

FAY'S FLIRTATIONS.

"I am tired of it, aunt, tired of it all! My very wealth is a burden to me! I have come down here to forget it, to forget that I am an heiress, and only to remember that I am once again the little girl who has spent here, in the old homestead, so many happy hours."

Thus spoke Fay Murdock, on the morning following her arrival at Crow's Nest. She sat where she had thrown herself, with languid grace, on the *fauvel* at her aunt's feet. A pretty picture she made in the morning sunshine, as it played about her small regal head; its auburn hair arranged so tastefully in dainty puffs and curls, the deep blue eyes with their thickly fringed black lashes now and again sweeping the exquisitely tinted cheek; the red lips half parted over the white, even teeth; the tall figure in its white wrapper, dress to ignorant eyes appeared so simple a dress, but adorned with lace which in reality represented a full year's salary for a poor man. Even the sun laughed at this young lady's promise to forget her wealth, but her aunt smiled as she answered:

"I trust, dear, whatever has brought you, the happy days may come again. But you must expect to find Holbrook much changed, although Crow's Nest on our domain remains the same. The opening of the mines has made a wonderful difference. All our old-time quiet has fled, and though the town has marvelously grown and improved, I often sigh for the days gone by. By the way, the new superintendent dines with us tonight. He appears a gentlemanly fellow, and your uncle says he is just the man for the place. Our interests, now, lie so largely in the mines, that we find it necessary to be polite to those having authority. If, however, you miss in him some of the polish of your city beaux, you will, I trust, pardon it."

"So this is the fate to which I have condemned myself!" soliloquized Fay, a few hours later, as, attired in an exquisite dinner toilet, she surveyed the result in the mirror opposite. "I said good-bye to society, and pined for a quiet, but, lo! I am to be called upon to entertain some country rustics, who, of course, will fall in love with me at once, and whose devotions will prove particularly tiresome. If one must submit to that sort of thing, I greatly prefer it should come from one in one's own rank of life. Then, at least, it is properly done; but even for Death it is necessary to be adorned."

Thus, as in excuse of her toilet, with a half-sigh and a few last needful touches, Fay turned to descend the stairs. As she entered the parlor, she saw the stranger was already there, talking low and earnestly to her uncle. But the bow with which he followed the introduction was more stately than her own, and to her utter amazement, he as quietly and as much at ease as though no radiant vision had dazzled his rustic eyes, immediately continued the conversation which had so engrossed him on her entrance.

In the few minutes which preceded the summons to dinner, she had time to study him; but all in vain she looked for the signs of the country rustic for which her aunt had prepared her. Tall and straight, with a breadth of shoulder many an athlete might have envied; a well-shaped, close-cropped head; eyes gray and clear; a mouth whose decisive lines the long, light mustache failed to conceal—Paul Revere was a study on which a woman's eye could scarcely rest without a passing glance of admiration. But Fay's lip curls as she turns away. The two seem antagonistic from the first. At dinner he talks, and talks well; but she is silent. When the dessert is brought on, the conversation turns, as is natural, on the mines.

"There is a good deal of dissatisfaction at authority among the men," said Mr. Revere, "and more drunkenness than I like to see. I don't want to be a croaker, Mr. Murdock, but there are some ugly men among them to deal with."

"A little wholesome discipline, the discharge of one or two of the inciters to rebellion, will soon put an end to anything of that sort," answered the other.

But the young superintendent only shook his head ominously, as the ladies rose and left the gentlemen to enjoy their quiet smoke.

Fay was at the piano when they rejoined them. She had been singing, as her admirers said Fay Murdock only could sing, the clear, sweet voice thrilling through the darkened room. A flash of triumph lit the blue eyes, unseen by him who called it forth, as Paul Revere crossed the room and stood by her side—the rustic whose admiration she had prophesied to herself as weariness.

"Thank you," he said, when the last note died away; but the tone which spoke the simple words was eloquent with meaning.

"Another, dear," her aunt pleaded. But, suddenly rising, Fay declared the interruption had destroyed the inspiration, and throwing a light shawl about her shoulders, stepped through an open window on to the lawn. Surely he would follow her, but none the less no shadow but her own was reflected by the moonlight; and when, a half-hour later, she re-entered the house, her aunt gave her the courteous good-bye message Mr. Revere had left for her; but, with a light laugh of indifference, Fay declared she had forgotten his very presence, and proclaiming herself a convert to early hours, fled inconspicuously to her room.

