

STARLIGHT'S CRUISE.

In a book entitled, "Adventures by Land and Sea," which I picked up the other day, I saw a brief reference to the strange adventures of Capt. Wheaton of the ship Starlight. Among all the fore-castle yarns I ever heard that story takes the medal, and when I am through relating it the reader will be as much mystified as I have always been regarding it. Indeed, I never yet met a sailor who did not firmly believe in the truth of Capt. Wheaton's every statement. I tell the story because I was an actor in the first and last chapters.

It was in October, 1859, that I shipped as second mate on the Starlight, which was then lying in the port of Honolulu. She was an old whaler and had been sold at auction and cheaply refitted for a voyage to Lima and return, in the interest of some California shippers. We left port in ballast only and were two men short in our complement. Capt. Wheaton was a Barnegat man and the crew all English-speaking people. For the first fortnight no ship ever had better weather. The captain, as I understood him, was an earnest, conscientious man, being above the average in point of intelligence, and of strictly temperate habits. The first mate brought a demijohn of whisky aboard the day before sailing, but the captain made him ship it ashore at once, and he cautioned the forecastlemen that he would clap them in irons who was found the worse for liquor. The men used slyly to refer to him as "The Sunday school superintendent," and I believe he was good enough to have filled the bill.

At the end of the fortnight the fine weather was broken by a rousing gale, which struck us during my night watch, and all hands had to be called. We had a hard time of it during the first hour, and were finally compelled to lay the ship to the wind that the captain was washed overboard by a heavy sea which boarded us. With him went one of the sailors, the hencecoops, several spare spars and booms, and a lot of deck raffle, and by the time the ship had shaken herself clear of the foam it was too late to render any assistance. Indeed, it was a serious question just then whether any of us would live another half hour. The storm did not break for nearly twenty hours, and the old ship was so strained and knocked about that her life was ended. The gale had scarcely abated when she began to leak faster than the pumps could throw the water out, and on the seventeenth day of the voyage we had to abandon her.

When we had been afloat for four days in the open boats we were picked up by the American bark Yankee Boy, bound from Boston to San Francisco. We were then to the north of the equator, and fully one hundred miles from the Galapagos Islands. These islands lay a good distance to the left of the true course from Honolulu to Lima, and at that date every one of them was well known and all were inhabited by natives who could speak more or less English.

Now, as we got the gale dead from the north, and as the end of the sea was outward for several days, Capt. Wheaton could not possibly have been floated toward the Galapagos. He must have been driven down toward the Marquesas group, or possibly to reach any of those islands he would have had to drive for hundreds of miles, and for days and weeks. How was a man swept overboard in a gale to sustain himself above a few hours, even if not drowned at once? Ask yourself these questions, and you will answer them as all others have done, and you will be as greatly mystified over the captain's story.

On the 4th day of September, 1860, as the English whaling ship Lady Bascombe was nearing the equator, being about midway between the Marquesas group and the time being 11 o'clock at night, she was hailed from out of the darkness, and five minutes later had Capt. Wheaton aboard. He had then been afloat for three days and a half on a small but well-constructed raft, which was provided with a sail and had carried him safely and buoyantly an estimated distance of 120 miles. The captain was in good health and spirits, but would answer no questions until he had seen the captain of the Bascombe. The sailors knew that he must have been wrecked, but that he should be alone in such seeming good health in that dreary spot was a great mystery to them. Capt. Moore, of the Bascombe, had heard of the loss of the Starlight, and when Capt. Wheaton introduced himself he created a big sensation. He was at first taken for an impostor, but he had letters and documents in his pockets to prove his identity at once. That being settled, he told his story. I have heard him tell it four or five times over, and can relate it almost word for word.

When Capt. Wheaton was swept overboard he gave himself up for lost. He got but one look at the ship, and realizing that she was driving away from him and that he was beyond rescue, he ceased swimming, and hoped to drown at once. Just then a hen-coop floated within reach, and in a second he changed his mind and fastened to the float. He was clear on the point of floating all that day and far into the night when he lost consciousness, but did not let go his float. He remembered nothing the next day until about an hour before sundown, when he opened his eyes and came to

his senses to find himself lying on the sands, his float near by, and the storm cleared away. He was stiff and sore and bewildered, and he crawled further up to the shore and went to sleep again, and it was sunrise before he again opened his eyes. About an hour later he knew that he was on an island about three miles long by one mile wide. It was well wooded, contained several springs of fresh water, and there was an abundance of wild fruit to sustain life. There was not an inhabitant or sign of one, nor did he find any living thing except birds and monkeys.

