

MERELY THE MAIDEN'S WAY

WHEN a pair of lovers quarrel, And in pride and anger part, Or the girl in a stately speech unkindly Wringing each the other's heart, As with high and haughty footstep Trips offended maid away, She will turn her head a moment, Glancing only—so she'll say— At the glow of dying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

The rapture was about a two-acre field. Colonel Fairholme wanted it to fill out a dent in his time, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head. "You can consider your engagement at an end," said the colonel, "and I have informed his nephew and heir. No daughter of that name shall be mistress of Broadwater—just you mind that."

to ask you before and forgot. I should so much like to see the family jewels. Your uncle told me that he has some wonderful rubies which he brought from India. Bring them down, there's a dear boy!

"The best boy brought them down with the best grace in the world. Mrs. Fairholme admired the jewels and played with them like a child with a new toy. But the rubies seemed especially to captivate her fancy."

"Linklater of Bond street, is a good fellow, I believe. But if you will excuse my saying so, don't you think the matter will keep till the colonel's return? I'm not sure that he would care to have them altered."

"Oh, he won't object if it is my wish," she said sweetly. "I am going into the town early tomorrow. I shall wire myself to Linklater's to send one of their people to fetch them."

"The September afternoon was waning when he got back to Broadwater, and Mrs. Fairholme, superb in a velvet dress and crown, swept across the hall to meet him."

"I don't think it will be much use searching for them," she replied, with an unpleasant laugh. "I shall have a locksmith brought in from London the first thing in the morning. And the jeweler's man shall wait."



AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. Luqueer. OW, Miss Jinney, you is a story about dem tryin' times in 'De Caroline, an' I's jes don' tote ye all I knowed ober ober again."

MEMORIAL DAY

"Wall, missus an' me nussed him till we both nigh dun drop in our tracks for a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fial."

WORTH KNOWING.

England's police army numbers 49,000 men. The population of Liverpool is a little over 116 persons to the acre. Massachusetts is a large shoe producing state. No less than 60,500 shoes of leather are weekly cut up into soles for shoes.

"Gwine Back Home to Die."

The Four Old Men Never Found Mars. They told me in the dining-car of a train on the Louisville & Nashville road that in the smoking-car was an old colored man who was going south to see his old plantation home again before death claimed him, says the Daily Press.

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A WAR REMINISCENCE.

SCENES AT HATCHER'S CREEK AND PETERSBURG RECALLED. John A. Scace speaks to a Reporter of stirring scenes seen with a slight wound, but like other veterans, has suffered since—a story that reads like a page from history.

COL FAIRHOLME.

"COL FAIRHOLME," SHE GASPED, keeping and refusing to interfere with such admirable management, also she professed interest in the estate.

"I am so fond of the country," she said then, "and your English scenery is so picturesque and homelike, I promise myself a ramble every morning before breakfast."

"But one day Dick saw something which gave him the curious notion that, after all, it was not the beauties of nature that attracted her. He saw Mrs. Fairholme walking briskly down the road to meet the postman—there was only one delivery at that part of the world—who was about to leave the Broadwater letters at the lodge. She stopped the man and gave her an envelope, which she opened and read on the spot."

"Hum!" he reflected. "So Mrs. Fairholme is so anxious about her correspondence that she takes the trouble to go out and meet it at half-past seven a. m."

"That afternoon he was at the village post-office, and the postmaster, who was also the grocer, happened to be serving himself."

"I saw a letter for you with the Melbourne postmark on this morning, sir," he said, with the license of an old tenant. "I hope the colonel's well."

"William confirmed the statement emphatically and furthermore volunteered the information that the new mistress of Broadwater had met him on the highway near the lodge gates, and requested him to hand the letter over to her."

"Thanks," said Dick, lightly. "Of course Mrs. Fairholme has forgotten to give it to me. I'll ask her about it."

"By the way," she said, "have you the key of the strong-room, Dick? I meant

HOW WONDERFUL ARE THY WAYS, O LORD.

He looked so glad, Missus axed him of dar war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem 'vertisin in de newspapers, an' I think I dun know what I want me to tell dem, an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was losin' der light. She dun took his ring in hers, an' sang lake an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"'All my true' on de is de istad.' 'Wal, den I used to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massa John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, den come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she bring erlong a young school friter, Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a plecter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks was red de roses in de garden."

"Wal, such time as dem young critters was in de school, de young Massa John, an' bossback ridin' ebery day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty morderin' ole missus yas, dis in Decoration Day, of you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy, she jes' dun stretch herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say: 'Scuse me, aunty. I'm awful tired of

TO-DAY.

is not this day enough for all our powers. If its exactions were but fairly met— If not one unpaid debt Were left to haunt the peace of future hours, And sting us with regret? Unbounded blessing lieth in Today, If we but seek we find it hidden there;

"'So scart I let de sope bile over.' 'Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goun' round' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got de death blow, and de doctor recon' he was drownded while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' left him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody nor nothing, an' de doctor say he was parllised, so he couldeen even move his pooh tounge."

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