A FOGGY NIGHT.

A broad, blue river, rippling and sparkling on its way to the sea. Widening, too, as it flows on, first between high-wooded banks, then by low-lying farms, and then, just before it reaches the narrow inlet, spreading out into almost a lake. Here the stream is broken into many channels by sedgy islands half covered at high water. Flocks of snipe and red-winged blackbirds fly to and fro, or settle down among the sedge, their red epaulettes glancing gaily in the dark green or against the clear blue sky. Among the islands the watere rushes deep and swift at ebb-tide hurrying down to meet the breakers; the "white sea-horses" that gallop in over the bar, tossing their flowing manes, and at flood-tide going back with almost equal force to where the wide stream flows more gently over sandy shallows and into deep coves and bends on the low shore.

On each side of the river are flat meadow lands, covered with rich swamp grasses in every shade of purple, green and brown. Here and there the ground is broken by clear pools, where water lilies float, guarded on all sides by red cardinal flowers, blue and white marsh gentian, and behind them helmet flowers and tall milk-weeds wave, trying to shake themselves free from the close embrace of pink convolvulus and yellow, thread-like bind-weed.

On one side the meadows are bound by clumps of holly, pines and cedar, and tangled thickets of smilax; on the other stretch low, white sand-cliffs covered with pale sea-grass, and sloping down to the blue sunny plain of waters, that to-day is dotted with white sails of fishing smacks which this morning crossed the bar.

All is clear, peaceful, bright—intensely bright under the August sun.

At night it is no less beautiful than by day. The full moon rises; over the black pines, flooding the land with its pure brightness; the river is a rippling sheet of silver, and the dark shore is touched with light. Seaward all form is lost, for the low banks and the dim river are wrapped in silvery vapor, through which comes faintly the music of the sea.

I long to float down into that shadowy region, to seek I know not what possibilities of poetry and beauty, and as I gaze, lo, a white, ghostly shape steals through the silver mist; silently it draws near, grows larger and more defined, and the moon gleams on the large sail of a pleasure boat. A sound of music floats to me on the still night air; the boat passes out of sight. We bring our skiff to the shore and unwillingly leave behind us the bright fairy-land, half fearing that it may vanish in the night.

I had come down at the end of a hot, dusty summer in town, to the old farm-house by the river where my cousin Norris and his wife had been passing the summer, and this land by sea was to me a paradise, a place of restful beauty, a lotus-land of Peace.

Such at least were my first impressions on the evening after my arrival, when, having spent the afternoon and evening on the water, we left the river and walked up through the dark, sweet-smelling cedar grove. On reaching the house, Norris proposed that I should be introduced to our host and hostess. I readily agreed, and we went into the large old-fashioned kitchen, where we found Captain Wilson and his wife sitting by an open wood fire, for the August night was chilly. Being duly presented, I sat down with them to enjoy the comfortable blaze, and began to speak of the beauty of the country and the pleasure I had had that day in the boating. "Indeed," I remarked, "I felt as though I could float on there forever".

"It's all good enough this kind of weather," Mrs. Wilson said, "but come down here in the spring and fall rains, and a rainy spell in winter. I guess you'd not like it so well then. For my part, I never see why people set such store by the boating. I'm sure I can't see the sense in it, and I haven't been in a boat for fifteen year, would you believe?"

"Is it possible! Why do you dislike boating so much?"

"Well, I never did like it, but I was in a boat once too often, and I've kept out of them since."

"I tell my wife," said Captain Wilson, "if she wants to see the sense in boats she'd better be down at the shore in a big nor'easter in winter, and see the wreckers go out to a vessel and bring to land the whole crew safe."

Our conversation then turned to the wreckers, and their work on this dangerous coast, and many evenings after that an old sailor entertained us with accounts of his adventures at sea and in the wrecking service. But I did not forget Mrs. Wilson's allusion to an adventure of her own, and one night toward the end of my visit I referred to it, and again asked her why she had not been in a boat for so long a time.

