

A PASSING CLOUD.

BY NATHAN D. URSER.

An angry flush suffused her cheek. I asked the cause, she would not speak. But turned away, her cheeks flaming. Resentment filled my breast in turn. "So be it, then!" I cried, "and burn my letters if you choose, this morning."

SEA BEACH LIGHTHOUSE.

BY HARRY BALDWIN.

"Mine, all mine! Another month, and I shall bring to my feet the proud and handsome man who can make me mistress of Glen Villa and all its immense fortune."

Voices of the air and sky seemed in complete harmony with the emotions of the woman who, a light drapery over her head and shoulders, stood by a hedge, looking meditatively through a ravine toward the ocean.

Then there was a brief, fitting, fevered life at a fashionable watering place, and then, her ill-gained means exhausted, poverty and desperation came.

Once she had heard of her husband, she had broken his heart and begged him. He had sought the position of companion to the invalid, Mrs. Thorne, of Glen Villa.

It was at this time that Beatrice Langley, as she chose to call herself, had secured the position of companion to the invalid, Mrs. Thorne, of Glen Villa.

The two men came just opposite to where she was and halted. "No you are going away?" Beatrice heard young Thorne's friend ask.

"I have no special liking for dark women, Wilfred. Besides, I half suspect you have a claim on her affections."

"The listening woman's heart stood still at the utter amazement betrayed in Wilfred Thorne's tone."

"Your sworn allegiance?" repeated Forbes. "Exactly." "To whom?" "To my affianced bride, Ethel Lansing. I supposed you knew."

"This affianced bride! Oh, heaven! this blow will kill me." The two men had passed on. With a low moan of anguish Beatrice Langley sank to the dewy grass, pale and lifeless.

"The wretched Beatrice, tormented with jealousy and despair, haunted the beach all that day."

She learned that the steamer Hatters would arrive about dark. She wandered for the first time down the coast to Sea Beach lighthouse. She learned of its shifting light, heard of the storm that was gathering on the waters, and then—

"The steamer is in sight," she heard him say. "The Hatters will have to anchor at the beach to-night."

"The steamer, the Hatters, with that woman, my rival, on board!" hissed the siren darkly. "It shall never reach shore. She shall not come between my love and me."

She sprang to the beach. One touch of her hand plunged the place in darkness. The beacon was extinguished. Woe to the guileless mariner tossed amid these awful waves beyond the harbor bar!

the rocky beach some distance from the house. Then exhausted, she sank to the rocks, her basilisk glance fixed on the waters.

"Then it went out suddenly. A minute later a rocket shot skyward. It announced a signal of distress, and the success of the evil schemes of the heartless siren, Beatrice Langley."

"I must not be seen here," she murmured. She arose and started to fly down the beach and reach the villa unperceived.

"You have heard?" he said excitedly. "Some one has extinguished the light in the tower yonder, and it is believed that the Hatters has gone to pieces."

"The frail boat was tossed like a leaf to and fro, yet she resolutely handled the oars, and drove the boat seaward."

"At that moment a boat passed them. It contained Beatrice Langley. She could not direct it to them. With a wild cry she sprang toward them."

"Your patient, Miss Langley?" asked Wilfred, anxiously. "The physician looked grave. 'She is dying.'"

"I fear she has been mortally injured." "Yes, and wishes to see you." "Tell her how we think her; tell her our lives shall be devoted to her for her noble heroism," spoke Ethel, impulsively, as Wilfred left the room.

"He spoke the name tenderly, tearfully, as a mate later, he stood by the bedside of Beatrice Langley."

It was a strange night. One hour later a clergyman spoke the words that made them man and wife.

the suffering the discovery would entail. She slumbered calmly after it was all over; the nurse at her bedside dozed lightly.

"The next day the body of the unfortunate Waldron was found floating in the water near his recent post of duty."

"The morning of the day it was to be delivered she was working in her garden several miles from that city when suddenly remembering her engagement she hailed a farmer driving to town with a load of vegetables, and went on her way in a calico dress and hands soiled with her occupation."

