FINDING A LOVER.

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away!
Bring me a beau wi hout delay."

St. Andrew's night had come around just 18 times in the brief existance of Martha McClintock, and for years at the midnight hour of the fateful day, the girl had said her little speech to the ladybug.

It is and old superstition that he or she who desires to be happily mated must find a ladybug on St. Andrew's day. The tiny black beetle must be imprisoned all day and be given its liberty in the witching hour of ghosts and goblins. Then within a year will come a beau to marry the lady fair.

In Honiton township every boy and girl, since they were old enough to know anything of beaus and sweethearts, followed the old time superstitious custom on St. Andrew's night. If any of them married within the year, they extolled the efficacy of the charm of the ladybug, and the young folk of Honiton believed all the more faithfully in it. Martha McClintock began to try the charm at the age of 14, not because she lacked schoolboy beaus, for she was a pretty girl, but because marriage meant to her more than a lover and a protector. It meant a deliverer from an unkind fate.

The McClintocks belonged to some of the oldest families of Virginia. They had been well to do once upon a time, but had become impoverished. Grief carried away Martha's mother, and then her father died, leaving the poor girl alone in the world, save for the kinship of an old aunt, who had become estranged from the family many years ago. She was the sister of Martha's father, who had forever incurred the displeasure of his family by marrying the prettiest girl in an adjoining township rather than the bride they had chosen for him.

To this aunt, who was well off in worldly goods, Martha was sent by the town authorities. The girl was not a welcome gift from the township, but in view of her close relation to Martha's father and her ability to house and feed and clothe her she could not well refuse to receive her. To tie the sensitive tender young creature, who had been loved to idolatry by two doting parents to a sour old maid, who looked with affection upon no one but a half dozen cats, was like imprisoning a lark in a dismal cage.

In this loveless atmosphere the hild grew into a maiden She was given as good an education as the place afforded, for her spinster aunt shunned the criticism of her neighbors, which would have been poured out upon her had she neglected to give so bright a girl the necessary schooling. Martha learned rapidly. She took advantage of every opportunity to enrich her mind, and as all the teachers were fond of her and sought to bring as much brightness as possible into the young girl's life her school days were among the happiest of her existence. At the age of 16 her guardian took her from school, believing that she had done enough so far as her niece's mental development was concerned.

A life of drudgery began with that day for Martha McClintock. The servant was dismissed, and she was installed as maid of all work. The tedium and hardship of mental labor might have been borne in patience had she not been cut off from all companionship with the young people of the place. She met them only on Sunday at church, and even than the ogre eye of the spinster confined the intercourse to a mere greeting or a friendly handshake from the more courageous youths of the village.

The monotony of her lonely life made Martha despondent, and her daily prayer was one for deliverance from the serfdom. Thus St. Andrew's day came for the eighteenth time in the young girl's life, and in accordance with the custom of the young folks of her acquaintance she searched high and low for a ladybug among the shrubs of her aunt's garden. The season was late, and the bugs and beetles had not come out as early as formerly. Ladybugs were unusually scarce that year, and Martha was sorely disappointed when her search availed her nothing.

In bitter tears over her hard lot the girl retired for the first time since she could remember, unable to carry out the charm with the ladybug.

Her sleep was restless and frequently broken by the sobs she could not control. At midnight she arose. Perhaps she would find a ladybug, after all, if she went out now in the moonlight and renewed her search among the grapevines that trailed around the fence at the far end of the garden. Softly she crept down stairs and out of the rear door. Her aunt was a sound sleeper, and the girl felt safe from her molestations. She hurried down to the fence, the moon guiding her footsteps as it peeped out from underneath a cloud. Soon it shone full and white over the entire landscape, bringing into bold relief every object in the garden. The big wine leaves were silhouetted against the darker background. The dewdrops sparkled like diamonds, and busy ants that crawled over them were distinctly visible. Suddenly Martha stopped. There, away up near the top of the fence, she saw a ladybug perched on a leaf which stood out straight and firm like a tray. It was asleep, sound asleep, and Martha had no trouble in breaking the leaf from the stem and securing the coveted prize.

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away!
Bring me a beau without delay."

cried the girl, hope, longing, anguish, expressed in her voice.

A loud groan answered in the distance. The girl trembled. "Help, help!" cried the voice of a man.

Martha's first impulse was to fly to the house, but her better nature asserted itself. A human being was in distress; that was clear. She must go to him; that was also clear.

