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ALMOST A SEA TRAGEDY.

The Story of a Newly Wedded Pair and a Bathing Suit.

They had been wedded a week and this sweet day they were down by the sea, where the billows beat musically upon the silver sands and fall in rhythmic cadence upon the sentient shore, changing ever, as if it were a living thing.

They had wandered away from the crowd in the earlier morning, but as the hour approached when Neptune holds his reception to the bathers they mingled again with the throng and shyly tried the wetness of the waters.

She was so blushing, so timid, and he was so brave, so daring.

He met the waves face to face and breasted them, and when she screamed as a breaker dashed upon him, he said to her:

"Tut, tut, Mamie, it is nothing."

She leaned upon his strong right arm and clung to him fondly, as he took her out into the briny and boisterous surf, and she was so proud of him.

Strong limbed and lithe and lissom, he was a picture even in his bathing suit and well might Mamie feel that George was a prize package.

Once more they essayed the billowy depths, and George had made a mighty effort against a wave to prevent himself and his fair bride from standing on their heads before a thousand eyes upon the beach.

She screamed in merry glee, but when George came up clutching at himself and growing deadly pale she screamed in wild affright.

"Oh, George! George!" she cried.

"Sh—sh—," he hissed through the seething salt water.

She would have screamed for help, but he caught her.

"Keep still, keep still," he whispered hoarsely as a great wave engulfed them and she kept still.

"What is it? oh, George, what is it?" she moaned as he dragged himself along on the bottom with only his head visible.

He steadied himself as he best could and looked at her dreamily for a moment.

"Mamie," he murmured, "do you love me?"

"Oh, George," she cried, "more than life itself;" but she did not touch him, for she was fearful.

"Well, dear, if you do," he said, "skip across the beach and bring a closed carriage here. I've ripped my bathing suit up the back and if I move six inches I'll fall out of it."

And Mamie skipped.—Detroit Free Press.

Naughty Tommy.

Tommy is a naughty kitten. He doesn't want to go to school with his sister; but his mother has just come to the door, and Tommy is a little bit afraid he will get a whipping, and so he has concluded to go. See how he is pouting, with one little paw in his mouth.

Mighty Wearing on a Man.

The lord of the manor slept, although the baby had the colic and was in nowise disposed to suffer in silence.

"Wah—oop—oo—oo—wah!" wailed the infant.

Distracted at the child's distress, the mother rushed wildly to the cradle.

"Hushaby, hushaby," cooed she.

"Gr-r-r—siss—poo," snored the lord of the manor.

The woman made ten quick laps around the room, danced the suffering babe vigorously and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make young children forget their troubles.

"Woop," yelled the little one.

"Hush-a-bye baby on the tree"—

"Gr-r-r-oo—siss—poo."

The lord of the manor slept.

One by one the sands of time flowed through the hourglass. Minutes grew into hours. Just as the rising sun was coloring the eastern horizon with a delicate glow, the baby fell asleep. With a smile of tender radiance the mother placed her darling in the cradle, and imprinting a soft kiss upon its brow turned to her own couch.

The lord of the manor stirred and opened his eyes.

"Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly asked, with a yawn.

The wife and mother sighed.

"No, John," she wearily rejoined.

They slept.

"I shouldn't be surprised"—

It was the lord of the manor talking to a friend next day.

"If I looked mighty haggard. This being up nights"—

He gaped prodigiously.

—"with the baby is mighty wearing on a man."

The lord of the manor looked decidedly dissatisfied with life.—Detroit Tribune.

The Game of Love.

No matter what the players say,
It's still the lover's sport,
For even though they go to play
They still must go to court.
—New York Evening Sun.

A Recipe.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
A millionaire's fair daughter
Make a summer grand.
—New York Herald.

FAIR SURF BATHERS.

HOW THEY DISPORT THEMSELVES AT DIFFERENT RESORTS.