"She was in England Queen Victoria sent her word that on a certain day she would be pleased to see the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mrs. Stowe replied that she had an engagement for that day. The Queen would see her, and sent a lady-in-waiting—a personal friend of Mrs. Stowe—to make the necessary arrangement for an observation. There was to be a pageant of some kind that day, in which the Queen would take part, passing the hotel where Mrs. Stowe was residing, and the royal messenger had agreed to place her hand on the author's left shoulder to distinguish her from those with her on the balcony as the procession passed. So Queen Victoria and the distinguished American gazed at each other for a few moments in silent recognition, but Mrs. Stowe was not pleased that she was outwitted.—Cor. New York Tribune.

"Don't Overdo It." A glib tongue is not one of earth's rarities, yet it is not every possessor of it that understands how to manage the jolly properties of table talk.

"The women folks have all gone daft over Mary Anderson. Well, I suppose it's all right. I'd rather have the women in love with me than the men, anyway. Men don't seem to care much for Miss Anderson. Men never do care much for a woman who has no visible tendency to weakness in regard to them, and they fight very shy of one who can take care of herself."

"Reflection and Arithmetic." The Daily Telegraph has made the discovery that a moment's reflection will teach us that the surface of the whole earth is one huge graveyard, and that at some period or other human corpses have been deposited under every inch of ground we now walk upon."

"The Earth a Big Magnet." The meteorites that fall upon the earth are composed chiefly of iron. Signor Bombicci suggests an explanation of this. The earth is a big magnet, as shown by the proceedings of a bar of steel freely suspended and accurately balanced on its center. Bombicci's idea is that this big terrestrial magnet, when rushing through space containing meteoric particles, exerts a selective attraction for those which are ferruginous.

"Justifiable." Two Chinamen were arrested for fighting. One had severely beaten the other, and unless provocation could be established it was likely to go hard with the aggressor. An interpreter was called in. Lim Sam, who had beaten Lum Teck, was questioned.

"WIFE.—'Say, hubby, have you read that novel called 'One Word Only?'" Husband.—'Yes, I guess so.' Wife.—'Do you know who is the author?'" Husband.—'No; but I'm sure it was not written by a woman.'—Hartford Journal.

Extravagance. If there were no such thing as extravagance, every man might have a shanty of his own, a wife, some children, a cow giving milk, \$100 in the bank, and ham and flour enough to do him all summer, and no man might be under the necessity of using a clay pipe, or of smoking some other man's tobacco; nor might a man be brought so low in the world as to have reason to wish that he could sell his wife and all her relations for \$50 apiece, cash down.

"If there were no such thing as extravagance there would be no strikes, no Knights of Labor, no monopolists; poor-houses would be unknown, and the word 'hunger' might be so rarely used that the man who didn't read much might have to look in the dictionary to see what it means."

"If there were no such thing as extravagance there would be a common possession of wealth, and writers of every class might write all they had a mind to without using the word 'monopoly' when referring to the 'root of all evil.' Jay Gould would be a railroad conductor, or he would own a small farm, and help the wife to feed the hens, milk the cows, make soap, and do lots of things around the house; or he would keep a small store and take in eggs, wheat, potatoes, butter, and coon skins in exchange for tea, sugar, hardware, and saleratus. Old Mackay, too, could get along without a top buggy and silver-plated harness. He could go to church in clean, patched overalls, and wipe his face with a red cotton handkerchief, and feel every inch as near heaven as he does now; and as between him and his fellow-mortals there would be no abyss of social difference; he could afford to be affable, so that if he came to Newberry and met Tim O'Hagen, he could stand and talk about the war that was to be, the price of iron, take a 'chaw,' and ask Tim to take another."

"If there were no such thing as extravagance that makes some comparatively rich and keeps thousands comparatively poor. A man works hard for \$50 or so; then in an hour of vice and dissipation he flings it all away. His appearance becomes loathsome, and he is despised on every hand. His gaunt and starving wife in some black and lonely hovel looks in the cupboard and sees no bread. She hears her naked children cry, 'Mamma, I am hungry!' her heart breaks, she sighs for the grave, she wishes she were there and her children with her. Heaven views the scene and weeps; hell views it and rejoices. But in the meantime, through the extravagance of that man, and others of his class, the wealth of somebody else is increasing, and the daughters of that somebody else plays the piano, and puts on style, and turns up their noses at rags and poverty when they meet them on the street."