"Well," she replied, "I was in a boat once when I had too much of it. I couldn't be paid to go in one now. But it's a long story."

"Tell the story then by all means."

"But you won't think it's much of a story after all," Mrs. Wilson said, energetically, "but something I'll never forget as long as I live. It was about fifteen years ago, this next November, that I got word my sister was very sick and they wanted me to come over at once and see her. She lived then nearly opposite our landing on the other side of the river—maybe you've noticed that white house quite among the trees. Well, my husband wasn't home—he'd gone to the village, and I didn't dare wait till he'd get back. So I left word for him that I'd be over for supper, gave the baby into the care of the hired girl and started across the river with my oldest boy, Ned. He was about twelve years old. It was three o'clock then, and I remember thinking I'd be back by tea time. We got over easy enough, for Ned pulled a strong oar and the wind was in our favor. I found my sister very low, and I stayed with her till near six o'clock, for I couldn't bear to leave her. But at last we started home, for I knew they'd be expecting us back for supper.

"When we came out of the house it was nearly dark, and there was such a thick fog we could hardly see an arm's length before us. If it hadn't been for my baby I'd have turned back; as it was, I wanted to ask one of the neighbors to go over with us. But Ned wouldn't hear to it; he insisted he could row back as well as not, and if he pulled steady it was easy enough to keep a straight line across. So we got into the boat and pushed off."

"What sort of a boat was it?" I asked.

"Why, one of those little flat-bottomed boats, you know. I never did like to get in one of them, they tip over so easy. Well, at first I could see Ned rowing steady, but the fog seemed to grow thicker, and thicker, creeping up from the sea till it had spread over the flats and wrapped round us so at last I could not make out even the outline of my boy. For a while we talked a little, but after that I just sat still, thinking of my poor sister.

"I guess nearly an hour must have passed, when I noticed Ned was rowing slow and sort of irregular—I could not tell by the sound of the oars—and I asked him if he didn't think we were near home.

"'We'd ought to be, mother,' says he, and I knew from the way he spoke he was tired and worried. He stopped rowing now and stood up in the boat.'

"'I can't make out the shore; can you?' says he; but I couldn't see anything but the blackness all around. I could hear the water lapping against the side of the boat and the noise of the breakers—and they weren't very far away. That frightened me.

"Then Ned began to row again, but as if he was tired and discouraged, and soon stopped.

"'I can't row any more, mother,' says he, 'the tide's against us. I don't make an inch, and I can't find out where we are.'

"'You'll have to rest and then try again, Ned,' says I. 'If I could help you row I would, but you know I can't. Just try a little more, and we'll soon get to shore.' He didn't answer, and we sat still; but I knew by the motion of the boat that we were drifting. I knew, too that it was ebb-tide, and there was a strong current towards the sea. You've noticed, haven't you, what a strong current there is in some parts of the river?

"'Ned,' I said in a few minutes, trying hard to speak cheerful and not let him know how anxious I felt, 'you must make one more effort, a few more pulls will surely bring us to land.' So Ned took the oars once more, and pretty soon, to our great relief, we felt the bottom of the boat scrape against the sand, and another stroke of the oar brought us to land. Ned got out and began to haul the boat up, but immediately cried out: 'It ain't our shore at all? I declare if we ain't by Captain Moore's!' That was a few rods below where we started from. The boat had turned round, most likely pulled away by the current, and here we were farther than ever from home.

"What to do I didn't know. Ned was tired out, and I was afraid to venture with him alone again. At last I proposed that we'd try and find the way to Captain Moore's and ask some one there to row us over, and this time, Ned, poor child, was glad enough to do it. We had some trouble to find the path that led up through the woods. However we did get on it at last and felt our way to the house. Captain Moore was out, but Jim Lewis, a young man who worked for him, was there, and he agreed to take us across, though Mrs. Moore wanted us to stop there all night. And, indeed, I'd have been tempted to stay, for I felt dreadful nervous when I thought of the dark and the fog and the strong tide, but my baby was always in my mind—I kept thinking he must be crying for me—and of course I'd have risked anything to go to him.

