

# The Little Dark Doctor.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.  
From Harper's Bazaar.

The doctors all said that Ladislav must go to Europe to recover his health, and Ladislav said I must go with him; but it was necessary that he should travel with a physician, who would watch the variations of his pulse, and a friend introduced him to the "little dark doctor," as Ladislav described him to me, who, having been overworked himself, needed a vacation. On my part, I had my chaperon, to be sure—a widow, not too old and not too frivolous, who knew how to be blind at discretion, and who was at the same time, so dreadfully near-sighted that she could hardly distinguish a flirtation from a quarrel, and who, moreover, never made her appearance on deck after the first day during the whole voyage. I found the doctor a great convenience, you may be sure. Ladislav said one would suppose I was his patient; but Ladislav always exaggerates a little about such things. Our passage was long and rough, and Heaven only knows what I should have done but for the little dark doctor! If I wanted an extra wrap—and one always does on shipboard—or a book, or my chair moved, he was at hand. He read to me on calm days, he sang to me little Spanish and Italian ballads on moonlight nights; he beguiled me with anecdotes of his profession when we sat upon deck in a heavy swell, with our chairs lashed to the house, and the spray driving over us—that is, unless Mr. Finch, the English gentleman who had made our acquaintance through Ladislav, stole a march upon him, and erected a canopy over my head with his umbrella and mackintosh, or gave me his arm for a promenade on the tippy deck. The doctor, however, lavished his attentions upon me with an air which made one sensible that he would do as much for any woman-kind who happened in his way; that there was nothing personal or particular in his devotion. Perhaps I divined his feeling from the perfect case with which he made himself at home with me, as if I were merely a companionable cousin or other indifferent feminine relative. Shall I ever forget that pitch-black night—a very Walpurgis night, the doctor had said, earlier—when the engine stopped suddenly, like a tired-out heart, on the Irish coast, and all the gentlemen came tearing up from the card-room, and the ladies, in all degrees of toilettes, from their state-rooms, forgetful of seasickness or appearances; and I, with sudden visions of shipwreck in that plunging sea, with the bustle of launching lifeboats, and the terror of being swung into one, and possibly dropping between the two, rising before me like a spectral scene, fainted outright upon the deck, and waked to find myself in the doctor's arms in the saloon?

You thought this was the end of the world?" he said, smiling as only the dark doctor could smile. "I fancy that I am dead—and damned!" I answered laughing hysterically. He dropped me upon the sofa and turned away. "They stopped to take soundings," he said. "It is nothing. You had better go to bed."

"Do you charge much for your advice?" I asked. Well good-night. I hope we may not meet in the life-boat."

One day in London, as we were walking through the dim old cloisters at the Abbey, and trying to spell out the names of the dusty dead on the worn pavement, having left Ladislav and Mrs. Adams still-mooning in the Poets' Corner, the doctor said: "You were a little frightened that night on the Irish coast. To tell the truth, a small pipe in the engine broke; but there was no real danger, I suspect."

"And you were not frightened at all, knowing this?"

"? We would all go together, you know. Your company would be as pleasant in heaven as on shipboard."

"Equivocal—but thank you. As for me, I like to choose my company, not have it thrust upon me."

"Yes," he said, indifferently. "Whose company would you select?"

"I would select an artist, or a musician, or perhaps a poet."

"I see. In heaven they need no doctors."

"Nor on earth either, generally speaking." And then I impudently repeated to him the little German legend of the doctor whom Death paid a visit one day, and who, begging to defer the debt of Nature, offered to divide all his future patients with the King of Terrors; and so engrossed were we with this pastime that we barely escaped being locked into the Abbey.

"You do not think well of the profession," he said.

"Oh, don't! But, honestly, do you think yourself that the one who voluntarily elects to live in the constant sight of disease and suffering can have a sensitive or aesthetic nature? And I love the aesthetic?"

He did not answer, but looked at the yellow horn of the new moon, making a rift in the fog, which the sunset light faintly tinged, while I looked at him. There was certainly nothing aesthetic about the doctor, if you except his triste mustache and his general shapeliness. I remember once, in Holland, as we steamed in a little packet to Zaanand, and counted the windmills and the cottage roofs that appeared to grow up behind the dikes, that he, happening to speak of himself, remarked that he had been mistaken sometimes for a Spaniard.