Wheaton was not only a good seaman but a well educated and well posted man, and he had sailed on the Pacific for many years. There was hardly an island in that ocean which he had not set foot on and could recognize by sight again. After a bit he began to figure on his location, and he had made out that he had been driven ashore on an unknown and uncharted island lying very close to the equator, and in longitude 120 degrees west. This put him midway on a northeast, and southwest line, between the Marquesas group and the Galapagos Islands. He visited both groups, and as both were inhabited at that time he could not be mistaken in his location had he gone ashore on any one of them. He found proofs satisfactory to himself that the island was of volcanic origin, not over twelve or fifteen years old, and that the luxuriant vegetation was due to tropical climate. The birds, of which there were several species, perhaps have flown there from some of the other islands, but how the monkeys reached the spot was a puzzle the captain never got over. That he found 'em there was proved when he was rescued, there being two pet animals on the raft.

When the castaway came to walk around his island he found the wreck of the Scotch brig McNeil on the east shore, and the wreck of the California ship Golden Bar on the west coast. Both craft had been reported lost with all on board two or three years before. The one was a whaler and the other a trader. The captain not only said he found them, but he had the name of the ship and some papers belonging to the brig. He found and buried the skeletons of thirteen sailors, and among the debris of the wreck he secured a large quantity of clothing, considerable money, some bedding, a lot of tools, ropes, boards and planks, and within a week he began the work of building a boat to enable him to escape.

I always felt that the old man must have had a jolly life of it for the ten months and over he was on what he called "Wheaton Island," but he dwelt on the fact that it was terribly lonely. It went harder with him because he had wife and six children, and he knew that they would be mourning his death. He found several barrels of whiskey and a lot of tobacco in the plunder, but he was not content to sit still and enjoy himself. He put in two months on his boat, and had just got her finished when a storm set in and she broke her moorings and drifted out to sea. Anxiety and exposure, aided by the worry about the folks at home, laid the old man on his back for several weeks, and he probably had a close call from slipping his cables. He got up slowly, and he had been wasting his materials, he found that he must turn to a raft if he ever got away. He worked at it odd hours, being ill and despondent, for several months, and when it was finished he hesitated a full month before making a start, hoping every day to sight a sail. He had a signal flying by day, and almost every night he kept a fire going, but rescue never came.

One day, two weeks before he set out on his voyage, the Captain made a great discovery. In a rough, wild place in the center of the island, where a mass of rock was thrown up in great confusion, he found a lump of gold as big as your fist. Aye! more than that, he found masses of it so heavy that he could not lift them. These chunks, he said, were as pure as his big nugget, and that I not only held in my hand, but saw the certificate of assay reading that it was 91 per cent. pure gold. He sold it at the mint in San Francisco for over \$12,000, and that in my presence. In the course of three or four days the Captain piled up such a heap of gold on his island that he dared not estimate its value. There was enough to make a dozen men for life, and more to be had with picks and iron bars. Then the demon of avarice would not let him wait any longer for rescue. Indeed he did not want to be rescued. He made his craft ready, cut branches and pulled grass to hide his nuggets and set sail with a fair wind to the northeast, hoping to get into the track of ships bound for the Sandwich Islands. He was picked up as I have told you, but he found a tough nut in the English Captain. He had to believe that Capt. Wheaton had left some island not far away, for there was the man and there was the raft. He couldn't have made himself up the island, was one of the group to the east or west, but yet he wouldn't believe in a nearer island because it wasn't charted. He simply jumped to the conclusion that the castaway had suffered and endured until his mind was off its balance. This was natural enough in one sense, but when Wheaton came to show him the relics from the two wrecks, and when the two monkeys were skipping about on deck, anyone but an Englishman would have been convinced.

Capt. Wheaton was sharp enough to withhold his big secret until he had learned something of the Englishman. When he found all his stories and assertions discarded he held his tongue, and let them believe he was light in the upper story. He was taken to the Sandwich Islands, as a castaway, and thence, with money found on his unknown island, he paid his passage to San Francisco. It was at this latter port he found me, and within two hours after meeting him I had the story. I had no reason to doubt its entire truth. Three or four others were taken into the secret, and we formed a syndicate to go after the gold. I had a legacy of \$8,000 from

an aunt, and I was engaged in an equal amount, and I bought a new one and fitted her out and named her. Something of Capt. Wheaton's wonderful adventures got into the papers, and there was great anxiety to find out where we were going.