"It was abont 8 o'clock when we left Moore's. When we got to the river Jim said he'd take Captain More's boat to cross to come back in, and proposed, as it was more comfortable, that I should get in it and we'd tow ours. So we started, our boat fastened behind, with Ned in it. Jim hadn't been here long and didn't know much about rowing, and neither of us thought how much harder that would make the pulling. It's queer Ned didn't think of it, but I guess he was too tired.

"As I said before, it was ebb-tide and the water rushing out to sea very fast; I never saw such a black sky, and the fog that thick it seemed as if you could not breathe. As we put off from land once more and went out into the darkness, I remembered all I'd heard about people being lost in the fog. I thought of my husband and the baby, and my sister, and a horrible feeling came over me that I'd never see them again. And all the time it was getting damper, colder and blacker.

"'We don't seem to keep a straight line,' Jim said, after he'd been rowing what seemed a long, long time 'The other boat, or tide or something, swings us around so. We'd ought to be near across, but the water's as deep as ever.'

"I knew, though I didn't say so, that we were not going across, for I heard the sound of the sea, at first very faint and far off, now getting louder every minute, and at ebb tide we might easy be caught in the current near the mouth of the river and be carried out to the breakers. Such a thing has happened.

"Well, for perhaps half an hour neither of us had spoken, and I was so frightened I'd almost forgotton about our boat, when Jim remarked that it was easier pulling than before. Then all of a sudden he stopped rowing, leaned past me and felt in the stern of the boat; then made an exclamation as if he was scared.

"'What is it?' said, I somehow feeling right away what was the matter.

"'I thought so; the boat's loose, by George, and the Lord knows where she is now!'

"It seemed as if that was too much! I felt all confused, and I think I told Jim that he must find my boy—he must turn back. "If I only knew which way to turn back!" says he; and began hallooing ond calling Ned. But there was no answer?

"I can't remember what I did or said; when I think of that time the same dreadful feeling comes over me that I had then, when my boy was drifting out alone in that little boat to sea. I thought he must have got beyond hearing before we missed him, and there was no chance that he could row against the tide, tired as he was. Vhen Jim began to row again, but in an uncertain sort of way, stopping every now and then to shout. Once we thought there was an answer, but after that he couldn't hear a sound."

"At last he gave up calling, and I felt then there was no hope of ever finding Ned or getting ashore. Jim said he was going to try and get me safe home first, and then start out again with my husband and other men to help him. I had to own that was the best plan, but it made me shudder to think what might happen to Ned in the mean time. I don't know how long it was after we had lost the boat—it seemed like hours—but at last we touched the shore.

"Oh! how glad I was! Jim landed and walked a little way; then he came back and said he thought we were near the end of Sandy Point.

"How near was that to your home?" I asked.

"Why, it's on this side of the river, a mile or two below here. I was thankful to be even that near home, and I told Jim we'd better leave the boat and walk along the shore to our landing, and so to the house. It was a long, wet walk, but willing to try it again. So Jim pulled the boat up and we started, as we supposed toward the shore, keeping close to the water's edge to guide us. But pretty soon the ground began to get very soft and Sandy Point is all pebbly and hard. Jim got down on his hands and knees and felt, and presently he said: "We're at the end of the darned point; the shore's in the other direction, so we must be still on the same side of the river. It's that there point down by the flats, confound it!"

"Oh! I never felt so done in all my life as I did when he said that. We were within a mile of the sea, farther than ever from home, and my boy gone. I just couldn't help it; I burst out crying, and Jim stood by me, not knowing I suppose, what to do next.

"But pretty soon he gave a shout, and that was answered by another quite near. I stopped crying and listened; sure enough, there was the sound of oars and the gleam of a light through the fog. Then I heard my husband's voice; I called and he answered, that soon he'd come up beside us.

