ON THE BRIDGE.

When I tell you, my only friend, to "This is one of the bad Sundays?" whom I so rarely write and whom I There came a time when every Sunmore rarely see, that my lonely life has day was a bail one. not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

now and then in his reading."

True, I have divided my days be ween the books in a rich man's count. her would surely have departed. ing room and those in my attic. True, energy passable to look at, even in my best days.

Yet I have loved a woman.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the civer where he died, it was my custom the afternoon walk to the suburbs, nation of their happiness. where the air has more of nature in it especially that portion of the walk which lay upon the bridge. More life than was usual upon the bridge moved crowded with people seeking the parks | walk. Many crossed on foot, stopping to look idly down at the dark and sluggish

One afternoon, as I stood thus leaning over the parapet, the sound of a woman's gentle laugh caused me to turn and ocularly inquire its source there. The woman and a man were approaching. At the side of the woman walked soberly a handsome dog-a collie. There was that in their appearance and day ere I again beheld the widowerensumer which plainly told me that they were husband and wife, of the never shall know-upon the bridge. middle class, intelligent but poor, out The dog was not with him this time for a stroll. That they were quite de-

The man looked about thirty years of age, was tall, siender and with naith. seen before. They walked close to er strong nor handsome, but amiable face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to utmost tenderness into his face. She be something better.

She anot quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure; and the short coat that she wore, and the manser in which she kept her hands thrust in the pockets thereof, gave to her a cantless air which the quiet and affec-Exercise expression of her face softened.

She was a brunette, her eyes being large and distinctly dark brown, her the aspect of a perfect love. Saco having that peculiar complexion which is most quickly affected by any shange in health.

egu. tridicated some medical ailment. from it in so brief a time. In the calck glance that I had of that! 327 while the woman was smiling, a ways, fills my soul, beautifies my life Cosing of p. y came over me. I have makes green and radient this existence A-re never detected the exact cause of which all who know me think cold, -test emotion. Pertaps in the woman's bleak, empty repellent. ere I read the trace of past bodily and You will not laugh then, my friend, panies have been advised that they

Neither the woman nor her husband esticed me as they passed. The dog regarded me cantiously from the corner father that the old bookkeeper ever of his eye. I probably would never wrote.-R. N. S. in Philadelphia. have thought of the three again had I act seen them upon the bridge, under exactly the same circumstances on the mest Sunday,

So these young and then happy peothought. This, perhaps, was an event Isoled forward to throughout the week.

The bushand, doubtless, was kept a Monday morning until Saturday night, with respite only for eating and sleeping. Such cases are common, even with people who can think and who mave some taste for inxury, and who lately. An effort to establish a gym, any other millionaire in this country are not devoid of love for the beautiful, maximum at the barracks bore fruit last He never bothers about details. Mr

The sight of happiness which exis s despite the cruelty of fate and man and which is temporarily unconscious of its own liability to interruption and while the consumption of lotions and retains good health because he has a extinction, invariably fills me with sadcaess. And the sadness which arose at partment to look concerned. Among the contemplation of these two beings tregat in me a strange sympathy for and interest in them.

On Sundays thereafter I would go early to the bridge and wait until they or turned a important they He was still full of confidence, thought habitural Sunday walk. Sometimes they would pause and join those who gazed down at the black river. I sould now and again, resume my jour. pertoward the hospital while they threshood, and I would look back from a distance. The bridge would then appear to me an abrupt ascent, rising to would stand out against the ba k.

