You find flirtation pall on you then Nellie? Take my word, you would be trying your arts on the first tawgy chief you would meet in your island of savages. You want a few more scalps to dangle at your belt, you little female Nero. Pray, what was wrong last night?

The young girls were cousins, and the frosty light of a winter day shot in through the plate glass windows in Laura More's boudoir.

roses of life, and no harsh wind bad Laurabeen allowed to touch her white girlish brow; her home was in a distant city, but she was spending the winter sunny smile; and keeping her girlish carelessness, she had often been told, Saturday. with bitterness in the accusing voice, amusing playthings.

young relative. Her eyes were dark and haughty with a touch of sadness in them, as if from past sorrow; her brow was thoughtful; her red lips proud and sweet, often took a slight, sad droop as though her life had known a time when they quivered with some mighty pain. No flirt, friend. 图 图 & 图 图 图 图 图 图

by a very pretty frown as she tapped voice was very low and a trifle sad. her slippered toot on the fender while I, having loved, can recognize the replying to her cousin.

I mean it, she said, crossly. I'm tired of society—the society of men! I which lies at our hand, Nellie, that ested, and his interest communicated used to like it, but now, as you say, it we torture it, play with it, wound it itself to his companion; and everypalls upon me. I'm tired of having sometimes to ely, b-cause it is our thing-quarrels, flowers, neglected to smile when I want to yawn, of own. I know, Nellie. No woman dances, Laura-was forgotten, until simply giving a reproachful glance wants to own that she loves, h ven in the midst of a very tender speech when I want to box some idot's ears! when the one who is dear as her life on Jack's part, Laura entered the It is all a bore, Laura. Dead Sea to her pleads for her affection. We room on the arm of a tall fair man, fruit, my cousin. I am weary of would be free all our lives, were we to whom Nellie had never seen-Laura, insane speeches and stupid compli- have our own way; free, to win love with a new joy glorifying her face ments and tender hand-clasps.

last night to own to this morning, men at our feet, and look down on and Jack, not exactly knowing why Nellie, Laura replied with a slow smile | them from the height of our own in-I am fully convinced that something difference. But when the master has happened at which you are put comes, we rebel against us poetr, out. Did Egbert Lorn flirt with Nellie. We do not want to kneel to some other pretty girl, and do you him, noble though he may be; we object to being treated as you treat tremble at his touch, his smile, but

patient toss.

Egbert Lorne may fing his perfections in the East river, and I would us. Nellie! I read you heart, because not care, she said.

Did Elmer Gray 'ail to lay his homage at so fair a shrine, cousin?

short then? Did he not ask a rose. among the loving, happy women who dear? Is was too bad of him.

Really Laura, one would think you had been listening, Nellie said, with a she lifted her head and laid an immocking little ripple of laughter, you pulsive kiss upon the lips of her coususe his own words, and I gave him a in. lovely bud. I wish now that I hadn't

but I was angry at that time, you see her, softly. You showed your temper in an unanger always so good natured?

thing now, and her slim foot was less ears it would fall too lightly. beating a tattoo on the fender which would not have disgraced a South she made her confession. Sea Islander.

I wasn't angry at Vane Brandon. she said, trailing an amount of scorn kissed her. over the name. I couldn't become angry at him-he's too stupid. It was at-well I might as well tell you, it last night, Nellie?

Has Jack been rude, Nellie? Leura questioned in a perfectly indifferent roice, although her cousin's pretty ace was slowly crimsoning.

Jack was Laura's half-brother, not at all related to Nellie, and very much like a dozen more just like him, ownn love with her; consequently, Nellie ad sometimes made this world a para- Yes, said Laura, bitterly, and you for the deed.

Rude !" Nellie echoed, indignantly. much as saw me the whole night. And I had promised him a dance, and he never came to claim it! He was so Foster that he made quite a fool o himself. But I don't care-much!"

Miss Foster is a very lovely girl, and her hair is a rich auburn, Laura said, with a quiet smile, "I do not see why Jack should not be civil to her-in fact, be devoted to her. Jack has always admired Nina Foster."

