

was making,—and which had a formal sound in spite of me,—and wept over her until my lids were swollen and my handkerchief a mere mop.

"Rose, Rose, this will never, never do I blamed you at first, dear, when I thought you had forgotten him, but now I know you were true as long as there was any hope, I do not. I understand just how and why you are going to marry Mr. Graham. Do not pain yourself by a single word of explanation. And"—I said the most comforting thing last, and was rewarded by seeing the convulsive sobbing which so distressed me cease—"I am very sure, if Jack knew all, he would not feel hard toward you; he would understand, just as I do, Rose."

The wedding was to be in the little village church, to gratify Mrs. Kent and enable all Wacasset to view the ceremony, for the interest in "the wedding" was universal and absorbing.

Preparations for the event went on in every household. Finery long folded from the light was brushed and aired. China crepe shawls brought from overseas by sailor husbands were carefully shaken out and laid ready to drape some anticipating matron's shoulders. Best coats and gowns of an archaic type were pressed out and refurbished, and the keeper of the "general store" was obliged to secure the doubtful assistance of the cobbler's boy, such was the demand for the vivid ribbons and primeval back combs on his shelves.

Rose moved about as one in a dream, white as a lily, with eyes that betokened sleepless nights. I was glad that Mr. Graham could not see her. He had gone to Boston for a few days, immediately previous to the wedding. The marvellous bridal dress and veil which had arrived during his absence had been exhibited by Mrs. Kent to the admiring, appraising eyes of every woman in Wacasset; but Rose, as she touched the snowy, shimmering heap, only shivered.

I was helping her dress the evening she was to be married. Mr. Graham had arrived, and had sent up a necklace composed of three strands of pearls for his bride's slender throat. I fastened them and gave her her bouquet. Regardless of her floating veil she threw her arms about my neck. I held her to me quietly, soothingly.

"It makes no difference now to Jack dear."

It may have been a cruel thing to say, but it seemed best.

"What if he isn't dead, Miss Grace?" She ventured the words as if afraid of the sound of her own trembling voice. "I have heard his voice in my ears all day."

It was too late for "what ifs" then, but as Rose, a half hour later, amid a breathless hush, stood with Stanley Graham before the white-haired clergyman, awaiting the words that would make them one, she heard old John's exultant voice ring out shrill and quavering,—

"Jack, my boy! Jack's here! he's come home."

There was a commotion near the door, and a tall, bronzed young sailor made his way forward.

With a cry from the depths of her heart, forgetful of all but that Jack stood looking at her with reproachful eyes, she swayed toward him, and fainted, all in her bridal white, in his arms.

"She was never mine. You are taking only what was always yours," said Stanley Graham; and so Jack took his place. As Graham kissed the bride's forehead I heard him murmur,—

"God bless you, and good-by, my only love!"

Ah! how my heart ached for him; and there were tears in Rose's eyes for a time after he went quietly away.

Jack's story is too long to tell here, but should you ever find Wacasset, there is small doubt of your hearing it, somewhat embellished, possibly, by the vivid Wacasset imagination.

## Our Young Folks.

### WILL VAN LEAF'S WATERMELON APOLOGY.

A Story for the Boys.

BY MARGARET MYTINGER.

"Talking about apologies," said Will Van Leaf, "did I ever tell you about my watermelon apology?"

"You never told me," replied Ned Morningstar. "You may have told some of the other fellows."

"Come to think, I might have known I hadn't," said Will, "cause I've only been back to school three days, and in those three days you fellows have scarcely given me a chance to get a 'word in edgeways,' as my grandmother says; you've had so much to say yourselves."

