

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Fifty years of life together! Dearest, I y your hand in mine; List this is our Golden Wedding With its radiance divine...

When upon your brow descended— From God's hand the gift came down— A man's regal right of mother...

Left on Ship Island BY MARGARET A. LOGAN.

YOUNG MRS. BIRDLING always regarded her husband with approval, save in the light of a country editor. His store, she would argue, drew more custom than any other in the little town of Upton...

The society notes are written up by Mrs. Nobling, who generally contrives to get names wrong and assumes impossible. Jim gave her the job, because he felt sorry for her...

While his wife thus unburdened her mind to confidential friends, Mr. Birdling, a man of literary tastes and benevolent disposition, enjoyed his peculiar management of the Upton Chronicle...

That news-famous shipping point had already become a town of phenomenal interest, and most of those assiduous editors had never beheld the beautiful waters of the Gulf. Excursion rates were cheap and an invitation to Mrs. Bessie...

And she says Little Sis must come with us. I will run over at once and make your mother's consent. The child grows shy and reserved, never going anywhere or seeing anyone but village folks...

Bessie Birdling, known as Little Sis, night seem shy and quiet beside a certain set in Upton; but she was sprightly enough in the home circle and among congenial friends. Gladly did her young heart beat that April morning as they boarded the train...

Surely, we are not required to wear those things, Mr. Birdling? "Those things," she meant frantically, prepared for the occasion, which some excursionists sported with as much pride as if it had been a Victoria cross...

The water lilies," cried Bessie, "I have seen them at last. If I could only get one." When they left the next station, her brother appeared with one of

the coveted blossoms. "A gentleman handed me this, saying it was for the young lady in the sailor hat. There are other sailors, here, Bess, but yours is the most fetching..."

At the appointed hour the fraternity assembled to hear the address of welcome from a leading citizen. In a young man who rose to respond, the Birdlings, at once, recognized Mr. Brevard...

For many gifts our land that bless, We surely must unto The Press Give warmest thanks. We see it pour Wisdom on thirsty souls, secure To women Politics and Church, Their dearest rights, and duly search...

"Tell me something of Ship Island," said Bessie. "I feel very ignorant, Mr. Brevard, among all you wise men and women." "I suppose you remember that it was discovered by Iberville, a French Canadian..."

"Yes, and when his fleet sailed into that broad passage between two islands he rejoiced to find it in a deep-water harbor. His ships might now safely repose, after their long conflict with the ocean and British vessels. That was in 1699..."

"Well recited! Little did Iberville think that such a distinguished party as ours would some day be visiting his roost..."

Meanwhile the waters took a greener hue, snowy sand dunes on the island became distinctly visible, then the lighthouse and walls of Fort Massachusetts. The seagulls ceased rocking to and fro and some, spreading their white wings, seemed to give a welcome to the visitors...

"They are bringing up the row-boats. But for that storm we might have landed at the pier."

"I shall enjoy the row, but please do not mention storms while we are here." Whereupon an old inhabitant informed them that a storm was confidently predicted for this month, as the usual equinoctial had not yet arrived...

Bessie turned away from this dreadful man, with his talk of storms and dead men's bones, and Mr. Brevard came to the rescue. "The surf is much finer on the other side, and rare shells are thrown ashore by the waves. Shall we see what treasure trove awaits us?"

"Pack your baskets, ladies, they are bringing out the boats. Our sailors fear a storm, for the wind has changed suddenly, and—see that black cloud!" "Where is Bessie? She was walking with Mr. Brevard..."

delay. But another white sailor had been seen and the girl who wore it was Jessie. Our Bessie was carefully putting some shells in a wrist-bag she carried when Mr. Brevard, whose attention had at last been drawn from her to the cloud, began to realize their danger...

"The wind has changed, and these breakers are much larger than when we left the fort, but with haste, we may reach the lighthouse before a storm." The distance was greater than he imagined, and they faced a wind that soon blew a perfect gale. When the breaking waves forced a channel through the beach and thus separated them from their starting point she sank weary and disheartened to the ground...

"Miss Birdling, I shall never forgive myself for this." "It was I who insisted on gathering more shells."

"Would you be afraid, if I left you alone to search a crossing? First let me make you more comfortable." He scooped out a nest in the wet sand and surrounded it with brush gathered near, but, although thus protected, the 15 minutes Bessie spent there alone seemed to her almost an eternity. Gazing over the dreary sand dunes, she thought of the bones of soldiers left to bleach among them, and almost expected to see a skeleton arm or a grinning skull uncovered by the gale...

"The creeping tide crept up along the sand— And o'er and o'er the sand; And round and round the sand— And never home came she."

Why did Kingsley's lines come to her like a foreboding strain? Would the fate of his heroine be hers? Why did Mr. Brevard remain so long?

Mr. Brevard, by devious ways had reached a point much nearer the lighthouse, and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket to wave from a pole, also drew out a box of matches. This suggested a bonfire. With the dry driftwood around he kindled a blaze which managed to maintain itself in spite of wind and rain. Then taking a torch from the pile he waved it aloft, and was rejoiced to see an answering signal.

Other excursionists had remained on the island, for the water became too rough for the last rowboat to venture out to the fleet. These were enjoying the hospitality of the lighthouse keeper's wife; some examining marine curiosities, and some admiring in safety, the sublimity of the storm, when one of them exclaimed:

"That must be a signal of distress!" The keeper's long spyglass soon discovered Mr. Brevard, with Bessie in the distance; then every man volunteered for rescue. The out off was narrow, but dangerous, and the bridge they succeeded in making, rather unsteady, though Bessie crossed it without accident. Under Mr. Brevard's greater weight and firmer step some logs gave way and bore him into the swift current below. Strong arms then held hold of the rope which he had secured about his waist and he was soon standing on the beach with no injury but a few bruises and a very funny soaking.