Attlecame a matter of care to me to cheerve each Sunday whether the Bealth of either had varied during the yeevious week. The husband, always Beand slight, showed little change and that infrequently. But the fluctuations of the woman, as indicated by complexion, gait, expression and otherwere numerous and pronounced. Often she looked brighter and more bust than on the preceding Sunday. face would be then rounded out, Me dark crescents beneath her would be less marked. Then I myself eleted

But on the next Sunday the ci all receded slightly, the healthy luster the eye shad given away to an omiand sighing, I would murmur inaud-

What made me love this woman? Simply the unmistakable completeness one "What!" you will say; "that gaunt old, and constancy of her devotion to her specier in his attic, with his books, his husband—the absorption of the woman tobacco and his three flewer pots! He in the wife. Had the strange ways of would not know that there is such chance ever made known to her my a word as love did he not encounter it feeling, and had she swerved from that devotion even to render me back love for love, then my own adoration for

Yes, I loved her-if to fill one's life sgain, I have never been more than with thoughts of woman, if in faney to see her face, by day and night, if to have the will to die for her or to bear pain for her-if these and many more things mean love.

My richest joy was to see her content with her husband, and the darkest woe to visit him every : unday. I enjoyed of my life was to anticipate the termi

> So the sundays passed. One afternoonI waited until almost dusk vet the couple did not appear.

For seven Sundays in succession there on Sunday. Then the cars were I did not meet them upon their wonted

> On the eighth Sunday I saw the dog first, then the man. The latter was looking over the railing. The woman was not with him. Apprehensively 1 sought with my eyes his face. Much grief and loneliness were depicted

Was he or I the greater mourner? wonder.

I suppose two years passed after that whose name I no not and probably It was a fine sunny afternoon in May voted to each other was easily discover Grief was no longer in his face. By his side was a very pretty, animated, rosy little woman whom I had never each other, and she looked with the evidently was not yet accustomed to 21 woman was perhaps twenty-four. the wedding ring which I observed uponther finger.

I think that tears came to my eyes at this sight. Those great brown eyes the plash sack, the lovely face that had borne the impress of sorrow and so speedily had felt death-these might never have existed so soon had they been forgotten by the one being in the world for whom that face had worn

Yet one upon whom those eyes never rested has remembered. And surely the memory of her is mine to wed. The color of her cheeks, the dark rim since he whose right it was to cherish ender her eyes and other indefinable it, had allowed himself to be divorced

The memory of her is with me al-

a nital suffering; perhaps a subtle when I tell you that love is not to me a must either abstain from business care, men."

So runs a part of the last letter to my

Forgotten .. e Had Aged.

"Men who are approaching old age health. are the victims of many delusions," said an officer of the Seventh cavalry and Pussel Sage are conspicuous ex pie walked here every Sunday, I to a St. Louis Republic man , but the coptions to the general physical degreatest self-deception of which he is moralization of rich men. Mr Valuer prisoner and slave at his desk from youth are still upon him. An example in the management of his vast proper of this kind of blind confidence and its that he does not feel the wear and lea inevitable result was presented the of the ordinary man of millions. He other evening down at Jeff rson bar- sides, Mr. Vanderblit probably gives racks, where I have been doing duty himself more rest and recreation than week in fitting up a muscle-developing Depew relieves him of those, and hir and neck-breaking apparatus, and since then the recruits have been happy relieved him from worry. D. O. Milllinements his caused the medical dethe officers stationed at the barracks is one old fellow was said to be a gymnastic fiend at West Point, but who, up to last Monday, had not grasped a bar or turned a "flipflap" in twenty years that he could repeat the feats of his youth on live minutes' notice and all the time they were fitting up the gymnasium he kept promising his brother officers a dollar's worth of circus fun at the first exhibition. He gave them more fun than he had bargained for-The first evening after the gymnasium dense city, and their two figures was finished he amazed the garrison by appearing in athletic dress and turning back hand-springs around the room like a veratable Casar of the sawdust, Then he hitched the spring-board into place and performed a decidely vigorous, but somewhat angular, somer sault and called upon the men to bring in their mules. The officers wanted him to try one at first, but he insisted on having three, declaring that he would start with that number and increase to ten, as he used to do at West crease to ten, as he used to do at west Point. Two and a half was his limit, but he didn't know it until it was teo late, and now he is under treatment by the surgeon for a dislocation of the

returned. Then my heart would sink, Terrible t.xperience of a Pleasure Party.

