

HIS REPROOF.

He oft with her had sleighting gone,
But never sought her lips to taste,
Nor even, though they were alone,
Had placed an arm around her waist.

When froze her ears the boreal breeze,
And she was shivering with the cold,
He never said, "Love, if you please,
Will you a while the ribbons hold?"

As they a-sleighting went one day,
He said, "Why, you've forgot your muff!"
She answered, in a quiet way,
"Tis true, but you'll do well enough."

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

This, then, is to seal our engagement?" she said adjusting the bracelet upon her snowy wrist. "Yes," I responded: "henceforth our lives are linked," and I turned and kissed her.

I had purchased it that morning, partly from any own admiration of the design, but chiefly to gratify Bessie's fondness for rubies. It was, indeed, a novelty consisting of several coils of gold, which fastened with a lock literally composed of rubies, and that scintillated in the twilight like sparks of burning fire.

Ah, how vividly the remembrance of that Summer evening comes back to me! The low wind sweeping up fitfully from the river, the hum of the locust and the rustle of the maple-leaves all played an accompaniment to my heart's love-song, as I acknowledged Bessie Mayfield as my betrothed bride. Her real name was Bessie Mason, but bearing a striking resemblance to my sister, and having been left an orphan at an early age, she was taken into our home and hearts, and has ever since worn our name.

We had been sweethearts from our cradles. Our homes bordered one upon the other, and it is not singular that the interlacing of our hearts should strengthen with our years.

I stood there in the shadow of the trees, watching her ascend the long stairway, and wondering if I was worthy of her. She had one of those gentle, shrinking natures that sweetens and softens every home. I used to call her my little rivulet, and to-day, as I look back upon the playground of the past, I find it green and fresh from her influence.

Lilian Lawrence was coming on the midnight train to spend the vacation at Richmond, so I ordered the carriage-driver to call at 11.50 p. m., went immediately to my office, and sat down to read.

Fancy came to me on fairy wings, and beguiled the tedious hours. Vision after vision came before me in a kind of panoramic display, and Bessie's sweet face smiled from the canvas of each picture. Now she promenaded the veranda with my sister Grace, and confessed the secret of her heart—her love for me. Now she displayed the engagement bracelet, disclosing the charm of its lock. Flash after flash of the rubies penetrated my drowsy mind, until I saw the headlight of the engine, and heard the shrill whistle announce the arrival of Miss Lawrence.

The moment I saw her I feared her. She was beautiful, tall and graceful, her movements willowy, and her eyes soft and slumberous, that alternated shades of brown and black. I felt their power and tried to avert my gaze, but I could not. My heart served as a focus that concentrated the mellow beams of her eyes.

"Let me relieve you of your parcels," I said, trying to shake off the weight that burdened me, and at the same time assisting her into the carriage.

"You were expecting me then, tonight?" she said. "I feared my telegram would not reach you. Has Arthur Hastings arrived? He was to have met

me at Bellwood, but as he did not, I supposed he was awaiting me here."

"He has not," I replied, trying to make myself engaging, but scarcely hearing her words for the melody of her voice, which seemed almost like a caress.

"He has already declared himself a rival of yours, having fallen in love with the picture I have of Bess," she continued, talking in a most familiar strain, and seeming amused, I fancied, at my embarrassment.

The carriage drove up just then to the steps of the veranda, and the girls being there to receive her, I made my bow, and drove rapidly downtown to my office.

Arthur Hastings came three days afterwards, dressed in his Summer broadcloth, and supporting a gold-headed cane. A more offensive fop had never entered the town, and I hated him as much as I adored Miss Lawrence.

The next few weeks were interspersed with boating, fishing and driving; I, of course, escorting Miss Lawrence, and Hastings playing the devoted to Grace. I had scarcely spoken to Bessie since the night of our engagement, yet I knew she was true to her vow, although I had wavered.

Each morning found me at Miss Lawrence's side, each twilight at her feet. Treacherous as I believed her eyes, they tortured me, and left a scar upon my memory and upon my heart.

Bessie must have foreseen the disaster that threatened me, for she sought my society at every available opportunity. In the blindness of my love for another, I evaded and neglected her.

One day we had arranged to have a picnic in the woodland that lay across the river. I arose early, preparatory to completing the plans for the day, and walked out upon the lawn, which was dewy and refreshing. Some one came up softly to my side. It was Bessie, prettily dressed in a robe of light blue muslin, and a cluster of pink roses upon her bosom as if listening to the beating of her heart.

That picture! Can I ever forget it? No. Time may lessen my vision and darken the sunlight of my life, yet that face has looked, and will ever look, sadly upon me from the chamber of my soul.

"Are you going to Denham's Woods to-day with—Lilian?" she timidly inquired, her voice trembling and a blush making crimson her cheek.

"Yes," I replied, and turned away from her, looking in the direction of the grounds. She crept away like a wounded fawn, and I saw her no more.

