



...Brown, sr., and wife came home Tuesday from Massillon, O., where they had been visiting relatives.

Auditor Brandyberry and wife Sundayed with the latter's relatives.

# OUR GRAND

# OLD TIME

# STORIES

## OCTOBER

# 1891

### THE FOUR VOICES.

By *Robert Brown Hearl*, who is said to have seen  
Of winters and summers some thirty-and-seven.  
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses, of sweet seven-teen.  
The fairest creature on this side of Heaven.  
"How pleasant the evening breezes that stir  
The rustling leaves, as the wind goes dim!"  
Such aimless words spoke his lips to her;  
But his heart was musing low to him:  
"Oh, that the summer of life were spring!  
Oh, to have found her long summers ago!  
Is it yet too late? Would this sweet young thing  
Give the hope of her youth to—? No, ah, no!"

"Yes, pleasant it is, when the woods grow dim,  
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir!"  
Such trivial words said her lips to him:  
But her heart was whispering low to her:  
"Is there ever a man like the man that I see—  
A man like the Harvard of ages ago?  
He thinks me childish and foolish: ah, no!  
Could he really care for—? No, ah, no!"  
Quoth his lips: "Good night, you now are home."  
Prayed his heart: "God love her, whose ever she be!"  
Said her lips: "Good night, you were kind to come."  
Sighed her heart: "No, he never, could never love me."

—Truth.

### FROM COO ROCK.

BY *MAY D. HATCH.*

It was variously designated the "Turtleback," the "Turtle-dove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtleback rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but on account of its charming security for a tete-a-tete and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages the name which had been given to it for its crustacean likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation: "Coo rock." Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo house, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confusing it, mentally spelled with a K, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had referred, spelled with a C, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and, although the day was exquisitely clear and beautiful and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few—a half dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults off the float, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet like cock feathers, and a staid matron or two near shore, wilyly bobbing up and down licensed in a small boat and bathers' hats.

She was a comedy object for the way she set to pulling a tripod net to her feet to collect a tripod.

### And the verses—"Dear Eyes," they were called:

"So many eyes meet mine each day—  
Earnest and tender, and eyes that smile,  
Or dark without hope, and all the while  
I think of you who have gone away."  
"I long so to look in your eyes, dear,  
Your eyes that speak to my soul until  
The cry of earth's loneliness grows still  
As I draw you so near,—so near."

She had never known Jack could make a rhyme like these verses had come to her. Dear, honest Jack! how sorry he would be if he knew all the trouble he had brought about. No, she could scarcely hold him responsible for her present discomfort—it was all her own carelessness; and the next time she indulged in the exchange of literature she would shake the volume to its foundations to exercise all lurking lumps that might do her ill. One 1/2 so apt to tuck things away in a book and then forget all about them. Yet, after all, he might have given her a chance to explain.

She was aroused from her reverie by the soft rush of waters parted by the even stroke of strong arms. Marie turned her head shoreward; a man was rapidly swimming toward her. The head looked very familiar, but he had written her he was going on the eight ten. A few more strokes and there was no doubt of his identity; she clambered up on the rock beside her. He was a superb creature, with limbs bronze and shining as one of Gerome's Arabs. He looked like some radiant river god with a dash of water on his chestnut hair, his eyes as blue as the morning sea, and with that beauty in his face that comes from conscious strength and kindness and the glory of youth and vigorous, overflowing life.

"Good-morning, Marie."  
She had not yet looked at him, but she met his gaze now with a half smile. "I thought you were going on the eight ten."  
"I started," he answered, "crossed the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."  
He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privilege of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beckoned madly. He forgot his grievance for a moment.  
"When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which the sea had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkle the motion of the waves had given it, and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of. He whispered, seeking now her clear eyes, 'That is the story I always think of.'"