"Yes, you are dark enough to be the shadow of somebody else," I said.

"And your ideal is a blonde hero," he returned.

"How well you know my ideal!" I remarked. "Like Bobby Binks, that tall, thin, smiling down his yellow

hair—or lanky stature. I'm certain Bobby was tall." The doctor was incontestably short and thin.

"But the best things are in the smallest parcels," said Mrs. Adams coming to the rescue.

What a quaint old place we found Zaanand, where Peter the Great has left an odor of romance that seemed to cling to the little green cottages with their red-tiled roofs, which resembled the wooden villages of our infancy! And how the doctor scowled when I wasted my substance on some vivid green pottery of an odd pattern!

"What's the use of buying such trash?" he asked.

"Ah, the aesthetic taste lacking. You call this waste; but you don't understand the art of economy. This green dish, that looks as if it were deformed, and that cost me exactly five cents, will look so foreign and fantastic in the garish light of America that my friends will think I have brought them a bonanza. Besides, I like to spend without counting the cost; I hate to count my money. I hate poverty, or a genteel sufficiency."

"In other words you love luxury?"

"Have I ever confided my love to you? I love plenty, I confess. I should die of economy; it is worse than the gout for cramping one."

"You must marry a millionaire," said Mrs. Adams.

"First catch your hare," suggested Ladislav.

"There's the Herr Doctor," I heard Mrs. Adams say in an aside to Ladislav.

"But he's not a millionaire, nor to caught with chaff."

I wondered if the doctor's ears were as keen as mine; but his face betrayed nothing.

I think it was in Heidelberg that we met again our friend of the steamship, Mr. Finch. We had climbed to the Schloss, and found him seated in a loop-hole, so to speak, behind its curtain of ivy, sketching the scene.

"Mr. Finch!" I cried.

"Yes," said the doctor; "a bird in the hand."

"He looks more like one in the bush just now," as he hopped down from his perch to greet us with effusion.

"Welcome to my studio," he said; "I am just sketching the valley of the Neckar in passing."

"What a lovely old ruin this is!" said Ladislav.

"I like to think of the lords and ladies who made love on that old balcony in the sweet June weather," Mr. Finch replied, "or when the moonlight overlay the valley, who are only a handful of dust to-day."

"I suppose their ghosts walk there?" asked Ladislav.

"Certainly. What's an old ruin without a ghost?"

"Oh! I wish I could see one!" I cried.

The doctor "psawed." "You base materialist! you do not deserve the vision."

"If you will come up here with me some starlight night," vouchsafed Mr. Finch, "we may be able to unearth one."

"And Mrs. Adams will come too," said Ladislav.

It was Mr. Finch who "psawed" this time, but beneath his breath.

"Certainly," put in the doctor. "Mrs. Adams is as eager to see a ghost as yourself. You should extend to her all the advantages of foreign travel."

But, for all that, Mrs. Adams did not see one. I met Mr. Finch on the staircase the following evening, and we slipped out of the hotel and up to the Schloss, while the others supposed I was writing letters in the retirement of my own room. Was it very wrong? I dare say Mr. Finch thought so. We wandered up and about the old place with its haunting shadows, startling bats and owls and all sorts of night-moths from the tapestry of ivy, while he repeated ghostly verses and whispered a good many ghostly nothings. And I had my reward. For while we rested in a recess that looked out upon the dark sky and river, the moon shot out a beam between the clouds, and revealed the shadows of two figures on the balcony.

"There, I told you you should see a ghost. You are not faint? It is really only two lovers," said Mr. Finch.

"Was I faint? Judge whether the sensation that possessed me was fear or pain. I had recognized one of the shadows as that of the 'Herr Doctor.' So they stirred and walked slowly out of sight. I saw that the lady was veiled, and leaned confidently upon the doctor's arm. But what business was that of mine? What was the doctor to me, or I to the doctor? Plainly, nothing.

"I think we had better go down," I said presently, to Mr. Finch.

"Those shadows that passed," he said, "are a noble lady who eloped one dark night with her physician. They have been dust these hundred years, but as punishment are doomed to retrace their steps every night. Don't you want to stay till we see the old noble, her father, with all his retainers and men at arms, stalk in ghostly pursuit?"