The day passed away pleasantly. No cloud prophesied the tragedy the twilight would disclose. Late in the afternoon Miss Lawrence and I climbed to a grassy knoll overlooking the river, and watched the sun go down, which tinted the glassy surface of the river with all the glory of an Autumn forest. My soul reveled in the poetry of the scene, and I was drifting away from her, when suddenly she turned her eyes upon me, and in the tenderest voice said:

"Such a disappointment your sister could not attend to-day. Her presence however, is not missed by one," and she pointed to a skiff some distance off upon the river. "It is Arthur Hastings and Bessie: they have been upon the river the entire afternoon; and her voice trembled just the slightest, as an aspen-leaf will quiver when kissed by a zephyr.

A party of friends came up then, and, excusing myself, I hurried off towards the river to make inquiries as to my sister's absence.

Nearer and nearer came the skiff. Too well I knew that figure in pale muslin, the large flower-crowned hat, the pink roses, and—and—the lock bracelet. Although her face was turned from me, every feeling that animated it was reflected in Arthur Hastings's countenance. He loved her, and as I

heard him utter the words, all the old boyish life came bounding into my hear with twofold intensity. Did she care for him? Was she untrue? And driven to desperation at the mere thought, I drew my revolver and crouched behind a clump of reeds. They were close beside me now I heard the skiff trail against the shore: and, with the vengeance of a tiger, I sprang up and fired once, twice!

"Fred Mayfield, what have you done?" exclaimed Arthur, and lifted the lifeless figure of—my sister from the skiff.

"Oh, God!" I cried, and in the intensity of my agony I swooned and fell—not into the river, but upon the floor of my office. The shock aroused me from a horrible dream!

I looked at my watch. In five minutes the driver came, and I met Miss Lawrence in reality, whose Summer stay proved a delightful event, and whose friendship ripened into such a state that she became Bessie's bridesmaid before the close of the summer.

Do you wonder that I shuddered when Arthur locked a companion bracelet to Bessie's upon my sister's arms?

JACKSON'S "ORNYMINT."

"The trouble with the wimmen these days is that they all want to be ornymints. They git more wuthless and no-account every day of their lives."

"That's jist about so, Mr. Hayseed. The wimmen air developin' a speerit of independence that ort to be curbed—cut off short, as it were."

"They were a pair of grangers of the old-fashioned type, horny-handed, hard visaged and narrowly conservative."

"Now, there's Lem Jackson's wife," one of them said; "I dummo how Lem ever does put up with her shiflessness and uppish ways."

"She's one o' them ornymintal kind of wimmen, hey?"

"I should say so. All she's got to do is to cook for only eight in fam'ly, milk nine cows, tend to the garden and Lem's onion patch, and help in the field a little in plantin' and hayin' time. Wimmen ain't no'count nowa days no-how. They all want to set 'round and be ornymints like Lem's wife."

To be looked up to; The fashionable hat.

P. T. Barnum has given three toboggan slides to the people of Bridgeport, Ct. The old gentleman is foxy, and proposes to get his next season's invoice of human monstrosities cheap, provided the accidents are plenty enough.

A WOMAN in the Adirondacks was hugged by a bear yesterday.—Daily Paper.

This is evidently an advertising scheme, but it won't work. The young men of this generation are not so backward as all that.

They had not met since they were in the ballet at the old Strand Theatre.

"Dear Lizzie, I'm so glad to see you!"

"So am I, Maud, to meet you."
"Are you married?"
"Yes; and you?"
"Yes; any children?"
"Two; and you?"
"None; our house is too small."

"Get married, Charlie, get married. One never knows how cheaply he can live with a good, economical wife until he tries it. Why, when I was married I couldn't even support myself, while now—"

"Well."
"Now my wife supports me. It is cheaper for me than being single."

LITTLE feathery flake of snow,
Drifting softly to and fro,
How white and pure the earth you make,
Like an enormous wedding cake.

Little feathery flakes of snow,
Little reek you where you blow—
In one's ear-hole, down one's neck,
Nothing can your ingress check.

Oh, charming snow!—now, that's too bad,
Enough to make a person mad,
One snowball has just laid me low,
Excuse me, but—oh, cuss the snow.

PEOPLE WHOSE OPINIONS ARE UNWORTHY OF NOTICE

The man who always leaves the room when you yield to a request for a song.

The critic who says that after a few year's experience and hard study you may become a passable actor of minor rôles.

Your best girl's eight-year-old brother.

The editor who returns your story with thanks.

The person who assumes an expression of gloom, while you are telling the funniest anecdote you know.

The public which won't go to see your play.

Wiggins.

The individual who, when he learns that your age is thirty, looks surprised, and says that he supposed you to be at least five years older.

The man who differs from you on political matters.

The misguided being who refuses to be governed by your advices.

The acquaintance who tells you that the great speculation in which you have invested all your available capital is sure to be a failure.

The reader who don't think the foregoing funny.

THE LATEST TELEPHONE SCANDAL.