We had ten times as many men of for their services as we could accept, and when the story of the big lump of gold was whispered around two other crafts fitted out to follow us. We went out of the harbor on a dark and stormy night, and two or three days before we were supposed to be ready, and thus gave them the slip. One of the vessels stood up the coast when ready to come out, and the other loaded for the Sandwich Islands and was lost in a gale.

As the captain had \$9,000 in the enterprise, and had not even waited to visit his family, the reader must credit him with honestly believing all he asserted. As I had an equal amount invested, the reader must believe that I am writing of things as they honestly looked to me. How could I or any one else disbelieve? There was a nugget there the papers and relics, and the English captain knew of the raft and lone passenger being picked up 700 miles from any known land. There wasn't the least difficulty in making others believe, either. I think we could have raised \$200,000 capital if there had been need of it. The trouble was to keep capitalists from coming out.

Wheaton had no sooner been rescued than he asked for the Englishman's latitude and longitude. Then he figured on the direction and strength of the wind and the progress of his raft, and he had had the location of his island down to within five miles. I have had miners and geologists tell me that no gold was ever found in a volcanic upheaval of the sea. If not, where did the captain get that big lump? There is no gold on any charted island in the Pacific, and he certainly could not have drifted to or put off on his raft, from the coast of South America. It was easy enough to sneer at a story, but not so easy to get around cold facts.

We had a fine run to Honolulu, and remained there for a week to make some needed repairs and lay in more provisions and water. Capt. Wheaton there met a fellow captain named Briggs, who commanded a New Bedford whaler, and without a suspicion of what he was doing this man greatly discouraged us.

He had just come in from a long cruise, which the chart showed must have taken him very near the unknown island. He had not sighted it, but the log book reported that when in that neighborhood something like an earthquake had occurred. Indeed, one did occur, and a new island was born in the Galapagos group. The ship rocked violently in mid-ocean, and a sort of tidal wave came near being her destruction. Next day the whaler encountered many green trees floating about, and he said to Capt. Wheaton that he had no doubt some island had been overwhelmed. He had no suspicion of our errand, and related the above simply as an adventure. However, from that hour we lost all heart. Figure as we would, we could not shake off the conviction that it was the unknown island which had been destroyed in the same manner it was born.

After a long and tedious run from the Sandwich Islands we finally drew near the location. Then for days and days we sailed to and fro, and at length realized that the island had gone. It was not there to enrich us and to prove the captain's story true but still we found proofs. We discovered more than 100 trees floating about as we sailed this way and that, and after we had given up all hope we made a still greater find. The boat which Wheaton had built and lost turned up on that vast expanse of sea. It was sighted from the mast-head one morning, and two hours later we had it alongside. It was water-logged, but floating well enough for all that, and its finding was the strongest link in the whole chain. We hoisted her on board and brought her to San Francisco to exhibit to the silent stockholders in our enterprise, and that relic was the only thing we could show them. The story has been told and retold among sailors in various ways, and portions of it has been published, but I have here given it entire and correctly for the first time.

Officers in the survey service of both England and America have denied that any such island existed, even for a month; but I ask the reader if I have often asked myself: If not, what land could Capt. Wheaton have reached in so short a time? He knew every foot of his island and drew a map of it. No other island would answer the description. He built a boat and we found it. He built a raft and it bore him into the tracks of ships. He found gold and he found and saved papers and relics which settled the fate of two missing vessels. That island was born in ten seconds, when the bottom of the sea upheaved. Why should it not have been destroyed just as quickly? It is not the only one which has come and gone, and the fact of its remaining no longer covered with timber and vegetation was no guarantee that it would always remain. That's my word, gentlemen, and if you are unsatisfied you are no worse off than your humble servant who lost all in the venture.

A Sea and a Sea.

The wife of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage, sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning:

"A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in punctuation nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

First deacon—You've got that horse yet, I see. Second deacon—Why shouldn't I have him? You are always selling or trading your horses, you know. S. D.—There isn't anything the matter with this one.—Cartoon.

FACT IS A FACT.

