

JACK HUNTER'S TELESCOPE.

A. M. Talcott in Cosmopolitan.

It was towards the close of a hot summer day. The setting sun was pouring the full force of its rays into an open window, in the third story of a house in the center of the city. The room shone as by the many masculine possessions scattered about that the occupant was a man. On a small round table, drawn close to the window, stood a telescope, which seemed somewhat out of place among the various scientific articles in the room.

A rush and stumble were heard on the stairs outside. The door was thrown open violently, and a young man entered, who sank wearily into a chair near the table. With an impatient movement, he rested his elbow on the table and fixed his eyes on the dazzling sunlight with his hand.

He was not handsome, but his honest gray eyes, and the earnestness of his features, made up for the want of regular features. A favorite with all who knew him, Jack Hunter was, by birth and education, a gentleman, and by profession, a lawyer. He had settled in the city some months previously to practice law, and, fortunately for him, his efforts had not been in vain. A young man was not happy, and the telescope was to blame.

The evening when coming home from his office, he had seen a young man, who, he thought, was the same man who had been seen in the city some months previously. He had seen him in the city some months previously, and he had seen him in the city some months previously.

For several evenings he amused himself "star-gazing," but, finding nothing of particular interest in the skies, he turned his eyes toward the telescope. He had seen him in the city some months previously, and he had seen him in the city some months previously.

The telescope disclosed a young and beautiful girl sitting in the room. Her face was turned toward the evening sky, with a look of sadness, that made Jack long to take her hand in his, and to tell her that he loved her.

But the sight of her through the telescope failed to satisfy him. He longed to make acquaintance with her in person, and in which she lived were easily discovered, but the house was exactly like all the others in the row. The door-plate bore the name of the owner, and he had seen it before.

At last, one evening, as he was standing near the house that had become so interesting to him, a carriage stopped before the door. A young man stepped out, followed by a young girl at sight of whom Jack's pulse beat somewhat faster than usual. In stepping to the ground, the girl caught her eye, and she recognized him.

"How can you be so awkward, Elsie?" she said. "I have never seen you before." "I have never seen you before," she said. "I have never seen you before," she said.

Next morning, Elsie Cameron, armed with a basket of shells, started for the beach. She was sitting next, wrapped more

grandmother, who devoted that portion of her day to literature and writing. Elsie did the reading and writing, and Mrs. Bentley the sewing. This morning, however, the old lady had a severe headache and was unable to do her usual work.

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She looked in his face with interest and confidence, but neither spoke. The night was coming rapidly on. It was quite dark. The moon had hidden herself behind a cloud, and the stars were dimly visible.

The days that followed were miserable to Elsie, although she concealed the fact most successfully. She had seen him in the city some months previously, and she had seen him in the city some months previously.

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He looked down on the poor, little, white face. "Do you love me?" he asked. "Do you love me?" he asked. "Do you love me?" he asked.

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