It was a fine day in October. School was just out and the boys were lingering on the school house steps. They had been listening attentively—with the exception of Will Van Leaf who listened impatiently—to something Frank Smith was telling them, when at last Will found an opportunity of introducing his story of the season. He had not returned to school until a month after the fall term began, and since his return, though he had been fairly inundated with accounts of summer vacation adventures and fun, he himself, to quote his own quotation, had scarcely "found a chance to get a word in edgeways." But now his chance came in this way: Frank Smith, describing a wonderful squirrel he had seen in the woods one day, declared that its tail was four feet long. "I refuse to believe it," said Ned Morningstar. "I never saw nor invented a squirrel with a tail longer than three feet and a half, and I'll bet I've seen and invented more squirrels than ever you have."

"Ah! ha! So you accuse me of falsehood," said Frank Smith, placing his hat on the extreme back of his head and throwing himself into a fighting attitude, "and that is something my proud spirit cannot and will not stand. So come on or make an apology."

Then it was that Will Van Leaf said: "Talking about apologies, did I ever tell you about my watermelon apology?" And receiving a unanimous negative, followed by a unanimous request to "go on," he went on: "Well, you know, our folks spent most of last summer at Uncle John's; he owns a big farm on Staten Island, and there was a lot of boys boarding up on the hill at Widow Pratt's, and of course I soon got acquainted with 'em. And didn't we have jolly times boating and swimming, and playing ball, and acting theatricals, all made up by ourselves; you bet!"

"Well, just half-way between Uncle John's and the boarding house was old Bartholomew's place. 'Old Bear' most everybody called him behind his back, 'cause he had such shaggy hair and eyebrows, and growled instead of speaking, and was so awfully ugly in every way. And he had the biggest watermelon patch for miles around. And one day three or four of the hill chaps and me—"

"And I," corrected Ned Rowe, called by his comrades "Grammar Ned." "Oh, bother!" said Will, "let me go on with my story in my own way, Grammar Ned: you can save up the mistakes and give 'em to me when I'm through," but he accepted the correction all the same.

"Well, three or four of the hill chaps and I were standing one morning peeping through the crack in the fence at Old Bear's watermelons, and oh! we did feel such a longing for 'em, they were so jolly ripe and fat, when along came 'Serious Dick.'"

"Who was Serious Dick?" asked Frank Smith.

"A fellow 'bout 16 years old, who worked for Uncle John, and always looked and talked as though he was preaching," explained Will. "Well, he came along and he stopped and peeped through the crack in the fence, too, and then he

says very solemn, 'Ain't them beauties!' Don't you correct again, Grammar Ned, Dick said 'them'—I didn't. 'Ain't them beauties,' says he, 'and there's a dozen of 'em so ripe they're ready to burst and ought to be picked this minute. They won't be no good in a day or two. And won't it be a sin and a shame to see 'em a-rotting, for Old Bear don't go to market till day after to-morrow, and he wouldn't give one away, no, nor sell one to anybody around here, no matter what happened. I say, boys,' says he, 'I wouldn't blame you a bit if you borrowed a few of them melons to-night. If you do, save me one, and I'll do as much for you some time or other,' and then he winked and walked off, looking as serious as ever. Well, that set the ball a-rolling, and we boys talked it over and agreed that it would be a shame to let such melons rot on the vines, and so that night we pried a board off the fence and crawled into the patch and borrowed a dozen of 'em. Eleven of 'em we ate on the spot, and the twelfth we saved for Serious Dick. I carried it home—pretty heavy it was too—and stowed it away in one corner of the barn under the hay. And the next afternoon—I didn't see him before 'cause he'd gone to New York with a load of cabbages—I saw Serious Dick going into the barn and I ran out and whispered to him, 'your melon's in there in one corner under the hay.' But Dick started back and rolled up his eyes, and acted as if he was half scared to death. And says he, 'Let it stay there. I wouldn't touch it for nothing.' 'Why, what's the matter?' says I. 'There's a dreadful row about them melons,' says Dick, speaking very slow and deep, 'a dreadful row. Old Bear's missed 'em and he swears they was the choicest of the lot, and he'd marked 'em himself 'cause they was to be sold this werry day for a dollar apiece. And he says, in langwidge it would make your blood run cold to hear, that he will find and punish the thieves if it costs him t-w-e-n-t-y dollars.'"