"'Squire Greene was with him, and they said they'd been out since seven o'clock looking for us. 'But, where's Ned?' was the first thing almost the Captain said. So I told him all about it, and begged him go and find my boy. I suppose I talked in a wild kind of way, for I heard 'Squire Greene saying they must get me home first as quick as possible, for I was cold and nervous. They would take me to our landing, they said, and then start out and look for Ned, and Jim was to find his way back to Captain Moore's.

"Well, they put me in their boat and started, the two men pulling steadily together, and only stopping sometimes to call 'Ned?' But they got no answer. 'I never felt the current so strong here,' I heard 'Squire Greene say; 'one man I should think could hardly row against it.' My husband didn't answer. I guess he, like me, was thinking of our little boy out alone in the current.

"So we went on for some time. I was too worn out to think; I only was conscious that my feet and limbs were getting almost numb with cold. There seemed to be water in the boat, and the two men spoke anxiously together in low tones. 'Pull harder, Wilson; she'll last if we hurry," I heard Squire Greene say, and they rowed faster and faster. Suddenly the boat bumped against something in the dark. My husband held up the lantern and exclaimed: 'Thank God, he's safe!' I roused myself, opened my eyes, and saw beside us our boat, and in the bottom of it my Ned, fast asleep.

"But I should think it would have been farther down by that time if it it was adrift."

"Yes, but," said Mrs. Wilson, "it was stopped, and by what, do you think? Why, a good many years before that there'd been a little vessel wrecked in the inlet. I'll tell you, it was that very wreck the Captain was telling you about the other night, the time of that great storm of 185–. Well, it all broke up, but part of the hull was washed in past the flats, and when the water went down it stuck in the mud out in the middle of the river. It was covered at high water, but at low water a couple of beams stood up out of the water.

It was always a great bother to the captain, as it was in the main channel, the folks around here often talked of getting it away somehow, but they never did, and it's always seemed to me since, that it was just put there by Providence to save our child. For, would you believe, the boat had drifted down onto it and lodged between the two beams, not fast, but just kept there till we came up against it, and it was the Lord's guiding that brought us to it, for they had been trying to keep away from where they thought the wreck was.

"'Now,' says the Captain, as soon as he found our boat was all sound, 'we must get right into our boat. Quick, Mary,' he says to me, 'there's not a moment to lose; this one's leaking fast; in a minute she'll go down!"

"I didn't realize till afterward the new danger we'd just escaped; but they hurried to bring the boats alongside and in the dark almost lifted me from one to the other. Then Ned woke up, wondering what it was all about, and I had my boy in my arms and my husband rowing toward home.

"We left the old boat there in the river, and soon through the fog we saw firelight. 'Squire Greene shouted 'all right!' and there from the shore a real hearty cheer in answer. In another minute we'd landed beside a great bon fire, and the neighbors were all round us. When we got home it was twelve o'clock, and if ever I was glad to be in this old kitchen, it was then.

"I've never been in a boat since, even in the day time; and a misty evening always brings to my mind that night in the fog."

On going to my room that night, I looked from my window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the river. But the moon had hidden behind a cloud, and a thick, white fog was spread, like a clammy shroud, over river, sea and land. In the dark cedar wood a tree-toad croked predictions of coming rain.

And I kew that at the Inlet the bank sedge was shivering in the rising east wind, while the water flowed silently through the darkness out to sea, where float the wrecks of vessels lost on foggy nights.

The Leopard of the Air.

"Yes," said Querlaoun, "in my younger days, I remember, my wife and myself were on our plantation with some of our slaves, and one day we heard the cries of a baby and saw a child carried up into the sky by one of these guanioniens. The baby had been laid on the ground, and the guanionien, whose eyes never miss anything, and which had not been noticed soaring above our heads, pounced on its prey, and then laughed at us as he rose and flew to a distant part of the forest."

Then Querlaoun showed me a fetich partly made of two huge claws of this bird. What tremendous things those talons were! how deep theycould go into the flesh!

