

Personal Talk With You.

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A Sad Bereavement.

An honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders of the British museum, obtained a special holiday.

"No admission today, sir," said the keeper. "But I must come in. I've a holiday on purpose."

"No matter. This is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What?" said John. "Ain't this public property?"

"Yes, but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we are going to bury him."

"Oh, in that case we won't intrude!" said John in a high voice.

—Lynn H. Hitt.

How a Road in Ireland Was Made.

The way in which the Irish imagination accounts for the curious notch in the Devil's Bit mountain, Tipperary, is indicated in its very name.

In London Notes it is said that Nickie Ben, just to try how sharp his teeth were, bit a piece off the upper edge; but, finding it rather too hard even for his digestion, he threw it up in Cashel, in the same county, where it has remained ever since.

In confirmation of the story it is givenly asserted that the rock of Cashel would exactly fit into the gap left in the aforesaid mountain.

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The Shingle Blocker's Joke.

By CHARLES SLOAN REID.

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THE gleam of a pink frock far down the side of the mountain had caught Tom Awtry's eye.

Tom stood on the edge of the mountain, and she looked back over her shoulder. Her eyes were passing away, and already she regretted her impulsive speech.

"Poor Tom!" she murmured, shading her eyes and peering through the timber. "Oh, he's so big an' strong! I'm just like a child in his hands."

"An' even if he had dropped me into the water it would not have been any thing but a matter of time—'n' I know you an' played such a fool! Poor Tom!"

She sat down on the rock and covered her face with her apron. "An' I told him never to speak to me again. I wonder if he will think I meant it sure 'nough."

A deep, audible sob came now, and Tilly's small body swayed from side to side. Presently her ears caught the sound of the shingle blocks before the thing could be accomplished.

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Slowly he went. The slow machinery of his brain was trying to bring out a clear realization of all that had happened.

A choking sensation was struggling for a grip of his windpipe, and he tore away his shirt collar well down upon his shoulders.

Meanwhile Tilly had wandered from the laurel path and had climbed a bowlder whence she could look back over the bluff, and she watched Tom climbing the mountain.

Her eyes were passing away, and already she regretted her impulsive speech. But it was now too late to recall it.

"Poor Tom!" she murmured, shading her eyes and peering through the timber. "Oh, he's so big an' strong! I'm just like a child in his hands."

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And her stop. Had she waited long? Oh, if Tom would only speak to her when she rapped at the door!

She stood a full minute with her small knuckles poised to strike the rough boards. Her heart beat tumultuously, and her knees grew weak as she thought of what might have happened in that cabin.

At last the knuckles fell upon the board, and a faint, hollow tattoo echoed from the interior. "But no other sound came in answer."

A terrible sense of horror fell upon Tilly, and a quick fever parched her lips and tongue. Then suddenly her knuckles beat a long nervous rattle upon the door, and, bowing her head against the board, she moaned:

"Oh, Tom!"

A moment elapsed, then—"Tilly, Tilly!" came faintly from under the door.

With an exuberant joy Tilly reached for the latch, and the door swung inward. On the floor, with his head near the doorway, lay Tom. His face was sunken and sallow, and his eyes seemed far back in his head.

Tilly clasped her hands and stood looking down upon him, that sickness of soul which had characterized her feelings for the last week again coming upon her.

"Tom, you've been lyin' here since Saturday, ain't ye?"

Tilly dropped by his side and took one of his hands in hers.

"An' it's all my fault, Tom. I heard yer saw gold 'day an' night an' never stoppin' an' I was 'fraid it was comin' to this."

"No, Tilly; it was all my fault. I—I arter what I'd done an' ye would not."

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