Meanwhile, with long, hasty strides, Paul Revere left the town farther and farther behind him. One corner of his moustache he held between his clenched teeth, and his head was bent low.

"Fool that I am!" he murmured, with only the moon-rays as his witness. "Am I again to be the dupe of a woman's smile? It is only because it was like a waft of the old life across the barrenness of the present. The girl's beauty and her nameless grace acted like liquor on my brain. And her voice—it needed only that to prove to me my folly. As though her every movement did not proclaim her a coquette. I must not—will not—see her again."

"Mr. Revere, you avoid me. Why is it? What have I done? Uncle and aunt say you spend no more evenings with them. Am I the cause?"

Thus spoke Fay, a few weeks later, in a chance meeting with the young superintendent, as she strolled home after a long solitary walk.

"Do you really wish to know why I have not come?" he answered. "Yes, you were the cause."

"I!" she replied, with seeming astonishment. "What have I done?"

"Doubtless the thing is such an old, old story to your ears, Miss Murdock, its repetition would weary you. Have you, then, missed me, that you seek to know the reason of my absence?"

"My aunt and uncle wondered," she whispered, half turning her head, that yet the man might see the wave of color his question had brought into her cheek. "Do not let them wonder longer, Mr. Revere," she continued, with sudden frankness. "Come and see us. Will you not?"

"And it that minute's pleading hung Paul Revere's fate. The flash of triumph now 'had time for growing in her eyes.' No longer was there need to watch and wait. A month had passed since she had asked him would he come, and on no day since had he been absent. The time appointed for her visit's end was long past, yet still she lingered on. His eyes had long told the story of his love. His lips were silent. Not until they, too, disclosed it would her vengeance be complete, the vow fulfilled, she had sworn that first night he had let her go forth alone, nor stayed to whisper his 'Good night.' She needed a summer's amusement, she said, and he a lesson. It would harm no one.

But one day she thought differently; one day when, abruptly, without a moment's warning, his lips told the long-delayed tale. She was sitting at the piano, her fingers listlessly touching the keys, he standing, as on that first evening, by her side, they two only in the room. Suddenly he bent and looked into her eyes, while the chords crashed as he laid his strong hands over hers.

"You have taught me to love you," he said, abruptly. "For what reasons? Can you give me an answering love? Will you be my wife?"

She looked startled into his face. It was white and drawn, and in that look she recognized it was no idle plaything she had toyed with during these summer days.

"Fay," he continued, his voice softening, "once before I loved a woman, older than myself, who played with me a while, then laughed as she presented to me the man who afterward became my husband. I swore then never again to lay my love at any woman's feet; but, darling, with my first glance into your eyes that resolution melted. It lies there untainted, unsullied. Will you accept it?"

"Did you not know I was to be married in the fall, and this"—holding up a finger on which glittered a brilliant stone—"the pledge of my engagement?" Fay answered, trying to speak lightly.

One moment she almost shrieked aloud with agony, as the man's grasp tightened on the hand he held within his own; the next he flung it from him as though it were a viper, his face that of a fiend, as silent, voiceless, he turned and left her to her triumph. But, as he went, she knew, too late, her heart went with him. She had taught him to despise her. For him the bitterness was over. She had taught herself to love him. For her the bitterness had begun. She had deceived him even in the last falsehood. No engagement bound her. She had but asked the question, wondering at his reply, but thought thus: now she realized it all! Air! She must have air, or she would faint!

Stealing from the house she wandered on and on, throwing herself down in the shadow of a hedge to sob out her wretchedness. Voices roused her; voices suppressed yet ominous; voices which spoke his name.

"I tell you I saw him a while ago rush from the house like mad, and down the road. He's sweet on the heiress! All the better. That look was never on a successful lover's face. We'll put a piece of cold lead in him to end his misery, and then place the pistol in his hand. That'll be his discharge, and a final one. Why shouldn't we? Didn't he give us *ours* with his cursed ways that wouldn't let a fellow enjoy even his glass in comfort?"

Merciful heaven! Had she heard aright? And this horrible peril menaced him?

"Hist, John! I hear the steps."