I remember once in my childhood's school, when I was learning Geography's rule. My master, a man whose methods I hold in teaching a child could not be excelled. To fix in my mind the formula sound—"The shape of this planet is round." "Laid down on an apple of a round size." ("Which I fastened my longing eyes; An object to make of this fruit so red." "This is the world! Do you see?" he said.

He remarked, I think, the looks I had cast. For after awhile, when the lesson was past, The tempting fruit in my hands he placed, But never shall I forget the first taste. For the apple that looked so good and so sweet.

Was decayed through to core, not fit to eat. Then in one I think, his great wisdom showed (Which did, I think, his great wisdom show). Said the master, on seeing my grief profound.

"As the apple, thus is the world often found." —Gertrude B. Duffie from the Sp. Ansh.

Pistols and Diamonds.

Uncle Meriwether never liked Eustace. He never did him justice from the beginning, and when he heard that I was actually engaged to him he spoke in such a way that I declared I wouldn't endure it.

"I am old enough, I hope, to choose for myself," said I.

"I don't know about that, Patty," said my uncle, shrugging his shoulders.

But I remained to hear no more. I flounced back into the house, slamming the door in Uncle Meriwether's honest, spectacled face, and bursting into tears as soon as I reached the sitting room.

"It's a shame," said my sister Elspeth. "Don't cry, Patty; I'm sure the whole matter is transparent enough. Uncle Meriwether wouldn't be so domineering about it if he did not want you to marry Paul."

"I wouldn't marry Paul Meriwether if there wasn't another man in the world," said I, viciously. "And I'll marry Eustace Dalzell anyhow, now. Uncle Meriwether says we don't know anything about him, but I'm sure we know enough."

That was a false assertion on my part. I only knew of my handsome fiancé what he himself had chosen to tell me—namely, that he was a New York engineer staying down at Wrayfield a few weeks for his health. And his friend, Mr. Belfield, was a stock broker. Oh, how I wished Mr. Belfield might take a fancy to Elspeth. It would be so nice to be married at the same time—to go together and live in New York!

We lived together in the lonely old brick house on the edge of the moor, so that I was very glad when Olive Outley came down from Binchester to visit it, and brought her wedding set of diamonds to show.

Elspeth and I looked with awe and admiration at the sparkling gem—necklace, earrings and brooch.

"Are they very valuable?" I asked.

"Three thousand dollars, I believe," said Olive, complacently. "They belonged to Herbert's mother, and they are to be re-set before I wear them."

But just then Elspeth gave a start and turned scarlet, and following the direction of her eye I turned scarlet, and beheld Eustace Dalzell standing smiling in the doorway, with his hat in his hand.

Somehow the diamonds made me nervous, and I could not help, in the course of the evening, confiding my vague fears to Eustace.

But Eustace laughed at me, and made light of my fears.

Eustace Dalzell went home earlier than usual this night. In my perturbation I had almost resolved to ask him to remain all night, a self-constituted guardian of our treasures, but I did not venture to do so, and so at 10 o'clock we three girls, with Dinah in the kitchen, were left to ourselves.

I had intended to lie awake all night, but I must have fallen into a light doze without being aware of it, for the clock was striking 12 when I started up at the loud peal of the door bell below. Olive was at my side in an instant. Elspeth had her arm around me, and even Dinah hovered in with a flaring lamp in her hand.

"Go to the door, do, some of you," cried I hysterically. "Ask who it is. Ask what they want."

And while Olive, Elspeth, and the old attendant obeyed my behest, I hurriedly threw on my white dressing gown and went to the head of the stairs to listen, for I felt that in an emergency like this some one ought to keep close to the diamonds.

"There is no one here," I heard Elspeth say, after the bolts and the bars of the front door were withdrawn.

"Yes, there is," I hear some one groaning at the other end of the veranda," persisted Dinah. "Oh, dear, the draught has blown out my candle. This way, Miss Oatley, please—I'm afraid there's been an accident or something."

The next minute the heavy oaken door blew shut with a bang. It was self-fastening on the inside. I was all alone in the house.

A rustle under the vines that draped the north side of the house—a low whistle, and I could hear a voice saying in suppressed accents:

"They're safe enough outside, all three of 'em. Now's your time. Quick!"

It all flashed on my mind in a second—the sturdy boughs of the wistaria, which afforded so easy a ladder for an aspiring burglar to reach Olive's window—the open casement—the diamonds lying underneath the pillow. My worst fears had come true, and seizing the six-barrelled little pistol I rushed into the room just in time to see a tall figure with a mask over its face spring into the window and steal with cat-like motion across the room.