Well, let bim admire her. Nellie and fell softly upon them as they sat said, fretfully, "but I'm sure of just one thing, Cousin Laura-if Jack ever Nellie Lee was a fair pretty spark- asks me to dance with him again I ling girl of 20 her life had known shall not forget his rudeness of last nothing but luxury and fulfilled de- night." Then, after a short silence : sire; she had been given freely of the I think of going home in a few days,

Laura's dark eyes opened surprisedly.

I do, exclaimed Nellie, her pretty with her cousin and in the two months eyes filling with tears. I don't want which had passed since her coming to stay any longer. I'm tired of the she had seemed to find her delight in nonsense of my so-called admirers. I making men's hearts soften under her think Jack ought to be ashamed of himself- and I shall go home on Nellie's quick eye noted the hot wave

that she was heartless and took the to lay her white hand on the pretty left the room and, forgetting her anghearts that men laid at her feet as one in Nellie's lap. I think I quite er against Jack-who yet lingeredunderstand you; you are angry at she asked eagerly: Laura More was not at all like her Jacs, and he may deserve it, but you should not make us all suffer for his Laura's Jack? misdoings. Nellie, Ep For Del ward him as a woman should act towards the man she loves?

I don't love him, Nellie cried augrily, and then she put up both jeweled hands and began to sob, "I don't ly? the girl questioned serenely. -not the least bit in the world, she bosom, and smoothed it a moment sil- of-Nellie's bright face was shadowed ently. When she spoke her sweet

sweet, fair opening of love, she said, which we do not care for; to laugh and shining in her dark eyes. A sad condition for the belle of at heartache and love power; to keep that we tremble chafes us and we Nellie gave her fair head an im- deny him our smiles, while we tuen to others to try for the old forgetful calm-which will not come back 10 when it was too late I learned to read my own, and I would tell you, from my own bitter memories, that when in her own hand for a single hour; Was it Vane Braddon who fell that hour gone by, she either stands

bud from your bouquet, which he are blest by a man's best love, or she could weep over in your absence, looks drearily at her barvest, which is but regretful sorrow. Nellie's tears had ceased to flow;

Tell me, Laura, she whispered to

Not unless you love my brother usual way, Laura laughed. Is your Laura answered. My story would warn one who truly loves, yet hesi-But Nellie's pout was a decided tates before her happiness; on care-

Nellie's pretty face was crimson as

I-I think I-would, if he was not so unkind to me, she said. Laura

You are scarcely kind to him, dear, she said, with a faint smile; what was

I suppose it wasn't quite the thing to do, but I gave a pretty flower to Vane Brandon, which I refused to Jack; and I think I told somebody, where Jack could hear, that he and I were sort of cousins, and that I would

ed Nellie.

dise, sometimes a-the other place- loved him best all the time. It was for Jack. While Laura, seeing it all so with me, Nellie, I had cold carewould alternately smile and sigh, less words for the man who was all him to the most frivolous among my the extreme end of her knittingturn female missionary and leave the I should think so. Why he never so acquaintances and treat him with the needle. I s'posed she'd be perfectly fascinated by that red-haired Miss to him. I was foolish enough to corner bedroom to herself and a turned more strongly toward him my here she is, frettin' and cryin' half the manner became more cold and time. haughty, and the end was that-we parted. He has gone from my life, said Dorcas Jones. Ain't no use and the world he has left is a dreary tryin' to satisfy them. I've giv' it up, one. Nellis, be more tender to your long ago. Hired-gals is hired-gals! own heart, more merciful to your own life than I have been to mine.

If-if Jack loved me, Nellie commenced, but just then Jack appeared in the doorway, his handsome face full of genial light.

Laura, ha said, I have left an old friend in the parlor. He can give us but a few moments, and I know you'll be glad to see him again.

her cheeks were burning. As Laura left her seat she asked who their guest

Arthur Vaugh, Jack answered, and of color that burned in her cousin's Dear, Laura said bending forward cheek, as, with a few low words, she

Was this Mr. Vaughn a lover of

Yes, Jack replied, sinking to the chair Laura had vacated. And she treated him-well, about as I have been treated by the woman I love.

Has Miss Foster treated you bad-

My complaint is against you, Jack men called her, no heartless, fluttery cried, with much unnecessary force, retorted, What have you to say for trifler, but a noble woman, whose but Laura drew her chair nearer her yourself? Do you think that fool every lover could swear himself her cousin, took the fair head to her of a Brandon so much more worthy

> But a little hand stole shyly into his, and the faintest of faint whispers reached him.

