

ADVERTISING RATES:

| Time | 1 in. | 1/2 in. | 1/4 in. | 1/8 in. |
|-------------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1 Week..... | \$1.00 | \$0.50 | \$0.30 | \$0.15 |
| 2 "..... | 1.75 | 1.00 | .60 | .30 |
| 3 "..... | 2.50 | 1.50 | .90 | .45 |
| 4 "..... | 3.00 | 1.75 | 1.00 | .50 |
| 5 "..... | 3.50 | 2.00 | 1.10 | .55 |
| 6 "..... | 4.00 | 2.25 | 1.20 | .60 |
| 7 "..... | 4.50 | 2.50 | 1.30 | .65 |
| 8 "..... | 5.00 | 2.75 | 1.40 | .70 |
| 9 "..... | 5.50 | 3.00 | 1.50 | .75 |
| 10 "..... | 6.00 | 3.25 | 1.60 | .80 |
| 11 "..... | 6.50 | 3.50 | 1.70 | .85 |
| 12 "..... | 7.00 | 3.75 | 1.80 | .90 |

Transient advertisements must be accom-
panied with the cash to insure insertion.

At the Gate.

And where were you just now, Mabel?
Where have you been so long?
The moon is up, and all the birds
Have sung their evening song;
I saw you loitering down the path,
So lonely and so late,
Beyond the well ad lined bush,
And hanging by the gate.
I love to hear the birds, mother,
And see the rising moon;
And, oh! the summer air is sweet
Beneath the sky of June.
My cow is milked, my hens are cooped,
And washed are cup and plate,
And so I wandered out a while,
To hang upon the gate.
The gate is by the road, Mabel,
And idle folks go by,
Nor should a maiden brook the glance
Of every stranger eye.
Besides, I thought I saw a cap—
I'm sure you had a mate;
So tell me who was with you, child,
Just hanging at the gate.
Now you know just as well, mother,
'Twas only Harry Gray,
He spoke such words to me to-night,
I know not what to say;
And, mother, oh! for your dear sake,
I only bade him wait.
And, maybe I ran and tell him now?
He's hanging at the gate.
—Harper's Magazine.

A PRELUDE IN BROWN.

"But, my dear boy, who is going to say anything of the sort? What construction can be put on your going to the seaside for a month, meeting a young lady there, and in a natural way making her acquaintance? Nothing may result from it beyond acquaintance, and no one is called upon to remark what, after all, is mere coincidence."
Uncle Joshua, I wonder you can look me in the face "mere coincidence" when you know perfectly well that this is a cut-and-dried arrangement, and that I am led like a lamb to be sacrificed on the shrine of your heiress. Coincidence, forsooth! I am astonished at your cheek, sir, if you will pardon the expression.
"Upon my word, your young fellows take pretty airs on yourselves nowadays," retorted Uncle Joshua, angrily. "Maud Lovell is heiress—and I don't deny—a very considerable heiress; but none the less she is a remarkably pretty girl, accomplished too, and amiable, and all that; just the girl who would be a fine acquisition to any man who would take your word to do so. You are a fool, Ned, let me tell you, a very pronounced fool, if you let such a chance as this slip on account of a farrago of nonsensical notions about love and disinterestedness: all twaddle. Such ideas don't wash, sir, let me tell you; I've tested them down with a bang on the table by way of period.
Uncle Joshua was a natty, debonaire old gentleman of suave and circumspect manners, and a habit of tipping gingerly over the surfaces of ideas and things with blue avoidance of all dangerous or unstable subjects. This ebullition therefore took his nephew quite by surprise. Never had he seen his relative so excited about anything before. His carefully preserved old face was red and hot; he jumped about in his tight boots; his voice and manner were fully of unworldly vigor. Ned Banks had been used to think of his uncle as a kindly, formal fop, to be gently chaffed and practically ignored when convenient. He hardly knew what to make of him under this new aspect.
Uncle Joshua, for all his little absurdities, had been a good friend and a helpful uncle to his nephew. To him Ned owed his college education and his start in life—obligations which he had accepted easily at the time, as a young man who felt the weight when they were thus reminded. His opposition to his uncle's scheme had not sprung from any deep-living principle. The idea of marrying an heiress was no more distasteful to him than to any other man of his age; but he had experienced an instinctive repugnance to entering into a preconcerted, cold-blooded arrangement for the purpose. Now, however, seeing his uncle's real annoyance and displeasure, he said to himself, "After all, why not? I don't commit myself by simply going to the place." And after a short silence he added: "All right, sir; it's settled, then. I'll be at the Cove at the time you name, and do my best to be civil to the young lady. First of July, is it?" and he took out a note-book and made an entry of the date.
"My dear Ned," cried the older Mr. Banks, deeply gratified, "now you are behaving just as I should wish. I hope—very confidently hope—that this trip of yours may eventuate for your welfare in many ways. Nothing could be farther from my wish than to see you inclined; but there is no harm in forming a pleasant acquaintance, Ned; there can be no harm—no possible harm."
The South Cove was looking its prettiest when Ned Banks, true to his word, alighted on the 1st of July at the door of its hotel. All the little cottages and dependencies of the large establishment shone in the brilliance of fresh paint. The grass was newly cut; the plaster vases and red-tinted fountains were filled with gay geraniums and bright-leaved plants. Beyond lay the sea, vast and blue, no whit less serene or less inscrutable for this little fringe of ornaments to its border's hem. A boat, with a scarlet-shawled lady sitting in the stern, was rowing across from the green island opposite. People thronged the piazza. From a distance came the intermittent thunder of the bowling-alley. The season was fairly under way; that was evident. Ned scanned the groups on the veranda with the natural hope of seeing some acquaintance. He discovered none; but presently, from the lips of a lady near him, he heard a familiar name.
"Mr. Allibone Crosby told me so."
"Where is Mr. Crosby this afternoon?"
"Driving with those Baltimore people, I believe."
"Hullo! what brings him here?" soliloquized Ned, as he slowly strolled toward the office.
For Allibone Crosby was a reputed suitor of Miss Lovell's—Uncle Joshua's ward. It was a singular coincidence, certainly, that he should turn up there, and so Ned reflected as he went to bed, with the moon for a candle, and the boom and surge of the waves coming in