"Where are you?" shouted Martha at the top of her voice.

"Here, under this clump of cottonwood trees. Help, for heaven's sake!"

"I am coming," answered Martha, this time not so loud, for the cottonwood trees were not far off. She climbed over the fence and ran as fast as she could to the spot indicated, which was about a hundred yards away. There in the moonlight she saw lying in the grass a man. He was young and handsome, and he wore the garb of a huntsman. His face was pale and distorted with pain, but a look of gratitude shot from his feverish eyes as they glanced up at the tall, graceful girl bending over him.

"Where are you hurt?" asked Martha.

"I was thrown from my horse," said the injured man, "while hunting this afternoon In the fall I broke my leg. The horse ran away, and at first I was glad of this, because I hoped that the riderless animal would tell the story of some one's injury and that help would come to me. For hours I waited for the sound of a human voice without avail. Then I dragged myself to the edge of this field. I must have fainted, for when I recovered my senses it was night. I tried to sleep, but the pain was so intense that I could not do so. Then came your voice. It was like the voice of an angel."

It did not take Martha long to debate what she must do for the injured man. Her father's most intimate friend was Dr. Godlove, the town physician. It was a mile to his house, but she was young and agile, and she knew the doctor would come with her instantly. In less than an hour she returned, bringing with her Dr. Godlove, followed by a light spring wagon, into which a mattress had been laid. The doctor and the driver placed the injured man on the mattress and lifted him to the wagon bed. Then the drive back to town began.

It was slow, because the least jar caused the patient to groan with pain. The doctor took him to his house even before the young man was able to give him his card, which he did as soon as he was comfortably laid on the bed in the guest chamber. The operation of setting the broken limb began, and when that was over the young man dropped into a sound sleep brought about by opiates given by the doctor. Martha learned from her old friend that the injured man whom she had found under the cottonwood trees was the son of one of the richest merchants of Philadelphia. He had come to the Virginia mountains on a hunting trip and was about to return to his home when misfortune overtook him.

The six weeks which followed were the happiest in Martha's life. Dr. Godlove insisted that he needed her to help him nurse his patient, and thus obtained permission from Martha's aunt to keep her at his house. The request was made at the instigation of the young Philadelphian, who had fallen in love with the girl as she bent over him in the moonlight and brought him the succor that had been denied him so long.

It is needless to say that Martha loved him in return, and before he departed for his home they were married in the doctor's parlor. The young wife confided her romance of St. Andrew's night to one of her schoolgirl friends, and ever since the charm of the ladybug is held in high regard by the young folk of Honiton.—St. Louis Republic.

LOVE IN TWO WARS.

"Well, now!" said Lieutenant Colonel Bascome, standing with one hand on his hip in front of the regimental headquarters tent. "Well, now! This thing is getting more and more to be a sort of resurrection of the dead and the life of world to come."

Here an orderly arrived, keeping step in very creditable style with a tall, rather slim, light haired youth for whom Lieutenant Colonel Bascome had sent, whose square jaws had only just begun to take on the brown of a first week in camp. Both the enlisted men saluted.

"Lee Shepherd, sir; Company F."

"H'm! I thought it was something else. Lee Shepherd!" Lieutenant Colonel Bascome ruminated

Nelly looked at her father with a decidedly quizzical veiling of her pretty eyebrows, as if to ask why it should be funny that a young man enlisted in the local regiment of the guard lived in that neighborhood.

"I suppose I haven't seen you before, eh?" her father went on, still addressing Shepherd". You belong to Company F. How long have you been in the regiment?"

"Two years, sir."

"Well, I haven't seen much of Company F, have I? That's so. Are most of them as fine fellows as you, eh?"

Shepherd blushed to the tips of his ears, and the orderly grinned The embarrassed young man had no words for a reply.

"Well, that's all. Thank you," said the commanding officer.

And the two enlisted men saluted and went their several ways.

"What made you do that, papa?" Nelly asked as soon as they were out of hearing.

"What? Ask that youngster his name? I don't know, my child, exactly. I had some sort of notion that I had seen his face before. But—Lee Shepherd—I never knew anybody of the name of Shepherd—Shepherd. His face and his whole look are certainly familiar to me. But I am getting old, daughter. That's the whole of it."

The girl's trim blue serge was seen to move leisurely down the line of tents and disappear around the corner. Nelly Bascome had taken an idea into her head, and the idea was taking her for a walk. She took the turning which she thought would lead her to the quarters of Company F, and she was very nearly right in her guess.

