Peter Ponsby, had been watching the curious spectacle, as his sister-in-law suspected, and when he saw the audacity of the young vagabond, Tom Jones, he dashed down stairs without his hat, elbowed his way through the crowd, his round face purple with rage, and his bare, bald head shining. With as much alacrity as Peter could boast he leaped the low fence, disdaining the little wicket gate, and reached the interesting pair with three long strides. With his open palm he struck Tom a stinging blow on the ear that sent the young rascal half way across the yard. At this critical moment who should open the door but Miss Nancy herself, in a neat morning wrapper, with an expression of surprise er still handsome face. The look of horror with which the old bachelor regarded first her and then her double was ludicrous in the extreme.

"Good morning, Mr. Ponsby!" she said, with dignity. Then noticing the queer looking figure that confronted her, she raised both hands in surprise, "My sunbonnet!" she exclaimed, "Who has dared to put it on the top of my olean-der?" And with deft fingers she untied the fastenings of the three garments and threw them aside, disclosing to view a beautiful oleander tree exactly her own height. "Ah, Tom Jones this has been your work," she said espying that crestiallen individual slowly picking himself

ap from a bed of tulips.

The mingling of shrill laughter at the gate called Miss Nancy's attention to broom's the fact that the villiagers had called to him.

upon her in a body. Her thin cheek flushed a little, but she addressed them

"Will you walk in, my friends, and assure yourselves that it is I!" But seeing them about to disperse, she added, as a parting thrust: "I am sorry to have been the innocent cause, for even once, of you ladies neglecting your morning work. As for you, Mr. Ponsby," she added, without looking at him, "you are welcome back to Bitterville; but did you know the town as well as I do, you would not share its idle curiosity. "It was not curiosity that brought me

here," stammered the old bachelor; it But Tom Jones stepped forward, hold-ing his brimless hat with both hands while he made his best bow.

"Look here, Miss Naney, it was me that put that job up on yer. I didn't mean no harm. I jest wanted a lark. I seen that funny lookin' thing swingin around every time the wind blowed. I knowed what it was, for I seen you a wrappin' it up last night, and comin' thinks I to myself, all it needs is a bonnet to make a woman out'n it; and a good luck or bad luck would have it, I spotted your'n a hangin' on the back porch. So I jest hopped over about an hour ago, got it, and chucked it on top the shawl, jest for a lark. Then, sein' how well it took, thinkin' I might make a little spec, I bet my last nickle that I could come up and hug yer, meanin' the bush, beggin' yer pardon. Sam Dunkin he took me up, and when I was here squeezin' it gentle like, so's not to press it out o' shape, Mr. Ponsby he come up and knocked me down for my impa-

dence as a gentleman should." During this recital Miss Nancy's countenance changed considerably, and at its conclusion a rare smile broke over her

thin lips. "Well, Tom," said she, "I am much obliged to you for your honesty, if for nothing else. I know it must have looked very odd, but it was dark when I covered it first with the cloak, then fearing the top leaves might be exposed, I threw the shawl over as an extra protection. thought if it was well wrapped up I could risk it outside, for it has grown too heavy for me to lift it in and out alone."

There was a plaintive dropping of her voice on the last word, and she glanced up shyly at Peter Ponsby, and held out one slim, labor-stained hand. "As for you, sir," she said, "I thank

you for your courtesy, and wish you a very good morning.' But when Peter Ponsby held in his two big, strong ones the little hands that

he had coveted so many years, the hand that had repelled and yet held him, and was true to him by withholding itself from any other, he would not let it go. "Oh, Nan!" he said in a broken voice. 'Let me keep this now and forever. I will lift the oleander and all your other burdens. I know now our estrangement was caused by idle gossip. We were not to blame. We have wasted twenty years of the better part of our lives; shall we

throw away the balance?' Miss Nancy stood with dowcast eyes and flushing cheeks, until a low whistle called her attention to the gaping mouth

and quizzical eves of Tom Jones. "Tom," she said, suddenly, "did you get your stakes?" "No, by thunder. That speakin' Bill Kerr has gone off with both tickets." nd taking the hint, Tom was out of

sight in a few seconds. But, before hunting up the miscreant, he went from house to house in the village, announcing the fact that he had "left the old boy and gal in a confidence

confab. The result of that confidence was made known four weeks from that day, when a bride and groom, no longer in the heydey of youth, stood up in the village church, and repeated the vows they had plighted and broken twenty years before.

Scarcely Half Married.

The romance of a poor young man who was only partially married in Lyons, is told by a French journal. He was be-trothed to a young Frenchwoman, whose expectations were considerable enough to give her the right to be called an heiress. The contract had been signed at the family lawyer's office, the banns had been published in the church, and on the day fixed for the civil marriage the young couple, with their friends and relations, met at the Marie. The Mayor asks the bride and bridegroom the fatal questions: "Do you take so-and-so for wife?" "Do you take so and so for husband?" Both answer "Yes." The Mayor pronounces them married and offers his congratulations. The husband and wife—so they are called—now proceed to sign the register, and so do their friends; the Mayor is just about to sign when a telegram is put into his hands, announce ing that the bridegroom has already been married in a foreign country, and the needful papers to prove the statement are on their way. The Mayor hesitates, and tells the party to come before him again in a fortnight from that date. Meanwhile nothing more is heard from the sender of the telegram, and, assuming it to have been sent by some mischievous or malerolent person, the Mayor tells the all but already married couple that he is ready to sign the register. But the lady has changed her mind. She declares that she believes the story of the telegram, sends back her presents, and bids the Mayor on no account to sign. The bridegroom, on the other hand, orders him to sign. The Mayor consults the Juge-de-paix, who advises him to do what the girl tells him. He takes the advice, and at present the heiress and her admirer are estranged.

HE gracefully accepted: "I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my election to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

An ingenious prisoner in a Western jail contrived to make a watch out of a broom that had been left in his cell. The broom's tick probably suggested the ide