

Men and Faces

The Sentimental Misadventure of a Sailor.

You need not fancy I am to tell all the sentimental misadventures of any sailor—least of all of Angus McFarland, whose experiences were many.

This particular and serious misadventure began when he met two young women whom he remembered, without being able to separate Esther from Eleanor.

"Ah, yes," said Miss Driscoll, "that was delightful," as Angus talked of the old days.

"I sometimes wish we could recall all that time," said she sentimentally. "And you haven't forgotten my sister," said Miss Driscoll, as a youth deposited a young lady at her side.

"I am so glad to see you again," said Angus. This Miss Driscoll was as plain as the other was pretty. The eyes alone were much alike. Angus looked from one to the other. "Which was which?" he couldn't ask. The talk probably would show.

"By Jove," said Angus, speaking aloud, "it's eighteen years since we have met." "Can't you see how much you've changed?" "Why, I haven't changed at all," said the pretty sister.

"So much of you, Mr. McFarland," said Angus. "I was only seventeen years ago," the latter asked. "Can't you remember that you—angus?" said the pretty one.

"And I, too," said the plain Miss Driscoll. "I think of you still as Esther and Eleanor." He looked around, expecting some response. "Do you?" "That's good of you," said one. "Oh, it's delightful of you, Angus," said the other.

"Well, I'd like to hear Angus," said the plain one. "Yes, I hear Angus," said the pretty Miss Driscoll, spreading her fan. Now he knew some scores of irresistible young girls scattered among a score of girls from New York to Yokohama, but the pretty Miss Driscoll was surely the most irresistible—the delightful memories of one's boyhood, when they had been boys and the town girls had pressed all kinds of hospitality; old boys, who had been young eighteen years ago, now still as the young men of the town.

But in some way he always remembered Wolhampton as being the home of the Driscolls. Esther Driscoll had been a good fellow; he recalled the town girls had pressed all kinds of hospitality; old boys, who had been young eighteen years ago, now still as the young men of the town.

"And now he had taken his hat and coat and was gone, and a little about Eleanor. And now he had taken his hat and coat and was gone, and a little about Eleanor. And now he had taken his hat and coat and was gone, and a little about Eleanor.

"I was in the room," said the pretty Miss Driscoll, spreading her fan. Now he knew some scores of irresistible young girls scattered among a score of girls from New York to Yokohama, but the pretty Miss Driscoll was surely the most irresistible—the delightful memories of one's boyhood, when they had been boys and the town girls had pressed all kinds of hospitality; old boys, who had been young eighteen years ago, now still as the young men of the town.

Bits of Femine Gossip.

A floating newspaper paragraph states that Henry James, the novelist, does not marry because he thinks that the highest development of the intellectual life is incompatible with the petty frets and worries of domesticity.

It goes on to say that Mr. James has the courage of his convictions, and, in the plain Miss Driscoll began to weep. "I never did," said Angus, "begging your pardon. But you know there is only one Esther."

"She's a dear good girl," said the pretty one. "The dearest in the world," and his lip did not seem so much of a one that moment. The plain Miss Driscoll began to weep. "I never did," said Angus, "begging your pardon. But you know there is only one Esther."

"I will go," said Angus. "But I shall call again. I will prove to you that I am speaking the truth. What if I did think you Eleanor, I now know you are Esther. Do you suppose I can forget those letters—that made me happy in the long watches in an ungodly mess. You are Esther to me; and Esther you shall remain."

"I will go now," he said. "I hate myself for hurting you." "I am not hurt," she said proudly. "Ah, I am then," she said, going out. The pretty Miss Driscoll followed.

"It's ridiculous," she said at the door. "She ought to have known we were only flirting." "Only flirting?" said Angus. "Why, I was engaged then." "Ah, you are Eleanor. I had forgotten. Esther wrote that Eleanor was engaged. I am very glad to tell her that I have thought only of her. And," he paused. "She was the little girl whom I played with so long ago—that little girl. And she wrote that letter."