A small fishing schooner has just returnded from a trip along the coast and, brought with it a party of father, son and daughter, who had an expert. spots. The gray up-piece crouds part of with her? He departed crestfallen; ment already. And yet it does not be had seemed seem so strategy does be

The party is William Buchanan, his along the coast in a small yacht, to mg grass, shrivled and dry. a pleasure trip They were promied with guns, ammunition and fi ing up more keenly. tackle, and expected to have a f rt. "It's veering to the east, said the process of the last said the night's sport and then return east young man who rode at Miss Brecton's could have wished it, that a mere girl you are not quite right Geralding." Miss Nellie was an expert with the side and who had managed to keep near and a stripling should have inherited gun and rod as either her father or her from start to finish. "Fortunate such wealth. That was the stripling brother, and all three were good sailors About sixty miles south a small squall drove their yacht out to sea and wreck ed the vessel on one of the small slands about twenty miles off the Thomas Ashington Revery was a good, his pupil's sister.

Mr Buchanan was badly bruised by being dashed against the rocks, and Tom had his right arm broken in a similar way. Miss Nellie was the only one of the party who received no in jury, and it is to this fact alone that any of hem are alive. The guns, ammunition and fishing tackle were rl saved, and Miss Nellie cared for her wounded relatives and then started out to get them comething to eat. The at every point as those long rays of sil- elbow against the mantle. As het island is out of the way of travel, and in consequence not a vessel was seen for two weeks. During all this time the young lady hunted and fished, and was so successful that they did not pass one day without food.

The island is so flat and barren that unless a ve sel gets close to it the people on board cannot see it. They could not use the little wood they found for signal fires, for they were afraid ther would not be enough to serve for cooking their food. A storm had sent the n on the island, and a similar occurrence saved them, for the fishing schooner had been driven off the shore and ou of her course, and when the captein aw the island he sent a boat ashore to see if he could get water.

Mr. Buchanan had by this time fully recovered, but the son was still suffering from his broken arm. They were taken off and brought to this city, and are now feeling none the worse for their experience, except Tom, whose arm is in bad condition from neglect of proper treatment during the two weeks of suffering.-Tacoma (Wash) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Health of New York.s Wealthy Men.

With Jay Gould sick with the neural gia, C. P. Huntington out of sorts with malaria and rheumatism, and John D. Rockfeller under treatment for nervous prostration, it is not to ue marveled a that Wall street men ask." Are on great financiers breaking down: Within the past six months the respecrive presidents of two big trust com mon humanity. The past year has indeed been a tryiff period for the nerves of great financiers. They have had to battle energetically with advence cirumstances, and very tew have come ping her tea. out of the struggle with union area

Cornelius Vand rbilt, D. O. Mill guilty generally lies in the faith he bult is not a very methodical man, bu feels that the buoyancy and vigor of he has so many comptent lieutenants Depew has well trained assistants who sugged constitution and a placed disposition. Russel Sage is seldom sick becouse he cannot afford to spare time -New York Times.

> Runaway Charges in France The etiquette of French law mas sometimes take the flavor of an un welcome surprise to lately exported brides. Not long ago the Countess d la Forest Devonne, formerly Florence Audenreid, of Washington, was driving in the Bois de Boulogne with her cousin, Mrs. Harrson Caner, anothe. bride from Phila Piphia, when her horses suddenly took fright and ran away without hurling anybody seriously or doing percepitable damage. With characteristic prompiness, however, a government official called and laid be fore the countess a bill for damages The official document stated that some injury had been done to the barks o the trees and some little confusion o ay and bordering grass had been used by her horses.

> Well, this seemed rather amusing to an American, but when bills for damages to five different carriages came in the countess began to get anxious, and consulted her checkbook with a growing interest and much wonderment as to whether there would be enough left of her yearly income for necessary ex ences. Furthermore, she has no idea then the demand will stop or how wore ancient and decrept vehicles

AN ECCENTRIC HEIRESS.