She was looking for Lee Shepherd and was soon face to face with him.

Lee smiled at the girl with an expression of perfect understanding. She was a little surprised that he showed no surprise at her visit.

"Mr. Shepherd," she said, "I don't know whether I ought to apologize for troubling you"—

"You ought not, Miss Bascome," said Lee. "There is no call for an apology—hardly even for an explanation."

"Oh!"

"No. I know what you want to ask me."

"You do?" said Nelly, in some surprise.

"You want to know if I know why the lieutenant colonel called me back just now. He doesn't know any one of the name of Shepherd, does he?"

"No, he doesn't. Why did he call you back? Why did he ask your name?"

"Well, Miss Bascome, if you ask me, and if you promise not to spoil my plan"—

"What plan?"

"My plan is to see whether your father's memory will go on troubling him about me until he finds out. Will you promise not to tell him until I give you leave?"

"I promise," said Nelly, delighted at being able to solve the mystery so soon.

"Well, then, here's the whole thing in a nutshell. I'm very like my grandfather. Everybody tells me that. Then, you see, this hat, I suppose, brings out the likeness. They used to wear hats like these, you know."

"Who used to?" said Nelly. "Who was your grandfather?"

"Why, my grandfather was a Johnny Reb. Both my grandfathers were. But your father is thinking about my mother's father, old General Goodlowe."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I remember now."

"Ever hear the lieutenant colonel speak of the time he was a prisoner of war on parole in North Carolina?"

"Of course I have, and Colonel Goodlowe had him there at the old place."

"That's right, and my mother used to play cribbage with him when he couldn't walk on account of his sprained knee. Did he ever tell you that?"

Nelly shook her head, smiling. "But is your mother still living?" she asked. "I should so much like to meet her."

"Yes," said Lee. "She would like to meet you."

"How do you know?"

"Well, to be quite candid about it, I've been disobeying orders from home. I came north three years ago to go into the cotton spinning business. Then I joined the regiment, Company F. But I never wrote your father's name home until we were called out for this war. As soon as I told mother—she still lives on the same place—who the lieutenant colonel was, she wrote back. Here, I've got her letter in my pocket. She says: 'You are going to serve under a Yank who was your grandfather's prisoner of war in 1863. Thank God that it can be so.' Then she tells me a perfect little romance and wants me to go and introduce myself."

"Why didn't you?"

"It isn't good discipline for an enlistad man, you know."

"I think it's lovely. Come to tea to-morrow afternoon, will you?"

"How about military dicipline, Miss Bascome?"

"Obey my orders," said Nelly severely. And with that she marched away.

But she said not one word to her father about her discovery, although she knew what was puzzling him when he sat pulling his mustache in the tent after evening parade.

Next afternoon, as Nelly and one or two girl friends whom she had invited out to camp were arranging things for her afternoon tea, the lieutenant colonel's daughter remarked to her father, "Dad, I've invited only one man to tea this afternoon—an enlisted man."

"The deuce you have!"

"Just so. Private Lee Shepherd, Company F."

"That lad I spoke to yesterday?"

"The same."

And just at that moment the orderly reported Private Shepherd, Company F.

"I'm here by order, sir,' said Lee, saluting.

The lieutenant colonel looked hard at the enlisted man for a moment or two, and then burst out: "By jingo! It was no hallucination after all. Didn't you tell me you lived in this state?"

"Yes, sir. But you didn't ask me where I was born. I'm from North Carolina, and they say I look very much like my grandfather, General Goodlowe."

But Nelly didn't hint to her father that she knew anything of his civil war romance until a week later, when the regiment was on the eve of its departure for the front.

Then she said, taking his arm affectionately: "Dad, I'm glad you married my mamma! I'm glad you didn't marry General Goodlowe's daughter.

"Tut, tut, child! What are you talking about?"

"Well, you know, all that cribbage and all might have ended in that way." She was laughing, as the lieutenant colonel thought very impertinently. Then she went on: "I mean it would—it's better that Lee Shepherd isn't my brother. I mean to say if he were I should have both a father and a brother leaving me to go and fight those Spaniards. That would be quite to much."

But the fact that Lee Shepherd was not her brother did not seem to alleviate Nelly's sadness in the least degree when the regiment started for the front next morning.

The end of the story, in fact, cannot be told until the present war ends and Company F gets home.—Ewen Macpherson in New York World.