"'Good gracious!' says I, feeling myself turn white; 'how do you know?'"

"'Met the constable a-looking for 'em as I come along the road from York,' said Dick."

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" says I. 'I haven't got a cent, and I don't believe the other fellows have either. If we had we might pay him for 'em; but we spent all our money last Saturday, 'cause we expected to go back to school again so soon.'"

"'Guess you won't go back to school for a week or two,' says Dick, getting solemn and solemn every minute; 'fraid you'll spend that much time in the lock-up.' 'Is there no way of getting out of the scrape without my telling my mother about it?' says I. 'I don't want to tell her. She'd feel so awful bad—though she'd get me out of it somehow I know. Boys' mothers always do. You ought to help us,' says I, 'cause you were the first one to speak about taking the melons.'"

"'Speaking and taking's two different things,' says he. 'But if you want my advice, I'm willing to give it to you. P'raps the old man isn't such a bear as he looks. Most folk's ain't 'zactly what they looks, and if I was you boys I'd go to him and make a handsome apology, and I shouldn't wonder if he let you off.'"

"Well, I didn't stop for any more advice, but hurried as fast as I could to the house on the hill, where I knew the other fellows were at dinner, and I gave one signal shout and pretty soon they came out with their mouths full. Hobe Berry, he had his pie in his hand, and he offered me a bite, but I didn't feel like pie just then—neither did he nor any of the rest of 'em when I told about the constable and the lock-up. They all looked as serious as Serious Dick then, and some of 'em were for saying right up and down that we hadn't been near the watermelon patch for weeks. But says I, 'I for one ain't going to tell any lies about it. We stole the watermelons and that's bad enough without lying about it, and I propose that we own up and make an apology to old—"

I mean Mr. Bartholomew.' 'I second the motion,' Ted Higgins chips in. 'But who's going to do the talking? We can't speak all together like the chaps in the primary. 'I'll do it,' says I, 'for knowing Uncle John so long perhaps he'll take it better from me. And it had better be done at once. I saw the old man in the patch as I came along. So, fall in—right about face—march!'"

"And off we marched brave enough until we came in sight of Old Bear and his men loading a big truck with melons for the market. Then our knees began to wobble, and Hobe Berry, he whispered, 'Let's cut and run.' But I kept right on and the rest followed until we stood in front of the old man, and I began: 'Mr. Bartholomew.' 'Hey!' he shouted so loud and fierce that I fell back on Ted Higgins' sore foot and he yelled fit to be heard a mile away, and I felt sorry I hadn't cut and run when Hobe Berry wanted me to, but it was too late then, so I went on: 'We boys are very sorry we took those watermelons last night, and we've come to ask you to forgive us, and let us pay for 'em as soon as we can.' 'Stole some of my watermelons did you?' says he when I was through. 'That's the first I knowed about it. But you've come just in time with your 'pology. Off with your jackets and help load up. That's the kind of pay I'll take.' And we did help load up until our arms and backs ached—oh! how they did ache—and I don't believe there was a tired lot of fellows anywhere when old bear let us put our jackets on again. And after we'd put 'em on and was wiping the perspiration from our heated brows—that's like they say in printed stories—'long comes Serious Dick. 'I thought it would be all right,' says he, 'and so I ate the watermelon you kindly left for me, and I found it werry cool and refreshing.'"

### Loss and Gain.

#### CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago  
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!"

I shrank!  
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life.

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.  
How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

\*Ten years ago the name of Lydia E. Pinkham was scarcely known outside of her native State. To-day it is a household word all over the Continent and many who read the secular and religious journals have become familiar with the face that shines on them with a modest confidence, in which we read the truth that "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

## GEO. ROGERS

calls special attention to his large and varied assortment of Men's

## WINTER UNDERWEAR.

—ALSO—

Boys' Shirts and Drawers,

ALL SIZES, AND CHILDREN'S

COMBINATION SUITS,

PRICES LOW:

346 Yonge Street, Cor. Elm.