

## ANNICE LISTENED.

"I do not care to discuss the matter with you," declared Annice Densmore frigidly. "I very clearly saw you kiss Gertrude on the piazza last night, and I think any self-respecting girl would have done as I have done."

"I think most girls would at least have held a court of inquiry," retorted Brooks Ayling, "before returning the ring by a belloboy."

"I had to send it back by some one."

"It wasn't necessary to send it back," he protested. "Gertrude had something on her shoulder and I was taking it off."

"Indeed! From where I stood it looked remarkably as though that 'something' was your lips."

"I've only kissed one girl on that piazza, and it wasn't Gertrude, either," he asserted, meaningly.

Annice flushed redly. "It is unkind," she cried, "to remind me that I have been so foolish as to permit you to kiss me. We were engaged, and I never thought that horrid woman would come between us."

"She couldn't have come between us half an hour earlier," he laughed. "If you refer to that again," she said angrily, "I shall get up and leave. I will not be reminded of my folly!"

"Better stay here," he suggested. "It's the coolest place along the beach, and I want to get this thing straightened out before you go."

"It must be a dreadful thing to starve to death in sight of a hotel," observed Annice to a yacht over on the horizon.

Brooks apparently accepted the remark as having been addressed to him.

"In the first place," he began, "we are not in sight of the hotel. That large structure is hidden from view. In the second place, we are more likely to starve at the hotel than away from it. Lastly it's not going to take until lunch time to convince you that you are mistaken."

"Are you going to force me to leave this place?" she asked acidly.

Brooks smiled wickedly. "By no means," he assured her. "I want you to stay here, as I am sure you will."

"I suppose you would use force to detain me?" she suggested.

"Not at all," he cried. "On the contrary—he sprang to his feet—"If you really wish to go, permit me."

He offered his hand to assist her to rise, but she sank back with flaming cheeks. "I think I prefer to stay here for a little while. I want to wait for Herbert."

"I saw Herbert as I came along," he said, with hands still outstretched. "He told me to tell you that he was going out in Steven's yacht and would not be back until 4. That small nephew of yours appears to have made a hit with Steven."

"Are you sure he went on the yacht?" anxiously.

"Don't look so worried," he said kindly. "There is not the slightest danger. It is not going to equal—unless it's right here."

"I see no reason for a squall here," she said with dignity.

"Neither do I," he agreed heartily. "With you in that frame of mind we can soon come to an understanding. You see this is not like a mere summer engagement. There is no reason why a piazza episode should so disquiet you."

"I do not care about Gertrude. I took her out on the piazza because she caught sight of a chap she did not want to dance with. Then a lightning bug dropped on her shoulder. She screamed. I leaned forward to pick it off, and just as I was straightening up you came out. That's all there is to the story, on my word of honor."

"Now," and he laid a solitaire on the sand between them, "will you accept the explanation and the ring?"

She smiled sarcastically. "The ring is genuine."

"So's the explanation," he protested stoutly. "I see I must raise my bid. Will you take back the ring and—this?"

"Brooks Ayling, where did you get that slipper?" she cried.

"Herbert," he answered. "He told me that he was stealing your shoes and stockings because you were wading around the point. I saw a chance to make you listen, and bought 'em. I'll throw in the other slipper if you insist, but you'll have to pay a special price for the stockings."

"Was that why you laughed when I said I would bet up and go away?"

"Partly that," he said teasingly, "and partly the idea of you walking up on the piazza in your bare feet."

Slowly she slipped the ring back on her finger. "Give me the stockings and wait for me around the hummock."

"I said a special price for nose," he reminded her.

She held up her lips.

"It's a new form of the old saw," he laughed as he collected. "You pay as I go," and he passed around the sand dune.—Boston Globe.

Never Had Any Parents.

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned: "What is your name?" "Katinka," replied the child. "And your father's name?" "I never had one," came the quick response. "Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher, kindly. "I never had no mudder neither," answered Katinka, seriously. "I was born off my gran'mudder."

Many a man is honest because he never had a good chance to prove himself otherwise.

## A MODERN MIRACLE.

Lost Her Voice Eighteen Years Ago. Restored in Answer to Prayer.

The restoration of speech to Marie Ragunes of the village of Kerbourg, near Brest, is the topic of the day in Brittany. The woman, now forty years old, lost her voice eighteen years ago during a fever. She was an orphan, and she went from house to house in search of work, but for some time could only obtain an occasional job. At last a farmer took pity on her forlorn condition, and engaged her to look after his cattle. Between 8 and 9 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, July 15, as she was with her cattle in a field, seated with her hands joined in prayer for France and Brittany, she saw an old man approaching. Recalling alarmed, she rose to her feet, but the stranger reassured her. "Do not be afraid, my daughter," he said. "I have not come to do you any harm, but to bring you the favor for which you have so often prayed. I restore to you the power of speech." Without a moment's reflection the woman exclaimed: "Oh, mon Dieu! Are you the good Lord?" "No," answered the old man, "but I come with a mission from him. Do not be puffed up with the mercy which you have just obtained, but pray on and pray often, as the world is not improving, but is going from bad to worse." Filled with awe, the woman threw herself on the ground, and when she had revived her visitor had vanished. She describes him as an old man with a long white beard, attired in a black overcoat, a hat of the same color much the worse for wear, patched white trousers, and shoes which could scarcely be warranted to keep the mud out.

