

Top of the Omnibus

"And I have a great many faults," "I hope so. I detest angels." There was another pause. Then as we rounded the corner on to the Boulevard St. Germain she asked, half laughing, "Tell me just one thing, please—what will you do if I say 'No'?"

"Oh, don't worry! I shan't kill myself. I shall make love to Aunt Martha."

"I couldn't help admiring the young man's spirit. After an acquaintance of only one-half hour I was almost ready to say 'Yes' to him."

Unfortunately he had chosen Miss Helen. We rode up under the big chestnut trees of the boulevard in silence. It seemed a long way to me but at last the old spire of St. Germain des Pres came in sight. We had reached the head of the line.

"Helen, is it 'Yes' or 'No'?"

I listened, breathless, for her answer. Now, at the very last, was she going to disappoint him—and me? People were starting to get down from the imperiale and stumbled over me as they went, but I was only dimly conscious of their feet and their apologies. In trembling suspense I waited Miss Helen's word.

"It is 'Yes,' Edward," she said. "It was 'Yes' all the time. Men are so stupid!"

"But women are so cruel, dear!"

I descended in front of the fancies, but I had scarcely put my foot on the ground when I heard an exclamation of horror behind me.

"Edward, look at that young French girl! She has on a short skirt! She's an American!"

Their Troubles Settled
New York, July 14.—Dr. Charles W. Drees, superintendent of the Puerto Rico mission of the Baptist church, is in New York, consulting with the officials of the missionary society about the work of his denomination in that island. His object in visiting the United States is to raise \$60,000. This fund will be applied exclusively to the schools and mission stations in Puerto Rico. Speaking of religious changes in general discussion, Dr. Drees said:

"Fortunately we have no complications like those that have arisen in the Philippines over the lands of the friars. Long before the United States acquired sovereignty over Puerto Rico the Spanish government had taken over nearly all of the property belonging to the monastic

"Nine days on the steamer," she counted deliberately, "two weeks in London and two weeks here. It's easy to see that you didn't study arithmetic in your youth."

"You are trifling with me," he exclaimed. "It doesn't take ten years to find out that you're in love when you meet the right person."

"Yes, but what is it to be in love?" she asked. "And how are you to be sure that you've met the right person? In the old fairy story one knew the true prince by the halo around his head, but I don't see any halo about you. I see a young man in a straw hat sitting on the top of a bus. It's not romantic in the least."

"Well, never mind if it isn't romantic," he retorted. "Who cares about love being romantic if it's real? Love doesn't need to be announced by a band of music and brought in on a silver platter. It's much bigger and more serviceable than that. It's for all times and occasions, and it means just as much on the top of an omnibus as anywhere else."

She made no answer, and after a moment of silence he spoke again, "Is there any rule about when and where a man should propose?"

She was silent. We were passing the opera house at this moment, and the busy line of the boulevards came in sight. The omnibus stopped in front of Cook's office on the corner, and the two priests got down, but no one else came up to take their places. More than half the broad Avenue de l'Opera was behind us before the young man asked once more: "You know I could make you happy, don't you?"

Still she did not answer.

"Don't you?"

"There's the Rue de l'Echelle!" she exclaimed quickly. "We must get down here for the Hotel Normandie."

"Don't stir," he said peremptorily. "Your aunt won't get out without us, and you and I are going to the head of the line. We must settle this question once for all."

I was delighted at this decision. The head of the line was my destination also, and now I knew that I would hear the end of the story. I no longer questioned whether I ought to announce myself or get down from the bus. All my scruples had vanished in the absorbing interest of the situation. What woman ever left a novel in the middle of a proposal?

The omnibus drew up slowly at the corner of the Theatre Francaise, and a crowd of waiting people came out into the street from the station under the trees. We could hear the conductor calling off the numbers, "Un, deux, trois, en voiture! Quatre, cinq, six, en voiture!" as the vehicle filled up with passengers.

"Complet!" was called at last, and the controller screamed to the outside seats, "Correspondences sur l'imperiale!" There were no transfers, and the horses started toward the Rue de Rohan.

"Well, Miss Ware, is it 'Yes' or 'No'?" asked Mr. Henley as we moved on.

"I don't know," she answered hesitatingly. "I like you very much, but I'm in doubt, and when people are in love they don't doubt. Therefore I can't be in love."

"How very disagreeable logical women are!" he retorted.

"I can't decide my whole life in a minute," she went on. "I must have time to reflect."

"You may reflect," he replied, "all the way from here to St. Germain des Pres. I'll keep still so that you can think better." The omnibus was jolting across the court of the Louvre as he spoke.

"But I can't think at all when you sit there devouring me with your big eyes," she complained.

"Then I'll look the other way," he said.

"I don't know why it is, but whenever any one makes love to me"—She broke off as if abashed at the implication of her words.

"Go on," he said. "I'm not such a fool as to think that I'm the only man who ever made love to you."

"Well, then, there's a mocking little evil spirit inside of me that always rises up and makes fun of love. I thought when the right man came he would silence that voice, but I hear it speaking now."

"Don't listen to it," he answered promptly. "You say yourself it's an evil spirit."

Neither spoke for a moment, and then she remarked as if thinking aloud:

"I shouldn't make at all a good wife. I hate sewing and fussing about a house."

"Is it a question of a housekeeper?"

"I can't even cook oatmeal!"

"Have I asked you to cook for me?"

ly lighted, made a bet that he would lie in front of the communion table during the whole of a service without being discovered by any of the dons. He won the bet. — London Chronicle.

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The Father of the English Church
To have been an active parochial clergyman for 70 years, of which 63 were passed in the same parish, constitutes a wonderful record, and in point of age combined with the length of service the Rev. G. D. Grundy, vicar of Hey, near Oldham, whose death has just taken place, might well be regarded as the "Father" (in the parliamentary sense) of the Church of England. Some of his interesting reminiscences were recalled yesterday by his son, the Rev. C. H. Grundy, in preaching at St. Peter's, Brockley, of which he is vicar. At Oxford, where he was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone, the late Mr. Grundy came under the influence of the evangelical movement, and he used to recall how the authorities at Brasenose (of which college he was a scholar), in their horror of the new ideas, altered the dinner hour in order to prevent the undergraduates from attending outside services. In illustration of the irreverent tone of the undergraduates of those days, the late clergyman told a story of a member of his college who, the chapel at Brasenose being somewhat dim-

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The Nugget Printery

July 14, 1902

Blew Open Safes
July 14.—Safe cracker entered the safe of Northern Furniture Company, valued at \$83.20, but failed of getting into the safe. The safe was owned by Northern Furniture Company and was located in the store of the two companies side by side on Commercial Street.

Skagway Pioneer Here
Abrams, the pioneer of Skagway and one of the citizens of that town, is in Dawson on his first trip. He will remain throughout the summer. Abrams says he had some idea of Dawson but he was not prepared for the substantial looking town on his arrival.

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