

Captain Densmore's Girl.

By Anthony Raymond.

Dinner was over, and we of the stronger sex betook ourselves to the smoking-room while our wives went into the parlor and indulged in harmless gossip. Outside it was raining furiously, but seated in comfortable chairs with our feet perched higher than our heads, we did not give that fact much thought. It was ideal weather for a good story and I was about to ask our host to favor us with some tale of his adventures, when genial William Atkins broke in rudely upon our meditations by saying to Captain Densmore: "Captain, I hear that you were once stationed at Honolulu. Is that so?"

"Yes," he replied. "Well, yesterday in the afternoon, having nothing else better to do, I was hanging around the hotel trying to get a chance to interview a man, when in comes a tall, dark-skinned fellow, dressed for the world like a prosperous sugar-planter. The clerk was absent for the moment and as he was a stranger, I resolved to put him at his ease, and welcome him to San Francisco. I went forward and put out my hand, saying, 'Well, old sport, where do you hail from?'"

"From Honolulu," he replied as cool as you please. "Intend to stay here long?" "Not if all the men are as inquisitive as you seem to be."

"I laughed and just then the clerk came and my friend from Honolulu turned his back to me and spoke to the clerk. Say, Densmore, are all the Hawaiians as fresh as that?" "Not at all, not at all," Densmore interrupted hastily. "But describe your man."

"Oh, he was tall, looks like a dark-skinned Apollo. Has the habit of twisting his hat around the fore-finger of his right hand. A few other characteristics, but not worth mentioning."

"You have told me enough to let me know that the man who has just arrived from Honolulu, is my friend John Williams. At least he was my friend," the Captain added with a smile. "Captain," broke in Billy, "you said you were entirely at fault in losing his friendship. Come! that sounds as if there was a story back of that. I've left my note book at home and besides I never work over-time, so I'll promise that unless you give me permission I'll not put one word of this in my paper."

"Oh, I am not ashamed of the story," returned the Captain, "and it was not my fault that Williams hates me, I'll stake dollars to chestnuts that he is here to settle the old score."

"Go ahead with the story," cried several of the boys. So Densmore began: "Way down in the Hawaiian Islands, as you doubtless know, there is a town called Honolulu. It is a beautiful little place, full of parks and beautiful trees, which line some of the streets. There is one park especially which holds itself dear to my memory, and that park is called 'Thomas Square.' The county band gives free concerts there once a week, and nearly all of the inhabitants of Honolulu, at least nearly all the people who live around this beautiful square, come to this concert. The music played by the band is equal to that of any of the mainland bands."

"I am passionately fond of music and I was to be found at nearly every concert given by the band, either at that or any other square. "One bright, moonlight evening I went, as was my custom, to 'Thomas Square.' I had been detained at the

barracks and so was a little late. As I made my way through the vast throng which had assembled, I found that my usual seat was occupied by a young woman of more than extraordinary beauty. She was not full white. There were the unmistakable signs in her which give the Hawaiian away every time. But they only enchanted her beauty. Our eyes met and then dropped, but I was conscious of a sudden pang which shot through my heart; it was a case of love at first sight."

The Captain stopped for a moment, glanced at the faces which stared at him in eager expectancy; draining the glass which was at his elbow, he resumed: "I moved away, in search of a place where I could see and not be seen, but before I could find it, I saw her turn half-way in her seat and our eyes again met. Several times during the remainder of the evening I caught her looking for me and each time my heart grew larger and larger until I thought that it would surely burst."

"Before the concert was over I met a brother officer, who mingled a good deal in society, coming toward me, and pointing out to him the girl who had woven so potent a charm around me, I asked him if he knew her. "Yes," he said, 'she is Ellen Grieve' one of the belles of Honolulu. But there's no show for you, Densmore. See that fellow sitting close to her?"

