

A SNAP-SHOT—AND AFTER.

Jack St. Aubyn, attired in a faultless and spotless yachting suit, ran up the steps of the Casino at Newport, and approached a charming-visaged girl and her father, who were seated on the broad piazza watching the people.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Ness," exclaimed the young man, airily, by way of greeting. "Miss Coretta, have you any plans for this morning?"

"Yes, sir!" snapped the old gentleman before his daughter could reply. "My daughter has made plans for the morning. She intends to spend it in a boat, with no other company but her own."

A quick crimson mounted to the young man's face, but turning to the speaker, he composedly replied: "Your daughter surely could find no more delightful company. Pardon my intrusion."

And with a graceful bow and half-amused, half-questioning glance at the young lady, he stroled away.

Coretta watched him go down the smooth walk, with easy, swinging strides, until he was out of sight, and then turned to her father.

"Daddy, why are you always so brusque and disagreeable to Mr. St. Aubyn, when you are kindness itself to anyone else?"

"Because he is an ass," growled Mr. Van Ness, with a scowl of displeasure.

"I'm sure he is nothing of the sort," argued his daughter, flushing and drawing herself up rather stiffly. "He is courteous, well-bred, handsome and has a splendid position for a man of his age; and all through his own exertions, too."

"That's just it," replied her father, testily. "That's what makes me so blamed mad—the prig is so confoundingly proud and independent. Did it all himself, and has nobody to thank. Bah! he makes me sick, he does. All those high and mighty airs, just because he has struck a little luck, when there's many a poor devil, worth his weight in gold, who is grubbing along at starvation wages."

"Well, under the circumstances, I think he has a right to be proud; and if he is, you cannot say he is either vain or haughty."

"Oh! you know all about it, do you? Well I'm off: I'll suffocate if I stay on this veranda another minute. There's not a breath of air. What are you going to do with yourself this morning, dear?"

"You have made my programme, and I shall abide by it," said Coretta, meekly. "I'm going to row on the harbor all the morning."

"All right. Hurry along then, and I'll see you safely start."

Half an hour later Mr. Van Ness' eyes glowed with fatherly pride as he watched the light boat shoot out over the placid waters of the harbor, skilfully propelled by the steady, trained stroke of his daughter's oars, and after waving his handkerchief to her, addressed himself to the enjoyment of his latest and most enthusiastic hobby—snap-shot photography. It was comforting to this old plutocrat to think that Coretta was alone on the water, where that young scrub, St. Aubyn could not get at her.

"—St. Aubyn, anyway," he muttered to him-

self. "Why don't he keep away from Coretta? The Lord knows I've given him hints enough and pretty broad ones, too, but men of his stamp never will take a hint. And you can't make him mad. Why, if I had been in his place I'd have thrashed myself long ago. He's always got some sugar-coated speech ready that makes a man feel like a fool."

On the following night papa Van Ness was in his element. He had arranged a little entertainment in the hotel drawing room for the benefit of the family of a poor man who had been drowned in the surf. All the talent in the hotel was pressed into service. The programme was to include vocal and instrumental music, recitations, legerdemain and what not?

Mr. Van Ness was the moving spirit of the whole affair and his portly form was seen everywhere—now among the audience applauding vigorously, now at the temporized box office near the door of the drawing room—a moment later in the impromptu green-room, overhauling the properties. He not only ran the curtain up and down, but operated it himself and acted as prompter from the wings, in a hoarse whisper, audible throughout the capacious room. Indeed, he exerted himself so unceasingly that before the evening was half gone he was puffing like a fish out of water, while a tiara of perspiration beads stood on his rubicund brow.

The last number on the programme promised to be the most interesting and amusing: for Mr. Van Ness was to show a series of lantern slides, with the aid of an electric stereopticon of instantaneous photographs which he had taken. He called them "unique postures" and all were to be local hits.

The first view showed a well-known villager standing on the seawall, apparently in deep dejection, while his colossal wife was ostensibly chastising him with an umbrella. In the distance, two young girls were laughingly gazing on the spectacle.

The second picture was that of the interior of a typical Newport cottage, evidently taken through a window, and revealed a prominent clergyman in the act of petting his dog. The third represented a New York belle in her bathing suit, being carried out of the surf in an exhausted condition, by two male bathers.

"Here is one," said Mr. Van Ness, as he adjusted the next view, "of a couple of turtle doves I caught spooning in a boat on the harbor yesterday. The distance from shore was so great that the figures came out very small on the plates, but the magnifying lens may help matters."

The picture was focused in the screen, and presently a storm of applause burst from the audience. With a gasp of horror and dismay Mr. Van Ness turned off the electric current and fled from the scene.

"You see," said Jack St. Aubyn to a friend the next day, "the old fellow took that way of announcing my engagement to his daughter Coretta. Rather an odd idea wasn't it?"—Chicago "Daily News."

Hardacre—"Heow did you git Mary Ann to polish them thar brass knobs so bright?"

Crawfoot—"Told her thar was microbes on 'em."