

HARRY'S FLIRTATION.

The guests were seated on the broad, cool veranda of the Woodbine hotel; a delicious breeze stirred the honeysuckle vine that climbed the trellis. Several guests were expected to arrive, among them an heiress, so rumor had it, and as usual no small amount of interest was awakened. There was a murmur among the guests as a slender girl, becomingly attired, made her way up the broad steps.

She was a fair example of that rare and curious blending of blonde and brunette which we sometimes meet. Her face was fair, her hair a brown with a rich golden hue, and her eyes were large and dark.

She was a woman capable of intense love or hate. As Harry Marsh gazed upon her he grew suddenly pale. Then it passed away, giving place to a deepening flush of embarrassment. His companion, Frank Hale, a handsome, fun-loving fellow, observed Harry's embarrassment, and with a merry twinkle in his black eyes, said:

"I declare, Hal, you blush as if 'the heiress' was an old flame of yours."

And he laughed in a low, mpsical way. "I know my face showed seeming agitation just now, but there's really nothing the matter with me."

"Now, Harry, old fellow, you need not apologize."

"I am not going to. But, Frank, weren't you ever surprised into blushing when somebody resurrected a half-forgotten sentimental memory of the past? Let me see. I'll venture to say that I can make you blush. How about that Elsie Maydew affair of yours?"

Frank Hale's cheeks did brighten a little. But he well knew that a stronger feeling than mere embarrassment had agitated his friend.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Frank Hale, with a penetrating look into the half-averted face of Harry Marsh. "You are agitated. You have met this young lady before, somewhere. Now own up—or is it a secret?"

Harry Marsh was a fair, curly-haired young man of five and twenty, of a sensitive, romantic disposition. Frank Hale and he were old college chums. Harry stroked his blonde mustache for a moment in silence. Cutting the tip off of his cigar, he placed it between his lips, forgetting to light it.

"How much of a secret?" he answered indifferently. Then, turning suddenly toward his friend, he said: "What do you know about her? You seem very much concerned about her?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Frank, "except what rumor says."

"And what is that?"

"It is to this effect: That she has recently risen from poverty to affluence; that she is engaged to a poor young professor, a geologist, who was formerly a school fellow of hers. A poor young professional man is sure to catch such a prize, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose it is on account of their romantic and poetic attributes. Did rumor include the name of the gentleman?"

Harry felt not a little anxiety as he asked this question.

"Edward Grey is his name, I believe," replied Frank, "and by the way, I understand he is to come here also in search of fossils."

Harry with a sort of nervous eagerness of movement lighted his cigar.

"Now, Harry, for your secret. When and where did you first make the acquaintance of this young lady, and what is her name?"

Harry sat in silence a moment, as if to collect his ideas. He tilted his chair back, removed his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said:

"Her name is Viola Craig. I met her in a small rustic village in Maine about two years ago."

"And there was a bit of romance between you, eh?"

"Very little on her part—a mere flirtation on mine. I can tell you one thing, she has not gained all her beauty in two years. She struck me as unusually beautiful for a rustic when I first met her."

"Why don't you tell me the romance that lies back of that statement of yours?" said Frank.

Harry with some reluctance said:

"About two years ago the summer was exceedingly hot and I was badly in need of rest, so I resolved to go on a hunting and fishing expedition. Having heard of the facilities Huntsville afforded for hunting and fishing and picturesque scenery, I packed up my grip, took my rifle and fishing rod, and started. I arrived one fine summer morning at Huntsville and obtained board with the Craigs. They were poor, and added to their income by taking summer boarders. Viola was an only daughter, still in her teens. I could not help admiring her artless beauty and grace, and I soon began paying marked attention to her."

"In those fragrant summer twilights, followed as they were by evenings of silvery moonlight, we sauntered down the pleasant country road and stood upon the bridge gazing upon the sheet of water, calm and deep, which stretched out before us. The day sped rapidly into weeks; our hearts seemed gay and happy, everything was enjoyed with a zest which the utmost confidence and freedom from restraint can inspire. But alas! one day Viola's father called me to him and sternly asked:

"Do you wish to marry Viola?"

"I was so thoroughly surprised that I answered decisively:

"No."

"So I thought," replied Mr. Craig. "I did not believe that a rich, handsome young fellow like you would wish to marry a poor country girl, and I desire you to direct your attention elsewhere, for she is engaged to a worthy young man of this place." That day I left Huntsville, and no adieus were spoken. So ended my little flirtation."

"Well, Harry, you have given me quite a poetic recital, but you ought not to make such an ado over a 'mere flirtation.' Let us go up the lake and back before sunset."