"S'mother night," I answered, frivolously. "If Mrs. Adams finds I am not in my room—"

"What would she do?"

"Send the Herr Doctor after me."

"And the Herr Doctor is not a favorite," complacently, as we went slowly down the steep.

I lay awake till late that night, wondering who the veiled lady might be. The doctor looked very innocent next morning, and so did I—I hope.

"Why do you look at me in that tone of voice?" he asked, when my eyes had been involuntarily fixed upon him for some time, trying to unravel the mystery.

"I was looking into vacancy," I answered, briefly.

"Speaking of vacancy, have you seen Mr. Finch to-day?"

"Mr. Finch is a highly aesthetic nature," I began.

"And you love the aesthetic—bird of a feather?"

"By the way," I ventured, "why didn't you come up and play cards with us last evening?"

"Did you wait for me?" he asked, regarding me gravely.

"I can't say that I did. But I hate to play with dummy."

"And did you play with dummy?"

"Is this the New England Catechism, Herr Doctor?"

"The New England conscience and Catechism went out of fashion, I believe, some time ago."

"Yes; I fancied you no longer had any use for them," I said.

"No; when I am with the Romans, I do as the Romans do," and then we both laughed, and Ladislav said we were like two quarrelsome children. "I expect you will be boxing each other's ears next time."

"No," said the doctor; "I always give a kiss for a blow."

But for all that, I couldn't help being a little distant to him afterward, whenever I remembered the veiled lady at Heidelberg Castle. He used to call me "Lady April," I was so inconstant in my moods. I don't know how it happened, but after this, wherever we went, Mr. Finch was sure to be there before us, or to follow later. The doctor called him my shadow, and Ladislav said he thought my shadow was the only thing about me which the doctor disliked. But, for my part, I was growing rather tired of Mr. Finch and his everlasting prating about mediæval art, and color, and what not; and I couldn't go to a picture-gallery unless he attached himself, and explained the pictures loud enough for all creation to overhear, while I was anxious they should suppose that I had been familiar with the masterpieces all my days, and was only looking at them out of a sincere appreciation of the beautiful. I'm afraid I liked better the doctor's method of going through a picture-gallery in ten minutes, and the scientific air with which he regarded Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" in Amsterdam for two minutes, and remarked, patronizingly, that "the arm and hand were well laid open," as if Rembrandt was a pupil in the dissecting-rooms. But Mrs. Adams said, "I ought to be thankful for such an instructor in art, and that probably Mr. Finch was a nobleman traveling incognito."

"He lives in a castle in the air, I fancy," I said.

But she would go on encouraging his attentions, and he would go on following us hither and thither. Well, we were in Germany at Christmas-time, and we had a Christmas-tree all to ourselves. The doctor and I went out to select it, and it seemed as if the Black Forest had walked into the market-places. It took a good while to find the right one, and we went out day after day, till Ladislav said it looked as if we were waiting for one to grow. However, we had it planted in our own parlor, and such lovely things we coaxed into blossom upon it. It was the most wonderful tree in the whole world, when it was fairly in bloom; hung with cut papers that resembled fine gold chains, dripping with a delicate dew of silver, dropping golden pine cones, grown in fairy-land, and silver acorns and walnuts, budding with real roses and lilies, mignonette and Parma violets, blossoming into gorgeous cornucopias of gorgeous sweetmeats, and lighted by a hundred tapers. The doctor took a keen pleasure in it, as if we were two children. I enjoyed it all of course, as if it were a dream—a poem; but the vision of the veiled lady would rise up anon, and seemed to ask if I had forgotten her, although at times she had seemed like the baseless fabric of a dream. The doctor and I were extinguishing the tapers, after Mrs. Adams and Ladislav had gone to their rooms, when he stopped humming the Lorelei, and said, turning to me, "here is a little flower that Christmas trees sometimes bear, which you have overlooked. The reason I was so long in selecting the tree was because I wanted one that was sure to bear this kind of blossom," and he held in his palm a tiny ring box in which a circlet of pearls gleamed. I put out my hand; just then the veiled lady seemed to sweep between us, her long veil almost obscuring the doctor's face. "Shall I put it on your finger, mein Liebling, for better or worse?" he was asking.

"I withdrew my hand. 'I did not understand,'" I stammered; "I do not wear rings." And he blew out the last candle as I left the room.

