

FAY'S FLIRTATIONS.

"I am tired of it, aunt, tired of it all! My very wealth is a burden to me! I have grown down here to forget it, to forget that I am an heir, and only to remember that I am once again the little girl who has spent here, in the old homestead, so many happy hours." Thus spoke Fay Murdock, on the morning following her arrival at Crow's Nest. She sat where she had thrown herself, with languid grace, on the *futon* at her aunt's feet. A pretty picture she made in the morning sunshine, as it played about her small regal head: its auburn hair arranged so tastefully in dainty puffs and curls, the deep blue eyes with their thickly fringed black lashes now and again sweeping the exquisitely tinted cheek; the red lips half parted over the white, even teeth; the tall figure in its white wrapper, which to ignorant eyes appeared so simple a dress, but adorned with lace which in reality represented a full year's salary for a poor man. Even the sun laughed at this young lady's promise to forget her wealth, but her aunt smiled as she answered: "I trust, dear, whatever has brought you, the happy days may come again. But you must expect to find Holbrook much changed, although Crow's Nest on our domain remains the same. The opening of the mines has made a wonderful difference. All our old-time quiet has fled, and though the town has marvelously grown and improved, I often sigh the days gone by. By the way, the new superintendent dines with us tonight. He appears a gentlemanly fellow, and your uncle says he is just the man for the place. Our interests, now, lie so largely in the mines, that we find it necessary to be polite to those having authority. If, however, you miss in him some of the polish of your city beaux, you will, I trust, pardon it."

"If she replied, with seeming astonishment: 'What have I done?' 'Doubtless the thing is such an old, old story to your ears, Miss Murdock, its repetition would weary you. Have you, then, missed me, that you seek to know the reason of my absence?' 'My aunt and uncle wondered,' she whispered, half turning her head, that yet the man might see the wave of color his question had brought into her cheek. 'Do not let them wonder longer, Mr. Revere.' 'Come and see us. Will you not?' 'And it that minute's pleasing thing Paul Revere's fate. The flash of triumph now had time for growing in her eyes.' 'No longer was there need to watch and wait. A month had passed since she had asked him would he come, and on no day since had he been absent. The time appointed for her visit of his. His lips were silent. Not until they, too, disclosed it would her vengeance be complete, the vow fulfilled, she had sworn that first night he had let her go forth alone, nor stayed to whisper his 'Good night.' She needed a summer's amusement, she said, and he a lesson. It would harm no one. But one day she thought differently; one day when, abruptly, without a moment's warning, his lips told the long-delayed tale. She was sitting at the piano, her fingers listlessly touching the keys, he standing, as on that first evening, by her side, they two only in the room. Suddenly he bent and looked into her eyes, while the chords crashed as he laid his strong hands over hers. 'You have taught me to love you,' he said, abruptly. 'For what reasons? Can you give me an answering love? Will you be my wife?' She looked startled into his face. It was white and drawn, and in that look she recognized it was no idle plaything she had toyed with during these summer days. 'Fay,' he continued, his voice softening, 'once before I loved a woman, older than myself, who played with me a while, then laughed as she presented to me the man who afterward became her husband. I swore then never again to lay my love at any woman's feet; but, darling, with my first glance into your eyes that resolution dissolved. It lies there untainted, unsullied. Will you accept it?' 'Did you not know I was to be married in the fall, and this—holding up a finger on which glittered a brilliant stone—'the pledge of my engagement?' Fay answered, trying to speak lightly. 'One moment she almost shrieked aloud with agony, as the man's grasp tightened on the hand he held within his own; the next he flung it from him as though it were a viper, his face that of a fiend, as, silent, voiceless, he turned and left her to her triumph. But, as he went, she knew, too late, her heart went with him. She had taught him to despise her. For him that bitterness was over. She had taught herself to love him. For her the bitterness had begun. She had deceived him even in the last falsehood. No engagement bound her. She had but asked of him, wondering at his reply, but thought to evade the offer of his love; and now—now she realized it all! Air! She must leave air, or she would faint! 'Stealing from the house she wandered on and on, throwing herself down in the shadow of a hedge to sob out her weakness. Voices roused her; voices suppressed yet ominous; voices which spoke his name. 'I tell you I saw him a while ago rush from the house like mad, and down the road. He's sweet on the heiress! All the better. That look was never on a successful lover's face. We'll put a piece of cold lead in him to end his misery, and then place the pistol in his hand. That'll be his discharge, and a final one. Why shouldn't we? Didn't he give us ours with his cursed ways that wouldn't let a fellow enjoy even his glass in comfort?' Merciful heaven! Had she heard aright? And this horrible peril menaced him! 'Hist, John! I hear the steps.' 'Aye, so did she. Not even time to warn him. She must—she must save him at any cost. Nearer and nearer comes the man, many tread she knew so well. She, too, crouched down and glided toward him. Will there be time? Already he is within range, already her keen eye has caught sight of the murderous aim, when she vaults forward and with a loud cry throws herself upon his breast. 'Save and defend yourself! They would murder you!' But even as she speaks a pistol shrings out in the still air; and with one cry: 'My love! My love!' from her white lips, she sinks at his feet, her blood staining the ground on which she lies, the bullet intended for his heart buried in her shoulder. The cowardly assassins already have escaped; as he, stooping, raises once more in his strong arms the slender form, and bears her swiftly toward the house. What did her words mean? This is the question which haunts him during the long, anxious days when she hovers on the borderland between life and death. Was it atonement which causes her to sacrifice her life for him, or was it—He could not frame the word. Hope had been too ruthlessly shattered to permit it again to bloom. But there came a day when life gained the victory, when her first question was for him. 'Paul,' she said, when he came forward to her side, 'I did not know myself. Of course, and when the sweet voice faltered, 'you can never care for me again, but I wanted to tell you it was not true what I said. No man holds my troth. I said it only to try you. I—I don't ask you to love me again, but I proved my love, after all—did I not?—and, dear, you will let that pled with you for my forgiveness.' Like the bursting of the sun, the clouds scattered on Paul's horizon, as he fell on his knees beside the bed where she lay, so white, the green blue eyes swimming in tears, as he held the frail form close to his beating heart. 'What have I done to deserve such happiness?' he murmured. 'Fay, is it true? My own, my darling, are you really mine?' 'If you will take me,' she answered, smiling through her tears, a rainbow prophecy of their future.—N. Y. Ledger.

