#### TWO TENDER TALES.

We'd er Won'er.

J. N. Johnson in Cincinnati Commercial. Little Nellie Capfield was the prettiest girl, according to the decision of the whole community, barring young ladies of her own age, to be found in Rowan county, eastern Kentucky. Old married men were more outspoken in her praises than the younger ones-the latter being somewhat restrained by the dread of having their true feelings suspected. They were each and every one in love with her, or, at least were ready to be, at the faintest signal from her magnetic eyes. pected. They were each and every one magnetic eyes.

Old Tobe Smock, a man of about 58, was loud in her praises whenever, from a group of churchyard idlers he could see her pass. "I tell ye," he said one Sunday, outside the church house, under some trees, where a group had gathered, "if I war young agin, I'd never stop till I'd cotch her, shore; an' if the ole woman war ter die now, thar ain't not tellin' yit what the old man moutn' do, I tell ye! You young fellers would have ter stir your stumps, shore, er I'd hop right in, active ez er cat, an' take the game right outen your hands! Er haw, haw, he,

haw, haw—er wah-a-ah!"
"That's jist hit," spoke old Aaron
Matlack, in further comment, "the
yong fellers now days, ain't got the grit what they uster have in our days, Tobe. When we were yong fellers, like these here wothless ones, a gal like Nell couldn't er run at large very long, we'd er had 'er capter'd long er go. N', I tell ye, some uv 'em had better be gettin ter work, or some of us may be widderwers yit! Er haw, haw, haw, haw, "Your jest about right thar," spoke d Mace Redden. "My old woman

old Mace Redden. thinks she can't last six months longer.' All laughed. "Mines ays," spoke old Abe Tumble-

son, with a sly wink at old Tobe; "mine says the doctor that's treatin' her ain't doin' her no good. She's a gittin' wuss all the time." All laughed. "The young men now is kinder cow-

ardly ter what what they used ter be," spoke old Mace. "They seem to dread the ole man Capfield; and they do say he orders ever one off that goes thar." "Yes, an' kicks some uv 'em off," returned old Abe, as he shot a glance at a young man named Homer Cowden, who sat near by chewing a spear of grass, his face covered with an absent-minded expression, All laughed and looked at

Homer, but the latter was unconscious of the personal import of the remark until old Abe poked him with the toe of his shoe to call his attention, and said, "Ole man Capfield ain't very clever turward the young fellers that goes to see his gal, is he?" 'I don't know how he is now sir,' was the cool reply.

"He kicked you outen his yard once, didn't he?" "No, sir," was the reply

"Out of his house then?" "No. sir. "Well, he kicked you?"

"Yes, but it was out on his porch." it's a terrible bad style. You orter know that not one of you ever seed the day when you could spark a gal like her. An' now I want ter tell ye, I'm no more the coward you think me. I can whood every man on this ground-any two at a time-an' the first remark I hear about Nell again, no matter how old the mouth may be, my fist goes into

If a flash of lightning from the cler aky above had darted down at that time the surprise could have been no greater. It was a full minute after he had ceased to speak before any of them could recover sufficiently to speak. At last old Mace arose and called for his son "Tom," old Tobe got up and called for his son "Bill," old Abe struggled to his feet and yelled for his son "Jim."

The three sons came up with a questioning look in their respective eyes. In the meantime, Homer had been unbuttoning his collar and rolling up his

Old Mace spoke to his son Tom: "Tat ar darn coward," motioning toward Homer, "has been insultin' your ole pap."
Old Abe said to his son Jim: "That

ar low-down cuss has abused yer poor ole father."
Old Tobe spoke to his son Bill: "That

ar low-down, God-fersanin' haw-eater has hurt the feelins uv yer poor ole daddy that worked to raise ye!" Each "boy" looked toward this man who had been abusing "their poor old

fathers" with eyes of deep threatening. Homer looked back with eyes of defiance. He was perfectly transformed From the languid indifferent-looking person he had always appeared before. we now see a man with rigid muscles, shoulders thrown back, eyes blazing, lip curling and nostrils throbbing, his whole form instinct with impatient strength and resolution.

His magnificent proportions, his contemptuous lip, his eyes full of challenge -all so opposed to the supposed character of the man, that it tended for a min-ute to shock and bewilder his threateners. They looked, as a pack of wolves might appear, when, supposing they were attacking a disabled buffalo, they see him suddenly spring up, lower his horns and bellow out defiance.

