

ON THE BRIDGE.

When I tell you, my only friend, to whom I so rarely write and whom I more rarely see, that my lonely life has not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

returned. Then my heart would sink, and sighing, I would murmur inaudibly: "This is one of the bad Sundays?" There came a time when every Sunday was a bad one.

Terrible experience of a Pleasure Party. A small fishing schooner has just returned from a trip along the coast and brought with it a party of father, son and daughter, who had an experience which rarely falls to the lot of any one.

AN ECCENTRIC HEIRESS. Over the long brown level of the landscape the pink coats made vivid spots. The gray up-piled clouds parted here and there, giving a passage of liver lances of shining light.

to explain. "She told me that she wished to see her lawyer and her guardian." Mrs. Gwynne smiled. "You know she is a creature of moods."

spirit seemed to possess her, urging her on, goading her to abrupt disclosure. Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you're surprised too, at my news? I have made an announcement which has stricken two men dumb with astonishment already.