

AARON BURR'S WOOING:

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Heights
The blue hills of Hamapo lie in fall night;
On their slopes gleam the gables that shield
his heart's quest,
But the redcoats are wary—the Hudson's
between.
Through the camp rung a jest, "There's no
moon, 'twill be dark—"
"The odds little Aaron will go on a spark!"—
And the toast of the troopers is, "Picket,
lie low,
And good luck to the Colonel and Widow
Prevost!"

Eight miles to the river he gallops his
steed,
Lays him bound in the barge, bids his
escort make speed,
Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the
foam reach you shore:
Not a word! not a splash of the thick-
muffled oar!
Once across, once again in the seat, and
away—
Five leagues are soon over when love has
the say;
And "Old Put" and his rider a bridle-path
know
To the Hermitage Manor of Madame
Prevost.

Lightly done! but he halts in the grove's
deepest glade,
Ties his horse to a birch, trims his cue,
sings his blade,
Wipes the dust and the dew from his
smooth handsome face
With the kerchief she brodered and
bordered in lace;
Then slips through the box-rows and taps at
the hall,
Sees the glint of a wax-light, a hand white
and small,
And the door is unbarred by herself all
aglow—
Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodosia
Prevost.

Alack, for the soldier that's buried and
gone!
What's a volley above him, a wreath on
his stone,
Compared with sweet life and a wife for
one's view
Like this dame ripe and warm in her India
scur!
She chides her bold lover, yet holds him
more dear,
For the dashing that brings him a night-
rider here:
British gallants by day through her doors
come and go,
But a Yankee's the winner of Theo Prevost.

Where's the widow or maid with a mouth
to be kist,
When Burr comes a-wooing, that long
would resist!
Lights and wine on the banquet, the shutters
all fast,
And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour
has flown past—
But an hour, for eight leagues must be
covered ere day:
Laughs Aaron, "Let Washington frown as
he may,
When he hears of me next in a raid on the
foe
He'll forgive this night's tryst with the
Widow Prevost!"
—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, IN HARPER'S
MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

TRAGEDY ON THE BEACH.

"In the novels of the present day,
from the first page to the last, nothing
ever happens. If the young man throws
away the half-burned cigar, we have a
feeling of gratitude as if that were an
incident, and we tell ourselves that
something has occurred. But in real life,
in the genuine realism, people still have
adventures. They get drowned; they
break their necks or their backs; they
die suddenly. In fact, in real life men
and women are even yet capable of
falling in love, violently and unreason-
ably."

Thus I discoursed as we sat in front
of our tent late one afternoon. I had
been reading aloud from the pages of a
book recently published. My audience
consisted of Carlos, Mrs. Rankin, and
Max. Max was somnolent a good deal
of the time, but would occasionally
rouse up and have the appearance, for
the space of half a minute, of being
profoundly interested. Then he would
lapse into a state of unconsciousness.
Mrs. Rankin sat with her usual upright-
ness, in a camp chair which faced the
water. She had been with us since
noon, having brought some black huck-
leberries and two large cucumbers,
which she insisted on giving us. She
said she wouldn't give a cent for a
berry cake without a slice of cucumber
with it. She was knitting an "open
work" cotton stocking for Lily as she
sat there. The day had been one of
really fearful heat, like so many days
this summer. Every breath of wind
had now subsided, and the water lay
gleaming hotly beneath the red west.

Lily Rankin had come with her
grandmother, but had been out for two
hours now in a dory by herself. The
child was as used to a dory, Mrs. Rankin
said, as other children were to rag
babies; and she seemed to think that
dories were as harmless as rag babies.
The red of the west was diffusing it-
self through some rolling clouds. Mrs.
Rankin's eyes never seemed to leave
that bit of a boat that was rocking a
little beyond Seal Ledge. We could
make out the figure in it with a broad
white hat hanging off the head.

"I expect Lily's marked with the
ocean," said Randy. "She'll set for
hours with the oars in the bottom of
the boat, just a gazin' an' breathin'
deep. When I asked what she was
thinking about once she told me
she wasn't thinking about anything.
She was just a-drinkin' it all into her
soul. O, I do hope that the Lord won't
let that child suffer too much in this
world. She can't suffer, or enjoy, more
in a minute than most folks can in a
year."

She said this after I had closed my
book. During the reading she made
but one remark.