The boys were not truly brave, but they had a great deal of vanity, and now they made a simultaneous dash for their provoking enemy. Quick as lightning the mighty list, with the swiftness of a stone from a catapault. shot out, and was halted against Bill's face. Almost instantly, Jim's check stopped a left hander. Tom's stomach received a well directed kick. Instantly the three scrambled to their feet, only to go down again after the previous fashion.

At this point streams of people came pouring out of the church-house; knives and pistors began to peep out from their hiding places; curses filled the air; men who did not understand the matter surged around and around, making breathless inquiries; women screamed and children howled; still, assaults were being attempted on the magnificent young giant, who now seemed the very body and soul of pugilism. Every man who rushed for him, instantly rushed back. Finally, old Tobe's son, Bill, finding that fists were useless in such a contest, drew a pistol, cocked it and directed it toward the hero. His finger was on the trigger, when he felt a cold sensation at the butt of the ear. Wheeling around, his eye beheld a pistol cocked, pointed and ready for duty. The hand that held it belonged to Nel-

He Capfield! Her face was white, her eyes were flaming, and her lips were drawn.
"Just dare! just dare!" she exclaimed.
"Don't raise the pistol, or you'll lower it never to lift it again. Stand away, al of you cowards! Don't move toward him again." As she spoke the muzzle of the pistol described a circle, and from that threatening circle every man

For several moments silence closed every mouth. Surprise, wonder and questioning astonishment were ex-pressed in every face. Then low murmurs broke out, as persons who had not

been actively engaged in the fight, gathered in a knot outside the main rowd and consulted together-all except the hero-the former coward, Homer Cowden. He walked off, outside, across the road, down a little embankment, into the bed of the creek. At the little stream he paused, stooped down, and began to wash his hands and face. He hadn't seen that a person closely followed him. After he had washed his face and dried it on his pocket handkerchief, he leaned back on his elbow and rested the side of his head on his hand. He was full of oppressive feelings, consequent on his newly formed character. His emotions, weep. His great form was shaken like a dead leaf under the storm in his breast. While still his eyes were steeped in tears, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He instantly sprang to his feet, swept the tears away with his hand, and looked. him.

looked. Nellie Capfield stood before him. Her eyes were full of tears, and her lips trembled. "Homer," she spoke, caressingly, after a long pause, "Can you ever forgive me and love me again? Oh, do forgive! I had thought you was a coward, Homer. It nearly killed me to give you up, but I never could have married a coward. Oh, forgive me for thinking you was one! You are a noble hero. I sat at the window and heard all that occurred out there. How can I ever reward you?"

'By marrying me now." "Right now?"

"Yes; the preacher hasn't left yet." "All right."

Lost-A Bachelor. Boston Glabe.

Young Aspinwall-Jones was angry and he stalked into the clubhouse and ordered something to quiet his nerves. He was in love with the glorious Miss Paulson and there was a lover who was more favored than he.

He wouldn't have minded so much if it hadn't been so very mysterious. He didn't know who the favored lover was. It was only that morning that he knew any one else was in the field. He had called on Miss Paulson at her cottage and was ushered unceremoniously

into the library. When the footman announced hi name he entered and found to his utter dismay that there was tobacco smoke in the air, a door was slammed and a pair of masculine boots were just disappear-

It was very ill-bred in the man, whoever he was to smoke in a ladies' library. but that wasn't exactly what troubled young Aspinwall-Jones. He didn't like the idea that a man was on sufficient terms of intimacy to smoke in Miss Paulson's library.

And so his morning call on that young lady was not particularly pleasant, although as he now recalled it she was very nice to him and all that, and treated him in a delightfully frank manner.

That was what charmed him so much her frankness. There was a candor in her large innocent blue eyes and a truthfulness in the tones of her voice that seemed to young Aspinwall-Jones very attractive. Then she was so very clever that he quite fell in love with her, though she had been in Lenox scarcely a week. She was a very handsome woman and attracted a good deal of attention, but very few people appeared to know her. It was odd too. onsidering her beauty and evident good

reeding. "She seems very nice," Mrs. Leland remarked to one of her friends at a tennis party, as she watched the graceful figure of the girl flitting about the tennis court, "but I don't thing I shall allow my son Archie to have much to say to her. She may be very fascinating and all that, but we know so little about her, and I think at times her manner is a little bold, to say the least.'

But young Aspinwall Jones didn't think so at all. She was an agreeable girl and a new girl. If she didn't know many people it wasn't her fault. And if she wasn't exactly in the swim how could her people manage to get a cot-tage in Lenox and how could she manage to get invited everywhere?