Over the long brown level of the know she is a creature of moods." Over the long brown level of the know and the Revery know it! made an announcement which a

tomorrow.

But then why expect originality? whether the tutor ever saw much of looking youth, who sat his mount well and was quite faultless in the matter chap if he's susceptible at all!" of coats and collars, nails and hands and boots. What more could one ask? ton was not only at home this time

peared to have an attitude of asking for nearly as honr. again as you looked. Here, a few moments ago, with the glad blood in her cheeks caused by the rapid motion, she with berself, and with her companion marry at all." perhaps. And now the latter had simply uttered a word or two in a softer strain she had stiffened and frozen, abruptly, unapproachably.

"D- the whims of women!" said such a girl as this?"

When Miss Brockton had dismounted at her own door she went straight erate income. Even should I marry into the pretty room where she saw Mrs. Gwynne, making tea.

This lady glanced up, caught the ations may act as deterrents. look in the girl's eye and said;

"What has Mr. Revery been doing?" "If you don't care for him he cares discomfiture. for you."

neffable scorn. "For my money, you not care for you in the way you mean."

gri was in one of her "moods."

yours. You have grown morbid on around, the subject. You are quite capable of "Don't go, Nr. Severn; let me tell you being liked for yourself, even if you of an interview I have just had." are an beiross. Be reasonable. I sup. She had started to her feet again, and

You are mistaken!"

She paused abraptly. pet, and his tutor. 'The boy began to she was! Changeful as a witch, chatter away to his sister, but the "An interview?" said the young tutor presently said:

"Come, my boy," "Shall I give you a cup of tea, Mr. self, Severn?" said Mrs. Gwynne.

"Thank you; no." she laughed

well he keeps his place!" Mrs. Gwynne flushed angrily.

are times when you seem lacking not Brockton, the heiress. only in feeling but in good taste!

ton, perhaps!" Geraldine turned a little pale.

"How very cutting. How you take mendous effort. Mr. Severn's part! Happy Mr. Severn!" Then, abruptly, without warning of ton you will regret it perhaps." any sort, she bridged the space between "Regret giving nearly all my fortune and Mrs. Gwynne, in deep surprise judge as the world judges, do you? I felt the convulsive clasp of two young arms about her neck.

"Oh, Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! "Why-why-Geraldine!"

But the storm-or that phase of it

resolved! I shall know what to expect!" form of human hypocrisy. Others may Her eyes shone, a brilliant smile may feel themselves exalted by flashed over the traces of tears. She such a position. I felt myself degradpened the door and vanished. When Thomas Ashington Revery

"What! already? She told me she

expeted to remain out until the last

"Oh she is only gone in for two or ree days," Mrs. Gwynne hastened

wished to see her lawyer and her guar- on, goading her to abrupt disco wished to see her lawyer and ... "You Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you dian." Mrs. Gwynne smiled. "You Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you

and brought with it a party of father, and scape the pink coats minds and daughter, who had an experi- spots. The gray up-piled clouds part. Did one ever see cleerly how one stood stricken two men dumb with acquisite the party of father. there and there giving a passage of with art liver lances of shining light. There inwardly furning. She had seemed seem so strange, does it? Mr. 1800 was a sea wind at large, but it was sometimes to like him well-very wellwas a sea wind at large, out and she was certainly a very hand- given away nearly all my fortune. weeks ago they started on a career sandbar and of dead stretch of meadow some girl, and he, well, he was un-The hunt was over. The wind blew was the money! It appeared outrageons to the young man, whose own things at times," declared Mrs. Gayna o more keenly.

