

The Postponement.

By Jane Findlay Evans

When Mrs. Lake had last known Capt. Carleton it had been during a three weeks stay at Old Point Comfort. She had not seen Mrs. Lake then, but Stella Fenwick, and in stead of captain he had been Lieut. Montgomery Carleton. It was not known throughout the service as "Monte Carlo." And most of the waking hours of those three weeks he had passed in trying to persuade her to be his. She had not apparently been deaf to these persuasions, and it was only when he received the announcement a month or two after her marriage with his rival, Major Lake, that he had realized his failure. Since then the Spanish and Philippine wars had intervened, and many changes and changes had come to them both. When her husband's regiment was ordered to the Philippines she had followed him, but was disappointed in the hope of being with him. He was killed in parts of the war, and she had been unable to seek distraction in Manila with more or less success, rather more of late.

"Don't know him," she answered with decision. "Yes, you do— or did. Don't you remember that ball at Old Point Comfort we gave for the officers of the foreign ships, and the Spanish naval officer who made such a well, who made himself so conspicuous about you?" "Of course I do, only I had forgotten his name. If you had said Spanish naval officer I should have known at once who you meant. He was the most beautiful being I ever beheld. What made you think of that standard bearer?" "Captain Carleton. He went to the bottom with Monte Carlo." "Ah! I didn't know that!" "Indeed, he continued, I have had much reason to think of him. Something in his voice, and his bearing, lift her eyes from the floor, and she looked at him with a new interest. "He was a fine fellow," she said, "and I am sure you would have liked him very much. He was a great deal better than you are." "What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," he replied, "that you are a very nice girl, but you are not a great deal better than you are." "What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," he replied, "that you are a very nice girl, but you are not a great deal better than you are."

"frightened." He wrenched her hands from her face. He dropped on his knees in the bottom of the boat and turned her face up and kissed her on the mouth. Then he rose to his feet and took off his white uniform blouse and laid it across her lap. Hold this for me, Stella, and wish luck to me and not to Matanas. With his face turned up to where he saw the look of the Spanish ship he stepped over the side of the staff. Some of the party from the launch, alarmed for the safety of the absent, had been on the dock when they left and had noted their direction. They found her nearly an hour later. She still held Capt. Carleton's uniform blouse, and her eyes were fixed on a state on the post upon which the last look had been bent. When Mrs. Lake stepped onto the staff, she felt faint, and she was taken to the American Manufacturers' Building, where she was treated for her shock.

The Late Yellow Hammer. He was remarkable for his industry and indefatigable energy. It is only the Journal gave an account of the death of Yellow Hammer, one of the few remaining Ho-Do Indians, who was killed by lightning while riding in his wagon along the street in Oswego. The following is a biography, or obituary of Yellow Hammer. Yellow Hammer was a good Indian, before he died, and was one of the few of his tribe who were not converted to Christianity. He was a member of the Ho-Do tribe, and he was a member of the Ho-Do tribe. He was a member of the Ho-Do tribe, and he was a member of the Ho-Do tribe.

Indian Raspberry. Peculiar Berry Grown in Massachusetts. The garden committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, under the leadership of the chairman, Mr. Patrick Norton, visited yesterday the estate of Mrs. A. E. Munroe at Malden. The special purpose of the visit was to inspect Mrs. Munroe's plantation of the so-called Indian raspberry, a fruit that appears not as well known hereabouts as its merits deserve. Although familiar to horticulturists for many years, the plant has been chiefly cultivated for ornamental purposes. It is the Rubus rosaeifolius and is more commonly known as the straw-berry raspberry, a name of its fruit bearing a resemblance to both the strawberry and the raspberry. The name Indian raspberry, however, is much more appropriate, one suggesting the native origin of the species. It was introduced into England about a century ago, and has since been introduced into the United States. Its native home is the Hawaiian Islands, East of the Philippines. It has a very strong, and is very aromatic, and is very delicious. It is very common in the Hawaiian Islands, and is very common in the Hawaiian Islands.

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