

KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

It was on the top of Blarney castle, 150 feet from the ground, that the affair began.

Once erect, Gertrude was brave enough and assumed that she had lost her courage at a critical moment.

The idea of this cool, collected, rather supercilious Englishman laughing at her!

"With an effort she collected herself and looked her preserver in the eyes.

"It is a foolish thing to do," the young man said as he touched his hat.

"Am I not to know to whom I am indebted for the saving of my life?"

"You put it altogether too strong," he replied, coming back at once.

"Just as I thought, a conceited Englishman; thinks no one but himself knows anything."

"He is odious," muttered Gertrude, "perfectly odious."

"I am Gertrude Clinton, Mr. Harcourt, of New York. I certainly owe you my life. I was foolish; but, as you say, Americans do like to kiss the blarney stone."

"Pray do not mention it, Miss Clinton," responded Harcourt rather stiffly.

"I hate him," she thought, and she stamped her little foot viciously.

A few days after Gertrude started out to make a tour of the Killarney lakes.

Gertrude, for her part, was miserable indeed. The thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the Englishman and called him Edward was torture.

Dunloe. Gertrude's mount was a great rawboned animal, and she looked at it with dismay.

"This time he laughed. 'I see we are fated to meet, Miss Clinton,' he said.

"I am going to lead this horse of yours, Miss Clinton," said Harcourt.

Humiliated and ashamed, the girl watched him, admiring the set of his broad shoulders and the poise of his well shaped head.

"I cannot allow you to walk in this mud," she said.

"My dear Miss Clinton," was the reply, given somewhat with an air of amusement.

"But during the coach ride back to Killarney village Gertrude was ashamed of her sulkiness.

"He, in his turn, found that Gertrude was making her first trip abroad and was a teacher in a New York city school.

They saw each other often in the next few weeks, for both were making the same tour of Ireland.

Gertrude, however, was destined to a rude awakening. One day when they were making a tour of Melrose abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends.

With a sinking at her heart Gertrude watched the young Englishman.

She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and, with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey.

What had happened? He could not imagine. He had not knowingly hurt her in any way.

"Can it be," thought the young fellow, "that I am in love?"

Before the next day he felt there could not be much doubt about it, for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours.

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the time she had reached London she was a very weary girl indeed, and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted before in the evening—took a bus ride.

There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms, set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety.

"Three times and out, my darling," said Harcourt.

"But the black eyed girl who called you Edward and kissed you?" sobbed the thoroughly unweary girl.

"Was that the reason?" almost shouted Harcourt.

"Blissfully happy, yet with a little common sense mingled with her happiness, Gertrude persuaded her lover to curb his impatience for a hasty marriage.

"Oh, Malster Wallace, come in and see our John; he's real bad!"

"What's wrong wi' him?"

"He's frang to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

"Humph! Them'll he need na be fear for that; he'll never see'm."

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JIMMIE THE KID.

Miss Alice Denton, stenographer, was a reformer in a very quiet way. In the village she had left behind her there was no show to carry out her ideas.

Jimmie was taken into the boarding house and the blood washed off his face and his hair combed, and then he was questioned.

Next morning the landlady solved it in a moment. She said it was money sent by Providence to one who had been good to an orphan.

Two or three evenings later Jimmie called again. The collar had been ripped off the new coat, and he was about to be charged with fighting when he explained that he had jumped off a ferryboat to save a would be suicide.

Two months had passed and Jimmie had come so near the governorship that he had learned the alphabet down to "G" when Providence let go of the case and a detective took it up.

All the plunder had been preserved. Miss Denton and the landlady had to get a lawyer and do a great deal of weeping besides to get out of it.

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A Reluctant Candidate.

During a local election in a German town only one man appeared at the nomination desk.

"Whom do you nominate?" inquired the official.

"Myself," was the answer.

The officer laughed and said: "Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself."

A subdued "Donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time, whom do you nominate?"

"Myself," came the invariable reply.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

The man rose up, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his face as he answered promptly:

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination, I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes." He then retired.

Kept Them Dancing. A Washington official, speaking of blunders in the diplomatic service, told of a mistake committed by an American in Afghanistan.

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The Pip and the Slip.

Too much mince pie had done the trick. Little Maimie got a pain in her sash and had to go to bed.

The family physician and his top hat called and prescribed a pill. Maimie's mother said very well, but the family physician did not know Maimie, and she was quite sure Maimie would not take the pill.

"Yes, mamma," replied the little darling, "all but the nasty seed."

There's many a slip 'twixt the pear and the pip.—London Answers.

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