SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

Notice.

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LINCOLN, NEB., May 1st, 1893.

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HARDY'S REVENGE.

At the hour when fortune seemed most propitious there came to the little village one summer eve a visitor from the great town, a violet eyed damsel, with cheeks as pink as wild roses and clustering golden locks—a little entrancing vision all sufficient to turn the head of every swain in her vicinage. James Hardy, dark, handsome and graceful, fell at once a victim to her coquettish wiles. And then, ah, sad the day and hour! John, too, was thrown in her way, being likewise enamored of her fascinations.

Susan Joyce, finding herself supplanted, made no murmur of her pain, silently bearing as well the torturing jibes of her relentless sister, who had never had a lover and lost no chance to deride the weakness of those that yielded to the folly of trusting perfidious man. Between the brothers there never had been anything like real affection, though to all intents and purposes agreeing upon questions concerning their mutual welfare. The siren at first smiled equally upon them, driving both to the verge of madness with doubt and passion.

James announced one morning to John, as they loosened the oxen from the sled at the meadow bars, that he had won the promise of the blond beauty to be his wife.

John turned pale with rage and jealousy and said nothing, but he went without delay to question her about the truth of the story. Learning the fact from her own lips, he denounced her trifling as despicable, like many another man forgetting his own infamous betrayal of innocent love, and concluding:

"I doubt not you will have all the happiness you deserve. My revenge can wait, but remember that it will come when it is least expected and hardest to bear."

Then he bade his mother farewell, assuring her he would return a rich man. A settlement between the brothers had resulted in the knowledge that John would become entire owner of the property at his mother's death, but James was allowed the use of the place rent free, with the solemn promise exacted that the mother should be well cared for until the former's return. Then John Hardy set his face toward the new Eldorado of the west and was heard of no more until Mark Madison, in passing through the neighborhood a year after, told how "poor John Hardy had died at Black Cat canyon and was buried under a great rock at the mouth of the mine."

And now as Susan Joyce, 10 years later, came through the dewy meadow she saw smoke curling lazily upward from the chimney of James Hardy's kitchen, where she doubted not a goodly supper was in course of preparation, for Josephine was a notable housekeeper, though the neighbors called her proud and extravagant besides.

When the great railway was surveyed through the little farm its situation proved a key to adjacent land, and so was bought at a fancy price, exclusive of the little cottage, and James Hardy was thereby enabled to build a handsome house for his stylish wife and furnish it to her satisfaction.

But the aged and feeble mother was left in the old home, now almost a wreck, for the haughty Josephine had no desire to include the queer old woman who had already proved such a burden on her hands in the new plans, and James, seeing only through his wife's eyes, agreed in the conclusion that the place where she had lived so long would be the happiest spot for her declining years.

Left to the half careless attention of a servant of the house, her condition, incident to bodily infirmity and weakened mind, would have been pitiable in the extreme but for the unswerving devotion of Susan Joyce and a few kind neighbors who had known her in her happier days. Susan Joyce came through the garden gate that hung on one rusty hinge and stopped again when she heard that dolorous chant. It was not new to her, but always pathetic. The slight, swaying figure in the unsteady armchair, crooning mournfully to the baby on her breast—a rag baby that she always "sung to sleep" in the twilight and placed in her bed at night.

There seemed to be such real comfort in the care of the rag manikin that Susan Joyce had not the heart to undeceive her even if it had been possible to do so.

"John is saleep," she would say, smiling vacantly.

"Yes," always answered Susan, thinking of that lonely grave under the great rock in Black Cat canyon.

One balmy afternoon in June death, stalking abroad, found James Hardy in the full flush of manly vigor and straightway summoned him to the final bar of account.

"Heart trouble," they called it, but no matter for the cause or name of his offtaking, Josephine and the twin boys were suddenly left alone.

Fate seemed to have pooled with John Hardy to furnish the revenge he had wished and prophesied. He had not died at all in the canyon, as Mark Madison had said, that mendacious friend withholding the fact of the wanderer's prosperity.

"Mother," said John Hardy, now rich and portly, "I have come back to you," kissing her withered cheeks.

Perhaps her poor dazed brain might have been better able to understand the quality of her good fortune had he been more considerate in years past of her happiness. "I have never forgotten my promise to see you at some future day," he said to Josephine. "Try your luck at happiness in the cookery, where my cowardly brother and you consigned our old and feeble mother. I was a bastard, Susan, quite as cowardly as my brother, but I want you now. I have truly repented of my infamy. Come with mother and me, and we will try to pull along together in the pretty house that my brother generously provided for us."

Never quite did the knowledge come to the mind of the half imbecile mother that John of flesh and blood, her best beloved, had come back to her, and yet the little old woman crooned less dolorously as she rocked in her easy chair in the pretty bow window playing with her rag baby on her breast.

