

TERMS:—\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXVI.

The Story Teller.

"I CAME TO ASK..."

Two pretty, old-fashioned cottages stood near each other on a footed road... "I came to ask..."

roof of the porch, and tore it down; seized the knife Mike had dropped, in his mouth, and made off with it; and the "widdy man" making off with him, slipped on the treacherous potato and came down with a thump.

on account of Miss Osborne's cat, the note ran—"So the widdy man and the note ran—" "This certainly must be stopped at once," said Mr. Guernsey.

"Would Mr. Guernsey" said the note ran—"So the widdy man and the note ran—" "This certainly must be stopped at once," said Mr. Guernsey.

"Wait and I'll write an answer," said Mr. Guernsey. And while Mike waited he began to talk again.

THE VANDERBILT WILL. What a Son-in-Law Says. Mr. George Osgood is reported as talking in this wise: "As far as I'm concerned, I don't intend to enter into any such dirty business as attempting to break the will. I don't propose to 'throw good money after bad.'"

Poetry.

A MODEL MAIDEN.

'Tis not alone that she is fair, And hath a wealth of golden hair; 'Tis that she smiles so sweetly...

BLANNEY.

A lake-side dweller, young and fair, The dearest little maid in Kerry, But that in love she was so true...

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face, Before they laid it in its last resting place...

HOME IS SAID WITHOUT A MOTIVE.

Home is said without a motive! Bloom and daisies hover near; Eyes of childhood, wet with weeping...

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all your vain delusions, Hence, all your vain delusions, Hence, all your vain delusions, Hence, all your vain delusions...

of which was a neatly kept lawn, and at the back, a small but hot-house and mixture vegetable garden, lived Miles Guernsey and his man Mike, the one an old bachelor, the other, as he described himself, "a widdy man, thanks be to the Lord that sent her here."

Just as I had got comfortably settled," grumbled Miles Guernsey, "to be all upset again! Other old men and widdes live till they're a hundred."

"There for you, boss," said Mike with an ominous shake of the head. There was something else Mr. Guernsey insisted he detected, and that was an old maid.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mike. "I'll play and sing from morning till night, out of time and tune, and I shall be obliged to close all of the doors and suffocate."

"Anyhow, suggested Mike, "there can't be no babies." "Thank Heaven for that!" said Mr. Guernsey, fervently; "though I don't know how you can be so sure."

"I should die to-night," said Mike. "I should die to-night," said Mike. "I should die to-night," said Mike.

Tall, graceful, with simple brown hair parted simply over a frank, un- wrinkled brow, and gathered into a silken net at the back of her head; her eyes, gray-blue, were, like those of a cat, arched eyebrows, two shades darker than the hair; small, straight nose; cheeks a little faded, but still throwing out pink roses on occasion; lovely mouth with the faintest suspicion of a shadow at the corners, which was instantly lost in a sunny smile.

"Our neighbor, Mr. Guernsey, I believe," she said in a remarkably pleasant voice. "Yes," replied Mr. Guernsey, blushing violently (the idea of it an old bachelor, forty-five years his last birthday, blushing because an old maid spoke to him) and having uttered this incoherent phrase, he dropped his hat, and not his gaze through the crowd of it as he stepped to pick it up again.

"Haug the bird's cage where the cat can't get it, look up the chaps after you've finished the cat, and kittens," quietly said Mr. Guernsey. "Mad, is it?" Mike soliloquized. "He's madder nor fifty haters."

"Good heaven! what man in his sober senses," Miles Guernsey asked himself, "would hurt a frozen-armed cat?" Summer passed away, carrying with her the fragrant roses and thousands of other beautiful flowers; autumn in richly tinted rustling garment, gathered the gold and brown and crimson leaves to her bosom, and bade the earth farewell; winter came, and that Rosen-fallen, the snow ran on his glittering icicles from the eaves of the cottages and the naked branches of the trees; and the neighbors who had met a dozen times. But in that dozen times Mr. Guernsey had managed to learn, principally from the old maid, that the father of the young man, from whom the daughter had inherited her pleasant eyes; that the picture of the handsome young man in the parlor was the portrait of Rosa's lover, who had died fifteen years before in a foreign land, where he had gone for his father's business.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the old maid, raising her pretty hands and eyebrows as she caught sight of the little fellow's dirty paws and drooping tail, "he's been in some mischief! I'm sure he has! I'm sure he has!" "What has he been doing, Mr. Guernsey?" in the kindness of your heart, you're soreening him; I know you are. "Oh, Waif! Waif! I know your name, I'd swear you. I picked him up in the street one day, Mr. Guernsey. The pink roses were in full bloom now, where some wicked boys had left him after breaking his legs, and took him home and nursed him well again, and the poor thing became so attached to me I could not bear to leave him behind when we left."

"Of course not," said Mr. Guernsey, adding rather irreverently, "I don't wonder at it. Good morning." And so the acquaintance began. "What a fool I've been!" said Miles, as once more on his own porch he picked up his newspaper again. "I'm sure, who'd want to hurt a lamb?"

"I should die to-night," said Mike. "I should die to-night," said Mike. "I should die to-night," said Mike.

"Well, you see, Sur," Mike, thus addressed, went on glibly enough, "you know that the next Christmas night, and I will say further, that the following summer a Mrs. Miles Guernsey helped to superintend the culture of the early cucumbers and peas in Miles Guernsey's miniature vegetable garden, and that a number of rose bushes found their way across the daisy spangled meadow and over the fence to the border of the neatly kept lawn, and on that same neatly kept lawn a wee baby girl tumbled about unimpaired, with Waif as a constant companion, and Mary Ann, the cat, as an occasional visitor. And I will still further say that the next Christmas there was a grandma in the house, and a grandson with his mother's light brown hair and his father's dark eyes, and the most abject slave of both little ones was Mike, the "widdy man."

"You see, Sur, last night she died, and she sent for the widdy—I mean Miss Osborne. For she was frightened of the other woman, they'd been so hard on her—had 'cess to 'em—an' half 'em wid' childer up their own. 'Tis not knowin' what they're doin' at, an' the widdy—I mean Miss Osborne, wint—"

"Of course she did," interrupted his master. "Go on." "An' she prayed wid' the poor thing, an' they so say she spoke to 'dopt' it, an' they'll never speak to her again."

"Which would be a very great pity," said the old bachelor, with emphasis, and rather a diabolical grin. "Ye, sur, and now I suppose we'll be after moving sur, for I only naded the baby to make it complete; an' I mean Miss Osborne, cats, dogs and babies."

"Get me my great coat," said the only answer he received. "I'll answer the note personally." And the great coat on, away started Miles Guernsey for Rose Cottage once more.

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