A NICHT OF STORM.

"You know you can't do any work worth mentioning during the heated term, and

She was going to say, "You will only be consuming your hard-carned money if you remain here," but after the briefest hesitation tastefully added in-

"You know we shall be only too delighted to have your society."

"Thank you, Alixe," said Marjorie. with a grateful glance at her friend from under her brown lashes. But her -pale, proud lips trembled almost imperceptibly, and for awhile longer she nesitated about accepting the kindly invitation.

She was just a poor music-teacher, while nearly all her pupils were out of it, during the sultry pays of midsummer, and using up the small sum she had, while earning nothing with which to replace it, was not a pleasant one; while on the other hand, the alternative offered her of spending her en forced vacation in a cool, airy cottage, by the seaside was, indeed, very, very girl.

But she was sensitively proud, and the many benefits which some of her weal hy acqui in ances - and particularly Miss Alixe Walton-were so willing to bestow upon her.

"Come, what do you say, Marjorie?" truth. If I must lose youpersisted Alixe, after allowing a few only sensible decision which you could possibly make. Very well, then" | jorie to the heart. giving Marjorie no chance to contradict her "we are going down next answered, sadly. "The story is brief draw her cheek down to his own, "we edge of right and wrong, their freedom

before the latter was aware of it.

looks like patronage.

And she might have all those comforts. and lonely in the deepening dusk. and luxuries of her very own if she But Parke Griswold's handsome face step, as a new idea seemed to strike hopefulness. never do to give pretty Miss Marjorica tenderness that seemed irresissable, is daily adding new accomplishments beat as one, hint of that"

picturesque spots imaginable on the try, my darling?" Atlantic coast.

the broad stretch of velvety lawn, with verge of yielding to his prayer, its brilliant flower-beds and sparkling fountains.

grandeur, great rocky points and cliffs

en afterglow of sunset, and the beauty of it had drawn everybody out upon the lawn or the beach below.

A little apart from the others, the soft, rippling waves curling almost to Rheir feet, stood Miss Walton and Marjorie Trevor, the latter looking distractingly lovely in one of the simple gracefully about her shoulders.

They were chatting away in merry, her head suddenly, caught sight of a what a foolish girl you will be if you girlish fashion, when Alixe, turning tall masculine figure striding toward don't accept him!" them from the lawn.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, with a petulant little air of vexation which seemed charmingly natural. "Here comes Mr. Griswold. I shall have to postpone my story until a more convenient time, Marjorie"

"Oh, don't go, Alixe!" cried Marjorie almost pleadingly, laying a detaining description. hand on her companion's arm as she

turned to flit away Alixe laughed.

"I shouldn't, dear, if I didn't know blinding shower over all the beach. that the gentleman doesn't take the least bit of interest in my society. And it is so embarrassing to feel one's own future must be if she put love self de trop, that I really can't do it from her forever. even to please you, Marjorie."

And the rext moment she was flit shudderingly. "Ah, I had best take ting up the beach past Mr. Griswold, love now while it may be mine!" who merely pausing to exchange a standing zilent and motionless, her answer while the mood was on her. back toward him and her brown eyes Just as she reached the dining-room aid we are likely to be otherwise."

"Just lock up your rooms, Marjoris talking of the sunset glories all about sea. and go down with us for a few weeks," them; then they strolled on down the It brought every one to his feet, and D. Mayo gave the first in his special

> "Let me sit here, Marjorie," he said, stricken. and she started a little at that name which he used now for the first time the rocks!" "God help them!" were the "I have something to tell you, I have the exclamation that passed in hushed, waited so long-so patiently! But you terrified accents from lip to lip. will listen to me now, Marjorie"-with tell you what is in my heart."