The doctor was preparing to leave at this time, having only agreed to spend six months with Ladislav, who was now restored; but Ladislav, knowing nothing of his discomfiture, would have him stay over the New Year; and, as the custom is in Germany, we lighted our Christmas tree again on New Year's, and talked over other dead years, and kept each other awake till all the chiming of the old city pealed midnight with a hundred mellow tongues; then we opened the balcony doors, and listened to the weird music and the voices in the street calling a "Happy New-Year" from far and near; and presently some one stopped beneath us, and sang an Abendlied sweet as the murmuring of a little brook among the grasses, tender as a lullaby.

"A happy New-Year, Mr. Finch," I cried. "Come up and say good-morning."

Then, as I leaned over the Christmas tree to blow out a candle that had burned down to the evergreen, and was making a rich, pungent odor in the room, the lace shawl had thrown over my head caught in the flame of another candle, and in an instant I seemed to be standing in the centre of a flame. I never knew exactly what happened. I seem to remember seeing the doctor's face through that red mist, and perhaps Mr. Finch's, I cannot be sure, and then darkness. When I came to myself I was in bed, and the little doctor was feeling my pulse; and I just lifted myself on my elbow to look in the big mirror opposite, and then buried my head in the pillow. I can never repeat all the nice things the doctor said just then; how I was dearer to him than even my beauty; how no flame was so strong as his love, or could burn it to ashes.

"And the veiled lady?" I asked, irrelevantly.

"The veiled lady?" he repeated.

"Yes. Who was she? In the evening at Heidelberg Castle. You must remember. Don't try to deceive me."

"Yes"—and the smile was leaping from every dimple—"yes; the veiled lady of Heidelberg Castle was—Mrs. Adams, your chaperon."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams afterward, "confess that you thought very little of the woman who would walk to the Schloss with the doctor alone at that hour. I had missed you, and we went in pursuit."

"And has Mr. Finch been to ask for me?" I inquired later. "Did he send me those Jacquemont roses?"

"Mr. Finch is not at liberty to inquire for you just now," answered Mrs. Adams, "and roses are not exactly in his line. He has thrown off his disguise."

"And has he turned out to be a cuckoo, or a nightingale?"

"He has turned out to be only a jail-bird, my dear. He has been a famous forger, that is all."

### Imaginary Diseases.

Some persons are continually imagining that they have this or that disease, or that they are likely to fall victims to one or another of the ills which flesh is heir to. This is particularly the case with children of a nervous, sensitive or morbid nature. The injury done by such imaginary troubles to a growing boy or girl is by no means insignificant. They derange the proper functions of the body and have a worse, and perhaps more lasting effect, upon the mind, turning it from the healthy channels in which it ought to move, and entering it morbidly upon self. The person in this condition imagines that there is some trouble with his heart or some other organ of the body, and straightway he begins to watch and exaggerate every slight pain or unusual feeling that may occur in the region where he supposes the trouble to be located. Every muscular twitch in that locality is regarded as the sure indication of disease. Unless such a condition of affair is broken up, the whole physical and mental growth will be impaired. By taking a certain amount of care at the proper time, the trouble may be largely, if not wholly, avoided. In the first place, children ought to hear and know almost nothing of disease. Later in life the knowledge may be valuable to them, but when young their proper functions in life is to grow up healthy in mind and body, and to this end the child must be cared for and watched over. A blind knowledge of the diseases incident to mankind is to him only a bugbear, not an assistance, as it may become when he is old enough to appreciate cause and effect. It is not necessary that young children should know that they have such organs as heart, lungs and kidneys. They may be taught hygiene to any extent desired, but anatomy should wait until later in life. If the trouble has already begun, the best thing to do is to lead the thoughts of the young person away from himself by getting him interested in some out-door project. It is surprising how those imaginary ills disappear when the mind has something healthy and interesting upon which to fix its attention. It may be necessary in some cases to call in a physician to set the sufferer's mind at rest, but in general it is not best to seem to recognize any reason for worryment. The mind can be easily turned into a proper channel by providing the necessary employment for it.

There is suffering enough to be endured in this world without borrowing it. A mind joyous and free from anxiety, and occupied continually in healthy directions, has a vast power in keeping the body free from disease. Such a mental condition, joined to temperate and careful habits of living, has brought thousands to a green old age.—American Agriculturist.