Aye, so did she. Not even time to warn him. She must—she must save him at any cost. Nearer and nearer comes the firm manly tread she knew so well. She too, crouched down and glided toward him.

Will there be time? Already he is within range, already her keen eye has caught sight of the murderous aim, when she vaults forward and with a loud cry throws herself upon his breast.

"Save and defend yourself! They would murder you!"

But even as she speaks a pistol shot rings out in the still air; and with one cry: "My love! My love!" from her white lips, she sinks at his feet, her blood staining the ground on which she lies, the bullet intended for his heart buried in her shoulder.

The cowardly assassins already have escaped; as he, stooping, raises her more in his strong arms the slender form, and bears her swiftly toward the house. What did her words mean? This is the question which haunts him during the long, anxious days when she hovers on the borderland between life and death. Was it atonement which causes her to sacrifice her life for his, or was it—He could not frame the word. Hope had been too ruthlessly shattered to permit it again to bloom. But there came a day when life gained the victory, when her first question was for him.

"Paul," she said, when he came forward to her side, "I did not know myself. Of course," and here the sweet voice faltered, "you can never care for me again, but I wanted to tell you it was not true what I said. No man holds my troth. I said it only to try you. I—I don't ask you to love me again, but I proved my love, after all—did I not?—and, dear, you will let that pled with you for my forgiveness."

Like the bursting of the sun, the clouds scattered on Paul's horizon, as he fell on his knees beside the bed where she lay, so white, the great blue eyes swimming in white, as he held the frail form close to his beating heart.

"What have I done to deserve such happiness?" he murmured. "Fay, is it true? My own, my darling, are you really mine?"

"If you will take me," she answered, smiling through her tears, a rainbow prophecy of their future.—N. Y. Ledger.

Very Apt.

I called her "Pussie" while we did
In courting days commune,
Ne'er thinking that the same might bid
To prove quite opportune.

But Time's mutations proved that she
The name did duly match;
For as my wife quite pointedly
She came up to the se atch.

AN ELEPHANT IN PLASTERS.

First Dosed with Two Gallons of Whiskey and Five Ounces of Quinine.

Queen Jumbo and Baldy, the elephants, attracted several thousands of people, old and young, to the park yesterday.

The day was cold and lowering overhead, while the earth was damp, but the children fondled their big friends as enthusiastically as ever, and expended all the small change to be had in corn and peanuts with as much abandon as though the sun had been shining.

Queen Jumbo had a bad time a little while ago with the "thumps." When a child suffers from the chills and then becomes fevered and has lung trouble it is only pneumonia, but when an elephant suffers in the same way the trouble is "thumps."

Queen's huge bulk shivered and shook, and she whined complainingly until keeper Pett began to give her medicine. The first dose was two gallons of whiskey with five ounces of quinine, and he had much trouble in getting Queen to take it. The dose did little good, and Queen grew worse until "thumps" were plainly to be detected.

Then it was a case of life and death, and the keeper set to work in a hurry. He built a big fire in the elephant house and hung blankets close to it until they were very hot, and then wrapped them around Queen.

Another man put 100 pounds of strong English mustard into a barrel and mixed it with water, like any other mustard plaster is made. The mustard was then smeared on cloth and the monstrous plasters applied to Queen's sides.

Soon her ladyship showed signs of uneasiness. She felt along her sides with her trunk, stepped about constantly and seemed to wonder what was the matter. As the mustard took hold more severely Queen tried to tear away the bandages and, when jabbed by the keeper's hook, she began screaming like a steam whistle.

The plasters were left in position for three hours and then removed and Queen again wrapped in hot blankets and dosed with whiskey and quinine. After a while she began to perspire, as elephants always do, through the trunk, and her keeper knew that she was saved.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Elephant's Memory.