"Seems to me," she said, "the

feller that wrote that must
have known an awful lot of
mighty common folks. If I had met
um face to face I wouldn't stay with
um a minute. They'd tire me to death
But he has a kind of a knack, don't
he, somehow?"

We did not feel like talking. On the
stretch of beach to the westward, where
the cottages were, everybody was out.
White dresses and gay ribbons were
there. Up on the ridge all the fisher-
men and their wives and children were
out also, sitting on the shingle or mov-
ing indolently but restlessly, striving
for some sense of ease in this close
atmosphere. Presently Maria Jane
Yates strolled up to our party and sat
down on the coarse grass. Everybody
looked pale and fagged. We asked
where Mr. Yates was and were told
that he had just gone out in his dory.

"He said," went on Maria Jane,
"that he couldn't stand the heat on
shore another minute; and if it 'twan't
so hot out there he shouldn't come
back for midnight. I declare this is
the toughest summer I ever did know!
Is that Lily Rankin t'other side the
Ledge? I seen her this long time. She
does 'bout she's mind to, don't she?"

Randy replied with asperity that "if
the girl hadn't a mind to do anything
bad she for one didn't know why she
shouldn't do as she'd a mind to."
"Nor I nuther," said Maria Jane
heartily. "Lily's a girl you can't help
lovin' to save your life. I guess Jim
Hatch thinks so too."

Randy started as if she had been
stung. Her worn face flushed a pain-
ful crimson.

"Jim Hatch!" she said violently.

"They ain't a better feller on the
ridge, nor a smarter coddler and perch-
er," maintained Mrs. Yates.

Mrs. Rankin had herself in hand
now, though her cheeks were still red.
"I have nothing against James
Hatch," she responded with dignity.
The subject was dropped.

One strong, swift breath of wind
swept from the west; then all was still
again. From red the clouds had as-
sumed a greenish tint. It was now so
stifling it seemed as if a huge, hot
blanket had been thrown over us and
was held down by a Titan.

Randy stood up.
"I guess Lily'd better come in," she
said.

She put her hands beside her mouth
and gave a shrill, penetrating call.
Lily heard her, for she took off her hat
and waved it toward the bluff. With
the opera glass we could see plainly
that she immediately began to row
shoreward. Somewhat further away
toward the north I saw Marsh Yates
in his red shirt, sitting in his boat.

"Twont do no good to call to
Marsh," said his wife, "I might split
my throat'n he wouldn't come in till
he got ready. Besides, he's as safe
there's anywhere, I'd know's there
could anything hurt him if he was in
his dory."

We all, save Mrs. Rankin, settle
back again into our languor, and
ceased to watch the sea or the sky.
She began to move restlessly about.
She took the opera glasses and gazed.
Then she shaded her eyes and gazed.
Lily's dory was gliding toward us
slowly over the still water. The count-
less figures sauntered on the beach in
front of the cottages. It was growing
darker. Suddenly it was no longer
still. A wind came from we knew not
where. It bent us over as we stood on
the cliff. The gay crowd off there scat-
tered like butterflies. The black water
boiled and foamed. The green cloud
was rising in the sky, trailing funnel-
shaped toward the zenith. Lightning
played on its bosom. Until now there
had been no thunder; now it began to
crash and crackle. We could not
stand upright, but we tried to do so
that we might watch those two indor-
ies. "Marsh always did say he'd
rather be in his boat in a tempest,"
said Mrs. Yates in a shrill voice.

But her face belied her words. The
small, flat-bottomed boats went about
like chips. Randy was the only one
that could stand upright. All at once
she dropped the glasses. I was close
by her, and something made me take
fast hold of her arm. She turned to
me but I do not think she saw me.

"Lily's lost an oar," she said.
I knew by the movement of her lips
what her words were. Carlos stooped
and picked up the lognet. The next
moment she put her mouth to Randy's
ear and shouted:

"Marsh will save her! He has al-
most reached her!"
Even if she had not lost her oar could
the child have done anything in such a
time? But Marsh, the big fisherman,
was at home out there. Maria Jane
was on her knees, peering forward.
There was a glow on her face—a glow
of pride in her husband. She glanced
at us as if she said that now, at last,
we should know what stuff Marsh was
made of. We could see that he was
like a giant, and he had need to be.
The green cloud spread and spread.
The wind came in violent gusts, with
moments of ominous calm between. In
spite of the coming tempest the people
in the fishing settlement here gathered
near us, crouching against the gale
when it came; looking out at the two
dories. In one of the calms a voice
croaked out hoarsely:

"Marsh can't do it. No man can't.
Two's too many for a dory in such a
time."