I'm awfully sorry, Jack! and ingently. We are so careless of a heart stantly Jack was very much inter-

> The stranger held out his hand, he should, took it in his own.

> I'm the happiest man in the world, Jack, he said, not paying the least at ention to Jack's companion. Laura is to be my wife.

> Then there's two of us, Jack said, laughing. This lady .- Miss Lee, Mr. Vaughu-has promised to be mine.

Shot Dead in a Court Room.

ROCKVILLE, Mo., May 25,-The Jennie Anderson outrage had a tragic sequel yesterday. John Vanderburg, Elmer Gray made a perfect fool of love would fain answer love a wom- fiendish crime, was shot to death in the himself as usual, was the ungracious an's sole chance for happiness lies court roomjust at the conclusion of the preliminary examination. Last Tuesday a man called at the Anderson residence and asked for a glass of water.

Jennie the popular and accomplished daughter of one of the leading citizens Bates county, waited upon him. When she came near him he suddenly seized and chloroformed her, and while under the influence she was outraged. A search resulted in the arrest of Vanderburg, and lynching was prevented only by a doubt of the prisoner's guilt-After the excitement had cooled down Jennie Anderson confronted the prisoner and claimed to recognize him. At the preliminary hearing yesterday the Anderson family were all present, besides many other citizens. Jennie told the horrible details of the crime, and the prisoner made a poor attempt to prove on alibi. The Judge had just announced that the prisioner would be held in \$10,000 for bail when a shot ang out, followed in rapid succession by two more. There was a scamper for the street, and when quiet was restored the prisoner was dead. No one knows who fired the shots, but as two of the Anderson boys were in the court room they were put under arrest.

The International Brotherhood of Locanotive Engineers held a union meeting at Columbus, O., yesterday with 1800 engineers present and 5000 visitors. An executive session was held, at which business of mportance only to the Order was trans"

David Hites is in jail an Oskaloosa, Ia., for the murder of John Fall and wife of Jefferson township, on Wednesday night. slood stains were found on his clothing. Hites has been insane for a number of

WHAT SHE DREADED OF.

I don't see what ails the girl! said the world to me. I would turn from Mrs. Popley, scratching her nose with most utter indifference. A favor he contented. Took out of the very edge would ask I would grant to another o' the work-house, as it were, and in his presence after having denied it made sort of 'own folks here, with a think that by seeming indifferent I fringed towel on the bureau, as a might become so, and as my heart lady couldn't hev no nicer! And

They're a fault-findin' set, anyhow!

But she ain't a hired-gal! protested same as my own.

More fool you! remarked Miss

But she keenly observed Marietta Tyson (commonly called "Maritty") when she brought in the teapot, and the plate of hot biscuit for supper.

A tall girl, with eyes as brack as Nellie was sitting very erect, but cherries, and cheeks for all the world like they had been painted, muttered she to herself. She's pretty, I'll alaround. Men are so queer. I'd the subject. ruther do the housework myself, until

Dorcas Jone's visit was rather prolonged, and it was nine o'clock-a portentously late hour for these country wilderness-when at last the redoubtable John Henry escorted his aunt home, and Mrs. Popley came into the kitchen, where Maritty sat moodily by the fire.

ready to look up and go to bed? Yes, Mrs. Popley.

ing again. Maritty jumped up and threw her of the principal.

arms around Mrs. Popley's neck. can't help it. I am so unhappy! What troubles you, Maritty? said

he old lady kindly. Maritty. I want a house of my own, sort of a girl, but there ain't-no acwith a piano in the best room, and a countin' for a man's whims. And

Maritty turned scarlet.

lock bushes against the wooden shut- accuracy. ters, said she.

somebody knocking. Open the door,

hear them when I'm here all by my- the high-road.

you s'pose I don't know rats when I of hours to-morrow? hear 'em? Open the door, I say, or Yes, the young farmer answered I'll open it myself!

