

Runaway Match.

"Hello, Barr! I hear that you are going to be married. Accept my congratulations, and all that sort of thing."

"Thanks," drawled Barr, slowly removing the cigar from his mouth. "But there is some mistake. I am not going to be married."

"Why, I was told the knot was soon to be tied; that the girl was awfully pretty, and awfully rich. I have been envying you, and cursing my luck, ever since I heard of it."

"No cause, Hexter, I give you my word," said Barr, continuing his promenade on the deck of a Newport boat. "I see how it is, old fellow! She jilted you," replied his friend.

"Who jilted me?"

"Miss Bradfute,"

"I have not the honor of Miss Bradfute's acquaintance."

Hexter started.

"Come, that's good! Not know a girl who has been living in your mother's house for the last six months?"

"And where have I been for the last six months, if you please?"

"In Paris, amusing yourself, you lucky dog!"

"Exactly. I have been in Paris. I return home in August. My mother and her guest, Miss Bradfute, are in Virginia, at the White Sulphur Springs. My mother writes, and asks me to join them there. I don't like sulphur water, so I don't go. I have never seen Miss Bradfute, and I am not going to marry her."

"How do you suppose the story of your engagement got abroad?"

"Can't say, said Barr, with a shrug. "You will oblige me by contradicting it, however."

"Certainly, my dear boy. I'll say it's a confounded lie."

"Not necessary. Be kind enough to simply state, 'tis a great honor to me, but no such marriage is in contemplation, and that Miss Bradfute and I have never met."

"All right," said Hexter. "I wish she would have me, though. She is rolling in money, and doted pretty! Speak a good word for me, when you do meet. I say, let us go below, and see what we can get for supper. I am as hungry as a hunter."

They supped, and smoked, and lounged up and down the deck, listening to the band which crashed out an innumerable quantity of galops and waltzes. They discussed many mutual acquaintances; but there was no further allusion made to Miss Bradfute. But Barr thought much about her, nevertheless, and was extremely amazed to find that he was reported as engaged to her. Just before leaving Paris he had received a letter from his mother, hinting at her earnest wish that he should marry her young guest, Miss Nora Bradfute. This young lady was the only child of a widowed father. Gen. Bradfute was a man of fabulous wealth; but he was of a roving disposition, and led a life of wanderings. Nora had spent her days in traveling from country to country, from town to town; and now, at nineteen or twenty, she had found a temporary home with her mother's old friend, Mrs. Barr.

Of course, good Mrs. Barr had at once set her brain to work to make a match between her son Philip, who was then abroad, and Nora. She talked of Philip, and Philip's wonderful cleverness, and Philip's good heart, and Philip's talents, till poor little Nora felt that if there was a person on earth who was destined to love her to death, that person was Philip Barr.

They were at the White Sulphur Springs more for the benefit of the mountain air than for any gayety. But Nora was a bright, amusing, easily amused little thing, and she soon had lots of new friends about her. Her pretty, foreign manners, and rich dress, were enough to attract attention anywhere; but, at the White Sulphur Springs, she entirely captivated the hearts of the susceptible southern men; and before she had been there a week, she had many devoted admirers.

Poor Mrs. Barr was now seriously alarmed, for fear that Nora would form some attachment, and Philip lose his chance. She was really fond of the girl and desired to have her for a daughter-in-law, as much for the sake of her cheerful company and sweet disposition, as for her wealth. She knew that Gen. Bradfute would refuse his daughter nothing, and would sanction any marriage she might choose to make. So Mrs. Barr again wrote to Philip, who, she supposed by that time, would have landed in New York, to hasten down to the White Sulphur Springs, and secure the little heiress. In reply, she received the following curt letter from her undutiful son:

"Dear Mother:—I am sorry that I cannot oblige you by marrying Miss Bradfute. The idea is extremely distasteful to me; and as sulphur water and mountain air don't agree with me, I shall not join you in Virginia, but dispose of myself otherwise for the rest of the summer. Address me at the club. Your affectionate son, PHILIP."

Meantime Nora had been flirting in her innocent way, dancing innumerable German cotillions, taking innumerable romantic walks, breaking innumerable southern hearts! She had quite put the unpleasant thought of Philip Barr and his probable advent out of her mind, when one day Mrs. Barr recalled him to her memory, in anything but a way which was acceptable to the young lady.

"My dear, said her old friend, following into the long drawing room, where she was going with a lot of young people for an impromptu dance, 'My dear Nora, I have something of real importance to say to you. Would you mind coming with me to my room?'"

