HOW I SAID YES.

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A toleraent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nerves, but I have great enough to pity them. The mother of my husband called me "sunshine," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No" in the most decided manner. The first time made the least difference to him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, you mean to ask me once a quarter?"

"Is that enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some commercial talk with father about Dr. Kock and his bewildering theories.

The last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I said so very distinctly, but Geoffrey proposed some one of the way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he pointed it in such alluring colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak unmeaningly to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste of material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place, I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men wore simply "frights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was of course a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley falls or Outkeis we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is ubiquitous. We presented references, and my trunks were with some difficulty got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"I suppose," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them upstairs. I can have no use for my dresses here."

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways, "as you like, dear; that gray thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark of course I had every trunk, bonnet box and casket taken upstairs, and the scene and confusion, and even the occasional bad word their size and weight called forth, were quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think, if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with me.

"But, sir," I laughed, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the valley."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians. I mean society Christians."

"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, startled.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he is a gentleman about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here today; they will doubtless call in the morning."

"Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lucelles called. Just after supper I heard a little step and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lucelles entered. She was beautiful; I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and ladylike, remarking you of a fair white lily.

We was struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no entire friend for a woman but another woman, and a woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather emphatically remarked, "the only Christian within hail of each other." Mary and I swapped all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns' advice to still "keep something to myself I wadna tell to ony."

Life settled down into an unvarying but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of Cora Pearl's stories, a letter was come in and handed me to read. The name on it moved at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was

MONTREY GARDNER.

Now, it so happened that the mention of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I started her to come into the parlor while we talked, but she would go home first and dress, but she promised to be back to tea.

I didn't of Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were resting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with him, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they danced about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lucelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood, and you have him.

We waited him for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to Gentle Agnes-Grace, and would see how its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely. She was relieved from with the broad shoulder-ing bands of white silk, wonderfully embroidered for charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When he was over I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chaperoned between them so as excuse for flirtation. The more her brows can be raised that I was unmarried, and a little angry, too, and father did not improve matters by whispering as I passed his chair:

"Checkmated, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How is cause let doctors to?" but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I could up praise to the moon, but it did not help his death, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was silenced, but not pacificated, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked as "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course, and I was prepared for that; but there is a bad stage in every lesson, and my last straw was this incident. They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid accordingly in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for long not longer. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good, refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke almost dead with a new born purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the keynote of which was, "the stage is empty." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lucelles', so I threw my dressing gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting room. As I rolled in at one door, Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"I came to take you to Mr. Lucelles', Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of darkies to take me there, I really don't think you will succeed."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you. I don't think you would enjoy the journey."

"Will you dress me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to your" repeach-fully.

"A great deal. Oh, Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were 3 years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever or leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never?"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with a lover's divine light, at the eyes full of gracious entreaty, at the arms half stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood, silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said:

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."

"That is the way I said 'Yes,' and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never be a week nearer heaven. Kiss me, Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than I ever did to paternal rule. Father laughs with my triumph at Geoffrey's mercy, and he sent me a wedding present of a handsome copy of 'The Taming of the Shrew.'—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

Hard work is not so apt to injure a horse as the failure to receive proper attention after the work.

Sweetness is the soul of wisdom.

It is not too long ago that an author, whom all the reading world of America admires for his clear boldness, laid down the proposition that a superior taste where a high and common were unmoulded that it is impossible to believe in immortality with and according at once the possibility of ghosts. He was asked if he believed in haunted houses, and answered in the affirmative with the greatest coolness and emphasis. It was in response upon the book of Mr. Hare's poetry that the author was ready to say a lady who knows the best social and literary life of Boston that it was exceedingly modest often as a proof that one is not up with the times. Let us suppose a whole of the reality of the incidents which have up the shape of ghostly visitors, "the ancient," the soul, "the lady," the "poet." Let us suppose that they are not so intelligent or so well-mannered as we are. You may talk of science, force, sufficient laws, or mind influences, or anything else that comes into your head, but you will not persuade us that Boston has advanced."

A Hundred Credentials.

"Did that man?" asked a Broadway cigar manufacturer, as he jerked his thumb toward a passenger who alighted at Union square.

"Yes, what of it?"

"In the last season of cinnamon pins, and he'll come on the horse again on time or none."