The Skipper.

The last half hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, crouching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew that she had but a short time to live.

She had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east add her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had assembled under the awnings to laugh, flirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many vicissitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black Sea ports, sinking.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of 45 degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends. Every moveable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have been immovable—the engine hatch—had also been smashed in.

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder. The engine room plates were awash and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only been kept head to sea by means of a sea anchor made of the derricks and spars. A portion of every sea that came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine hatch and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck, the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas, clustered her crew, some 30 hands, hard faced sailors and grimy firemen, the former quiet, apathetic, almost careless; the others, save for a few, dead white with fear, spending their last moments in cursing, with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in coming in her and the skipper for not making use of the two remaining boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away. On the bridge stood the skipper and the mate, bearded, elderly men both, straining their despairing eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail. "We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith. She'll not last much longer!" he shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing them.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate, 'but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"

"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"

"They've been ready since morning," said the mate, "but can we get them in the water unsmashed, and won't the firemen rush them?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper. "There's time enough and room enough for all to get away."

But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the charthouse, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest. You will take charge of her, get your crew aboard and have every one in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If those patents act, you ought to be all right." The boats were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackles holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is water borne, so that there is no unhooking of blocks to be done while the boat is getting dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

"I shall be all right," said the mate, "but what about you? Who's going to lower the falls of the after boat? You can't manage it from the boat itself with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck" said the skipper. "If they have a long painter made fast to the ship, they can easily pull up again under the counter and I'll make a jump for it."

"Mind you don't jump short. You'd have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on," said the mate.

"Oh, I'll manage," replied the skipper. "Call the men up."

The men came up in a body, and the skipper came out on the deck, revolver in hand.

"The ship's sinking" he said, and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety if you obey my orders. You will remain standing where you are till I call your names; Then the man whose name is called will take his place in the boat. Any man that starts for the boat before I tell him I shoot; understand all?"

There was a low murmer from the men, and the skipper continued:

"Mr. Smith will take charge of the boat."

The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical maneuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and, a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of, "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boat.

"Stand back!" cried the skipper.

Crack, and the leading firemen spread out his hands and pitched on to his face, rolling in a limp bundle down on to the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped. They might as well be drowned as shot, they thought, and they huddled together, looking with horrified glances at their dead comrade. The skipper paused, lowered his revolver and then called the next name. They had learned their lesson and went quietly to the boat, which was got safely away and drifted out of sight in the mist of the gale.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on the deck, lowered her. She also got clear away and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked aft to wait for them to haul up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man, and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter and was getting close. The skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and with a cry of "Blast you, stop and drown with Bill!" cut the painter.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world after 40 years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas wind screen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month. On that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmasters' society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgings. Perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage. If not, well, it meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, ill used boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship; of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use less coal, less paint, fewer provisions and to go with smaller crews than in the last. He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proverb rose to his lips, "To live hard, work hard, die hard and go to hell after all would be too d——d hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indict him at the bar of the last judgment, he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court, "In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half forgotten prayer. "Our Father, which art"—and the wave swept on. But the Saraband had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fireman where "there shall be no more sea."—Temple Bar.

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STEAM LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS.
Following are our Prices for Dyeing. Orders Promptly Attended too. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PRICE LIST.

DYED			CLEANSED	
SUITS,	$2.25		SUITS,	$1.50
PANTS,	75		PANTS,	50
VESTS,	50		VESTS,	50
OVERCOATS	1.50		COATS,	25
UNDERCOATS,	1.00		OVERCOATS,	75
				1.25

LADIES' WEAR.

DRESSES DYED, WHOLE,	$1.50
DRESSES DYED, RIPPED,	1.25
SKIRTS DYED, WHOLE,	1.00
SKIRTS DYED, RIPPED,	75
WAISTS DYED, WHOLE,	50
WAISTS DYED, RIPPED,	25
SHAWLS	25c. to 1.00
CLOUDS,	25c. to 40
SHAWLS, (Berlin,)	40c. to 60
SILK DRESSES,	$1.00 to 2.00
SACQUES,	50c. to 1.00
DRESS GOODS, per yard,	10
WINDOW CURTAINS, per yard	20
FEATHERS, DYED,	25c. to 75
FEATHERS, CLEANSED,	15c. to 40

GOODS - CALLED FOR - AND - DELIVERED.