She sunk down mechanically upon the large, flat rock which he had designated, her lips pressed together, her sweet face very pale, and a pained half-frightened look in the large brown human effort of strong, brave men on eloquence, he called out: "Stop short! eyes which were so persistently averted from the tender glance bent upon her. In silence she listened to the avow-

al which she could parry no longer. and the prospect of staying in town to her with flushed, expectant face, Trevor went down and watched them But when it was ended, and he turned awaiting her auswer, she shook off the at their noble work. spell and spoke to him in low tones. With a curious thrill at her heart she which, though sweet and pitying as bent over one tall, still form that Park the opinion that perhaps it wasn't so music, fell like ice on the passionate Griswold had rescued from the waves fever of his beart.

"I am sorry," she answered, simply. "You know I have done all I could to her lover's arm, all that it would mean to me your whispered with blanched lips. "This difficult to unearth the battom elements avoid this, Mr. Griswold. I understand * tempting to the tired, hard-worked love, Believe me, I would accept it is the lover I told you of last night," giadly if -if I had a heart to give you Parke Griswold uttered not a word overlaid by the author at Gensis, and in return. But I have not, so I must in answer; but as he turned back to shrunk from the thought of receiving beg you to forget me, and to bestow his work of heroism the look on his idea of human nature. who will cherish it as you deserve."

he asked, huskily. "Tell me-the figure on the sand, scarcely breathing of God; that the woman proved the "Then you love another, Marjorie?"

He stopped, for his voice failed him, ing to it. minutes for consideration. "But of and he looked away from the lovely At last the blue ey a opened, and a stition of the world around them of the course it will be 'yes,' since that is the face beside him, with a changed ex- smile of ineffable happiness-faint knowledge of good and evil. She bepression on his own that touched Mar-though it was lumined the handsome,

"There is very little to tell," she week, and early in the following week and simple enough, but it killed my will never part again." we shall expect you to join us without heart. I loved once, Mr. Griswold, She asked no questions then, only good. Lo'Adam did not fall in the old with all the strength and passion of tried to bring him back to life and time scene. He fell up stairs and And so, with a kiss and one of her my soul. Like you, he was rich and strength. most coaxing smiles, the pretty, im- handsome, and I thought-yes, even But later she learned that the story perious daughter of wealth and fash- now, I still believe that he was true of his marriage had been only an union won the coveted answer from and noble and generous all that a founded rumor, Marjorie's self-reluctant lips almost man should be. But trouble came What her life might have been but "The proud little Bohemian!" and he went away. He vowed that he Marjorie shudders to contemplate. laughed Miss Alixe softly under her would put the ocean between us and Although she says that, because he breath, as she ran lightly down to the never look upon my face again. I have saved her husband's life, her affection carriage waiting for her at the curb. heard since that he was married to a for Park Griswold is almost strong "She would almost ra : er swelter here beautiful English girl, and that is all, enough to make Basil jealous. in town, and perhaps half starve in the But you see now why I have no love to But both Basil and Marjorie Thorne bargain, than to ac c, anything that give any one. My heart is dead," she live in the brightest hopes of seeing hood." repeated with infinite mournfulness, pretty, dark-eyed Alixe some day c n-"But, thank goodness, she cannot her great, soft brown eyes turning sole the noble fellow for his disappointdoubt the reality of my friendship, again to the sea that was growing gray ment.

only would, for I'm certain that Parke had undergone another change before full.-Family Story Paper. Griswold - Ah!"-pausing abruptly her little story was ended. It was with one dainty foot on the carriage bright and flushed once more with

A little back from the ocean stood tinued to plead, with all the eloquence ity. His last venture is the grocery A fittle blex from the ocean should that his masterful love could suggest, business, and he has hired a store and so much of that brightness that pleases windows everywhere opening upon until at last Marjorie found herself is going to run it in connection with and gives rest to life. windows everywhere opening upon wide and airy verandes, and thence to faltering, hesitating, almost on the his other business, his grandfather do-

In vivid contrast be ween that and burning words, "why shouldn't I give brick block from an open pasture, but the sea lay the whin, shingly beach, it into his keeping? He loves me well he knows every store on Lisbon street, changed to one of rough and rugged in time; I might even learn to love him a market half a block away. He plays they love and who love them. It is the -who can tell?"

jutting sharply out into the mouning Mr. Griswold," she said at last, patting walking to the object ball. He plays scene was flooded with the soft, goldreturn to town.'