Ten minutes later Harry Marsh saun-

tered along the shore of the lake, realizing that he was not quite whole-hearted.

A year had passed since Harry Marsh's visit to the quiet little village of Huntsville. Many changes had taken place.

Viola Craig is an orphan—alone in the world—friendless. What was she to do? She fell into a brief reverie.

She had an aunt, rich in this world's goods; she had written to her and received a letter bidding her to come and make her home with her. "Break up the old home and come and live with me." These were the words she read.

"Break up the old home! How romance clings around it!" She stood by the window and gazed up the country road, bordered on one side by dark pine woods, on the other by irregular rolls of cultivated ground. How dear the form of every tree! How oft had she walked there with the one she loved; had he not cut his name and hers upon those very trees; but he had gone—left without one word of parting. A crimson flush, deep, swift and unmistakable, swept over the girl's fair and sensitive face.

"He did not care for me; he was merely amusing himself," she mused. Then a strange light flashed into her eyes, and two bright spots of color came on her cheek and she said determinedly, "I will go to my aunt, and as her heiress try and forget him."

Fond remembrances! Dear old home, good-by!

A storm had suddenly arisen from the southwest. It descended with a torrent of rain, a resistless flurry of wind and crash of thunder.

Viola was sitting at the window. She glanced out upon the lake. She beheld its surface lashed into foam, and, horror-stricken, she beheld something else.

A boat, midway between the peninsula and the shore nearest the hotel, had suddenly capsized under the fierce blast. For an instant a human being was visible amid the foaming waters, but soon disappeared.

Viola descended to the veranda, her face deadly white.

Several men dashed past, and upon the wings of the storm she heard one of them say:

"Hale and Marsh were in the boat, and there's little chance of our saving them."

For an instant she stared toward the lake, her heart sinking like lead. Then, without even a shawl over white, gauzy garments, she dashed out into the pelting storm. She reached the lake shore at a point near where several men were pushing off in a rowboat in a vain hope of saving the unfortunates.

She sank down amid the wet shrubbery, clasping her hands, and in low agonized accents she murmured, as her eyes fell upon the fearful sight before her: "Good Heavens! Harry Marsh—dead—drowned! If he but knew now how I loved him—how I have loved him since he left me, two years ago! Oh, God! If he could be saved! My heart is breaking!" And burying her face in her hands she sobbed aloud.

Just then a hand fell lightly upon her shoulder. She started up with a cry, and there stood Harry Marsh, dripping wet, with a look of deep, unutterable joy upon his face.

"Thank God I am saved—saved to hear my name upon your lips. I was not in the boat. Frank went out alone. I saw the storm coming and advised him not to go. But he went. I followed along the shore to the peninsula, and the storm broke before I could get back," he explained.

He spoke in a rapid, excited manner. As he finished Viola sank down in a swoon, overcome by the strain upon her nerves and the sudden reaction. He lifted her in his arms and bore her back to the hotel.

The boat which went out after the unfortunates came back unsuccessful. After the storm had passed, however, Frank Hale and his sailboat rounded the peninsula and moored opposite the hotel. In response to a flood of inquiries he replied that he was upon the other side of the lake when the storm broke, and so escaped it.

The boat which was capsized contained a young fisherman, whose body was recovered late that night.

It was not until the next day that Harry Marsh saw Viola again. Then they met under the arched trellis. She would have fled, but he caught her by the hand, exclaiming in his low, musical tones, which she remembered so well:

"Stay, Viola; I desire an explanation from you. I believe that I made a great mistake when I left you without seeking one two years ago."

She waved him from her with an imperious gesture.

"You should have discovered your mistake before I was lifted from my poverty!" she cried.

"Wait! wait! I implore you."

Then he told her why he had gone away so abruptly, and how he had loved her all the while.

"I should have sought you here upon your arrival were it not for the rumor of your engagement to Edward Grey," he said.

"My engagement! The rumor was false; it is not I, but my cousin, who married Edward Grey two weeks ago. We are friends, that is all."

A soft, balmy breeze swept through the trellis, rustling the vines and bringing from a distance the perfume of flowers.

"Then you do love me, Viola! I can keep my love from you no longer, Viola. Will you be my wife? Do not withhold the perfect joy I crave!" were the words he uttered, so low that they seemed to chime with the murmuring breeze.

"The joy is ours, Harry!" was the softly spoken response.

When Frank Hale heard of the engagement he laughingly said, "Hal, do you call this all 'a mere flirtation'?"—Miss F. L. Hare in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Common Fault.

"Witticus, the paragrapher, was very cross today."