Susan Joyce was a foolish woman perhaps to so easily condone John Hardy's sin, but she had always loved him, he was repentant, and Sister Judith's tongue was so sharp!—Exchange.

Look at our club list.

UNLUCKY.

A Cold Summer and a Warm Winter Work Against Him.

The man with the negligee shirt was talking of hard luck. "It's just this way," he said. "When things get to going against you, there's no stopping them. Luck and hard luck run in streaks with every man, and when things get to coming your way, there's no stopping them any more than there is when they get to going against you.

"As an illustration, let me tell you of an experience I had. About three years ago I began to have hard luck. I lost everything I had one way or another, and I got into all sorts of trouble. Finally I landed in Richmond stone broke, without a friend to whom I could apply for aid and nothing ahead of me but a turn on the roads as a tramp. I could get nothing to do in Richmond, and I started out to tramp up north.

"It was as hot as Tophet. I tramped along day after day, sleeping on the ground and stealing what I had to eat, which was not much, let me assure you. One day I struck Stony creek, which is in a wild part of the state. I followed up along the creek until I reached Stone mountain, and there I made a discovery. I found an ice mine. It was fully an acre in extent, and the ice was as clear as crystal. I realized what the find meant, and after taking my bearings carefully I made my way back to Richmond.

"It didn't take me long to get some capitalists interested in it, and we formed a stock company with me as president to work the ice the next summer. It looked as if I had a fortune in my grasp.

"Early the next summer we started to work it, but my hard luck came toddling along and did me up. There wasn't a month that summer when we didn't have frost, and there was absolutely no demand for ice. That left me stranded again in worse shape than before."

"I don't see why," put in the doubting Thomas, who wore a broad brimmed straw hat. "Why didn't you wait and work it the next summer?"

"I told you I was in hard luck, didn't I?" asked the man with the negligee shirt severely. "Well, I was. Although the summer was cold, the winter was so warm that it melted every blamed bit of the ice and left nothing but a pool of water there, which was of no earthly use to anybody."—Buffalo Express.

One on Them.

There is more than one way of making a retort in kind without resorting to the vulgar "you're another." A Jewish street vender of spectacles and eyeglasses was offering his wares when half a dozen saucy young students stepped up.

"Keep still; we'll have some fun with him," said the spokesman of the party.

"Shpecktakgles! Eyeglasses—goot vons!" called the vender.

"Dot vos goot!" said the young man. "Now, what can you see through these glasses, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Anyting vot you like," answered the vender.

"Ish dot so! Well, we'll see about that."

He took a pair of spectacles, put them on and looked straight at the dealer.

"Nonsense! Mr. Isaacs!" he exclaimed. "What have you been telling us? Nothing whatever can be seen through these glasses but blackguards," whereupon all the other students laughed.

"Vot! Ish dot so?" exclaimed the vender, as if in alarm. He took the glasses, put them on hastily and looked at the party of students.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "dot ish so!"

Then the boys went on, but this time they were not laughing.—Youth's Companion.

Disappointment.

The heavens wept.

The lowering clouds discharged their garnered fullness, and the wind soughed dismally.

A large gray tomcat gazed sorrowfully from the barrel that served him for a home and sighed. His wife, with the quick intuition peculiar to her sex, perceived that her liege lord was distressed and hastened to his side.

"What troubles my Mercutio?" she softly inquired.

The tomcat gulped down a sob and gestured eloquently in the direction of the weather.

"Amelia"—

His utterance was broken and very emotional.

—"I wouldn't care so much if I hadn't staid at home three evenings running to practice that new tremolo. It's tough, Amelia, tough."

All she could do was to stroke his fevered brow and talk of other things.—Detroit Tribune.

Saved by a Narrow Margin.

"Been to lodge, have you, Absalom?" said Mrs. Rambo in a metallic tone of voice.

"Yes, m' dear," replied Absalom.

"What time does the lodge usually let out?"

"About—um—about 11 o'clock."

"And what time do you think it is now?"

"Er—it's about 12, isn't it?"

"It is half-past 2. Does it take 3½ hours to come home?"

"Yes, m' dear. Lodge bodies move slowly."

And Mrs. Rambo went gaspingly up stairs to bed.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mistake Somewhere.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Goslin?

Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.—Waif.

The Woman of It.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and shaking her parasol at the animal she said in a very stern tone, "Lie down, sir; lie down!"—Calcutta Times.

The Age of Portability.

George—Off for a holiday, eh? That's rather a small satchel for a trip.

Jack—Yes, nothing in it but a camera, tripod, canvas suit, canvas cap, canvas shoes and a canvas boat.—Good News.