### Long Life and Sleep.

Not long ago Mr. Gladstone's great gift of sleep." He declared that he always got seven hours and sometimes eight. He never took his worries to bed, but dismissed them promptly at the hour of retiring. Napoleon could get along very well on three or four hour' sleep in the twenty-four. But he did not reach an old age. His captivity might have had something to do with shortening his life. There have been a few great workers who have been poor sleepers. But very few of these reached extreme old age. Horace Greeley could drop off to sleep in a church or in a railway car with wonderful facility. He had the gift of sleep, but not the gift of dismissing his worries. If ever a man was worried out of his life because of political events, it was probably Horace Greeley.

Daniel Webster said on hearing of his defeat for a Presidential nomination, that he should sleep as soundly as ever. But it was well known that the defeat of his Presidential aspirations embittered his closing years. He might have had the gift of sleep, but he did not have the gift of dismissing fruitless worries. John Bright was a poor sleeper and admitted that he took his cares and anxieties to bed.

There is some satisfactory evidence that the duration of human life is greater than it was a century ago. Dr. Todd, President of the Georgia Medical Society, affirms that mortality statistics confirm this theory. Thus, the average of life in France is now forty-five years ago. The present average found in fifty cities and towns in England he places at fifty. He claims that the United States leads all other countries, with an average duration of fifty-five years. These estimates are extremes. It is probable, however, that the average duration of human life in this country is gradually increasing. Temperate living prevails to a greater extent than ever before. With temperance and moderation, there is less excitement, consequently more rest and more sleep. It is certain that the gift of sleep goes with longevity.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### CURRENT COMMENT.

In HOLLAND an unmarried woman always takes the right arm of her escort and the married woman the left. At a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right arm of the groom and goes out on the left side of her husband.

SINCE the termination of the dynamite patent in 1881 there has been immense industry in the invention of high explosives, and there are now more than three hundred varieties. A dynamite cartridge one foot in length takes only 1-24,000 of a second to explode.

DR. PETER, provost of the university of Pennsylvania, greatly wants to resign his post, but the trustees will not hear of it. He gets \$5,000 a year salary, and gives the college \$10,000 a year from his pocket. No wonder they want him to stay.

A TEST has been made in France to see whether the color of a horse had anything to do with his characteristics. It has been demonstrated that any such idea is all nonsense. Pedigree and early training have all to do with it, and color nothing whatever.

THE PUTE Indians in Nevada are in a worried frame of mind over the prediction of one of their number that a great flood is soon to sweep over their Territory. They have deserted their homes, it is reported, and taken to the mountain towns, carrying provisions along.

IN NEW YORK city three women follow the business of butcher and are successful. One has been at it for twenty-five and another for twenty years. They are said to be very lady-like and refined women, with none of the "butcher atmosphere" about them and not a bit beefy in appearance.

A ROMANTIC couple in Indiana were married on horseback in the middle of the road, and then took a gallop into the country in lieu of a bride trip. The bride, who is only sixteen, suggested the horse feature, and insisted that both animals be coal black. There was no opposition to the union.

JOHN DANIEL, a butcher, died in New York the other day from erysipelas contracted in a peculiar way. He was carrying some decayed animal matter in a slaughter house and accidentally scratched himself with a piece of bone. The animal poison got into his blood and caused his death.

A MALE beauty show is to be opened in Vienna, and the decisions are to be made by a jury of women. Four prizes will be awarded—one to the handsomest man, one to the owner of the finest mustache, the third to him who has the largest nose and the fourth to the competitor for having the least hair on his head.

A NEW YORK physician names these among other evils to be guarded against at summer resorts: Over fatigue and undue exposure to the sun, irregular eating, over feeding on food to which one is unaccustomed, sitting or lying on the ground and unnecessary exposure to the dew and dampness after nightfall.

BEFORE the war the high water mark in cotton was 5,300,000 bales. The crop of last year is not yet entirely out of the hands of the planters, but those whose business attention is absorbed by the staple place it at 7,400,000 bales, an increase of 300,000 over the year preceding. This season, with average weather, it will be 8,000,000, or five times the value of all the gold and silver produced in the United States in one year.

### Cigarette and Heart.

Inhaling cigarette smoke is generally admitted to be one of the chief causes of ill-health in young men.