As his hand lay on the tiny canvas bag containing the precious jewels I raised the pistol and fired. At the same moment a muttered oath, mingled with a cry, sounded in my ears and the sound of something falling shook the beams of the floor.

I am not one of the fainting kind, but

for a minute or two I stood motionless. Then springing down stairs I admitted the three eager women who were huddled at the door.

"I've shot him! I've killed him!" was all that I could say. "Run up stairs, Dinah, and see if he is dead."

But Dinah would not go alone, so we all hurried up in a crowd—and there, half-sitting, half-lying against the bed post, with the canvas bag fallen to the ground beside him, and a red pool of blood under his right shoulder blade was—Eustace Dalzell.

Of course we sent for help to the nearest neighbor; of course we delivered my gallant lover, who was not fatally injured, over to the police; but by whom he was recognized as an old jail-bird, lurking in a new name.—New York Sun.

A Happy Family.

Raton, N. M., letter to the Kansas City Times says, there was a happy family living in a cage at a drug store in this city, the members of which family were a mouse, a mountain squirrel, an adder, and a rattlesnake which wore ten rattles. They had been confined in the cage for some time and were apparently on very amicable terms, when an emute broke out which finally ended in a war of extermination, and, strange to say, the squirrel well-nigh cleared the entire field.

When or why the row began is not known, the first outbreak noticed being an attack on the mouse by the squirrel in which the former was quickly brained, and the victor proceeded to dispatch the adder by simply cutting his throat. He then retired to refresh himself, and after eating heartily pounced on the rattlesnake. After fiercely biting and scratching the rattler he retired in good order without any serious injury.

Up to this time the snake had been a passive witness to the carnage about him but he now proceeded to join in the melee in earnest. He coiled himself up and, assuming a defensive attitude, waited for the second attack. The squirrel didn't give him long to wait, but the rattler met him half way, and giving a graceful, half circular sweep, fastened his fangs immediately behind the left shoulder of the squirrel. The plucky little animal shook himself loose and made ready to again attack the snake, which lay in the cage with flashing eyes and quivering tail. The poison from the snake rapidly took hold of the little animal, however, and he soon began to show signs of approaching death.

Among the thirty or forty witnesses of the spirited and exciting fight was a physician, who took the little fellow out and administered whisky, and strange to say, the next morning the little fellow was apparently as well as ever.

Put It In Writing.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transaction. The wise merchant taught by experience will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged, in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary of guarantees. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars worth of goods. Brown is all right, he will answer for that, etc.—Make him sign a memorandum.

A customer gives you a large order for future and instalment deliveries.—Make him sign it in writing.

You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed.

You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten prove uncertain and too sympathetic with that party whom they consider is the "under dog."

It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—Trade Mark Record.

"Sweet Solitude's Seclusion."

"Henry, have you sent word to the Social World that we sail for Europe next Monday?"

"Yes."

"And that there is a rumor to the effect that Bella is engaged to a foreign count at whose castle we will spend a portion of the season?"

"Yes my dear; I've taken care of that."

"Then I guess I'll write to Cousin Amanda to expect us in a day or so at the farm and say, 'Henry don't forget to get me two of those European guide-books. I don't intend to let that hateful Mrs. Sniff get ahead of me this year.'—Judge.

Vaccination in the Harem.

One hundred and fifty of the ladies of the Sultan's seraglio at Constantinople have just been vaccinated. The Italian surgeon who performed the operations was stationed on one side of an immense screen which concealed the women. A hole was made in the screen large enough for an arm to pass through, and the operator was confronted in turn by arms of every size and complexion. To guard against any temptation to curiosity, two eunuchs who stood by the surgeon, covered his head with a shawl after each operation, and did not remove it till the lady had withdrawn her arm and another one taken her place.

Lincoln With a Book.

Twenty years ago no photograph was more often seen than that of President Lincoln sitting with a big book on his knee, and his little son Tad leaning against him and looking at it with him. The book was then thought to be a Bible, but it wasn't. It was Photographer Brady's picture album, which the president was examining with his son while some ladies stood by. The artist begged the president to remain quiet, and the picture was taken.

SUNBEAM AND I.