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HUMOR. THE matron's lament—let us sweep. In the stock market bull luck is hard to bear. A MAN of gall is almost invariably a good liver. WHEN the trunk line railroads are playing policy they are playing pool.

"How SWEET, how tender is childhood!" remarked the cannibal as he prepared to feast on a baby captured from a neighboring tribe.—Boston Courier. A YOUNG physician of New York refused to go duck hunting with a party of friends. He said the ducks were too personal in their remarks when addressing him.

"GIVE us, oh, give us a man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. Oh! yes; give him to us; deliver him into our hands. He occupies the next office, and we can't get at him. HUMAN NATURE. I never bewail my lot, said he. I never sit down and cry. And the reason I don't is, I know in the world there's somebody worse than I.—Boston Courier.

A PROFESSOR in the medical department of the University of Texas asked one of the more advanced students: "What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?" "False teeth, of course,"—Texas Siftings. "JASMIN, what did you do with the letter I left on my desk this morning?" "I took it to the postoffice." "What! Did you not see that it had no address?" "Yes, sir, but I thought you didn't want me to know for whom it was intended."

"I DON'T put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow money. Give me a friend that is not in need." "HOW LONG have you been in the turkey-raising business, Mr. Wattle?" "Five or six years, sir." "And in your experience what turkeys made the best layers?" "Boned-turkeys, by all odds, particularly if you require the layers for picnic sandwiches."—Yonkers Gazette.

"WOULDN'T you like to have a bow?" said the bold archer, as they sauntered down the field; and she murmured "Yes;" and the absorbed archer said, "What kind of a bow would you prefer?" She quivered a little as she replied, archly, "I think I should prefer yew;" and then the young man understood, and although he was an arrow-chested youth, he went to the target and heaved a bull's eye.

THEY COULDN'T see his faults. He was a most emphatic, willful, stiff-necked, systematic, mental, spiritual, erratic, and a most degraded creature. He was given to frivolity and most unseemly jest, and had no single quality as a redeeming feature. He was full of indignations, and insolent of viciousness, and countless kinds of viciousness defamed his reputation.—A splendid intellect, a lack of steely virility, a monstrous inactivity and moral obtusation. Yet his steps were all attended, all his freaks and whims defended by a retinue of splendid, rapt extravagant exulters; for this evoker was a rich and bonded broker, and was worth a million dollars.—Lynn Union.

A DAKOTA hotel advertises a cyclone cellar as one of its attractions. The following is its card: SLIDEUNDER HOUSE. TOBACCO BILL, Proprietor. Hot and cold air in every room. Elegant cemetery in connection. "This is the only House in the City provided with a Cyclone Cellar for convenience of Guests. Flame leading from each room to Cellar. Guests can drop from top floor in quarter second. No requirements as to Costume while making Descent. Stop at the Slideunder, and while Guests of other Hotels will be scouting down the Flame leading to Absolute Safety. Ask yourself this Question: Am I prepared to die?"—Estelina Bell.

There was Scientific Reason in It. Mission Teacher.—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what obey means? Apt Pupil.—Yes, marm, I obey my pap. "Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father?" "He's bigger'n me."—Chicago News.

The great plague broke out in London during the reign of Charles II., and the physicians did not know how to treat it. When the plague came into a house the people used to mark a red cross upon the door, and write, "Lord have mercy upon us." The shops were shut up and the whole city desolate. The following year, 1666, the great fire broke out. The whole city from the Tower to the Temple was destroyed, and St. Paul's Cathedral and innumerable churches were reduced to ashes. It burnt out the plague, however, by destroying many old, dirty, and disease-breeding buildings. WIFE.—"Say, hubby, have you read that novel called 'One Word Only?'" Husband.—"Yes, I guess so." Wife.—"Do you know who is the author?" Husband.—"No; but I'm sure it was not written by a woman."—Hartford Journal. "DICK, did you ever see the church bell that hangs in the tower?" "No, James, but I have often seen the church belle that sits in the right-hand front pew." THE eyes of poisonous snakes have been found by Dr. Benjamin Sharp to have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular. WHEN banks become unsteady because of failing tendencies, even the depositor is liable to lose his balance.