"I do not believe that smoking a dozen cigarettes in the ordinary way ever did a grown-up person any tangible harm," said Harris, the tobaccoist.

"Inhaling the smoke, though, is a very different thing. Let even the most inveterate smoker try this, and he will be convinced. Let him smoke an ordinary cigarette while walking, and at some distance from a meal, inhaling the smoke well into the bronchial tubes. Then, if, before he has finished his cigarette, he does not begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, I shall be quite ready to congratulate him on the possession of an excellent organism. Whether this effect is due to an impression on the termination of the vagus, or whether the active principle of the tobacco is absorbed and carried straight to the heart in the blood current, I shall not undertake to decide. I only take the facts."

### How Hot Water Saves China.

The entire absence of sanitary arrangements in Chinese towns, villages being well known, it without saying that the last hygiene are utterly and neglected. There is no isolation of infectious diseases, and no attention is paid to causes of death; there is supposition of vicarious disease, subjected regularly terrible epidemics which, with are invariably associated with neglect of sanitary laws. Straggle come and go without any apparent reason, appearing, perhaps, suddenly causing a heavy mortality in short time, and then as suddenly disappearing again, thus affording an endless field of speculation to foreign savant. But, speaking generally, Chinese towns enjoy immunity from these dangerous outbreaks almost as complete as of well-drained European communities, and the cause of this peculiar and curious phenomenon has variously explained. The fact, the more striking when taken in connection with the contaminated supplies of Chinese towns, the of which on Europeans has manifested over and over again the heavy mortality which over them previous to the institution of precautions enjoined by modern sanitary science, healthiness of Chinese cities has ingeniously attributed by some to the universal habit of fumigation, a practice which is said to keep atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave experts to decide, but, so far as contaminated water supply is concerned, believe the real secret of immunity from its evil effects to lie in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink water. The national beverage, in a true sense, may be said to be not inebriate, is tea, and the always "on tap," even in the hottest of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes, and certain induces diseases which might be avoided by a judicious system of outward application. In the matter of abutions it must, however, be admitted that the Chinese enjoy facilities which, however little they taken advantage of, are far in advance of anything within the reach of the poorer classes of our own favored land. Every little hamlet in China has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum any hour of the day or night. Even in a small fishing village on a remote island in the Gulf of Pechili, where the writer spent six weeks during unpleasant circumstances during severe winter, this was the case, at a great convenience it proved.—National Review.

### Unintentionally Funny.

Again, many of the stories will seem humorous to the actors in them. There is humor to us in the following story, quoted by Prof. de Morgan, although none to the utterers of the following dialogue, not from a want of a sense of humor, but from the seriousness of the subject: "How many of the elect do you think there will be on the earth at present?" said one Scotchman to another. "Maybe, a dozen" (dozen) responded the other. "Hoot, man! no near so many as that!" indignantly rejoined his friend. The same remarks apply to the story of the old lady who was very despondent as to the condition of the world. She was sharply rebuked by a neighbor: "Janet, woman, ye surely think that nobody will be saved except yourself and the minister!" "Weel," responded Janet. "I sometime hae my doubts about the minister."—All the Year Round.

### Soapstone and Its Uses.

A writer in a London journal calls attention to the unappreciated uses and preservative qualities of soapstone, a material, he says, which possesses what may be regarded as extraordinary qualities in withstanding atmospheric influences, especially which have so much to do with the corrosion of iron and steel, and from experiments made it is said that no other material is capable of taking hold of the fibre of iron and steel so readily and firmly as this. In China soapstone is largely used for preserving structures built of sandstones liable to crumble from the effect of the atmosphere; and the covering with powdered soapstone in the form of paint on some obelisks in that country, composed of sandstones liable to atmospheric deterioration has been the means of preserving them intact for hundreds of years.

### A Conscientious Girl.

They were sitting by the fireside in the calm twilight hour and Penelope a soft Boston girl, felt her being disturbed with the tender motions of the hour and scene and company.

Suddenly she leaned too far forward and the plashing waves received her graceful form.

Clarence was only quick enough to seize her hair.

"Will it hold, dearest? Is it your own?" he asked.

"Ah Clarence," and the lustrous eyes gazed up at him with a rapt expression. "I can not tell a lie; the bill has not yet been presented."—Epoch.