"I looked and saw for the first time this good-looking Hawaiian whom I afterward came to know as John Williams. My heart sank within me. Then I grew defiant. 'I must have her at any cost,' I said to myself. "My brother officer and myself were not especial friends, but a dying man will catch at a hairpin. So I turned to him and said, 'Harry, maybe you've heard of love-at-first-sight cases before, and maybe you've not put much stock in them? But I tell you that I'm a victim to the glances cast at me by beautiful Ellen Grieve. Harry, for the sake of our friendship, introduce me to her.'"

"Sure," he said, 'but there's no use. Williams has her heart and soul, you might say. But if you think that an introduction is the only thing that will alleviate you, why, come along.' "His bantering tone exasperated me, and I said, 'Harry, were you ever in love?'"

"Dozens of times. It all wore off in the morning, though." "My love will never wear off," I said. "Never until I die." "Glad to hear you say so," he responded, drily. "But, come; they are moving away."

"He walked toward them and I followed, and so found myself face to face with Ellen Grieve. They were going home and as the night was a beautiful one, I suggested that we walk rather than ride. Ellen seconded my proposal with an alacrity which surprised me. We paired off, Harry taking Ellen's cousin, Williams taking her sister and I taking Ellen. By mutual consent we let the others walk a little ahead of us and before I knew what I was doing, I heard my voice saying: "I caught you looking at me seven times this evening."

"That many?" she laughed. "But I saw you looking at me about fifty times." "Forty-nine and a half," I responded, quickly. "How do you account for the half?" she asked. "Some girls crowded around your bench and hid all but your hat away from me."

"How sad," she said.

"We soon reached her home and, bidding her good-night, I went on to the camp to dream all night, and to think all the next day of beautiful Ellen Grieve, and what I could do to win this lovely young woman which fortune had placed in my path."

"The days passed slowly enough, and when Tuesday came around again, I went to the square and waited in vain for Ellen to put in an appearance. The concert was half over when I saw Harry Morton coming around to my bench. "Where is she?" I demanded as soon as he was in speaking distance. "She? Who?" he asked. "Ellen Grieve?" I responded. "Gone for a visit to the volcano." "When is the next boat up there?" "Friday."

"I'm going to try for a leave of absence. When did she go?" "This morning at twelve," he answered. "Did you know she was going?" I asked. "She told me she was going last Thursday."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I demanded. "Why didn't you ask me?" he answered in the even tone which I disliked so much. "Well, I got my leave of absence and then I went to the volcano. She was at the wharf to meet me. Well, to make a long story short, I spent a very pleasant vacation and one day near the close of my leave of absence, I managed to see her all alone in the parlor of the Volcano House. I offered to change her name, but she seemed to think that Grieve was every bit as good as Densmore and so I came away as soon as possible. The next week I received an invitation to her wedding, and as I knew the man of her choice well, I resolved to quit the country, as I could not bear to see him get so beautiful a girl as Miss Grieve. I got transferred to San Francisco and left Honolulu on her wedding day."

The Captain drew his feet down from the window sill, where he had rested them, and after calling for a glass of water, he lighted a fresh cigar and settled down to enjoy it. "Captain," said Billy, "you neglected to tell us who she married?" "Oh," he replied, with a smile, "she married Harry Morton."

In the laugh which followed, the Captain left the room and we began a general discussion of his story. **WOMAN "RUNNER" FOR CONFEDERACY** Down at Port Tobacco, southern Maryland, where Colonial customs still prevail and the telephone and the telegraph are still almost unknown, there was buried last week Miss Olivia Floyd, famous throughout the South as one of the "runners" of the "underground railroad."

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and her relatives wondered at this marvelous change. When colored troops were being enlisted in 1864, some one came to Miss Floyd's home for the purpose of enticing her negroes away. Miss Floyd took the negroes to the county seat, enlisted them and got the bounty.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A young man was at a table with his wife and a party of friends, when a tall and imposing blonde passed who gave the young man recognition and a dangerous, questioning look. "Who is that woman?" the young wife asked. "Now, don't you go bothering me about who she is," the young man replied; "I will have trouble enough explaining to her who you are."