"That is nothing unusual. He is always out of humor."—Kate Field's Washington.

VIA UMBRÆ.

With sunset glory glowing
Were lift and sky and sea;
The night wind soft was blowing,
It whispered low to me.

And old hopes almost blighted
By sorrow's trembling tears,
Once more with glory lighted
The pathway of the years.

They came, 'mid evening splendor,
That shone across the sea;
And love, with look so tender,
Again did beckon me.

And far the stretching ocean
Of sunset, trembling gold,
Reflected my emotion—
The soul deep thoughts of old.

It passed, and glory faded,
From hill and sky and sea;
The pathway, deeply shaded,
Was all it left to me.

—W. A. S. Burgess in Chambers' Journal.

She Secured the Wrap.

A lady from a western city tells an amusing if heartrending tale of a shopping tour in New York, the trip from the west being undertaken for the sole purpose of suiting herself exactly with an elegant fur wrap. Her departure in high spirits was witnessed by friends plunged in the depths of envy. After a microscopic examination of every wrap in this city she folded the drapery of her old cloth circular around her and silently stole into her home town by a night train. Driving at once to a merchant's residence, she told him as well as her debilitated condition would permit the sort of a wrap upon which she had set her heart, and which, she declared, New York did not contain.

Her merchant friend telegraphed to this city, the wrap was sent by the first train, and ere she was fairly recuperated from her acquisition of experience she was in possession of the wrap of her dreams, which she had probably tried on no less than six times during the course of her rambles and preambles (the latter are quite as exhausting to the salesmen as the former to the shopper). The congratulations of her acquaintances upon her beautiful wrap, and their felicitations upon her good fortune in being able to select it in person, restored her equanimity, but did not obliterate the memory of what she calls "that awful week," so that her more recent purchases in this city have been made by mail and telegraph, which do not suffer from nervous prostration.—New York Times.

Shippers of Human Skin.

Speaking of weird, uncanny gifts, the other day a pretty girl produced a pair of house slippers, presented her by a young medical student friend. They were not so remarkable looking, but as she brought them in balanced on the ferrule of her parasol the company instantly recognized the presence of something out of the ordinary. Gently dropping the dainty footgear on a rug the owner invited her friends to use their umbrellas freely in turning her low shoes over and examining every part.

They were admirably made, with narrow soles, pointed toes, high heels and a big monogram, embroidered in silk floss, half way up the instep. The material, a thin, yellowish skin, might have come off almost any animal, but was in reality the epidermis of a man. The student had seen it removed, had followed the curing process, and, "when properly dressed," had taken it to a bootmaker for making up.

"Of course I'll never wear the horrid things," the girl hastened to assure her friends; "and, indeed, they are more trouble than they are worth. I'm afraid of them, and so are all the rest of the family."

"We keep them locked up in our spare room ordinarily, but when guests come the maid and I carry them to the cellar, and while they are down there she refuses to go alone to get coal and screams at every noise."—Illustrated American.

Two Plucky Girls.

Miss Angie Graham, who, in company with her younger sister, Miss Nellie, left Beaver county some five years ago for the far west, is now at her old home in Economy township on a visit.

Five years ago next spring she and her sister determined to try their fortunes in the west. Their father was a well-to-do farmer, but it was simply a desire to be independent that caused the ladies to take the step, and their success shows what will and pluck can do.

Taking with them a few clothes, some books, and a small sum of money over and above their actual expenses, they started. Arriving at Julesburg, Colo., they each pre-empted a quarter section of land and settled down. Six months in the year they farmed, doing much of the work of plowing, sowing and reaping themselves. The remaining six months they taught school. They now have a clear title to their land, which has steadily increased in value. The government is surveying the tract in which their farms are located, for the purpose of irrigation, which, when accomplished, will make the land among the most valuable in the country.

Miss Angie has long had a desire to visit Palestine and the Holy Land, and will do so before returning to the west.—Beaver Falls (Pa.) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

While packing away his dead wife's clothes, the other day, James McGrath, a laborer of Louisville, Ky., discovered concealed in an undershirt \$1,300 in currency. Mrs. McGrath had never given intimation to her family of the possession of the money. She had a cow, and sometimes sold butter and milk.

Harriet Hosmer, who is about to go abroad again for three or four months, is as bright and energetic as though forty years' constant work at her art did not lie behind her. She has a deep interest in woman's intellectual work, and is an honorary member of Sorosis.

Many of the watches are smaller and more elaborately decorated than ever. There are watches the cases of which are entirely covered with good sized diamonds, with a ball incrustated with diamonds hanging at the end of a gold chain.

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