"Why?"

"Well, it isn't two years ago he was a freight conductor on a road running out of Chicago, and he had business, also and I came in the same crew for more than three years.

"And he got hurt, I suppose?"

"No. He got boodled by a tramp. You may smile, but you can't alter my belief, and he knows it as well as the end of his nose. This man used to be a terror to tramps. Indeed, we all did. Our train finally got such a reputation among the fraternity that they called it 'The Devil's Train.' And it wasn't once a week that any of them would try to beat us. The men Jim tackle six of them at once, and, Lord, o' mercy, how he used to knock them about!

"But about the boodler.

"Well, one night at a water tank Jim pulled a tramp off the bumpers. He was a sneaky looking cuss, I guess, or he wouldn't have been there. He was sick and weak, and perhaps he was an honest fellow who had fallen into hard luck. However, Jim pulled him down and used him rough, and when they were ready to pull the train started on and cut the stranger's legs off. Leaving him on a siding to wait for a hand for a conductor of an hour and coaxed Jim to his very last breath. He called out that the Lord would surely pay him back, and he prayed that it all luck might follow him, and he cursed a hoodoo ever him as sure as we stood here."

"Why?"

"There is no 'why' about it. On the next trip Jim had a collision, on the very next he had a hand smashed, and in six months he was a cripple for life. His wife died, a creditor of his broke out of jail and skipped, his daughter lost her job, and Jim tried to amble from a ferry boat. They saved him, but he's penniless, walking in the shadow of death, and I'll bet you there isn't an hour in the day he doesn't recall the wicked dying man. I've dipped him once a quarter in the last four, but he won't stack many more. He's got the death mark and he's got to go. It's a case of hoodoo, sir, and every man on his old train knows it is."—New York Sun.

Eight Prices.

Any one who has ever visited a "country auction sale" knows that what is called a "mixed lot" of articles and contents prices are searched. It is seldom, however, that one auctioneer has such a successful set of possessions as those of Uncle Abab Deaize.

Uncle Abab, with his entire family, a large stock of food and vegetables, a yoke of oxen and various other animals, went to the county seat last Saturday to attend a sale of his effects, returned in triumph two days later. He presented himself at the village shop half an hour after his arrival, yet shortly anxious to be questioned as to his adventure.

"Well, Uncle Abab, how'd you come out?" asked one of the loafers.

"Pretty fair—pretty fair!" replied Uncle Abab, cautiously.

"How many prizes d' you take?" asked another.

"Eight!" said Uncle Abab, with serene satisfaction. "Yes, I made out to take eight, this time. There was Swain's ox hauling wood, and pigs, cockalorums, bread, butter, garden seed, beaded rugs, air mother."

"Why, how did Aunt Sally come in for a prize?" asked one of his awe struck listeners.

"Thirteen weight thus today," replied Uncle Abab cheerfully. "A mouthful Tract dense kept Ann Slater, of Granny Hill, away, but boy's twisted his ankle. Ann would be turned the scales twenty pounds lighter than Sally, but as 'twas, there wa'n't another woman there weighed over a hundred and seventy, so we fetched that prize home along with the rest."—Youth's Companion.

Jugglers Tricks.

Cinqueralli, the French juggler, says that it is hard to tell which is his most difficult trick. "As a usual thing," he goes on, "the easiest trick is the most showy and gets the most applause, while some very difficult feat 'will not get a hand,' as we say. For instance, the trick of throwing a potato in the air, dividing it with one stroke of the knife and then catching the two halves, one on the fork and one on the knife, is perhaps the most difficult, and took me nearly two years to learn. It is so quickly done, however, and apparently so easy, that an audience never appreciates it before it is over. Let me purposely drop the potato, and catch it on the knife blade instead of the fork, and the audience will look as if it is only an inch from the floor and they burst into applause. It is an amusing world.

"Two others of my most difficult tricks, one, balancing a cigar on top of another on my forehead and tossing it from there to that in turn over one and both, a point from tube a cigar holder in my mouth; the other, twirling a hoop in my right hand with a glass of water balanced inside it on one side, passing the hoop through it with my left hand, have been received with quiet indifference by an audience that went wild over juggling two plates in the air, one of the simplest tricks.—San Francisco Examiner.

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