

SHE LOVES HIM YET.

She loves him yet! I know by the blush that rises Beneath the curls That shadow her rose-hued cheek.

But deeper sighs Than the radiant blush of beauty The maiden finds. Whenever his name is heard Her young heart thrills.

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this." The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright-faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the river bend of the Accocek came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny South, was overrun with soldiers, devastated with fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home, in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only daughter, braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farm-house with her invalid mother and a few faithful servants.

Cantering across the ground an hour after the retreat of the invading troops something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this." Dapple stopped and Miss Irene leaped lightly from the saddle, and throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck she went tripping across the ground to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair. She looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow," she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow; "I wish I could help you."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somewhat reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond.

"My poor fellow," she said, "can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he exclaimed, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I would almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled, a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty. "I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you; at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom and, drawing forth a tiny whistle, she put it to her lips and blew a sharp blast. Dapple picked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man servant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve force at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the house and ride for Doctor Werten to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old Southern mansion.

Meanwhile on the long veranda Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy form wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her raven tresses floating on the wind. By-and-by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops. Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's room.

"They are coming," she whispered, "they will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the door, faint and gasping for breath. "I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her lithe young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry! There is no time to lose."

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm, and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple!" the young girl called, in her clear, silver notes, "come here!" In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature, and then she threw her arms around her neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part with you. Good-by, Dapple."

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road, and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

The war was over, and once more peace and freedom reigned over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia.

Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was out of the service; but where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could be obtained.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle, and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Switzer steeps.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc, he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters, and a young American lady, who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees, he lay amid the long, rustling grasses, listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter, and in his turn related incidents and reminiscences of his war experiences for her edification. Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia. Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through!" she cried with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And pray, Captain Rutherford, what ever became of little Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple! Dapple!" he called, "come to me!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry, wasting all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried. "Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his sluggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was."

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouncement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? Will you not listen to my suit or accept my life? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I can not give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you," she said wretchedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

Non Dinners and Five Meals a Day. When, as rarely happens, English farm laborers come to this country, they find it extremely difficult to accommodate themselves to the current American custom of eating three meals a day. An English maid servant and nurse, who lived to be more than one hundred years old, avowed that she had always been accustomed to "a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet, a crummet, and a bit after supper." In parts of Southern Pennsylvania the dinner is 11 o'clock in the morning, and it would not be difficult to show that Americans living on the same meridian are dining all the way from that hour until 7 in the evening. The great mass of country folk still dine at noon.

The Borrower Overtaken. "If you please, Mrs. Covenhoven, said a child, presenting herself before a back-door neighbor, "mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to lend her that bowl full of sugar that you borrowed and forgot to return the other day."—Judge.

A LIVELY WEDDING.

THE CEREMONY ADMINISTERED ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

A Chapter of Accidents at An Inopportune Time Causes an Important Event to Be Seriously Interfered With—Patience and Perseverance Finally Rewarded.

On Virginia roads in winter a man will sometimes get a "turn-over" on horseback; so, writes a correspondent, no wonder parson and I, in a buggy, on our way to my own wedding, had a complete smash-up, as had the "wonderful one-horse shay."

As patching up a smash-up requires time, and no little ingenuity, we found on arrival that the wedding guests and Annie, in her bridal array, had been awaiting me—the missing link—for some hours.

Parson was a heavy built man, and clumsy, and as I hurried him up the little porch steps the vine-clad structure trembled. He awkwardly stumbled, and without a word of warning the roof, trellises and all collapsed, caving in and covering us with tangled honeysuckles and Madeira vines and lathing old enough to have had better manners.

As Annie and the bridesmaids knew it was bad luck to put off a wedding, in spite of bloody noses and bruised shins we were fished out of the debris and stood up in position for the ceremony.

I can't understand why that old porch, which had never fallen down before, should have picked "such a like time," and made such a laughing stock of us that there wasn't a straight face among the audience.

As we stood, all washed and court-plastered, for the ceremony, in dashed Malindi, the cook, screaming that "her baby child was in de well."

We drew the fat little pickaninny out, half dead with terror, and then drew water to dash on the cook, who was having spasms.

Again in line, Annie was just about to promise to "honor and obey" me, when Billyboy, swelled twice his usual black size with the importance of the announcement, put in a woolly head at the door and shouted the momentous words, "Pig's out!"

Every country boy knows what that means, but I will explain that the roost pig at that moment crowning the wedding feast, with lemon in his mouth, had a living comrade of a most valuable and rare breed, purchased from a distance. And "Pig's out!" meant certain loss of that valuable "little horg" unless immediately raced, chased, run down and recaptured.

It took two mortal hours, and when I again stood by Annie's side, I had to mop my face, panting from the home run.

During the progress of the wedding feast a temporary table, formed, I believe, of a door ingeniously covered with a cloth, laid across backs of chairs, gave way under a bushel of cups and saucers, but we had become hardened, and did not regard that accident in the least.

Annie and I started for our home under the regulation shower of rice and old slippers, thinking our troubles ended.

At the first gate, without any rhyme or reason, a front wheel caved in, and I went back and borrowed father-in-law's jumper. Before we were out of hearing there arose the dreadful cry of "Fire!" and I left Annie holding the reins, and ran leaping back to help put it out. It proved to be an old out-house, used on this occasion to roast the pig in, and we soon "downed" it.

I hastened back to find Annie and the horse had both taken fright, and the horse was running away with her. That surely seems enough for any "happy pair," but we were destined to have another mischance, which proved a severe test of amiability.

In the gloaming there was a stream to be crossed about a mile from our new home. While lowering the reins for the mare to drink I awkwardly dropped my new whip, loaded in the handle with lead. It went under like a bullet, and the mare seemed to comprehend this, and played upon us a very "horsey" practical joke.

After swilling water until I feared she would burst, she deliberately took her stand in the deepest place and refused to budge one inch. Night was upon us, stars were beginning to peep, and as words proved of no avail, I had to get out and lead that mare ashore. I had, however, this one great consolation; through all our tribulations Annie showed such sweetness of temper, that I understood from the very beginning what a sunshiny little woman I had won for life's partner.

Why They Knelt. Charles II of England was noted for his good nature, and though he was sometimes called "Unthinking Charles," yet his heedlessness was more an apparent than a real characteristic. The extravagance of his reign went hand in hand with poverty, and on some occasions even the royal table was but poorly served.

There is a story told of Grammont, who one day dined in state with the King.

Charles bade the Count to notice that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect to guests of the King not common at other courts.

"I thank your Majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont. "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

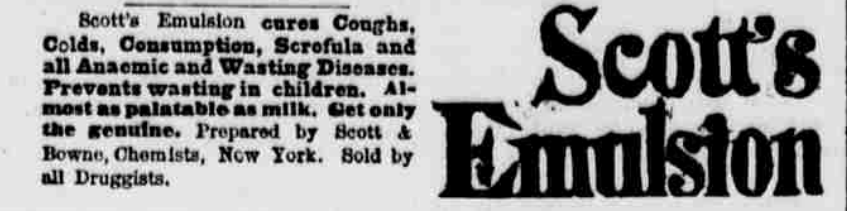
Didn't Want One. Agent—Madam, I have sold one of our justly celebrated folding beds to every one in the neighborhood, with the single exception of the spinster lady who lives across the way.

Lady of the House—Why wouldn't she buy one?

Agent—She said there was no chance for a man to get under it.—Judge.

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