And she did open it herself, for drive? Maritty had sunk trembling on a

A little old man stood there under go cheap. the dew-dropping lilac-bushes, his white hair gleaming in the starlight, a certain imploring look in his faded said, shrugging his shoulders and

Good gracious! said Mrs. Popley, t's a tramp; and Popley gone to the

The old man, however, did not seem to hear her.

Maritty! he said in a faint, subdued voice-where's Maritty ? I want to speak to Maritty.

I wonder, said Mrs. Popley, in a sudden panic, if we'd better loose the dog? Oh, Maritty! you'd better cut across the fields and tell John Henry Jones and his aunt to come back! They can't be gone far.

But Maritty had recovered herself all of a sudden. She rose and came

No, said she, 'tain't necessary to do ain't a tramp that will do you any the time shall come yet when I'll be harm, Mrs. Popley. It's-my father Your father, Maritty! grasped-the good old woman.

Yes, the girl doggedly answered-He's on the town at Mudville, poor father is. I told you, didn't I, with a miring eyes. hard mirthless laugh, that we weren't a very prosperous family? And they ain't very good to him, nor he don't Perhaps, with a shrug of the shoultaken the liberty every night to give bring it nearer.

him the sour milk that was left in the pail. Father's dreadful partial to to get all that! sour milk, and I didn't think it any barm, aud-

Harm ! cried the old woman. Tell him to come in-tell him to sit down right away. Give him some of the raspberry short-cake and a glass o' milk outen the night's milken'. But why on earth didn't you tell me Maritty? Why did you keep this a though! she cried quickly. I'll go secret from me?

The girl looked up with glittering

Did you s'pose I wanted folks to know how low the Tyson family had fell? said she bitterly. Father had a farm of his own once, and he'd 'a had it now of he hadn't underwrit Mrs. Popley. I've took her all the for his brother and lost it all. And that's why I want to be a lady, with a house of my own-to give father a

> Old Mr Tyson slept in the kitchenchamber that night, rath r to his own bewilderment; but he had reached that stage of docide servility in which he accepted all things as a matter of course, and understood very little about it.

Maritty told him that it was all low. I wouldn't take no such hired, right, and he implicitly believed her. gal into our house, with John Henry and troubled himself no further on

I've a mind to let the poor old creatur' stay here, said Mrs. Popley There's the Kitchen-chamber ain't never used for nothin, and I shouldn't Henry'll be comin' d'rectly, andnever feel what he eats and drinks. and he might do odd jobs gabout the calm voice at the back of the irate

this time returned, shook his head.

Maritty's very well, said he; but Maritty, said she, is everything we can't keep open house for all her people. There ain't never no knowin' where this things' goin to stop. The old lady came to a dead stand- guess, Phobe Ann, we'd better let him go about his own business, and Maritty, said she, you've been cry- tell Maritty to feed him at our backdoor no more. I don't quite approve

When Miss Dorcas Jones heard of I can't help it! she sobbed. Oh, I this new development she chuckled within herself.

Ain't I glad that Maritty Tyson ain't our hired-girl ? said she. I don't I I want to be a lady! sobbed s'pose John Henry would facey that carpet on the floor-that's what I she has got a pair o' handsome black eyes of her own-for them as fancies Hush! said Mrs. Popley. What's black eyes. I prefer blue, for my part; with a glance at the cherryframed glass opposite, which reflected It's the wind rattling the old lay her own faded blue orbs with painful

That very day, however, just on the No, 'tain't, said Mrs. Popley. It's verge of twilight, when the sweet fern thickets were distilling their pleasantest odors, and the yellow glow in the It's rats! perisisted the girl, who west was turning to crimson, John was now as pale as ashes. I-I often. Henry Jones met Maritty Tyson in

Could you lend me your one-horse Nonsense! cried Mrs. Popley. Do wagon, said she wistfully, for a couple

with pleasure. Shall you want me to

No! the girl replied with decision. chair, her face covered by both hands. That would cost too much; I want to

> Oh, I shall not charge anything for the driver, or the team, either! le smiling. When do you want to go, Maritty.

I-I don't know ! You don't know, Maritty? he echoed in a tone of surprise.

Yes-and no! retorted Maritty I've got to make enquiries first. I'm going to Bridgeport to get work in the factory.

In which factory ? In any of them. It don't matter which. They're always glad to get hands, folks tell me.

