

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Mamma, I sink I am not well,"
Said lazy little mabel;
The beans I'd given her to shell,
Neglected on the table!

LATIMER'S FOLLY.

BY VIOLET ETYNGE MITCHELL.
The little New Jersey village of Dinsmere consists of a single street, well shaded by maple trees and terminating at one end in the Ledworth Hotel, and at the other in a Baptist Church.

The season of '92 has opened very prosperously for Dinsmere. The old Ledworth Hotel had come under new management, and, as if conscious of its fresh coat of lemon-colored paint, took to itself the airs of a "summer-girl," ready for holiday flirtations.

So far, all the rooms at the Ledworth Hotel had been engaged by former guests, but this year, Dinsmere, in a flutter of excitement, awaited the arrival of two newcomers, the Misses Jewel and Darlington.

The one exception to the good-looking group was Rudolf Latimer, to whom Fate had given rounded shoulders, the frame of a giant, warped by illness.

Latimer was not popular among his associates, owing to his habits, which were rather those of an ascetic than a fellow-meteor in society; and his indifference to hunting and fishing left him to indulge a deep melancholy, which solitude fostered.

Dorothy Jewel raised a pair of deep violet eyes, shaded by dark lashes. Those eyes of hers were said to be more dangerous than the entire army and navy combined; though the rest of her face (oval, and rather pale) hardly prepared a stranger for the surprises it had in store for later acquaintance; the radiant smiles, dimples and coquetish tossings of a head that was crowned by masses of red-gold hair (none of your sham gold but eighteen carat, shimmering in the sun with the lustre of a new wedding ring).

She studied Mr. Latimer, now, with a little stare of cool indifference, which through half-closed lids, he perceived; and, understanding it, felt the iron enter his soul. Meanwhile, Miss Darlington held up her first trump card, by displaying a dainty foot neatly encased in tan leather, while alighting from the stage.

Latimer flung his cigar spitefully at a passing dog, and jerked his way with long strides up the street. "It's the same old story," he muttered, with flashing eyes "No woman looks at me without contempt. What an unfair world this is, anyway, making some men kings and others brutes! Bah! I wish I was out of it!"

The rapid whirl of a stick which he had severed from a clump of alders, served to decapitate a tuft of "brown-eyed Susans" growing by the roadside. With swiftly changeable mood Latimer stooped to pick up the injured flowers, and hold them caressingly against his cheek. His eyes were full of tears.

Meanwhile, the merry group on the hotel piazza had made Latimer's disappearance a target for laughing comment. "Did you hear the lion growl?" (This from Robert Dean.) "The fellow is mad as a hornet because one of the beauties smiled at Harry."

"I don't know what ails him," returned Sinclair, squaring his broad shoulders (conscious pride in muscle and sinew showing itself in the action); "but he grows more unbearable every day."

"I'll bet my hat," interrupted Shirley Hall, "that bloodshed follows in the wake of those girls. That little one with the red-gold hair is enough to wreck any man's boat."

Ferris Dean's laugh rang out like a trumpet in a deep valley.

"Gad! The dark-eyed witch is more to my taste," said he. "I speak for her of the red-winged turban, and let any fellow hesitate before he gets in my way! I say! who's for a race to the post-office? Come on; the mail is in. A fair start, and the devil catch the hindmost."

The summer days were passing like mist from a mountain-top, and already September, in robes of russet and orange, had passed her first day at Dinsmere. Purple china-asters, with topaz hearts, had nodded gayly as she approached, and meadows feathered by golden rod had offered her regal welcome.

In spite of their small numbers, the guests at the Ledworth Hotel had spent a pleasant holiday, and the gowns of flower-like beauty worn by the Misses Jewel and Darlington had lent a touch of fashion to the quiet spot.

A few elderly people (late arrivals, and seeking refuge from the pomps and vanities of city life) frowned a little at Belle's open flirtation with Ferris and Robert Dean, and criticised, through their gold spectacles, her butterfly gowns, and the rollicking ballads trilled by her gay soprano in the hotel parlor. But, after all, Miss Darlington was so evidently a lady and it was so plain that both girls took from life, with innocent hearts, the brief pleasures it afforded, that one could but laugh with them, remembering, while perhaps regretting, the joy-bells of a long past youth.