Then came the wonderful stories of the very great strength of the bird. The people were afraid of them, and were compelled to be very careful of their babies. These grand eagles do not feed on fowls; they are too small game for them. Monkeys are what they like best; they can watch them as they float over the top of the trees of the forest, but sometimes the monkeys get the better of them.

"People had better not try to get hold of the guanionien young, if they want to keep their sight," said Gamby, "for as sure as we live, the old bird will pounce upon the man that touches its young-"

For a long time I heard the people talking about the guanionien, but had never had a glimpse of one. Now, looking up again, I saw several of them. How high they were! At times they would appear to be quite still in the air; at other times they would soar. They were so high that I do not see how they could possibly see the trees; everything must have been in a maze to them; monkeys, of course, could not be seen. They were, no doubt, amusing themselves; and I wondered if they tried to see how near they could go to the sun. Some at times flew so high that I lost sight of them.

In the afternoon I thought I would ramble around. I took a double-barrel smooth-bore gun, and loaded one side with a bullet, in case I should see larger game; the other barrel I loaded with shot No. 2. Then I caretully plunged into the woods till I reached the banks of a little stream, and there I heard the cry of the mondi (*Colobus Satanus*), which is one of the largest monkeys of these forests. From their shrill cries I thought there might be at least half a dozen. I was glad, indeed, that I had one barrel with big shot. If the mondis were not too far off I would be able to get a fair shot to kill one.

I advanced very cautiously until I got near to them. I could then see their big bodies, long tails, and long, jetblack, shining hair. What handsome beasts they were? What a nice-looking muff their skins would make, I thought.

Just as I was considering which of them I would fire at, I saw some big hing, like a shadow, suddenly come down upon the tree. Then I heard the flapping of heavy wings, and also the death-cry of a poor mondi. Then I saw a huge bird, with a breast spotted somewhat like a leopard, raise itself slowly into the air, carrying the monkey in its powerful, finger-like talons. The claws of one leg were fast in the upper part of the neck of the monkey; so deep were they in the flesh that they were completely buried and a few drops of blood fell upon the leaves below. The other leg had its claws quite deep into the back of the monkey. The left leg was kept higher than the right, and I could see that the great strength of the bird was used at the time to keep the neck and also the back of the victim from moving. The bird rose higher and the monkey's tail swayed to and fro, and then both disappeared. It was a guanionien. Its prey was, no doubt, taken to some big tree where it would be devoured.

The natives say that the first thing the guanionien does is to take out the eyes of the monkeys they catch. But it must be a fearful struggle, for these mondis are powerful beasts, and do not die at the eagle's will. There must be a great trial of strength, for if the monkey is not seized at an exact place on the neck he will turn his head and then inflict a fearful bite on the breast of the eagle, or on his neck or leg, which disables his most terrible enemy, and then, both falling, meet their death.

I looked on without firing. The monkeys seem paralyzed with fear when the eagle came down upon them, and did not move after the bird of prey had taken one of their number and then decamped. When I looked for them they had fled to parts unknown to me in the forest. I was looking so intently at the eagle and its prey that for a while I had forgotten the mondis. I do not wonder at it, for monkeys I could see often, but it is only once in a great while that such a scene as I witnessed could be seen by a man. It was grand, and I wondered not that the natives called the guanionien the leopard of the air.—*Paul du Chaillu.*

TRUE TO HER WORD.

Leonora Lonsdale's most partial friend could not call her pretty. Her most impartial enemies—being possessed of much cleverness, strength of character, and hatred of shams it followed, she had a few—declared her ugly.

For the benefit of those who have never seen the young lady, and consequently belong to neither one side or the other, I will describe her—beginning with the most prominent feature of the human face.