> And so together they walked back, almost in silence, to the cottage. Alixe was watching for them at the

window.

He has proposed to you-I know he has," she exclaimed under her breath, a bright-colored light wrap drawn drawing Marjorie aside, with her own he would, when I saw you walking down toward the point. Oh, Marjorie,

> "Oh, Alixe, don't-please don't ask me anything!" whispered Marjorie, the slight flush that had warmed her cheeks suddenly dying out.

> And then she escaped to her own room to think out, if she could, the problem of her future.

The next night came down dark and stormy, and terribly desolate beyond

The sea moaned and roared and dashed upon the rocks below with aw ful fury, sending the white spray in a The loneliness, the desolation, somehow made Marjorie realize what her

"It is like my life," she murmured,

And she slipped, still half-hesitating, laughing word or two with her, down the stairs with the thought of hastened on to join Marjorie, now seeing Griswold and giving him her

gazing wistfully out over the sighing a deep sound came booming. The sound which is so thrilling awful on For awhile he stood beside her, such a night as this the minute gun at Men's Christian union the other even-

said Miss Alixe Walton, coaxingly. sands toward the craggy points below every face there was white and horror course of five summer talks to young

"A ship in distress!" "A vessel on

Then everything else was lost sight tender pleading in his voice -"I must of and forgotten in the exciting hours blown missionary. His first sermon that followed.

> went down to a watery grave, while the shrieks and howls of the women others were saved by the almost super- and children. Pausing in his tide of shore.

berotsm was Park Griswold.

and laid near by upon the beach.

your love upon some other some one brave, handsome face told Marjorie all the story of his suffering.

herself as she saw signs of life return-

marble white face. "Marjorie!" he whispered, trying to

between us, we parted in bitter anger, for that night of storm and terror

And when that occurs-and just now

the event seems very probable the cup of their happiness will indeed be

A Plucky Blind Man. John Dearborn, known as "Blind her "why didn't I think of that be- "Even after all that, Marjorie, I im- John," the famous newspaper seller of fore? Mr. Griswold will be a charming plore you to be my wife," he entreated Lewiston, a pilot of his own trackless addition to our small circle, but it will his strong voice full of a passion and course through the streets of Lewiston. "He is gone out of your life; forget to his old and is growing from a newsbim; try to love me instead. Oh, I paper seller to a capitalist. Besides they start together along the journey now occupied by the Milwankee tug-It was one of the most charmingly think you can learn to if you will only playing good croquet and being an accomplished fisherman he has bought heart, full of that hope and that joy He would not let her go but con- two colts and is raising them to matur- which aurcoles the vistas that stretch erge of yielding to his prayer.

"My life is so hard and lonely." ers. John can see morning from evenshe reflected as she listened to his ing, but that is all. He can't tell a they read an earnest, it is hoped, of the and truly, and perhaps I might forget and can smell a hardware store or croquet by information as to direction sincere hope of all their many friends "Let me have time to think it over, and by measuring the distance by her hand to her forehead with a faint, a good game, and is no easy opponent what to say to you just now. But to his successes, and he proposes to keep morrow, perhaps, or, at most, before we on and grow up in the world. Lewis- haps more versatile than among any ton Journal.

Store. One of the Americans in London told me that he had this queer experience.

iron and quinine. a prescription, you know," the man re-

plied. The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?

"Yes, sir." "And two two-grain quinine pills?" "Yes. sir."

"Will you lent me a tumbler with a little water in it?" "Yes, sir."

Having all these things the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the looked on with keen interest, and then said very gravely:

"Do you know I call that very neat. It is very neat indeed."-Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

Made the Old Lady Mad,

his landlady? "She asked him to say grace at dirner on Sunday and he said: "O Lord, father by declaring that she had confor what we are about to receive make cluded to return and stay at home, and us truly thankful, for without Thine hereafter be an obedient daughter .--

Adam's Lucky Fall.

