

WHEN WE GROW OLD.

When we grow old, dear love, and from my eyes...

When time shall turn these sunny locks to gray...

When grace and ease and elegance are gone...

LOVE'S FANCY.

There's Hester—walking beside Major Arnott's chair again!

His aunt laughed. "That cripple fellow, now, he'd be bound to appeal to her."

"He was an able officer, certainly. But there's—lightly—'malarias' the deuce!

"To be definite," said Mr. Bevis, in his airy, complacent way.

"My dear boy! Do you suppose I haven't heard of your numerous flirtations?"

"Sh, sh,"—her nephew, softly chiding him, struggled feebly, with the smug smile of complacency.

"You're the youngest woman of my acquaintance," he said thoughtfully, regarding her with sober gravity.

"You're younger in thought and mind,"—continuing—"than many of our ward chits of seventeen."

"You are kind of old lady," he said, smiling into gravity.

"Yes, you," mimicking her tone. Then, voice and face softening, "your heart is so tender, so full of womanly sympathy."

"The danger board attracts me. In quite another tone, "There's a delightful sort of enjoyment skating over the risky places."

"You'll go through." "A cold bath is always invigorating."

the chair. Finding a cushion displaced by the restless, impatient head...

"It is really marked, the way in which we thin women are slighted, Major Arnott," she went on brightly.

"Strength, speed! What's the use of 'em, pray?" he growled out, savagely.

"Look at me, Miss Wolstencroft. I was strong a year ago. . . . I could run and leap and dance with the best."

"The sea was sparkling in the sunshine. Miss Wolstencroft blinked her eyes, as if the strong light hurt them.

"With an inarticulate murmur—poor man! it sounded like a curse—he turned his head aside."

"I am looking," she went on, as if he had not spoken, and with her head a little on one side.

"I'll stake my purse to a penny postage stamp," he continued, critically, "they're twenty-two across if they're an inch."

"Don't try to flatter me into tranquility and nice behavior, Miss Wolstencroft; I'm not to be cajoled."

"And so," he went on presently, "you are confident of your powers?"

"You're the youngest woman of my acquaintance," he said thoughtfully, regarding her with sober gravity.

"I'm fairly hale and active," was the reply. "You're younger in thought and mind."

"You are kind of old lady," he said, smiling into gravity.

"Yes, you," mimicking her tone. Then, voice and face softening, "your heart is so tender, so full of womanly sympathy."

"The danger board attracts me. In quite another tone, "There's a delightful sort of enjoyment skating over the risky places."

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"Um!" She shot a shrewd glance at the obstinate face beside her.

mounted. I should hold you on tight. "I believe you would," laughing a trifle nervously.

"You're crying! Crying! You! Stop it, Hester! Stop it, I tell you, or I shall set this!"

"The aged man trundling the bath chair ambled along with bent back and deaf ears apparently."

"No, she's still marching that tire-ome cripple up and down. Call to her, Percy. The girl's good nature will include the rotten planks."

"You're jealous, Percy!"—In Mrs. Vincent's tones. Kind. . . . Kind, because she pities the poor thing.

"The bath-chair man sat blinking in the sun. Bevis had had his answer, and he didn't like it."

"Major Arnott and his man were installed in 'furnished rooms.' Bare and unlovely as they were, the time he had spent in the golden hour stolen from the dreary twenty-four."

"You've returned?" she said—rather needlessly, of course.

"When she would have questioned him he rushed into a description of the Private Nursing Home, its inmates, and the incidents attendant on their detention in it during the last seven days."

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came and the selfishness called wisdom—everything that wrings the joy and sweetness out of life.

"And no one could ever love you better, or take such care of you, as I would. Peters, of course, is kind; he likes you, and so he tries to understand, but I know!

"You've tortured me, Hester!"—the quiet voice came presently out of the shadows—"but I've won the fight."

"The postman was going on his evening rounds. In his deep suffering and great renunciation, Arnott yet found his ears straining to catch the monotonous 'rat-tat.'"

"She lifted her face presently, and got upon her feet. Her voice broke. She walked over to the fireplace. In the glass their blank eyes met."

"She nodded to the blurred reflection wrote to today's mail resigning the post which kept him from his home out yonder."

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SHORT STORIES.

A STORY OF GRANT.

Most stories and reminiscences of General Grant are of the military or political nature.

"The president was passing through the department of dead letters," said Mr. Tyner, and jokingly commented on the unattractive appearance of the clerks.

"But the next day a lovely young girl came into my office with a note from President Grant, simply asking me to fulfill my promise, without referring, however, to its character."

"Wilderness that I mounted my horse and went for a ride. I was full of anxiety, and my preoccupation went outside of our lines and found to my dismay that I was being chased."

"My horse was a good one and I rode hard until I came to a little half-concealed cabin, where I dismounted and said to the man who came to the door."

"I am a confederate," he answered proudly. "Well, sir, I am General Grant. Can you hide me for a little while, as I am being pursued?"

"What? Didn't you know it? Have you never understood?" She spoke recklessly, excitedly, walking up and down.

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ments of the troops toward the right and left bank. Finally he moved toward the road leading westward in the direction of the bay, and, as he did so, two more two-inch shells flew down the road toward the fringe of flame which marked the position of the Spanish batteries.

"Cease firing, Captain! I am going to storm these works!" "Turning and measuring the distance with his eye from his position to the line of trenches ahead, he drew his horse to the left of the road and in a clear, firm tone said, "What officer will lead a charge down this road?"

"It was to these words, spoken without a tremor, when the bullets fairly flew by in clouds, that a response was given by the battery in a pistol charge. When the general was exposed in the center of the crossroads the men, forgetting discipline and their own danger, were shouting at the general, "Look out; you'll be killed!"

"There care be no doubt of his miraculous escape from seeming certain death, as a hundred pair of eyes gazed upon him and a number of times afterward seated on the back of that brown and white pony, facing almost certain death, with an expression as calm and collected as though it was only a sham battle with lots of noise and no danger—An Astor Battery Man, in the New York Sun.

"I'm not the man I was when we were at college," was the reply, as the hand clasped.

"I've been married since I saw you last." "So, that's what's the matter with you, is it?" "Oh, huh!" "Poor old chap! Come in and have something."

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