through the open window. The idea of a possible rival stimulated his interest in Miss Lovell amazingly, and he made his toilet next morning with the athletic determination to "go in and win" at all hazards.
Uncle Joshua and his party were not due until the 3d, so he had a day in which to look about him and elaborate a plan of campaign. Entering the breakfast-room, the first object his eyes encountered was Allibone Crosby himself, coffee-cup in hand. He greeted Ned cordially enough, but without affecting surprise at seeing him.
"When did you get in? I heard you were expected about this time."
"Last night. How long have you been here?"
"About a week. Where have they seated you? I say, Julius—to the waitress—put Mr. Banks here, will you? Mrs. Reeves won't be back for another fortnight; he might as well have her seat till she comes."
"I'll take it for to-day with pleasure, but to-morrow I expect some friends," said Ned.
"Oh!" replied Crosby, with a sort of rapid glint in his eye. "Well, sit down now, at all events, old fellow."
"The 'here' indicated was a seat next but one to Crosby's own, round an angle of the table. The chair between, as well as that on the other side of Crosby, was tilted forward to indicate pre-engagement. Ned ordered his breakfast, but before it appeared, two ladies entered, and advanced at once to the reserved seats.
They were so much alike as to be evidently sisters; but while one had the air and bearing of a youthful matron, the other was as unmistakably a young girl. This latter took the chair next to Ned, and Allibone Crosby, after a moment's hesitation, like Crosby's sister; just leaning forward and introduced them.
"Miss Darbelle, may I introduce my friend Mr. Banks, of New York?" Then to Ned, "After breakfast I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Peters, Miss Darbelle's sister; just now, you seem at an unapproachable distance."
Both ladies bowed, Mrs. Peters leaning past Mr. Crosby, and smiling brightly as she did so; Miss Darbelle with a shy, upward look out of a pair of brown eyes.
Ned was a brown little thing altogether, save Ned's first reflection, for her hair, evidently all her own, and bound in a great knot at the back of her small head, was bright hazel in color. The long lashes which shaded her eyes had a bronze-like glitter, and her skin was the richest brunette, with a lovely pink in her cheeks, like roses at a sun-ripened peach. Even the delicate nostrils were brown, and the slender arched throat which rose above the dainty ruff; and his eye to enhance the effect, the dress was brown also—a pale cream, relieved with knots of chestnut-colored ribbon. The extreme fineness and delicacy of every line showed in the dress, and the effect was so striking and so beautiful, as Ned presently decided; and the impression deepened as conversation brought out a saucy glint in the coffee-colored eyes, and smiles revealed the flash of pearl-white teeth. Miss Darbelle's voice was sweet and low, and had a musical-sweet-toned intonation which was so charming to the unaccustomed ear. She was very easy and natural, and altogether Ned found himself so well entertained as to prolong his breakfast to an unaccountable length. It was not until Mrs. Peters had inquired, more than once, in a tone of slight impatience, "Haven't you finished, Essie?" that at last Miss Darbelle, with a demure little salutation, rose and pushed back her chair.
Ned followed, of course. "What else was there to do in that stupid place?" he asked himself. The ladies were going to walk with Mr. Crosby, and he went too. What between the rocks and the beaches, hours sped rapidly away. There was a row in the afternoon, as game at tennis later, a chat on the moon-lighted piazza. "We all know how such things go at a watering-place, where the business of life is simply to live and enjoy the passing moment. It was but for a day, to-morrow Uncle Joshua and his heiress would arrive to claim Ned's time and devoirs. Meantime Miss Darbelle was very pretty, and there was no harm in getting what fun he could out of this extra day. The graver business of life would be along soon enough."
Alas for the mutability of human plans! Next morning brought the following telegram:
"Delayed a few days. Stay where you are. Will write. J. BANKS."
"What can have turned up?" asked Ned of himself, but he submitted to the delay philosophically. The hotel proved very comfortable; the weather was delicious; there might easily be found a worse place to wait in than South Cove even without Miss Lovell to add to its attractions. He telegraphed an answer: "All right; will wait," and resigned himself with happy ease to the situation.
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