Nevertheless, at many dances, although Miss Paulson seemed to be invited, she received very little attention. She knew very few men, and so young Aspinwall-Jones had her pretty much to him-

"Do you know," he said to her one night after a waltz, "I think you are awfully pretty." She merely answered this remark by

shake of her head, and asknowledged the compliment by a dazzling smile that showed a set of creamy teeth. "Yes," he continued, boldly, "I do

really. And I like hou very much." He might have got farther if his par-ticular friend "Cholly" Peabody, had not looked across the room at him in a warning way and started to come to

He noticed Peabody nodded slightly to Miss Paulson and then locking arms with him they strolled into a conserva-

tory,
"You'se very young," began Peabody,
"and very simple," he added.
Aspinwall Jones was so wildly happy that he did not deny either of these as-sertions. He still remembered a wo-man's smile and he broke away from his

companion and started away.
"Where are you going?" asked Pea-"Oh, in here! Oh, I say, Cholly, old boy, do you know what it is to be in love?"

"Idiot," exclaimed Peahody. "You're in a land of dreams. People never are in love nowadays; they merely get mar-

"But I'm in love," remarked the other. "With yourself," put in Peabody

cynically.
"No, sir, by Jove! With the prettiest girl you ever laid your eyes on. If you had been here this morning and seen me with her before you wouldn't talk that way. But I'm glad that you have come, for you may presently congratulate me -that is, I hope so."

"Foolish boy!" "You are quite right, old fellow, but she's adorable—she's an angel! She's too good for me,"

"Don't be too sure of that. You don't want to get married anyhow. I shouldn't advise it. You're an idiot to think of such a thing. Look at me, old feilow.' Aspinwali did look at him, and was duly impressed with his single eyeglass, his hair parted accurately in the middle and his snub nose. 'Look at me. Do you think you will ever go to my wedding? I think not. I'm a bachelor, and you remember, old fellow, you are with me, as they say at the Bowery. We are 'in it' together. You remember our compact. I marry, you marry. I remain single, you remain single. Don't break your

word. "O, that was such a silly compact." broke in Aspinwall-Jones. "I was a small child when we made it. I didn't know any better. I hadn't met Miss Paulson

"Miss Paulson? So she's the charmer. Why, my dear fellow, you don't want to marry her. She isn't very well known understood the trouble, or its cause, began to make inquiries from their equally ignorant neighbors. All those who had

and she evidently hasn't much money. I wouldn't marry a girl I didn't know any-thing about, and besides I don't see what there is about her to attract a man of your good taste."

Young Aspinwall-Jones pulled the straggling ends of his charming mustache and glared savagely at Peabody.
"O, she's a heavenly creature," he
said, with fervor. "Such eyes, so handsome, and you know, old fellow, I always adored handsome girls. And then she treats me so nicely; she doesn't think I am a little boy. And she isn't a bit am a little boy. And she isn't a b haughty; and, well, she is perfection." But after that morning call young Aspinwall-Jones changed his mind. He

wondered how a girl cared to entertain callers who were ashamed to be seen. He loved her just as much, to be sure. Perhaps he was misjudging her. It might be a long lost brother, or something of that sort. But why should this 'brother" be afraid to meet him? Nothing particularly odd happened

pretty assembly rooms near Curtiss's. Aspinwall Jones had good luck that night, and plucked up courage enough to ask his divinity to marry him. His mother had warned him if he did anything of the sort she would never forgive him, and his sister had strongly advised him not to do it, but Miss Paul son looked so beautiful in a charming toilet of white, with a faint color in her cheeks and a shining light in her eyes, that he quite forgot all his mother had

threatened. And presently he burst into his friend's room at the hotel and embraced him effusively.
"Congratulate me, old fetlow!":

"Er--what?" gasped Peabody, unclasping his friend's arms from his neck, and taking off a ruffled collar and looking at

it regretfully. I'm the happlest man in the world!' "That's a pretty strong statement." "But I am, you know.

"Has she accepted you?" "Well, not exactly that, you know. She said I might call on her tomorrow morning anyhow.

"What is there so wildly happy in "Oh, I hinted at something, and the way she looked at me I know she means to accept me."

"Seems to me you are taking a good deal for granted." Then Peabody went on to induce his riend to give up Miss Paulson. He reiterated their agreement, made long ago, to remain bachelors, and finally said that he thought Aspinwall-Jones was a man of his word.