It was Capt. Asst. Randy heard and

shivered, but did not speak. Maria
Jane turned fiercely on the speaker.

"I guess you'll see that my husband
knows what he's about," she said. Her
handsome dark face became, however,
more and more rigid, and her eyes
more strained. The next instant she
threw her clasped hands up in the air.
"See!" she cried out, "Marsh can't
do it!"

It had taken both strength and skill
to lift Lily out of her boat into his own,
but Marsh had done it. I began to
have Maria Jane's faith.

"Can Lily swim?" I asked of her
grandmother.

"Like a frog," was the answer.

In the lull, Marsh's strong skillful
strokes brought his dory several rods
nearer. We could begin to see Lily's
streaming light hair. She sat with per-
fect quietness just where Marsh had
placed her. If for three minutes the
tempest would hold off! They were
now inside of Seal Ledge, almost in the
shoal water. It was nearly high tide.
In spite of us, Randy dashed down the
cliff and appeared on the stony
beach below us, opposite the boat.
Maria was still her knees, bending
forward.

"Marsh could er got in if he hadn't
stopped for Lily," I heard her say to
herself.

The tempest did not hold off. Now
came a flash, a crashing of thunder. A
bolt went down before us into the water.
The green cloud was overhead. But
still it did not rain. The wind
came again. When our eyes ceased to
be so blinded we tried to see. Marsh's
dory was split clean in two parts and
floating away on the left. Marsh and
Lily were in the water. Marsh's face
was upturned in a strange, still way,
and Lillie was holding him with one
hand while she swam slowly shoreward
with her burden.

I never knew how we went. But it
was but a breath of time before we
all at the water's edge. Lemuel Hatch,
who had but just come, dashed in and
swam out the few yards between us and
those two. Randy waded in waist high.
But Maria Jane stood perfectly still,
her feet in the curling foam of the in-
coming tide. In a moment Lily stag-
gered up standing and fell into her
grandmother's arms. But Marsh only
moved as the waves moved him.

He had been struck by that last flash,
which had broken his boat and killed
him, but had not hurt Lily.

The cloud above all at once veered
off to the north, and then a bit of blue
sky showed, with a pale star in it.
The people from the cottages yonder
flocked out of doors, again; doubtless
they discussed the lovely effects of
cloud and sky and ocean. Somebody
ran to Salt Pond and leaped into a boat,
rowing across to fetch a doctor. But
we well knew a doctor would be of no
use. Two men lifted the dead fisher-
man and began to carry him toward
the shabby house on the ridge. Still
Maria Jane stood there in the edge of
the water; and the night deepened
rapidly. We all looked at her with no
help to give. Presently Randy drew
herself from her clinging grand-
daughter and went and put her arms
about the widow. As she did so, I
saw the rugged face suffused with an
infinite tenderness. Maria Jane turned,
with a piteous yearning movement of
her body, toward the older woman.

"Marsh could er got in if he hadn't
stopped for Lily," she said.
"God knows he could!" cried Randy,
holding the woman close to her.—*New
York Tribune.*

Jovis and his Balloon Plans.

Paris Dispatch to London Telegraph:
I hear that Capt. Jovis, the well-known
aeronaut, intends trying to cross the
Atlantic in October in a balloon speci-
ally prepared for the venture. He con-
siders October the most favorable month
in the year for an attempt of the kind,
but he has not yet determined whether
he will start from America or
Europe. Capt. Jovis' ultimate decision
will depend on one or two
points that are still being studied.
I am also told on high authority
that he hopes, if all goes well,
to make the voyage in two days and a
half. He will get into a favorable cur-
rent and remain there as long as it
lasts instead of shifting interminably
from one atmospheric stratum to an-
other. The balloon in which the cele-
brated aeronaut will make the journey
is composed of materials that have been
three years in preparation. It is so con-
structed that when distended by the
rays of the sun an outlet for the
surplus gas will be found through a
small valve, which will cease to work
as soon as the strain has been removed.
The car, which can contain three per-
sons, combines lightness with strength,
and Capt. Jovis has arranged a cleverly
contrived apparatus, which will enable
him to supply himself, as occasion may
require, with ballast, from the briny
wave. His projected voyage, which,
for boldness of conception and execu-
tion, will be without a parallel in the
annals of ballooning, will be watched
with breathless interest. Meanwhile,
I hear that between now and his start
Capt. Jovis will endeavor to make an
ascent six miles high, taking with him
a barometer previously sealed to show
that no mistake can possibly have been
made in the instrument's record of the
feet.