A gentleman who crossed the Atlantic a few years since on a German steamship found himself a fellow-passenger with a large elephant. The voyage was long and tempestuous. To while away the time, he often visited the elephant's quarters, and at dinner filled his pockets with tid-bits, crackers, or refuse from the table to carry to the gorging quadruped, who soon learned to expect and fish his pockets for the same. At his coming she would throw out her trunk and show signs of gratitude and pleasure. But at length land was reached, and business cares left little time for thought of his *compagnon de voyage*. Several years afterwards some elephants were quartered in Central Park, New York, for the winter, and several children of the household desired to visit them. He accompanied them, and obtained permission of the keeper to go into the building where they were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered, one elephant at once became restless, threw out her trunk, tossed her ears, stamped her feet, etc. The keeper looked for a dog, and ordered her to be quiet, then asked the gentleman, "Have you ever had anything to do with elephants?" "No," was the reply. Then his voyage was recalled. "That is it," said the keeper; "you can go to her with danger on the same vessel. The visitor went to Nellie, as the keeper called her; she became quiet and expressed her pleasure. From an apple-woman near he procured fruit and filled his pockets. She had not forgotten the old tricks, but dived down with her trunk, as in the old days, until every apple was found. The keeper said, "You can visit her at any time. She will never forget you."

A Man Saved by a Sea Bird.

A vessel was ploughing through the waters of the South Atlantic when a cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. The man at the wheel brought the ship up in the wind and boats were lowered; but by the time this was accomplished the sailor was a quarter of a mile astern.

He kept up, however, and as the boat approached a big albatross was seen to dart at him, and the next moment to struggle; then away went the bird, flapping violently, towing the sailor along the surface.

The men had to pull hard to gain upon it, and then it was found that the sailor was unharmed and perhaps had been saved by the bird.

He was almost exhausted when the albatross flew over him in evident curiosity; as it passed he seized its feet. The bird, in its fear and terror, was strong enough to tow him along the surface at a rapid rate.

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The greatest remedy for anger is delay.—Seneca.