Nose of no particular order, neither aquiline, straight, pug, turned-up nor turned-down, but original and independent, and apparently in the right place; eyes brown with a glint of topaz—a slight cast in the left one pronounced by the friendly "bewitchingly cunning" and by the inimical "decidedly impish;" mouth neither large nor small, with full, red lips closing firmly over two rows of strong, white teeth; complexion neither blonde nor brunette, but clear and rosy and her own, and chin that only escaped being masculine by having a dimple in it.

Her head, heavy with a quantity of straight, black hair, was well shaped enough, and well set upon a slender neck, that was again well set upon her sufficiently broad shoulders; her hands were small, but the fingers did not taper; she was five feet six inches in height, and looked as though she might be taller if she chose; had a clear, ringing laugh, a musical chest-voice, a graceful walk; had opinions of her own, and whistled like a bird.

And yet, notwithstanding her want of beauty—her many defects, I might say—there were men who had expressed a readiness to die for Leonora at need, and more who had declared themselves perfectly willing to live for her.

There was a wonderful atmosphere of freedom, of purity, of bravery about her.

And Leonora was a worker. Much as she despised shams and hypocrisies she despised idleness.

"Day dreaming! I don't believe in it," she would say. "Do your dreaming at night and work during the day;" and while she talked, in a bright, and cheerful way, each word clear and distinct, she busily plied her needle making little dresses and jackets and aprons. "For whom?" "Oh, for some poor children around the corner. I had nothing else to do."

It was while thus occupied one afternoon in September, seated on the old fashioned porch, shaded by a heavy grapevine, that Clifford Cameron sauntered in and threw himself in an easy chair beside her. "Cliff." had been a chum of Harry Lonsdale's since early boyhood, and for just that period had alternately tried to tease and make love to Harry Lonsdale's sister.

He was a good looking, sweet tempered generous, lazy young fellow, with no end of money. Grandfather had died and left him money—father had died and left him money—uncle had died and left him money, lately an old great-aunt, whom he had never seen, had departed this life, away off in some obscure corner of the globe, and left him more money. He had very fair hair and big, very blue eyes, beautiful hands and feet, was rather stout than slender, short than tall—was one of those infatuated men who thought the slight cast in Leonora's left eye perfectly charming, and who had said they would die of joy if she'd only graciously permit them to devote the remainder of their lives to her.

"Well, Bee," said he, taking up a small apron and leisurely surveying it.

"Well, butterfly," was the reply, "what brings you back from Newport so soon?"

"You."

"Oh! you've come here to talk nonsense again," says the young lady, holding another small apron before her, her head on one side like a bird's, as she ponders on the effect of a bow of green ribbon she has sewn on the pocket.

"Right, as you always are, my darling."

"I'm not your darling, and I'll take that apron if you're quite done with it."

"Deuce take the apron, says I. Stop sewing, I beg of you, Leo—it makes me quite tired to look at you."

"Clifford!"

"Leonora!"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't think I am. Ought I to be?"

With decision—"You should. Were I a young man in good health, not maimed or crippled—blessed with the average quantity and quality of brains"—

"Thanks!"

"I'd do something besides lounging at watering places in the summer, and club houses in the winter—something in the shape of work—yes, if five hundred uncles, and grandfathers, and aunts"—

"Couldn't any way in the world, thank Heaven! my dear girl, have so many relations."

"Left me five hundred fortunes. And if I fell in love with a girl, I'd prove to her before I proposed marriage, that I, myself"—

"Myself! Behold me!" quoted Cliff.

"Could, if an emergency arose, and life is full of them, support her, and that I was not entirely dependent upon the income flowing in from the coffers filled by my ancestors."

"Bravo! Leo! You're a splendid fellow! That last remark about the coffins of my ancestors was extremely fine. I'd like to have any one, in the glow of my present admiration for you, dare to hint that you were the tiniest speck cross-eyed. He or she'd repent in haste. But, most admirable of your sex, what would you do if you were a male fellow, so unfortunate as to know nothing useful, and wanted to propose to the girl you loved and all the rest of it?"

"I'd learn a trade if I hadn't talent enough for a profession."