"You seem to take a great deal of in-terest in this thing," said that young man, presently. "If I want to get married I will, and that foolish compact we made when just out of college doesn't bother me in the least, I am going to marry Miss Paulson!" "The devil you are!" exclaimed Pea-

body, with vigor. At this young Aspin-wall-Jones left the room abruptly, slamming the door behind him. "I thought Cholly was a fellow who would sympathize with a man," he muttered, as he went to his ewn room. "But omething is the matter with him, and I

wonder what." Young Aspinwall-Jones was more perelexed than ever when he went out of the hotel the next morning to get into his carriage to drive to the Paulsons as he saw Perbody's cob standing there. He had driven but a short distance when Peabody came tearing past him, his horse going like mad. "What is the rush, old fellow?" he

shouted to him. But Peabody only turned a very pale face at him and smiled as he waved a hand containing a cigarette he was

The smoke was wafted back by the wind, and Aspinwall-Jones wondered where he had smelt that particular odor before. It was an odd brand of cigarettes Peabody smoked, and the odor from them was particularly pungent. Then Aspinwall-Jones gathered the reins in his hands and jerked them de-

cisively. The mysterious man who had disappeared so suddenly from Miss Paulson's library, smoked the same kind of cigar-

ettes! Aspinwall-Jones urged his horse on faster, and the minutes that elapsed be-fore he reached the pretty cottage of the Paulsons were occupied by him in thinking over everything that had happened the past four weeks.

His mind was racked with alternate hopes and fears.
Could it be that Peabody had known Miss Paulson before she came to Lenox? But what if he had? He knew very many girls, and it was not all unlikely

And then young Aspinwall-Jones thought of the beautiful girl herself, with her guileless blue eyes and her baby-like features. And would she some time be his? He was so occupied in a blissful dream

of future happiness that he narrowly escaped taking a wheel off as he turned in at the gateway, and the carriage so ipped that the groom behind jumped to he ground in affright. He got out of his carriage a short dis-

tance from the house to walk across a path he well knew to the house. Many times he and his beautiful Miss Paulson had strolled along it, and he thought if he went to the house that way it would

be an omen of good luck. He reached the house and was told hat Miss Paulson was in the library. He started off quickly to find her, and the servant again announced his name and again he found her there. This time she was alone and there was no odor of cigarette smoke in the air. Outside, up and down the driveway, a groom was walking a badly blown chestnut cob. But Aspinwall-Jones did not see this. He was aware only that Miss Paulson had taken his hand cordially and asked

him to sit down. him to sit down.

He took a small square box from his pocket and joyfully laid it down on the table and pulled away nervously at the glove on his left hand.

"It was very good of you to let me come here this morning," he began.

"O, not at all," was the answer. "I am always glad to see my friends."

He thought she mut an agreent on the

He thought she put an accent on the



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last word and was thus cast down sev-

eral degrees.
He thought of saying semething about wishing to ber more than a friend, but somehow he could not. He looked long ingly at the square box he had laid on the table and then at Miss Paulson.

There was a inr-away look in her eyes and she was glancing toward a door nervously. Young Aspinwall-Jones thought she looked bored, and he began clearing his

throat. "I-er-Miss Paulson-O, I don't like that, it sounds too formal"-and he floundered helplessly until a noise by the door arrested him, and, happy and smiling, in burst Peabody. "Hello, old fellow!" he said to the be-

wildered Aspinwall-Jones. "Where did you drop from?" he man aged to stammer. "I have been in the drawing room talking with Mrs. Paulson for a few moments," was the answer. "And," he

until one night at a german at the continued, nodding to the girls, "it all Aspinwall-Jones scarcely knew what was going on. It seemed odd that Peabody should have the run of the house in such a familiar way and talk so confidentially to Miss Paulson.

There was an aggressive air of happiless about his friend that he did not like and that struck him with a chill of coming ill luck. "We needn't stand on ceremony with

Aspinwall-Jones," continued Peabody in answer to a warning look from the girl. 'He's an old friend of both of us. "I do not think I quite understand," said Aspinwall-Jones, looking from the smiling face of Peabody to the contented

countenance of Mise Paulson.
"It's very simple," answered the man,
"Mis Paulson and I have been engaged o be married for the past three months. "For an instant Aspinwall-Jones could scarcely belive his ears. Then he knew why Peabody had advised him not to have to do with girl; then he knew how she had played with him when engaged to another man. And he was so much occupied in thinking of how his trusted friend had played him false and how a woman had deceived him that he did

not hear Peabody's uneasy excuses.
"I thought I would cure you, old fellow, of flirting with every pretty girl that comes along. And you musn't blame her, for she couldn't help it if you did like her, and you must forgive her and me and give us your congratulation. He wrung his friend's hand, but it fell limp to his side. Young Aspinwall-Jones looked from

one to to other. "I wish you joy." he said.

Then with a gesture that was pathetic in its dignity, he picked up the little box from the table and put it sadly away

in his pocket, and without looking back he left them alone in the room.

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