"Is anything the matter with papa?" asked Nora, in sudden fright.

"No, dear child. It is about yourself."

"What have I done now?" pouted Nora rather pettishly.

"You have done nothing as yet, but I must warn you against the attentions of

these strange men." She had drawn Nora away from her companions, and they were now walking on the gallery.

"I know them all very well; they are not strange," said the little cosmopolitan.

"But Nora, Mr. De La Roche pays you entirely too much attention; people will begin to say that you are engaged to him."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Nora.

"It is not nonsense, my dear. And I do wish you would be more careful. Philip will soon be here."

"Well, what then?" said Nora, saucily.

"I had hoped that you would feel some more particular interest in my son, Nora. I have written to him that it would be a great pleasure to me to have you for my own daughter, and Philip is coming at once to see you."

"Too see me! and to marry me, I suppose!" exclaimed Nora, in great scorn.

"If he likes you all I have described you to him, dear child, but if you persist in allowing Mr. De La Roche—"

Mrs. Barr did not have a chance to finish her sentence. Nora broke away from her, and ran into the house, and up to her own room, as fast as her little feet could carry her. And when Mrs. Barr followed her, in all haste, Nora refused to hear anything she had to say; but declared, in the most vehement and positive manner, that she would leave the White Sulphur the next morning.

"I will not stay here to be looked at by Philip Barr! Nothing in the world would induce me to marry him! And I am going to join my friend, Mrs. Preston, at Newport. You have been very kind to me, and I am very sensible of your goodness; but I think you have taken a very great liberty in offering to me your son. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton are going away from here tomorrow, and I shall ask them to permit me to go under their care."

And nothing could poor Mrs. Barr urge that would make Nora change this plan. She left in the morning with the Thorntons. And the next mail brought Philip's note to his mother. Altogether it was hard lines for the poor old lady.

"I'll never attempt match-making again!" she said, solemnly to herself. A resolution which, let me advise every old lady to make and keep.

Philip Barr was leaning over the piazza railing of the Ocean House, in Newport. He was watching, with apparently much interest and satisfaction, the nondescript lot of women and children who were climbing into the omnibus bound for the beach. It was about 11 o'clock of a pleasant August morning. The band was playing an overture; the piazzas were thronged with a gay crowd of people; mamma's gossiped in little knots of their own; papas read the New York papers, tipped back their chairs, fanned, and watched themselves in Wall Street. Pretty girls, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, sauntered up and down in groups, that looked as bright as a bouquet, depth and shade being imparted to the general coloring by the occasional glimmer of a dark coat, a gray hat, with a blue veil, a thin pair of legs, and an incipient mustache.

"Do you bathe this morning, Barr?" called Hexter, from the carriage drive, shouting to make himself heard above the music of the band.

"I'll drive down with you, if you like," said Barr, indolently moving from his place and descending the steps. "But I don't bathe, thank you."

"Why not? Afraid it will take your hair out of curl? For my part, I am good for nothing till I have my dip."

"And not good for much afterward."

"Don't be severe, Phil. Get in, and I'll show you how well my mare can use her legs."

The tide was low, but there was a good surf, and many bathers were dispersing themselves there, when the two young men reached the beach.

"I promised to join a party, Barr, so you'll excuse me of course," said Hexter, putting the reins into his friend's hands, and springing from the trap.

"Wait for me or not, as you like."

Philip kept close to the water, letting the incoming waves wet the mare's feet. He looked with but small interest at the gay crowd, and took off his hat to an occasional fair acquaintance with quiet unconcern.

Two or three pretty faces brightened into smiles as they recognized him; and one little blonde reined in her bay pony, and made a slight gesture with her hand, inviting him to a seat at her side. But Philip apparently was unaware of the honor intended him, for he merely bowed and drove on. The little blonde opened her blue eyes in blank astonishment, and then struck the ponies such a sharp, quick lash as to almost make the natty little "tiger" in the rumble lose his well preserved balance.

Philip drove up to the very end of the beach, turned, drove back a short distance, and stopped suddenly. For, coming toward him with great swiftness was a little phaeton, drawn by a stout, wicked, vicious pony. The reins were in the hands of a very distressed looking dandy, who did not appear to know at all how to manage them. As the phaeton shot past, a little, piteous voice gasped out:

"Oh, please make him stop! I'm so frightened!"