### Wrote Sonnet on Death Bed.

The ruling passion was strong in death in the case of the late Cyrus Cobb. While in the agonies of his last death-stroke, instead of ringing for relief he searched under the pillow for a memorandum book and pencil, that he had ready for the noting of thoughts as they might occur to him. There he brought forth, and in the midnight darkness wrote half of the sonnet. His brother, Darius, was to respond to a toast to their father, the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D., the first Universalist pastor of Malden, at the centennial banquet, and he conceived of writing a sonnet for Darius to read with his address. In the morning, amid his sufferings, he finished it. The brothers had invariably joined their forces on all public occasions of this nature, and now they still must be together in spirit. The sonnet was read at the banquet by Darius at the close of his address, the auditors being deeply impressed by the account of its production and by the sonnet itself. These were the last words written by the dying sculptor. The last words from his pen before the heavy fatal stroke in June were the closing of the biography of his mother, to be published in the volume of "Famous Women of New England," edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. He describes the closing scene at the other's grave, when Sylvanus, Samuel Tucker and Eben spoke words of affection and her twin sons, Cyrus and Darius, in response to her dying request, sang "Nearer My God to Thee."—Boston Transcript.

### As to Old Ages.

The Pope lived long, but Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins are, respectively, credited with the ages of 152 and 159. Jeanne Seimphman was married when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Dr. Dufourmel married at 116 and became the father of two children, and died at 120. Marie Prior reached the age of 158. A woman of Metz, the mother of twenty-four children, died at the age of 100. Surgeon Pollman celebrated his 140th birthday. Patrick O'Neill buried seven wives and died at 120, and a Norwegian peasant is recorded as dying at 160 and leaving two sons, one aged 108 and the other only nine summers. Mr. Robert Taylor lived to be 134, and died of excitement on receiving the picture of Queen Victoria signed by herself. An Irishman named Brown, who was a habitual drunkard, lived to be 120. A French drunkard lived to be 112; he had a daily jag for 90 years. Durand d'Etivel, of Cahors, lived to be 128. A woman of 124 drank strong coffee in great quantities all her days, while a man of 114 lived on fruit, chiefly melons, and chewed lemon peel.—Portland Oregonian.

### Tim Healy's Career.

In his early days Tim Healy, M. P., was a clerk. First a railway clerk at Newcastle, then a mercantile clerk in London, he began to make his mark as a London letter writer to the Nation. Mr. Parnell gave him a chance by taking him as private secretary on his American tour in 1879. He is now the keenest member of the Nationalist party, and has had a seat in parliament since 1880. Mr. Healy married a daughter of T. D. Sullivan, the poet of the Irish parliamentary party. It is a tale that is told that when leaving his father-in-law's house for the honeymoon he absent-mindedly picked up Mr. Sullivan's umbrella. "No, no, Tim," shouted T. D., "don't take that! I have five daughters, but only one umbrella!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Nursed 965 Babies.

Mrs. Mary Clark, who resides at 331 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, who will be 84 years of age on Aug. 24, and for nearly 60 years has been a practical nurse. It is her proud boast that during that time she has nursed 965 babies.—Philadelphia Record.

To the coward the world's a charnel house; to the brave, a battlefield with a Te Deum at sunset.

## JUST LAUGHS.

HAD MADE A MISTAKE.

The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was on a hunting expedition near Louisville during the last few years of his life, and happened to fall in with a local nimrod whose unexcelled admiration for the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply.

After some change of incident and experience the bishop's interlocutor hazarded:

"Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"O, get out. What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, well; I never would have thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear this new made acquaintance was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Sabbath saw the rustic, in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed, afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods.

He managed to stammer his thanks, and added: "I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I ris with you set with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how; but all the same, if my opinion is wuth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Scolding Set to Music.

In one of the beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him. Suddenly, with one grand blare, the music stopped and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard:

"You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, [ ]!"

Checked by her own strident tones, she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was caloused to abuse. Picking up his stein, he looked at his wife and growled:

"Shut up till the band starts again."—New York Times.

### How She Won Out.

She was busy holding one end of the sofa down and the other, and for seventeen consecutive seconds silence had reigned supreme. Then he said: "I wonder if any girl ever really did propose during leap year?"

"I don't know," replied his fair companion, "but I'm sure no girl would do such a thing unless she was obliged to."

Several more silent seconds passed. "I'm—yes," he said. "I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"And I'm sure," she continued, as she moved over and laid her hand softly on his arm, "you would never permit a girl to humiliate herself in that manner, would you?"

"Why—er—that is, of course not," he stammered.

The ice having been broken, the rest was easy, and five minutes later they were engaged in looking up the advertisements of firms that sell furniture on the installment plan.

### FORTIFIED.



Mother—Horace, you must not go outside while it is raining or you will catch a cold.

Little Horace—"How kin I catch a cold when I got one already?"

Goat With a Charmed Life.

A well-known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel coat of his. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railroad track just before the daily express was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of.

"Not on your life," was the disgusted answer; "that goat had a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."—Harper's Weekly.

### Boxed.

They were returning from the husking bee.

"And were there any red ears?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."

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