"It's veering to the east," said the patrimony was less ample than he People will really believe at length the her from start to mash. Fortunate we had a capital day. There'll be rain riding by now, and the tall dark fellow me, either? It is true—rue—! with him was his tutor. It occurred Nothing original in the remarks to Tom Revery to wonder, in passing yer and-

"Must be rather rough on the poor

It was a week later, and Miss Brock But Miss Geraldine Brockton ap- but had been sitting with Mr. Revery

the absurd, the impossible. Had she There had now fallen over the room not owned a million in her own right, a heavy silence. It lasted only a few such peculiarities as hers such things seconds, but the pause seemed an endwould really have seemed in question- less one. Miss Prockton had risen able form. She was even a unsizable suddenly and was standing with an ver-white light that filtered through visitor seemed helpless to fumble for She startled up confusedly. The be the clouds and melted and were gone the fitting word, she repeated a little nervously:

had seemed vivid, animated, pleaced marry you, Mr. Revery. I shall never herself against the door. The hall wa

At this unlikely statement the suitor regained courage.

"Miss Brocton' Geraldine!"

"No; it is improbable that I should ever marry. Of course, many men Thomas Ashington Revery to himself | might be ten pted to propose to me-"How is one to make headway with thinking me rich. But my property a prostrate body. will soon by my own desire, be so disposed of that I shall have only a modmy will is so made that nothing I have her chaprone, relative and companion, in case of my death, would go to my dragged it out of the room and b husband, to you see such consider- with it.

"Miss Brockton, you-you cannot think, it is not possible that you would running up her pretty dressing gon "Doing?" Miss Brockton's magnific believe me- " Revery was turning in cent eyes flashed fire. "Do you sup rapid succession, from red to white Arthur Severn's coat, while this cover pose I care what that creature does?" from white to red. The girl pitied his

"Not at all Mr. Revery I suspect "For me!" Geraldine laughed with you of no interested motives. But I do

Five minutes afterward she was sit So that was the trouble again. Mrs. ting by the fire, alone, a scornful smile Gwynne had perceived at once that the on her lips that faded away and into a Mrs. Gwynne appeared white and sigh. Some one came in at the door as "i shall advise you, Ceraldine, to she sat there, but turned again retreat" id yourself of that prepossession of lng. At the sound Geraldine glanced

pose you are not prepared to be an old stood in the attitude she had assumed a maid? Then Jon't ask too much of little before, with her arms resting on the chitmney top. Dusk was coming on and the room was in a penumbra save "I hate my money!" she sail with a for the firelight. These leaping flames slow, vibrant intensity. "I mate it" illuminated the face above them. Such "You would hate more being with a face! Arthur Severn felt dizzy for a out it," observed Mrs. Gwynne, sip moment. He had never seen her look like that. She had never flashed that "You think so?" said the girl coldly, smile, that eyebeam upon him. She had never addressed him in that friend-A lad had ly jesting tone. She was suddenly all burst into the room, followed by a life all softness, all charm, 'he seemed young man tall and dark. This was to wish to atone for her sufferness, her Eddie, Miss Brockton's brother and arrogance. What a will o' the wisp

> man guardedly. He would not let himself go. He kept a tight rein on him,

"With Mr. Revery; yes-fancy! I have all at once come to the conclusion He was gone with the boy. Geral- that I wish to be married, if I am mardine had not spoken. After a nittle ried at all for myself. The heiress Miss Brockton, will in a short time "What a model tutor he is! How have practically ceased to exist and Geraldine only smiled a divine smile. there will remain only Geraldine Brockton, though a moment before he had "I wonder at you, Geraldine! There offered his hand and heart to Miss

the was laughing now. Her eyes evern is a gentleman a scholar! More continued to flash upon him with that giving up your money?" of a gentleman and undoubtedly more strange lambent persistence. It was of a scholar than any Gwynne or Brock-like a challenge. What could she mean? Again Severn seemed to turn dizzy. He to make sure that he loved me for my kept his outward composure by a tre | self. And he does! He does!