The Long Branch Girl Cares More for Horse Racing Than Sea Bathing—Decorous Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Scenes and Incidents at Coney Island.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 11.—The Long Branch girl is bright and pretty, not so nautical as "hersy" and an indefatigable dancer. While the Newport and Narragansett girls fairly live on the sands and in the surf, the Long Branch girls go to the races and on lovely long rides and sit around in gorgeous gowns. One reason for this perhaps is that the beach is not so fine and there are fewer flirting places along the shore, and it is less of a custom to sit and chat under the wel come privacy of a big umbrella. True, the moon and stars—all lovers' friends—shine just as fair and the murmur of the waves is just as sweet and melancholy, but it isn't the fashion down here to sit around in cozy, dark places and tell pretty stories about eternal, undying love, pre-existence in some bright star where the two newly acquainted ones had known and loved each other aeons and aeons ago. All the dark corners are monopolized by naughty married ladies and their husbands—or some one else's husbands.

LONG BRANCH GIRL.

Long Branch girls have their regular hours for surf bathing, and this is generally done in rather a perfunctory way as a duty, a solemn and often dangerous duty to one's self. The beach here is narrow and the water deep, and bathing becomes an imminent danger if one does not give one's full and entire attention to the business on hand. The vicious waves destroy all sentiment as they catch a girl up and roll her over seven or eight times.

The hotels at Long Branch, with their pleasant porches and cozy chairs, afford the places where young romance is hatched under artificial heat into a life that lasts from two hours to ten days and perhaps a lifetime. Here congregate the greatest number of actresses and women whose husbands own fast horses and men who love to see a race. Their romance generally consists in seeing all their hard earned, round silver dollars transferred to the pockets of the foolsellers—or is it pool? I am not very sure, but one thing is certain, and that is that the money is gone.

Whoso has not got a pocket full of money has no business at Long Branch, and an empty pocket is a double and treble crime here, and somehow romance true and pure is not so very rife at Long Branch, save in its most tragic aspects. But Asbury Park and Ocean Grove and Cape May just teem with it, particularly the two first named places. Where religion is there love has his abiding place, and cold water unmixed with spiritual liquids does not drown him. I say him because love in these places is so positive an affair, is so very tangible and alive that it is absolutely necessary to give him a sex, and we all know that love is a he.

AT ASBURY PARK.

There are several kinds of romance at these places, but never or hardly ever any that transgress the rules of propriety. There is the romance of the brotherly and sisterly union of hearts in the elderly couples that sit around in lonely spots along the fine smooth beach and recount their spiritual aspirations, and the more earthly but none the less pretty talk among the younger members of this great congregation. Sure, they are spoonier than they are at Newport, for they they have all the time a haunting sense of the rigid respectability of these places, which allow no downright courting that does not end in a call upon one or the other of the ministers who are thick as clams. And so, well, after all, it is the same old story—two souls, etc., made miserable one way or another, but having a lovely time while moonlight sea breezes, the swish of the waves and the music of the band last.

The Cape May girls are mostly from the Quaker City, and they are prim, demure and sweet. No open throated sailor collars for them. Oh, my, no! Perhaps their necks aren't pretty. Perhaps also their legs are thin, and that is the reason why they are so very shy and modest. And perhaps also that is why the ministers at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park don't wear sinful bathing costumes with short legs and no sleeves, and also why the girls at those two places look upon romance as a serious thing.

AN OCEAN GROVE SPECIMEN.

The bathing suit is a modern mirror of truth. No man can hide his shortcomings in one any more than a girl can, and therefore it behooves the thin ones to be very modest and proper and do their bathing when no one is looking if they don't want to destroy their hopes for a romance forever.

But Coney Island is the place where romance flourishes. To be sure, it is not quite so refined as that which searches through the dim mists of the past to find a time when they were "velvet tigers, ribbed with yellow and black, supple and cushion footed," etc., for these young maids and youths are more apt to sit on the beach and throw sand at each other and bandy words at each other. Here you will see a German girl, fair but flushed with sunshine and maybe beer, walking along in blissful unconsciousness of the crowds, holding a callow, beardless youth by the hand. She is dressed usually in a pretty enough gown and hat; he in rough, heavy shoes, a light derby hat four sizes too small and with a green woolen comforter around his neck. How happy they are! How perfectly oblivious of the rest of the world!

A CAPE MAY BEAUTY.