We own no houses, no lots, no lands, No dainty viands for us are spread; By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands, We earn the pittance that buys us bread. Yet we live in a noble state, Sunbeam and I—than the millionaires Who dived off silver and golden plate, With liveried lackeys behind their chairs.

We have no riches in bonds or stocks, No bank books show our balances to draw; Yet we carry a safe key that unlocks More treasures than Croesus ever saw, We wear no velvets or satin fine, We dress in a very homely way, But, oh, what luminous lustres shine About Sunbeam's gown and my wooden gray.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar Breaks into stinging at Sunbeam's touch; But do not think that our evenings are Without their music; there is none such In the concert halls where the lyric air In palpitant billows swims and swoons; Our lives are psalms and our foreheads wear The calms of the hearts of perfect Junos.

When we walk together (we do not ride We are too poor), it is very rare We are loved unto from the other side Of the street—but not for this do we care, We are not lonely; we pass along— Sunbeam and I—and you cannot see (We can) what tall and beautiful throng Of angels we have for company.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies, And some days darken with drops of rain, We have but to look in each other's eyes, And all is sunny and bright again. All ours is the sunny light that transmutes The dregs to elixir, the dross to gold; And so we live on Hesperian fruits— Sunbeam and I—and never grow old.

Never grow old, and we dwell in peace, And love our fellows and envy none; And our hearts are glad at the large increase, Of plentifulness under the sun. And the days go by with their thoughtful tread, And shadows lengthen towards the West, But the wane of our young years brings no dread To harm our harvests of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray, And times will furrow my darling's brow; But never can Time's hand take away The tender halo that clasps it now. So we dwell in wonderful opulence, With nothing to hurt us nor upbraid; And my life trembles with the sun, And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

No letter for me, papa?" "None, Katy."

The expression of keen disappointment that fluttered across the pretty face of Kate Talbot was noticed not only by her father but by the handsome Rossmere Wylie, who accompanied him in his journey from the Post-Office.

"Kate," said Mr. Talbot as he dismounted from his horse, "somehow I don't believe in this cavalier of yours. Out of sight out of mind, you know, and it may be possible that in the attractions of a fashionable watering-place he has forgotten the little wild-flower of the Wellington hills."

"Never, papa! You and Rossmere were always unjustly prejudiced against him."

Rossmere Wylie looked at her with grave earnestness. Suppose for an instant Henry Gaynor was false? He sternly checked the upspringing throbs of his heart. Was it for him to build a palace of happiness on the wreck of Kate Talbot's first love?

Nevertheless the suspicion of Gaynor's faithfulness was firm, and he determined to visit the watering place and survey the field.

"Have you heard who arrived this morning, Gaynor?"

Col. Medford's hand, laid lightly on Henry Gaynor's shoulder, arrested that gentleman in the midst of an afternoon promenade.

"No, any one worth cultivating?"

"Miss Montessor, the heiress. There's a chance for you if you want a rich wife."

Henry Gaynor's handsome eyes sparkled.

"Can you introduce me?"

"No, I haven't the honor of a personal acquaintance, but Wylie can—Rossmere Wylie, you know. He's a cousin or something and—there she is now."

"What! that fat little dowdy concern? I thought she was a beauty."

"So she is from a financial point of view."

"But she's forty if she's a day, and I'll wager her teeth are false."

"Very possibly, but think of her wealth and don't be hypocritical. You had better consider the matter."

Gaynor did consider the matter, and that evening succeeded in obtaining the desired introduction, and began to devote his attentions assiduously to her.

And Rossmere Wylie watched the curious developments of the little drama that was being enacted under his eyes with contemptuous indignation.

"A heartless scoundrel!" he thought.

Kate will be well rid of him. And yet, poor girl, she did believe in him. Well, this is a strange world we live in. If a man steal a five-pound note he is sent to prison; if he steals a woman's heart, to fling it away when he is tired of the plaything, he's a hero! But you see, Mr. Henry Gaynor, I shall certainly not interfere in any of your nice little arrangements."

August was gone and over; the golden orb of the full September moon was looking calmly into the curtained recess of the huge bay-window where Mr. Henry Gaynor had gone gracefully down on his knees to Miss Emily Montessor, after the most approved and romantic fashion, and asked her to be his wife.

"But, Henry," faltered the fair one, "I am so much older than you."

"A year or so, perhaps, darling; but what does that signify to hearts that are congenial?"