THE MERRY GO-ROUND.

THE REASON.

I asked a bachelor why he
In singleness had tarried;
He answered thus: "Because you see,
I've friends who've long been married."
—Boston Courier.

BEAUTY BUTTSHOULDED HIM.

"Come let me pin this dainty spray
Fast in your buttonhole," said she.
'Twas then he passed beneath her sway,
No longer heart and fancy free.

But when two years of married life
Had passed she wept and cried, "Ah, me!
Why did you take me for your wife?"
"You buttonholed me, dear," said he.
—Washington Critic.

THE EXCITEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.

A number of little Kansas City boys
were playing marbles when a stranger
passed.

"Do you play for 'keeps,' little boys?"
he asked.
"Yes, sir," they replied.
"What are you playing for now?"
"Corner lots."

HE DIDN'T MIND IT.

Jones (to Robinson, whose wife's
mother has recently died)—I hear that
you have met with a severe loss.
Robinson—O, not so very. The
whole business, including carriages, on-
ly cost a trifle over \$70.—Puck.

A FELLOW-FEELING.

Summer-hotel manager—I declare, I
don't know what I am going to do
next winter; the hotel hasn't paid me
anything.

Head waiter—Well, if you get hard
up I'll give you a lift. It shan't be
said that there's no honor among thieves
so long as I have a dollar.

HIS FUTURE CAREER.

"My dear young friend," he said
solemnly, "if you are so fond of beer
at your age what do you suppose you
will be when you reach your prime?"
"A politician," responded the youth.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

"To what do you attribute the cura-
tive properties of your springs?" asked
a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor
thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising
I have done has had something to do
with it."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HEATED TERM.

A passenger who had observed to
the street-car conductor that it was
d-d hot, suddenly turned and discov-
ered a lady within hearing.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he
said, contritely.
"O, you needn't sir," responded
madam, fanning herself vigorously;
"it's very much warmer than that."—
Life.

SOOTHING HER NERVOUSNESS.

Nervous old lady (to conductor of
the train)—What's that ax hanging up
there for, young man? It makes me
nervous to look at it.

Conductor (reassuringly)—You
mustn't get nervous, madam; the ax is
all right. In case we go through a
bridge and smash things up, it's used
to chop passengers out with before
they get burned to death.

AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Teacher—William, what is the Gold-
en Text to-day?
William—Dunno.
Teacher—It is "Watch and—" what
else?
William—Dunno.

Teacher—Think again. What did
your papa do just before breakfast this
morning?
William (with animation)—Kissed
mamma! How'd you know?
MENDING MATTERS.

Charley (aged 8) to his sister Fannie's
new beau—Say, Mr. Sopphtly
Fannie said last night you were not
such a fool as you looked.

Billy (aged 7)—Why, Charley, she
didn't say anything of the sort.
Mr. Sopphtly—I should imagine not,
Billy. What did she say?
Billy—She said you didn't look so
great a fool as you were.

THE UTE QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.

First cowboy—"I don't mind an Injun
havin' his rights."
Second cowboy—Them's my senti-
ments, too. He ought to have his
rights."

"But if he undertakes to assert his
rights then he oughter be skulped."
"That's what I say, perticklerly
of he has any good ridin' ponies."

WATER AS A MOTIVE POWER.

A Deadwood Judge ordered a jury to
be fed on bread and water until a ver-
dict could be agreed on, and the deci-
sion was soon forth-coming. The jur-
ors did not mind the bread so much,
but the water they thought an unwar-
ratable punishment.

HE KISSED THE NURSE.

It is told of Charles Stuart Calverley,
who wrote "Fly Leaves," that when a
student at Cambridge he was a frequent
visitor at the dean's lodge. One even-
ing when he was there the children's
bedtime came, and they said "Good
night." One little Miss, about 5 years
of age, kissed her father and mother
and was leaving the room, when her
mother said: "Why! my dear, are you
not going to kiss Mr. Calverley?" "No,
mamma, Mr. Calverley doesn't want to
kiss me." "How do you know he
doesn't?" "Because, mamma, when-

ever he meets us walking at the back
of the college, he always kisses mamma,
but he never kisses me."