Two summers ago I was struck by a romance which was being enacted before me. A colored girl as black as ink, but well featured and well built, and two young men. The one who brought her hired her a chair, and then went off for some refreshments. While he was gone the other came and in hurried tones asked her to marry him. She hesitated a little, when he said, "I've got er razzer here if ye don't." So she said yes, and took his arm and walked off, and the other one came back with ginger ale and cakes to find her gone. Last week I saw the couple again. They were evidently married, and she appeared to be in delicate health, and he was very kind to her. After awhile I heard him say: "Ye feel better, don't ye, Julie? Ye've got a lubly color since we come down!"

And she was as black as ink! The great dry goods stores of the city, and the factories, and the workshops send thousands of pretty girls Sundays and Saturday afternoons down to the island, and there they wander around by twos and threes, or with their chosen young men, with whom they are "keeping steady company."

The girls, poor children, dress in the nattiest little sailor or tennis costumes, chiefly, I suppose, because they never did or expect to go to sea or play tennis, and if they bathe—and they generally do—it is in clothes that are not suggestive of the garments worn by the ballet in the "Black Crook." They go in for pure, invigorating, if rude fun, and you will never see a Coney Island girl lying prone on the surface of the water in an abbreviated costume, as you will in the higher priced places. She may be rough, coarse, loud and uneducated, but the little flower of modesty blooms somewhere in her heart, and has not been uprooted or killed by society.

CONEY ISLAND FAIRY.

It is very much the same thing everywhere. It is love in one form or other, according to the location and the social position of the person, and vitalized by the breezes that would put life into any one who had not, like Lazarus, lain five days dead.

MATE LEROY.

The Beautiful Kanawha.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 11.—"Up Kanaway," as the natives say, should be changed to "Up the beautiful Kanaway," for if ever a river was beautiful the Kanawha is. If ever banks were green and tree crowned summits romantic, the banks and hills of the Kanawha are. And the people! Generous, warm hearted, hospitable—making a friend and brother even of the book agent, they creep into your heart of hearts and there abide forever.

I wish I could make you all feel the welcome which I feel when I visit any of the beautiful farms between Point Pleasant and Charleston. In that welcome I forget that the carriage I ride in is liable at any moment to lose a wheel, that nothing under the sun which shines there has ever been mended. Then, too, I do so love to watch the people come in from the hill country back of the river, the women trudging barefoot until behind some fence corner near the store where they wish to trade they put on the shoes worn only on such occasions. Many of them, poor souls, never have seen a town, many of them never hear a sermon unless some circuit rider, once in months, harangues them for an hour at the school house.

I remember seeing the spiritual adviser once of the entire region come tramping down the road in his shirt sleeves, with all his worldly wealth tied up in a red cotton handkerchief suspended from a cane over his shoulder.

The upper part of the valley has been famous in history as the residence of Daniel Boone and as a great salt producing region, and is famous today as the very home of coal. In spite of its great mineral wealth the valley is poor in cities—even in villages. Charleston is yet among the "to be's," but it has a future, from the very fact of its loneliness in the midst of a wonderfully rich area.

It has a situation, too, which ought to make it a Mecca for tourists. Surrounded by wood crowned hills, beautiful drives, and with the mountains in the distance and the river creeping lazily by, it is as charming as it can be. The beauty of the entire valley is in its trees. They are everywhere, making out of every level spot a grove and of every hill a small green mountain.

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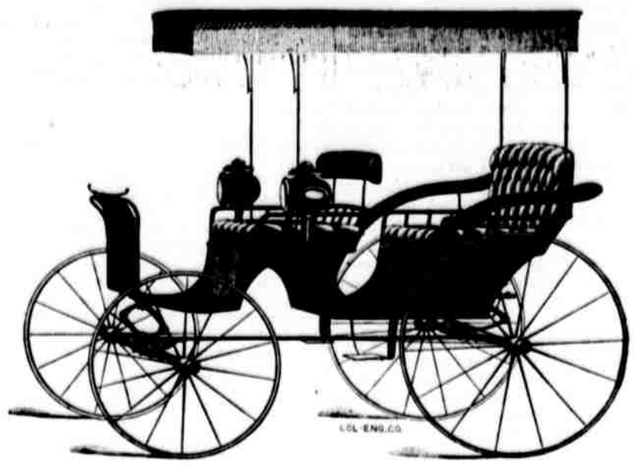

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