"And then my niece will think it so ridiculous; she has always opposed the idea of my marrying."

"My Emily should not sacrifice the happiness of her lifetime to the interested motives of others," he urged, emphatically. "You will be mine, Emily."

"Ah, Henry you are so winning! I don't know what answer to give you."

"Say 'Yes,' darling."

And Miss Montessor said, "Yes."

"But I really am afraid to let my niece know; I'm sure she will oppose it."

"My love will spare her the opportunity; we will go quietly to the church some morning and be married."

"Oh, Henry!"

"Emily, my darling, I am aware that this is not a common proceeding, but then you know that our love is not a common love."

"I—I know it," faltered Miss Montessor, turning a huge emerald ring round and round on her dumpy little finger; "and—if you insist upon it!"

Mr. Gaynor's handsome eyes flashed in triumph; he was sure of the prize at last. Poor, forgotten Kate! The sudden wedding of the middle-aged Miss Montessor with the chief exquisite of the season made a nine days' sensation at Scarborough. Kate Talbot heard of it in due time, and cried a night and day before she began to realize that she had made a fortunate escape. And Rossmere came back to Scarborough just in time to catch her heart in the rebound.

While Mr. Wylie and Miss Kate Talbot were gathering grapes and whispering exceeding interesting little nothings under the green, tremulous shadow of the arbor at Wellington, after the most approved style of love-making, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gaynor were enjoying the grandeur of Wales.

"Henry, dear," said Emily, "I'm so disappointed at this letter from Emmy."

"Who's Emmy?"

"My niece, dear. I thought, of course, she'd send me something very nice for a wedding present."

"Never mind, my love. What do we want with her paltry wedding presents?"

"It isn't that Henry, but—"

"But what?"

"She's cut off my allowance, the hard-hearted minx; and she's so rich!"

"What! Are there two heiresses in the Montessor family?"

"Two heiresses? No, I do not comprehend you. What do you mean, Henry?"

"Do I?—Henry cleared his throat huskily and went on—"understand that—that your niece—"

"Why, you must often have heard of my niece, Emily Montessor—she was named after me—the rich heiress! And now she's cut off my allowance and left me without a penny, the disagreeable thing! Well, it's lucky I've got a husband to take care of me now, ain't it Henry dear?"

Henry Gaynor did not answer; he literally could not. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; every drop of blood in his body stood still. Had he sacrificed his youth and beauty and brilliant prospects for this? The gentle Emily had never looked as coarse and unattractive as she did at this moment, clinging caressingly to his arm, with all a wife's sweet confidence.

And then he remembered sweet Kate Talbot and thought vindictively of Rossmere Wylie.

"He knew—he must have known that there were two Emily Montessors," thought Gaynor, clenching his teeth. "He saw me walk into the trap, and never opened his lips to warn me. Oh, what a fool! what a double distilled blockhead I have been!"

So he had; but unfortunately it was too late for this self-appreciation to be of any use. He was safely married to Miss Montessor, but not to the Emily! And Mr. Gaynor felt, with a bitter pang of humiliation, that his snuggly piece of diplomacy had been an utter failure.—N. Y. World.

Current Wit.

The pulitice that draws out a man's virtues is the sod that covers his grave.

"Is Mr. Bromley tall?" "Personally he is." "Personally?" "Yes. Officially he is short—\$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

We pity the young fellow who wants to vote, but will lack a day of being twenty-one on election day. He must feel lack a daisied.

It may be doubted whether the practice of chewing gum has an injurious effect on the eyes of the gum-chewer, but it hurts the eyes of other people.—Somerville Journal.

She (gazing at the elephant): "What majesty, George! Such massive dignity and conscious power!" He: "Yes; but don't you think, dear, that the one small peanut he has just put into his huge body with such a dillish relish somewhat weakens the general effect?"

Snap actor: "I have called, sir, to ask you to insert a line to the effect that I have just refused an offer of \$500 a week. Accommodating editor: "With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" "That's all, unless you have a spare dime about you."—Philadelphia Record.

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you Johnny?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room. "Nope," replied Johnny. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till Irene's married."

Tell your mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Saverly's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are comin' and ma will be glad to see you, too." "How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked Mrs. Saverly. "Because I heard her say yesterday she would be glad to see somebody who didn't come here to collect a dillish relish, and somebody ever came to the house, except men with bills."—Texas Siftings.