To Dorothy Jewel, the season had lent the sting of keen disappointment. For the first time in her life she found herself in the society of a man who remained insensible to her charms. Such fellows as Shirley Hall, Harry Sinclair and the Deans, were a drug in her market, mere "Aunt Sallys," who come down at the first shot; but Rudolf Latimer—was different. She had been out, swinging in the orchard hammock all morning, wrapped like a little Esquimo in a brown shawl and thinking (against her will) of him. Was his indifference a sham, a kind of war-paint put on, assumed for battle? The battery of violet eyes and dimples had never before proved ineffectual. He was certainly a strange creature, reminding her of a savage. Why should she care for his admiration?

Suddenly Dorothy sprang erect in the hammock, gathering in with white hands her wind-blown skirts, and a ripple of laughter greeted Latimer as he sought to pass her hiding-place unobserved.

"Mr. Latimer! do come her and save me from ennui. I long for the sound of a human voice." Then, mischievously: "Give an account of yourself. Where have you been this morning?"

"I have been over to the Indian's Head," returned Latimer, somewhat curtly, as he threw himself upon the grass near the hammock; "and I found a new path homeward through the pine woods."

Miss Jewel, showing a slice of bewitching face between the folds of her brown shawl, permitted a minute to elapse, during which he might study the fair profile of a well-rounded chin, and lashes that swept a peach-like cheek.

"I have thought that I would walk over there myself," she said, at last, as if awakening from a reverie. "But it is a long walk, and Belle cannot be coaxed to scratch her tan sunder by such a tramp. If I had company. I—I—"

Latimer smiled, flushing hotly as he perceived, but ignored, the meaning conveyed by her broken sentence. "The 'Head' is not a pretty resort for ladies," he rejoined; "but for a man, on suicide intent, no more ideal spot could be found. There stands the rock, a massive bulwark, jutting out against the sky, and at its foot a sullen pool, whose surface never ripples to the breeze. They tell me it is bottomless, and exhales, after nightfall, a poisonous breath. What a grand thing to climb to the summit of the Indian's forehead, then, with only the moon for audience, drop like a shooting star into the unknown. Don't shudder, Miss Jewel; the closing of those silent waters over a troubled life is merely a symphony in a minor key."

The wind had blown Dorothy's yellow locks in little curly tendrils about her face, and, as through a mist of gold, her eyes, startled and intense, searched his face.

"You frighten me," she gasped. "Such talk is almost irreligious. Surely! Mr. Latimer, you have no thought of suicide?"

A heavy cloud which had darkened Latimer's face still lingered for a moment, ere it was replaced by a smile that irradiated his countenance like a burst of sunlight.

"Suicide! Of course not. It is the act of a madman. What a fool I am to frighten you by my cynicisms. By George, Miss Jewel, did you see that butterfly? What gorgeous coloring!"

Cap in hand, he bounded through the long grass, wholly absorbed, it seemed, in the capture of a yellow butterfly, which was no sooner accomplished than the prisoner was set at liberty.

"Poor little beggar, murmured Latimer; 'life is short, let him enjoy it while he can.'"

"How tender could this man be to a woman he loved," mused Dorothy, under shelter of her brown shawl. She smiled at him again, and an electric spark of sympathy flashed from the violet to the brown eyes.

"Will you come for a sail on the lake this afternoon?" asked Latimer; and Miss Jewel, concealing her pleasure under the most coquetish of glances, nodded careless assent.

Within five days, the flirtation between "Beauty" and the "Beast" was the one topic of common interest at Dinsmere. Would she marry him? He, a man with neither pedigree nor fortune, misshapen and half savage. She, a beauty and an heiress. The elder women at the hotel discussed the matter as men do the result of the elections. Across the counter of the grocery store, the village loungers called the man a fool, and bet plugs of tobacco on his getting a lesson, nor did they fail to watch, with ogling eyes, for the birch bark canoe that, every fine afternoon, now skimmed the surface of the lake.

Two people always occupied the little craft; one, dazlingly fair, wearing a white flannel dress and daisy-wreathed leghorn; the other, older, dark as an Indian, rowing with steady, masterful stroke, and having on his head a scarlet cap.