Before the words were said—indeed, in answer to the first look from the brown eyes—Philip had thrown the reins to the groom, and was out at the dog cart and at the pony's head. That sagacious little beast became very docile and looked very innocent, as soon as he felt the strong hand on his bit. He stopped at once, and the distressed fair one got out.

"Thank you so very, very much!" she said, in a soft, trembling voice. "I think—I am sure—you have saved my life!"

"I wish I might have been so fortunate," said Philip; "but I am afraid my services were of less importance. I am very glad, though, to have been of any

use. Will you permit me to see you safely to your friends?"

"I won't trouble you any more, thank you. If you will let your groom drive the pony to the other end of the beach, I will walk. It is Mrs. Preston's pony; I was to drive while she went in bathing; but I had no idea he was so obstinate and naughty; or I never should have ventured. I am such a coward!"

She spoke with perfect ingenuousness, and with none of the reluctance an ordinary American girl would have felt in speaking to a stranger. The color was returning to her face, and Philip thought he had never seen so bright and radiant a little creature.

"Of course, I am not going to permit you to walk on this wet beach," he said, with great decision. "You must let me have the honor of driving you until Mrs. Preston can be found."

"I don't like to trouble you, but since you are so kind as to offer, perhaps it would be best. I am not very well shod for walking," and she put out a tiny foot dressed in scarlet hose and low black satin shoes. There was nothing coquettish about the action; it was done unconsciously, and the brown eyes looked anxiously from the thin shoe to the wet sand.

So the young lady again stepped into the phaeton and Philip seated himself at her side, much amused to find himself there, and much amazed to find that he liked it. The pony behaved in the most exemplary manner, and pulled steadily through the crowd, without any symptom of rebellion.

"Philip Barr driving with Nora Bradfute, I declare!" thought the little blonde before mentioned, as she drove past them with a smiling nod. "I heard they were engaged. That accounts for his not being more civil to me!"

As they neared the bathing houses, Barr desisted Hexter standing talking with a stylish, rather faded woman, whom he appeared to know very well.

"There is Mrs. Preston!" exclaimed Nora. "You must let her thank you for me."

"Which is Mrs. Preston?" asked Philip.

"Standing with that tall, ugly man, with the yellow mustache."

At this moment the tall, ugly man, with the yellow mustache, called out:

"Hello, Phil! I had been wondering where you had got to!"

"Why, Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Preston, with gentle, well bred surprise, as the phaeton drew up before her.

"The pony ran away with me, Grace. This gentleman saved my life," cried Nora, in her soft, eager voice. "He has been so kind. I said you would thank him for me."

"I am indeed very grateful for the assistance you have rendered my little friend," said Mrs. Preston, with great courtesy; but looking doubtfully at the pony, who had never before been known to do anything so desperate.

"Let me present my friend, Mr. Philip Barr, Mrs. Preston," said Hexter, interrupting Philip's disclaimer as to having done anything which called for thanks.

"Philip Barr!" said Nora aloud, and looking coldly at her preserver.

Mrs. Preston said a few civil things to Philip, and then turned to Nora.

"I think you hardly need an introduction to Miss Bradfute, Mr. Barr."

"Miss Bradfute?" exclaimed Philip. Their mutual surprise and embarrassment was so evident that Mrs. Preston laughingly asked if there was any mystery, and, if so, if she might not be let into the secret.

"There is no mystery, Grace," said Nora, with a shy little laugh; "but I have been staying with Mrs. Barr some time; don't you remember? And it happens that I have never before met Mr. Philip Barr."

"I hope we shall see a great deal of you now!" said Mrs. Preston, giving her hand to Philip.

"I shall only be too glad," said Philip. "Of course, you will shake hands with me!" he said, in a low voice to Nora, going round to the side of the phaeton where she sat. "We ought to be very good friends, you know. If I had been at home the past six months, we would have been, of course."

"I don't know," said Nora, gazing thoughtfully over the sea. "At any rate, we will be now, said she, looking brightly up into his face. "You know, you saved my life!"

Philip thought that it was just as well that she should remain under this delusion, as it was a very fortunate one for him. He hated himself for having written such a letter as he had done to his mother. Fancy his saying that the idea of his marrying Miss Bradfute was distasteful to him! Somehow he had imagined her a tall, angular girl, comely with pale eyes and white eyelashes. And, on the contrary, she was a little thing with chestnut hair and deep brown eyes, with smiling, vermilion lips, and white, even teeth. The dearest, sweetest little bit of life he had ever met! He determined to write to his mother at once, and tell her to burn to ashes his last letter.