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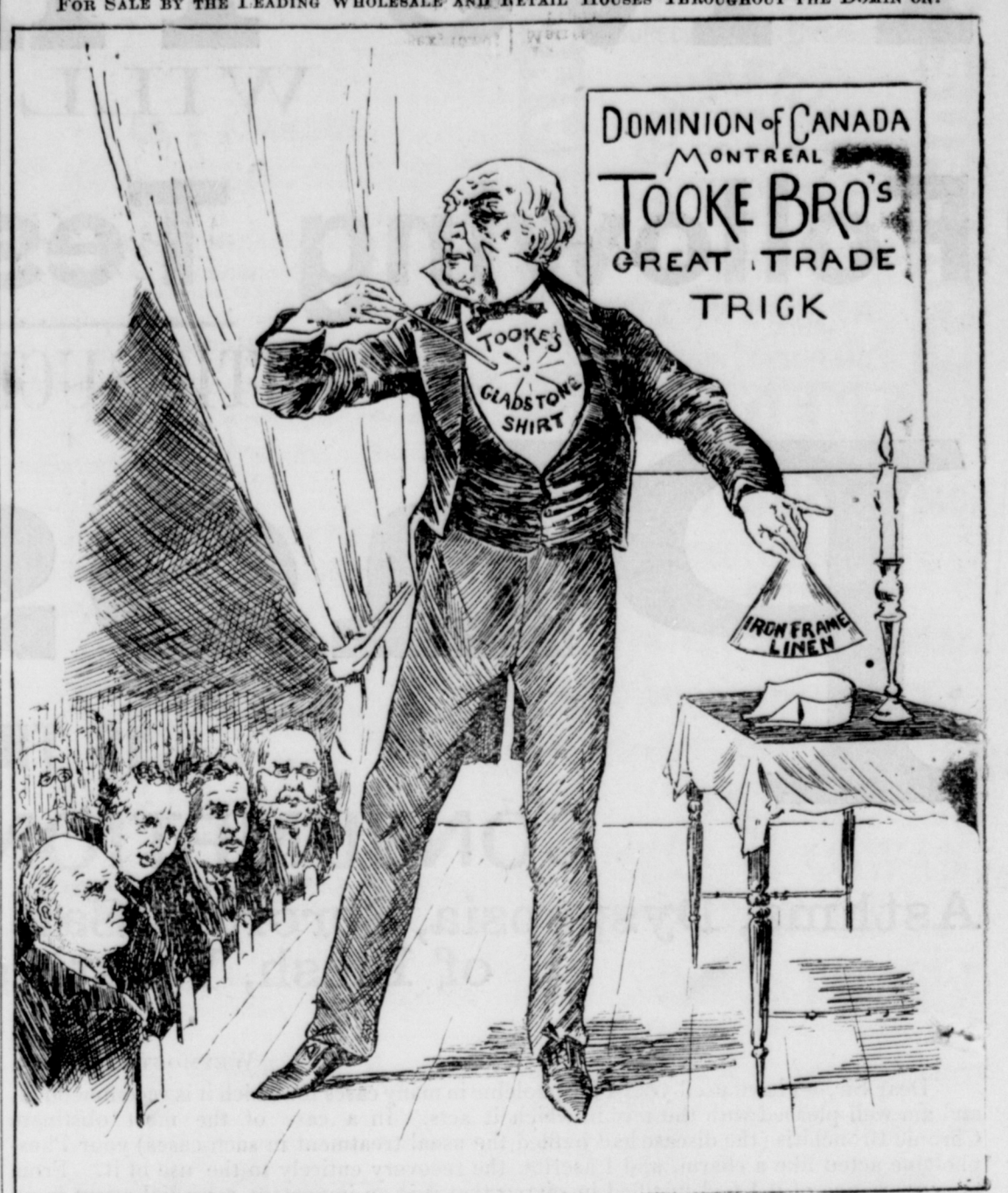
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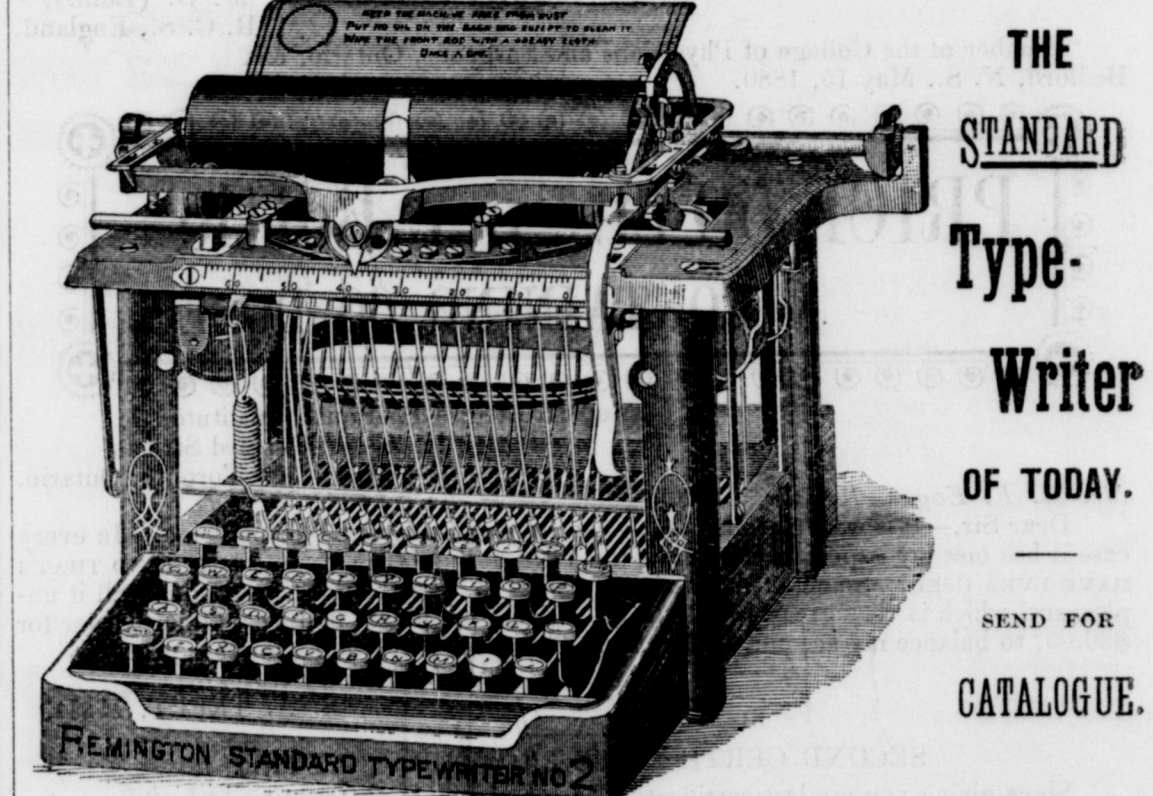
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