Time is best measured by heart beats, and to Belle Darlington, watching with eager eyes for the return of her friend, the moments dragged wearily.

Three hours ago, Miss Jewel and Rudolf Latimer, mounted on spirited horses, had set out for a ride to Redwood, a tiny village, the road to which skirted an unused quarry and ran over a curious old bridge, spanning the rocky bed of what in winter, was the channel of melted snow from the hills.

Dorothy's mood that day had been unusually mischievous, and the dare-devil glance of her eyes had reminded Belle of fireflies, as they flashed under the shadow of a broad-brimmed sombrero which had been borrowed from Ferris Dean.

Mrs. Roberts, the landlady, shading herself from the glare of the setting sun, stood beside Belle on the veranda, and there was some anxiety in her rapid way of speaking.

"They had ought to be back by this time. I didn't much like to see Miss Dorothy mounted on Turk's back; he's a hard-mouthed beast."

"There they come!" cried Miss Darlington, springing lightly down the steps, but the next moment her face blanched as she perceived that one horse was riderless, and that Miss Jewel, leading it by the bridal rein, was galloping down the road at a pace that threatened to unsettle her.

In another moment she was at the gate and being lifted to the ground by Shirley Hall. Her face was utterly colorless in spite of the exercise she had taken, and her words, falling like shot from trembling lips, could hardly be understood.

"Oh! don't ask me so many questions, Belle. Don't! Don't! Only let somebody fly at once to Redwood Bridge. Mr. Latimer is hurt. The horse threw him. Do you hear? Send at once."

She glanced with haggard yet angry eyes at young Hall, who seemed stunned and uncomprehending.

"Can you stand there like a stone and let him die?" cried she. "Mrs. Roberts, is there no one to go for a doctor and bring Mr. Latimer home?"

"I'll send Frank," exclaimed the landlady, finding her voice, but Shirley Hall had already thrown one leg over the saddle of Latimer's horse.

"I'll go," he said. "Don't you worry, Miss Dorothy. Mrs. Roberts, have Jess hitched to the buggy at once and send Frank on to Redwood with it." He beckoned to Miss Jewel and whispered something in her ear, something to which her reply was almost a shriek. "Dear! God help me! No, I hope not. But it was all my fault. I dared

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him to jump the stream. You know how rocky the bed is and he is unused to a leap. I touched Turk with my whip and away we flew like the wind, Sultan following, and Mr. Latimer looking angry but keeping his seat. Then came the brook, I was over in a minute and looked back in time to see Sultan rear, plunge madly forward, and the next minute— she caught her breath, and glancing with unseeing eyes to right and left, cried hysterically: "Oh, Belle, Belle, where are you?"

Then, before Miss Darlington could catch the swaying figure in her arms, it had fallen to the ground face downward among the pansy beds.

Two weeks later, the doctor, coming out of the room in which Rudolf Latimer had lately awakened to conscious life once more, was waylaid by a little figure clad in Quaker-like brown, and whose white arms had caught and held him before he could reach the stairs.

"Will he live? Is the danger over?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE SALEABILITY OF PATENTS.

Many inventors who have not met with success in selling their patents are inclined to believe that there is no longer a demand for them, and in this view the general public appears to concur.

It is therefore worth mentioning within a month there have been many patents sold, some of which brought their fortunate owners wealth.

At the head of the list is a patent which sold for the princely sum of \$98,000, and another brought \$75,000. A patent beverage brought its inventor the snug sum of \$25,000, while patents for pneumatic Tools sold for \$20,000, and a churn for \$5,000. John J. Stone sold his patent for door bell and burglar alarm for \$75,000, and will henceforth probably use his own invention to protect his money.

Of course, the saleability of a patent depends largely upon the care with which the papers were prepared and the skill employed in obtaining good valuable claims.

Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent solicitors of Montreal, have a number of clients who have realized large sums of money from patents procured by them, but who do not desire their names to be published.

R. H. Kaulback of Lunenburg, is on his way to the Toronto exhibition with two horses which took first prize and diploma at the Nova Scotia exhibition of 1898.

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