"The average quantity and quality of brain is scarcely sufficient for a profession, and I'm too old to be taken as an apprentice. If I were not and could not be converted into a shoe-maker, or brick-layer—or—or—plumber, I think I'd prefer being a plumber, they only come and look at things and go away again, I couldn't give you a house like this, where you could sit on the porch with a peach tree in front of you and a nice grapevine over you, making clothes for horrid children around corners."

"Nonsense! I don't mean that."

"What do you mean then?" reaching up and plucking a grape from a low-hanging branch.

"Cliff Cameron, you know what I mean well as I do," and yet she explains with great slowness and emphasis. "I mean that a man should be able to support the woman he marries either by his head or hands whether he is ever obliged to or not. Go away, you are putting me out of temper."

"Putting you out of temper? You're mistaken. I never saw your dimple so angelic in my life. But I say, Leo," he continued more seriously, "if I prove to you that on an emergency—that is, if you with your luxurious tastes and general extravagance should waste my substance in riotous living after we were married—if I prove to you that in case I should be willing and able to give you bread with an occasional bit of butter—would you name the day?"

"That emergency never could arise."

"Well, imagine any emergency you choose, only answer me. Would you name the day?"

"What day?"

"Lenora!"

"Yes, I would."

"You would—fair and square now?"

"I would. Isn't that enough?"

"Quite enough. But it must be an early one."

"Must?"

"Will, my blessed."

"Yes."

Cliff Cameron arose deliberately, took away the sewing, deftly converted it into a ball and tossed it up among the grapes, made both small hands, little gold thimble and all, prisoners, and kissed her upon the dimple, upon the left eye, and lastly upon the warm, red lips.

"Mr. Cameron, this is premature," said she, her cheeks glowing like two pink roses.

"Not at all, Miss Lonsdale, you are mine. To-morrow I will take my place among the workers. It will be a humble one, but sufficient to prove to you that I am competent to earn the bread and butter of which I have spoken."

"But Cliff"—dropping her eyes for the first time.

"Well Leo"—clasping the bright face between his hands, and making her raise them again.

"Are you sure—you know how you admire pretty women, and I'm not pretty."

"But you're good—and to me the loveliest and sweetest girl in the whole world."

On Thursday afternoon, two days after the dialogue on the back porch, Miss Leonora Lonsdale, as she was wont on Thursday afternoons, being the executive ability of some charitable society that met on that day, stepped into a somewhat crowded street car, looking neither to the right or left, but straight before her, in her usual manner.

Once seated, she abstracted her pocket-book from her satchel and took from it the inevitable five cents, when she became aware of a hand stretched out toward her—a man's hand, a handsome hand, a familiar hand. Her eyes rested on it an instant and then traveled up the arm to which it belonged until they met the face—half hidden by a slouched, broad brimmed hat—of the conductor, Cliff Cameron!

She demurely placed her fare in his hand and, her enemies would have said, the cast of her eye beams more impish than ever.

"The day?" said the conductor in a low, firm, business-like tone, not a gleam of intelligence lighting up his big, blue eyes.

"Six months from date," replied Leonora, in the same tone, as she dropped her pocket-book back in her satchel.

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal* relates the following in its account of the recent burning of the steamer *Gov. Garland* in the Arkansas river: "Capt. Nowland's conduct was heroic. Finding it impossible to rescue his wife and two chiidren, he was compelled to forsake either the former or the latter. He had no time to hesitate, for the flames were already scorching the passengers. Capt. Nowland kissed his children farewell, plunged into the water. He looked back, but the children he could not see, for his eyes filled with tears, such as only a father or mother can know the meaning of. A deck-hand named Billy Staples, whose home is in Memphis, witnessed the sad farewell. Seizing both of the children in his strong arms the brave man leaped into the water and carried them safely to the shore."

A Patterson boy was riding on his father's back when the latter remarked that it was rather an elevated railroad. "Yes, pa," said the youngster, "I'm riding on a dummy."