But you don't understand factory

I can learn, she insisted. And my father to care for now, I shan't let him go back to that place. I've got all my wages saved up, and it'll keep me until I secure a place in the facthat. It ain't a tramp-leastways it tory-me and father, she added. And a lady, with a house of my own, and a piano, and a carpet on the best room floor, and a cushioned rocker for father?

John Henry surveyed her with ad-You're looking a long way ahead

Maritty, said be.

You'll have to work drealful hard

I mean to work, and to wait. Can I have the wagon, John Henry at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon? I think that time will do as well as any.

I don't believe you can, Maritty. Her eyes flashed.

I don't care for myself; I can walk But there's father. No matter and see if I can get Mr. Pratt's cart. Sup a minute Maritty! said John Henry. I ain't as quick of speech as some folks; but I'd like to discuss

this 'ere matter with you a little. I hain't no time for discussion, said

Yes, you have, said John Henry composedly.

Miss Dorcas was slicing up apples for a pie that evening when Maritty Tyson came in. She viewed her with unsympathetic eyes.

So you've lost your place ? said she. I have left Mrs. Popley-yes, said Maritty quietly.

And you're a fool for your pains ! declared the uncompromising spinster. Where do you expect to get a better

Here! said Marity calmly. Here ! echoed Miss Dorcas. What on earth be you a talkin' of? I don't want no gal. And I wouldn't hev you if I did, Come clear out! John

John Henry's here now, uttered a old lady's chair. And if anybody is Mr. Popley, however, who had by to clear out Aunt Dorcas, it must be you! Maritty is coming here for good and all. She's my wife. We were married at the parsonage half an hour ago. I've liked her this long while, but I never had courage to speak out my mind before. And her father's coming to-morrow. We'll fix up the corner chamber upstairs for her father Aunt Dorcas. See Maritty, be added with honest pride, there's a carpet on the floor, just as you've always longed for, and here in the parlor there's the plane mother bought for poor Jennie, who died before ever she rearned to play on it. And you shall be a lady, dear, with a hired girl to wait on you and your father, and there's nothing money can buy that shall be denied you. Speak up Aunt Dorcas! be went on, with kindling eyes and rising color. Either welcome my wife or eave the house ! And don't be long in taking your choice either!

Oh, I'm sure she's kindly welcome ! stammered Aunt Dorcas, with a spasmodic click in her throat Walk in Mrs. Jones. Lay off your hat and shawl, and I'll get the tea d'rectly.

And Maritty, with her soft dark eyes fixed tenderly on her husband's face, smiled to herself.

Me and father have got a home now, she murmured. With a piano and a carpet and all, even down to the cushioned rocker in the corner! Just what I always dreamed off! It seemed such a long way ahead; and yet all the time it was so near.

## Condensed Telegrams.

The first of the three Cunard steamers ourchased to run between Hong Kong and ancouver sailed from Yokohama Sunday. Clarence House, aged 20; Herbert Jones 21, and Estella Cole, 16, were drowned in the Mohawk river at Utica, N. Y., white bosting.

The Railroad Trunk-Line Association has declined to give one-fare rate for the round trip to the members of the Grand Army who desire to attend the encampment in St. Louis in September. Bishop Ryan has refused the use of St.

Stephen's Hall at Buffalo N. Y., for a lecture announced to be given by Father McGlynn on the ground that the later is in open rebellion again t the church.

There is great excitement in Fergus Falls, Minn., over the arrest of Hulong, the murderer of Miss Field. It is believed he ravished her before the murder, but he denies this. There is some talk of lynching Hulong.

In a free fight in a Canal - rest saloon in New York on Satusday night James O'Connell and Thomas Hartigen were stabbed O'Connell is in a critical condition. Four other men who were in the aloon were arrested.

Ex-Governor Shepherd, the "Cos" Shepherd of Washington, lies in a critical condition at Chiushus, Mex., the result of severe blow on the head, caused by a horse throwing him against the read of a mine

The residence of Dr. DeGroff, on the Weshawken Boulevard in Hoboken N J. was entered by burglars on Saturday night. They forced open the safe and carried off rears, and could not be held responsible get any too much to eat; and so I've ders. But every day I live is going to bonds and about \$15,000 worth of silver-