AN ELEPHANT IN PLASTER.

First Dressed with Two Gallons of Whisky and Five Ounces of Quinine. Queen Jumbo and Bally, the elephants, attracted several thousands of people, old and young, to the park yesterday. The day was cold and lowering overhead, but the earth was damp, but the children fondled their big friends as enthusiastically as ever, and expended all the small change to be had in corn and peanuts with as much abandon as though the sun had been shining. Queen Jumbo had a bad time a little while ago with the "thumps." When a child suffers from the chills and then becomes fevered and has lung trouble it is only pneumonia, but when an elephant suffers in the same way the trouble is "thumps." Queen's huge bulk shivered and shook, and she whined complainingly until the keeper Pett began to give her medicine. The first dose was two gallons of whisky with five ounces of quinine, and he had much trouble in getting Queen to take it. The dose did little good, and Queen grew worse until "thumps" were plainly to be detected. Then it was a case of life and death, and the keeper set to work in a hurry. He built a big fire in the elephant house and hung blankets close to it until they were very hot, and then wrapped them around Queen. Another man put 100 pounds of strong English mustard into a barrel and mixed it with water, like any other mustard plaster and hung blankets close to it until they were very hot, and then wrapped them around Queen. Soon her ladyship showed signs of uneasiness. She felt along her sides with her trunk, stepped about constantly and seemed to wonder what was the matter. As the mustard took hold, severely Queen tried to tear away the bandages and, when jabbed by the keeper's hook, she began screaming like a steam whistle. The plasters were left in position for three hours and then removed and Queen again wrapped in hot blankets and dosed with whisky and quinine. After a while she began to perspire, as elephants always do, through the trunk, and her keeper knew that she was saved.—San Francisco Examiner.

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VOL. THEY M

HOW THE... An Address... of Opinion... to the... "I say... municipality... Queer of the... body... "I as... thing about... be all very... the govern... sion of sym... ought to do... telegram has... looks as thou... are not; we... pacity, and... our heads... dress." "Yes," said... people expect... eyes of the... send a telegr... everybody's... thoughts on... served in the... come. We will... do and the... flies on the... where." So Council... Queer called... and they all... to get up... themselves in... and unanimous... Councillor Qui... secretary and... suggestions of... address was co... "How shall I... tary." "In the usu... Grump. "Say... pal council be... were present... "No, no!" in... "I should start... has pleased... "Gentlemen... "deliberate bo... low preceden... as possible to... dress we pass... Does anybody k... Nobody knew... death in the r... and it was ver... direct address... cation could be... somewhere. A... addresses and... but none of t... as a form in... occasion. It wa... invent one, and... queted to lend... of it. "Shall I begi... the secretary. "Not at all." "Address it to... "I think that... start with 'Victo... of the United... and Ireland, Que... said Councillor... do?" "Let me alone... "And I will read... So he wrote for... read: To Her Most Gracious... Great Britain and... etc. May it please Your... We, the warden... of the city and county... of New Brunswick... approach your majesty... firm attachment to you... "There—I'm stu... will I say next?" "Put in something... power," suggested... "To your majes... continued the secre... "Is that good gr... cillor Kicker. "It sounds fine... "Let it go. What... The secretary co... And at this time... our d-r-p and respect... at the unlooked for... and you, y'r family... the death of yo... Royal Highness Albert... and Avondale. "What will I say... "Make some res... the prime of life, or... bloom of youth, or... said Councillor Wig... The secretary w... again: Taken off as he was in... circumstances peculiarly... concern to all your majes... while we beg earnestly... that to her majesty... your majesty or the roy... call forth our depest... humbly feel that in comm... we have a more abject... majesty's present oblation.