

AT BAR HARBOR.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.] "There! That's Mrs. Guardian with her bull's eyes!" "Molly!" "Her dark lantern, I mean. It's perfectly true. Ask—oh, ask anybody. Every one in Mt. Desert knows her. She's our chief of police."

you hear the surf again, and the little rippling laugh by your side? Does it make you smile—or sigh? Ah! me! Or are you an unfortunate outsider with most it be put down for you in plain black and white that rocking means only a stroll on the coast, over cliffs, under trees, near the roaring ocean, a stroll taken in pairs—a man and a girl—a man and a girl—and no more. The usual accompaniments are an umbrella—big enough for two; a book—light enough for two; and voices—low enough for two. Although the days of mistletoe and mystic bridges are out of date, certain minor—more delicate—privileges are extended to a rocking pair. Swift smiles, slow glances, soft speech under the shade of the umbrella, are duties to the genuine rocker. They count for nothing. Dora rocks with Fred—today, with Tom tomorrow, and goes back to town heart-free in the fall. Tom and Fred are happy ushers at her wedding a year later—or she may have forgotten their existence by that time.

old moon lighting it all up. Not a bad study for a picture. An hour after, two hours after, Albert out of sight, out of mind. Hilary, dry, pale, in a heavy white dress, appears on the cottage veranda, over there on the field, as it is called. The crabbings party are not yet at home. Aunt Lou has gone around, too, "for something to eat," so the bit of a house is more or less deserted. The girl, starts up as she sees a man pacing up and down on the little gallery. "I beg your pardon, Miss Armstrong," says he, "but I thought I would wait until your friends come, as you wouldn't let me send for them, and you might be more used up than you realize, don't you know?" "Oh, no, I'm all right, and we must keep it quiet by all means, for Albert—Mr. Martin's sake."

Albert, in his room above, heard these words, and you can fancy the waltz they produced in his head. "Are you all right, really?" continued the manly voice outside the window. It was a good voice, and Albert ground his teeth as he heard it. "Oh, yes; I didn't mind a ducking, and we were no near the shore that I wasn't afraid. Not that I could have reached it you know; but it seemed friendly."

"Not a friendly bit of rocks along there by any means. They are picturesque concerns, though there is a better view of cliffs in the other direction. Some day—but perhaps you will never feel like paddling again." "I shall never do anything again without a chaperone," replied the girl. "I never did before; they are such good, safe creatures." "Then they are a lot better than I am," said Hilary, "I dare venture on a little written and lighted his only comfort, his cigar. "I am sorry for that," he said Wilo Taylor reply; "but driving is different, possibly. I've a car here, and if Miss Martin will go along in her car, perhaps you would mind an excursion to-morrow?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Taylor. We must wait and see what plans the Martins may have made. I am most happy in the hands of my friends." "You cannot baffle me, Miss Armstrong. See how frank I am. I want very much to know you, because you remind me of some one else. Your acquaintance is not often begged for upon such apparently uncomplimentary grounds. I dare venture on a little written and lighted his only comfort, his cigar. "I am sorry for that," he said Wilo Taylor reply; "but driving is different, possibly. I've a car here, and if Miss Martin will go along in her car, perhaps you would mind an excursion to-morrow?"

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