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

Customer—Why, Schneider, you
were complaining of bad business last
week, yet now you are enlarging your
saloon. How is that?

Schneider—Dot vos Blain enough.
Der zwei churches on der negst pleck
will be open again tomorrow, und der
vos a big choir in each of dem. You
got onto dot?

Customer—O, yes; but where is your
free-lunch today?
Schneider—I spollish dot for ein
week. Dere is a gomic opera company
at der theatre negst door. I don't
got some files on me, ain't it?—

A NEW-YORKER IN BOSTON.

New-Yorker (to native)—Excuse me
but I should be glad to see the residence
of W. D. Howells, if—
Bostonian never heard of the man.
New-Yorker—Perhaps you can tell
me where your famous philosopher,
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, lives?

Boston Never heard of him, either.
New-Yorker—Can you direct me to
Mr. John—Bostonian (with sudden
animation)—Sullivan's saloon? Go
down two squares, turn to your right,
and there you are.

A WANTON INSULT RESENTED.

"Excuse me," he said as he halted a
citizen on the street, "but I have a
sure and speedy cure for that mild form
of erysipias in your face. It is only \$1
a bottle."

"Erysipias!" howled the other.
"I'll warrant a cure in a very few
weeks."

"You old idiot, don't you know, noth-
ing!" shouted the enraged man. "Ery-
sipias! Why, I brought this face on me
with whisky. Am I to be insulted af-
ter working as I have for the last twen-
ty years! Go on, sir, or I'll do you
serious injury."

A LAUDABLE SPIRIT OF SELF-HELP.

Aunt Kate. "My dear, don't you
think if it had been the Lord's wish
that you should have curling hair, he
would have curled it for you?"

Jessie. "And so he did, Aunt Kate,
when I was a baby. He probably
thinks I am old enough now to do it
for myself."

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.

"You know, of course," said the old
man to the young man, "that my
daughter has \$100,000 in her own
right?"

"Yes, sir."
"And you are not worth a cent?"
"I'm poor, sir, but, great Scott!
\$100,000 is enough for two!"

A VALUABLE RING.

"Is that a valuable ring you've got
on, Gus?" asked a John street sales-
man.

Gus—I've hung it up for \$75.
Jack—You don't say so?
Gus—Yes. Seventy-five times. Dol-
lar each time.

HORRID MAN.

Husband—Getting ready for the
opera?
Wife—Yes, dear.

H.—D'ye know why a woman getting
ready for the opera reminds me of an
unpucked fowl?
W.—Not knowing, can't say.
H.—Because she has to be undressed
to be dressed.

Three Royal Sisters.

Modern Society: It is well known how
attached the three daughters of the
King of Denmark are to each other.
His Majesty is fond of relating an in-
stance of this attachment. While the
Princess Thyra was still unmarried the
Princess of Wales and the Czarina with
their children came on a visit to Fre-
denborg. One morning the King was
going out on a very early expedition
and determined to go his daugh-
ters' rooms to bid them "good-by."
When the father tapped at the Princess
of Wales' bedroom door he got no
answer, and opening it found her room
empty, and on going to the Czarina's
he knocked with the same result. On
arriving at Princess Thyra's simple bed-
chamber he found his two elder married
daughters had each taken a mattress
from her own splendid guest chamber
and established herself thereon in the
young girl's room. They were all chat-
ting merrily, but were girlishly anxious
to conceal the escapade from their ladies
in waiting.

al Convention.

A parcel postal convention between
the United States and Jamaica, signed by
the Postmaster-General and the Govern-
or of Jamaica, Sir Henry Norman,
has been approved by the President
and will go into effect Oct. 1. The
provisions of this convention relate only
to merchandise parcels and do not af-
fect the arrangements now existing
under the Universal Postal Union Con-
vention. By this new treaty all kinds
of merchandise parcels that are admit-
ted to the mails of either country up
to eleven pounds in weight, and with
the greatest length two feet, and the
greatest girth four feet, are admitted
to the mails exchanged under this
arrangement. The rate of postage for
parcels not exceeding one pound is
12 cents and for each additional or-
fractional pound 12 cents.