"I saved a few of those dearly bought shells," said Bessie, as they were enjoying the nice hot supper prepared for them. "You may add my book as a souvenir."

She displayed the little bag which hung on her arm through all the adventure, and he handed her his copy of "Legends and Lyrics," much the worse for contact with salt water. Mrs. Brevard still preserves that wrist-bag and blue-bound book in remembrance of the most eventful day in a remarkably placid life—N. O. Times-Democrat.

MIXING UP MATERIAL.

An Author's Method of Fixing Up His Characters So as to Offend No One.

"There's a good many queer things in this world," said Miss Jowders, meditatively, to her friend, Miss Barnes, "but the queerest of all is folks. Now did you ever take notice of that young man that spent the fore part of August here, a friend of the Samson family?"

"I did," said Miss Barnes, "but he knew how to eat; he was the heartiest boarder I ever had. But it's his trade that's so queer—he's a story-writer, and he's always looking for what he calls 'material.' He seemed to think everything and everybody here was material, and I said to him outright one day, 'You may get into trouble if you take Branbury folks and put 'em right in a book, faults, failings and all.'"

"But he laughed and said 't'would be all safe the way he did it, and then he explained his method. 'I take the old men's traits and give 'em to old ladies,' he said, 'and if there's a naughty girl I turn her into a little boy, and any middle-aged folks I make into young ones. Then I lay the scene in Canada, where I've never been,' he says, 'and set the time back 50 years, and there you are!' Now did you ever hear such talk as that in all your days? But they tell me his books sell just like hot cakes."—Youth's Companion.

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Accomplished dogs are dying fast these days. The other day it was a tree-climbing dog An Accomplished Dog's Appetite. now it is a coal-eating dog of Philadelphia who leaves behind him a perplexing controversy. He was a Scotch poodle, and a prize winner at dog shows. A few weeks ago his master perceived that he was ailing, and his spirits lagged. A veterinary surgeon was sent for and announced that the dog had been poisoned. Treatment was given accordingly, but the dog died in spite of all. The owner feared that the diagnosis had been faulty and took the dog to the University of Pennsylvania, where a post-mortem disclosed the fact that the dog's stomach was filled with coal. His perverted appetite for strange and indigestible things makes it probable that he was born under the sign of Capricornus. The owner, feeling that the veterinary should have known what was the trouble, has brought suit for \$1,000 damages. The legal rights and privileges of carbonivorous dogs (if such a word exists) have not hitherto been defined, for the reason that there are probably very few such dogs. For the same reason the doctors do not know how to treat them. But the responsibility for their existence is easy to locate, according to the New York Post. A dog naturally eats meat. In domesticity the owner begins perverting his appetite by giving him dog biscuit instead, which are supposed to be more soothing to his nerves. Then, if the dog is a family pet, he gets farther and farther from the diet of his ancestors. He eats cake, candy, olives, all manner of tid-bits unheard of by the natural dog. Who but the owner is responsible if, after fattening on all the most costly luxuries of the table, the dog takes one step farther on his own account and makes a meal of the most expensive luxury of all—anthracite coal?

Seventy-five years ago the government advertised for a mail carrier who Before the Rail-ways Came. could take the mail once a week between Vandalia and Paris, Ill., a distance of 105 miles. The time allowed was three days. Comparing that period with this, nothing shows more progress than the improvement in the mail facilities. Now the distance is covered in about two hours, and the hundreds of farmers scattered along the way are supplied with their letters and papers daily. Of course there is not much room for improvement during the next century, but that there will be some is certain. Even the daily mail may be too slow after awhile and the farmer who is up to date may want it every hour.

An aeroplane came into Bartlesville, Ind. T., on Tuesday and without any The Inflated Aeronaut. announcement prepared to make a balloon ascension. The ascension, the professor stated, would be made at six o'clock in the evening, when he would float off into space and sip the honeydew from the sun-kissed clouds that festooned the blue empyrean—or words to that effect. But he didn't. Evidently, says the Examiner, he sipped the honeydew nearer to terra firma, and when it was time to inflate the big balloon the "intrepid aeronaut" was himself so fully inflated that the evening zephyrs were rolling him around as they listed. The professor didn't go up, but the next morning he folded his balloon and departed hence.

How to be popular though frank is a conundrum not yet answered. A young man who got out of a street car in an eastern city recently had not answered it. As he disappeared a young woman in the car said to her companion: "I just hate that man! He says we have the homeliest crowd of girls in our office he ever saw in his life!"

The following "card" appeared in the Acheson Globe: "The Acheson man and his wife who have parted and made up so often that the public has lost interest in them wish to extend thanks to the public for having lost interest. They think perhaps they may now get along."

Let the farmer for evermore be honored in his calling, for, said Thomas Jefferson, they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God. Fate performed 50 per cent. of a good job in Chicago recently. Four men were "rocking the boat," and two of them were drowned. There can be no American duke, but the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, and these hands seem likely to be mostly American. The curious discovery that telephones talk French plainer than English was naturally "made in France." Few men are voluntarily nuisances, but most of them become so from force of habit. About half the ills that come with age are merely a matter of habit or imagination. Farmers should club together and demand a late frost. One of the worst slanders on the human race is that all the good dies young. The Nightly Farewell. Father—Mary, 11 o'clock is late together too late for that young man to stay; he ought to start for home at ten. Daughter—But he does, papa.—N. Y. Herald.

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