He was so engrossed with his own thoughts as not to hear all that Hexter was saying. It ended with:

"Dance take my luck! It ought to have been I that stopped that confounded pony. She thinks you saved her life, and will fall in love with you, of course. I say, Barr, it is hardly worth while to deny the engagement, is it?"

"No," said Philip, coolly.

"You are in love with her already, by Jove!"

The end of the story is too apparent for it to be necessary to tell it in detail. A few visits at Mrs. Preston's pretty cottage, where Barr was received quite as one of themselves, and allowed to lounge over the piano when Nora played, or to smoke his cigar in the conservatory, while Nora cut flowers for the dining room; a few meetings at morning concerts and evening parties, and the thing was done. Nora said "yes," and called him her preserver. He accepted the title and, put his arm around her.

"Precious little thing," he said, kissing her lovely mouth. "To think that I should have run away from you!"

"And, oh, Philip, to think that I should have run away from you! And that I was bored when your mother told me of your perfections! And, after all, you are a thousand times more perfect than she said."

That night Philip wrote the following note to his mother at the White Sulphur Springs:

"DEAR MOTHER:—I am going to marry Nora Bradfute. She is the most bewitching, lovely—but of course you know how charming she is, and how exactly she suits me. Suppose you join me here. Nora is very anxious to have you say you forgive her for running away from me. She bids me send you her love and a kiss. Your affectionate son, PHILIP."

"P. S.—Did you burn my last letter, as requested? If not, pray do so at once."

A Mule that Wasn't for Sale.

He was showing the man the new bay mule that was working in a team with the old gray. "You warrant him sound and perfectly kind and gentle!" the man said. "Perfectly," said Farmer John. "My wife and children drive him and he is a perfect pet. Comes into the house like a dog. 'Easy to shoe!' 'Well, I guess so; fact is, I never had him shoe. I don't believe in it; he works better without it," replied Farmer John.

"How does he act when you put the crupper on?" asked the man. Farmer John hesitated. "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is, I never put it on." "How does it get on?" asked the man; "who does put it on?" "Well, I kind of don't know," said Farmer John; "fact is, he has the harness on when I got him, and it fit him so well, and he seemed to be so kind of contented in it, that I sort of never took it off him."

"And how long have you had him?" asked the man. Farmer John chewed a wheat straw very meditatively, and said, "Well, not to exceed more'n two years, mebbe."

And the man backed a little further away, and said he would "sort of look around a little further before he purchased, like." And Farmer John never saw him again, not even until this day.

Uniformity of Coins.

The various coins of the nation of the earth are numbered by the thousands. A catalogue of them fills a closely printed quarto volume of sixty-four pages. Much loss and still greater inconvenience is entailed upon the people of every country by the multiplicity of coins. As civilization progresses and is rapidly embracing the most remote regions of the earth, a movement toward uniformity becomes more and more desirable, and is likely to be long to be made in earnest. The French Academy has taken the lead in the agitation of this important matter, as it did concerning uniformity of weights and measures. It is suggested that the coins of all nations be made of uniform size, weight and value, and that all bear, in figures of the Arabic Notation, the same mark of value, while retaining of course the emblems and devices of the country from which they emanate. Such a consummation will be most desirable, enabling, as it would, the traveler to make the circuit of the globe using the coin of his native land or of any other, indiscriminately and without loss.

§ Elder sister (to little one who appeared to take great interest in Mr. Skibbons).—

"Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little Pet—"I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbons were together."

Mr. A. Nizer, Taylorville, Pa., writes: "My mother, an old lady of sixty years, suffered for thirty years with Rheumatism, to such an extent that she was at times entirely lame. We procured from Messrs. Ludwig Bros., Druggists in Scranton, Pa., a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, used it according to directions, and saw our efforts crowned with perfect success."

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§ In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

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Dr. Rev. Bishop Gilman (Cleveland, Ohio).—The St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly. I consider it excellent for Rheumatism and kindred diseases.

Mr. F. W. Nichols, Waseca, Minn.—Last the St. Jacobs Oil in the case of a lady of my acquaintance who had been ridden with Rheumatism for 17 years. She used the St. Jacobs Oil for three days, and was able to leave her bed.

Rev. Dr. B. Pick, Rochester, N. Y.—Suffered from Rheumatism for several years, and was unable to preach. Several applications of the St. Jacobs Oil relieved him wonderfully.

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