"And then she laughed." "Why, she was the Esther—after all." He brushed by the pretty Miss Driscoll and entered the room again. She stood there, dry-eyed now. "It's ridiculous," she said, "and I'm dreadfully impolite. Do stay—at least for a cup of tea."

"I haven't time," he said brusquely. "Haven't time?" she asked, in surprise at his name. "After the way you have treated me, Miss Driscoll." "You know I wasn't to blame for the mistake." "Oh, both the mistake," he cried. "There's no time for that."

Some months after, in Valparaiso, some American sat in a certain cafe, famous in Chili—of which visitors carry the memories in much the way, in connection with Valparaiso—that they may the Venetian gondoliers and the gondoliers of old days, the Parisian Bigon's, Lieut.

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As for her, she thought it very fine and noble of him, while she hated herself. And just then the pretty one entered—prettier than ever.

"Ah, you know," she said, "I made the prettier delay." "It was Eleanor, a mistake," said the plain Miss Driscoll, "mistake."

"He thought I was you." "No, I couldn't be—mistake." "I never did," said Angus, "begging your pardon. But you know there is only one Esther."

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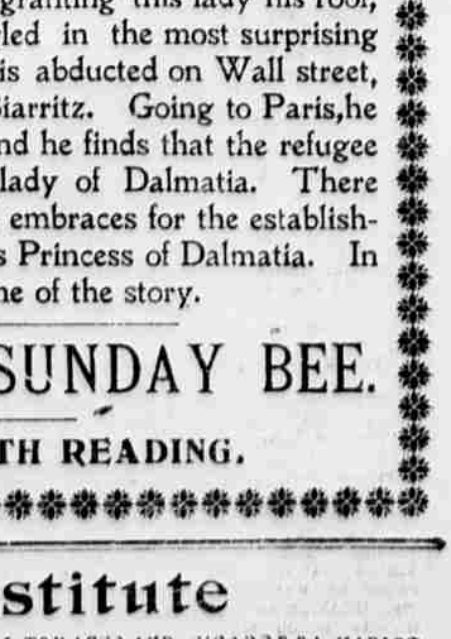
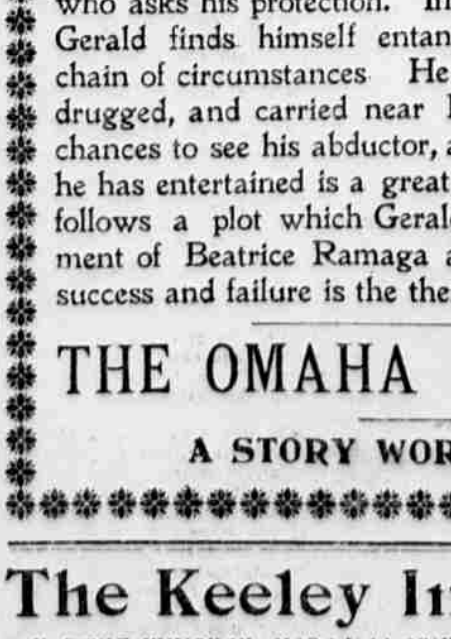
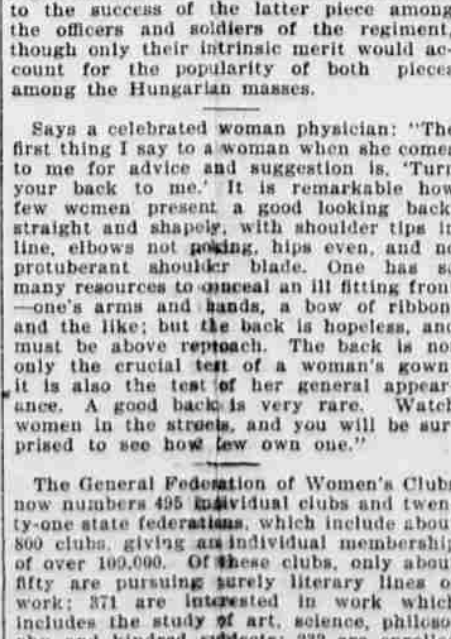
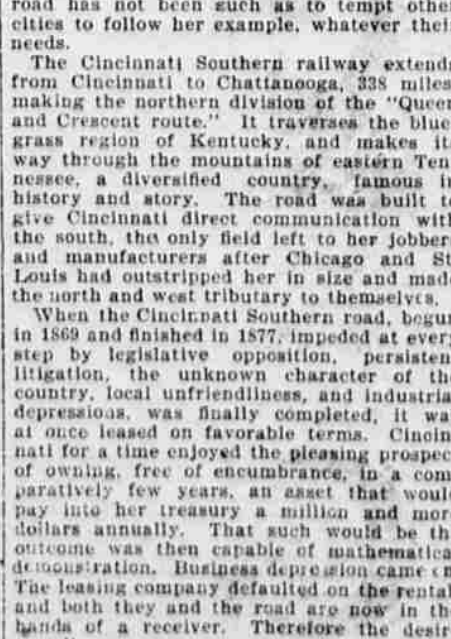
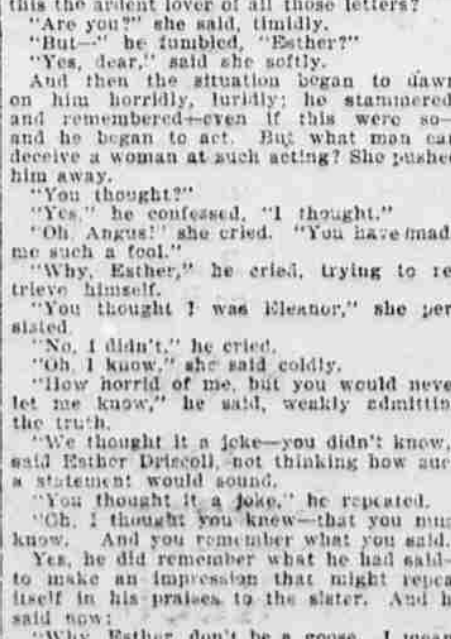
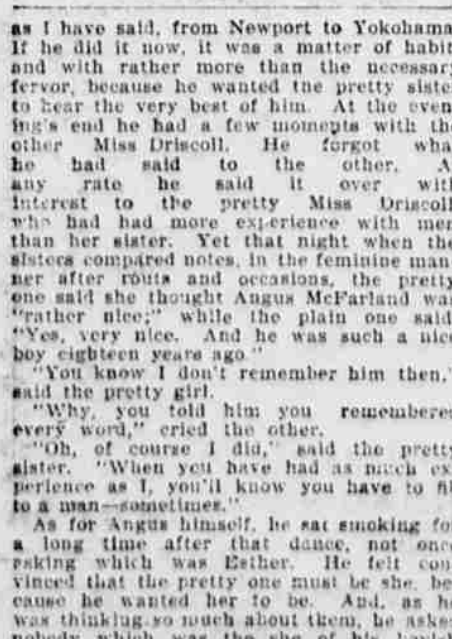
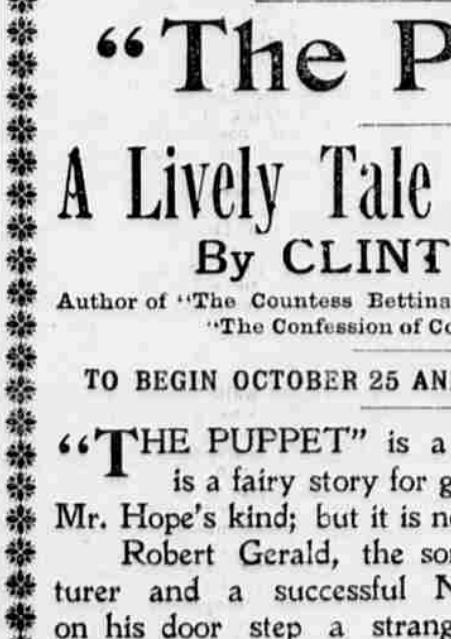
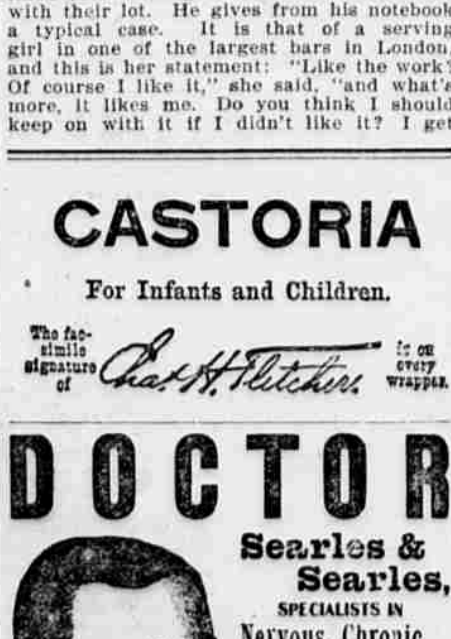
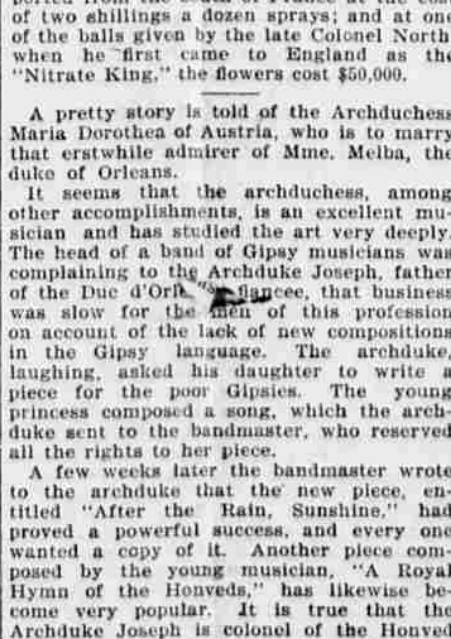
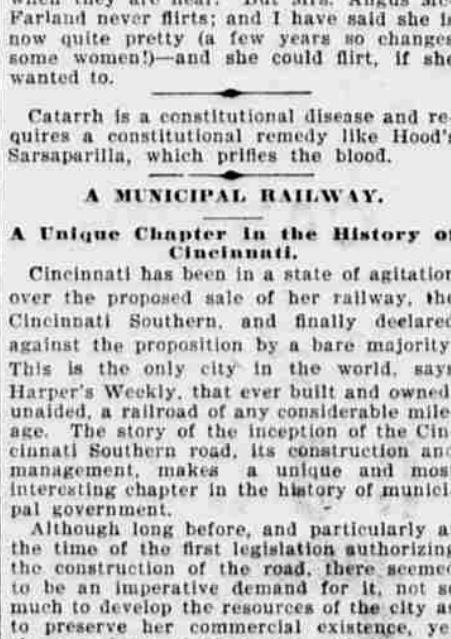
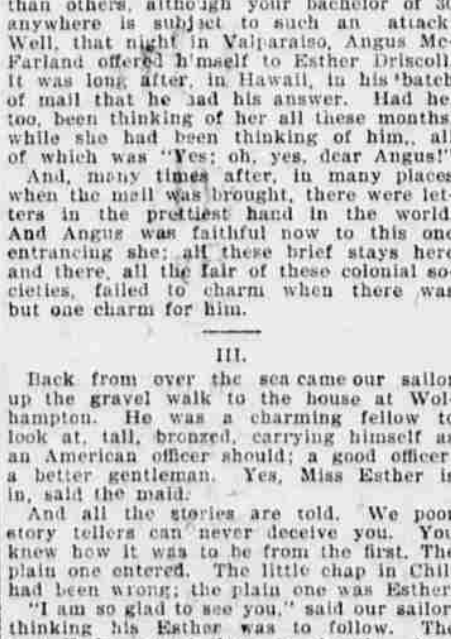
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