"If what you say is true, Miss Brock-

herself and the little Moorish stand, to charitable institutions? Ah, you had thought differently of you, Mr Severn. Why shoull I wish to be so rich?" she cried with a sort of flerce Don't mind me! Don't scold me! I-I ness. Other women may be able to I am unhappy! And in doubt, I am stand the test. I could not. It was ideal in fiction called forth the followmaking me hard, suspicious. It was making me doubt the whole world. It was stifling me. I shall have enough mental, impassioned, graceful, elegant, at least—had passed already. Geral- left for the decencies and comforts of full of illusions and not the simple dine drew herself up. She set her life. And I am free! Yes I am free now. Before I was a slave -- a slave to "But I shall not be any longer! I am daterrers, to fortune hunters, to every

ed!" he stopped. She almost seemed to called the next day, Mrs. Gwynne was pant. The blood rushed to Severn's constrained to tell him that Miss brain. He took a step forward. What was he about to do-what to say? Whatever it might have been the portier was drawn aside and Mrs. Swynne came in. The words remained unut-

tered on his lips. But Miss Brockton spoke. A strat

to explain. "She told me that she spirit seemed to possess her, urging he be surprised too, at my news? seems scarcely to believe that I have

"What nonsense!" said Mrs Garns Severn had vanished.

"You do say such extractinar

"Aunt Martha!" Geraldine to upright before her. "You don't believe was why I went to town to see the he

Mrs. Gwynne had fallen into a cha "What! Then all I have to say, Ger a'dine, is that you are insone ever heard of a girl giving away be fortune before?"

"Perhaps not, but-" "You will regret this!" Geraldine gave a strange, slightly bitter smile.

"I hope not."

"Jerry! Jerry!" It was her younger brother's voice and it startled her from a fitful siese called again. His room was just acres the hall. An acrid odor smoke touch "I am sorry—very sorry—for this her nostrils. Throwing on her wrappe misunderstanding. But—I—cannot and weak-kneed with fear, she three dark. She opened the door of the boy room-a dense cloud rose toward be and smote her in the face.

"Eddy! Eddy!" cried the girl an threw herself into the room. She could see nothing. She was blinded sh could not breathe. She stumbled or

"Eddy!" she stammered again.

Then she felt herself wrenched away by a strong arm, and some one ha seized the boy's inanimate form a

The next clear thing of which sh was conscious was a tongue of flame and of being suddenly enveloped in ing and his hands and arms stilled the just-born blaze. They stood in the hall and the cloak-and the armswere still around her, and she was trembling in their clasp. Lights flashed out at the other end of the hall, breathless.

"Merciful heaven!"

It was only a little fire after all started from the boy's bed curtain hav ing taken the blaze of a candle which he had left near it as he dropped asleep. It was not long before the la had been restored to consciousness, th tattered curtain torn down, and the

Lut Mrs. Gwynne did not regain le color. What was that she had seen Should she ever forget it? Geraldin Arthur Severn. Why he had held be in his arms! He had held her in hi arms and she had not seemed to strug gle-she had not seemed to move!

All the next day Mrs. Gwynne wen about in a sort of a dream. Finally entering the drawing-room at twilight as she had done the day before, she staggered back. If there had been any doubt in the night there was no doubt now. Geraldine and Seven were there near the fire, very cl se to gether, and he was bending over the uplifted face.

"Aunt Martha!" Arthur started and stood upright. It is a man's misfortune never to look heroic thus caught in the act. But "Aunt Martha, Mr. Severn and I are

to be married next month." An hour later Mrs. Gwynne said: "And so this was the reason for you

"Yes. My money kept him away from me. And-and I wanted beside

Mrs. Gwynne looked at the radiant face for a long silent minute. "You are certainly," she observed with slow deliberation, "the most eccen"

tric girl I ever knew in my life." And Geraldine only laughed. New York Me cury.

The inquiry among French authors ing from a lady: "In order to charm and attrac; me a novel should be senti pho ograph of my ordinary existence, which weighs me down on account o its vulgarity and commonplace, which follows me eve: ywhere, which I know too well and which I would like to for-

A Queer Place for a Horn. In the lot of sheep shipped by Davis Miner was a curiosity. About one third of the way back from the shoulders of a ewe a horn grew out of its back. The horn was just the same any other sheep horn and was about three inches in length.—Doniphas (Ma.) Prospect-News.