At the vesper service of the Young ing, says the Boston Post, the Rev. A. people ppon "Young Men and Women in the City," taking for his special topic "The New Version of the Eden Story." He said:

"An Indian chief from western New York once went to Albany and experienced religion, and went back a fullwas on the crucifixion, of which be A noble ship had struck on the rocks, drew such a fearful picture that his This was a great while ago and a great And not the least among them in way off, and perhaps it wasn't so." he old version of the creation and fall White and awestruck, Marjorie of man seems to have shared a similar philosophers, and finally the leading theologians of all sects have united it tation of the legends, myths, and script One look, and she turned and grasped ures of all the great religions has brought out a new version of this beau-"It is he it is Basil Thorne" she tiful and majestic oid story. It is not explained according to the prevalent

". ooking at it in this way the original record teaches that man and woman She knelt beside that motionless were created equal, both in the image better man of the two, for she broke through the barrier built by the superlieved that such knowledge would make her and Adam what they were created to be, like God, in their knowlas a careless boy does going up a staircase two steps at a time. He and his partner emerged from that little Eden of childish obedience into the great world of responsible moral manhood and womanhood. Every boy is a new Adam, and every girl a new Eve. They are born into this Eden of childhood only in time to step forth into that new life of moral responsibility, which is the soul of the Christian ideal of man-

So They Were Married.

Dallas News: A bright sun and a pleasant afternoon seemed to halo the happy occasion, and in its refulgence to forecast the happiness of a union of two young hearts that had been devoted from youth and young girlhood through the years to full maturity of young manhood and womanhood, and at last so auspiciously brought together under the holy sanction of God's ordinance to

On the very threshold of their lives out before them and gives promise of

After the ceremony which made them one, a wedding dinner awaited largest fate with kindly hand has in store for them through all the years to come, and with the blessings of those that no shadow may ever fall upon their lives and only fragrant flowers bloom along their pathway.

English Ignorance.

The ignorance of the English is perother civilized and enlightened nation An American in a London Drug on earth, says the Chicago News. Not one man in ten can tell you how many counties there are in England, not one in fifty the population of Manchester, He asked a druggist for a draught of not one in a thousand the names of the monarchs of England. These people "Oh, we can't give you that without actually know nothing about their own country-nothing about the city in which they live. The sentinel stationed in front of Marlborough house will tell you, perhaps, that 'is royal 'ighness lives there, but he doesn't know the name of the house. A policeman, who for twelve years had walked the beat in which the great banking house of the larings is located, was unable to direct me to that famous institution—said he had never heard the name before. Distance is reckoned wholly by time. It is four hours to Liverpool, seventy minutes to water, and took that and the pellets Harwich, twenty minutes to South down with a gulp. The druggist Kensington, etc. Taik to an Englisman about miles and he simply gapes at you in idiotic wonderment.

A Michigan Story.

Nineteen years ago a Gratiot county, Mich., farmer refused to let his daughter go to a candy pull. She went Kate Field's Washington: "What's though, and remained away. Last the trouble between your Bond and week she drove up to her father's door, lifted out her eleven children, coolly took off her wraps and astomshed her Philadelphia Ledger.

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ACADEMY AND SELECT SCHOOL OF THE HOLY = CHILD = JESUS, Lincoln, Nebraska.

This institution is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus and some of her hapless passengers congregation was quite demoralized by from Sharon Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., will open as a Boarding and Select

Day School for young ladies,
Monday, September 8th, 1890. Parents will find in this Academy all the features of a secluded and refined home for their chters. A thorough, useful and accomplished education is imparted, and particular care is owed on the moral improvement of the pupils.

Difference of religion no obstacle to the admission of pepils. For particulars address,

betacle to the admission of pupils. For particulars address, Rev. MOTHER SUPERIOR. Convent of the Holy Child Jesus. LINCOLN, NEB.

Skeleton in the Garret.

Mr. Southard, a Ninth avenue dealer in second-hand building materials, recently bought the old house, 5 St. Mark's place, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser, and yesterday sent a gang Address A. T. STEWART & Co., of men to tear it down. A modern tlat is to be built in its place, The old house, a three-story and attic brick structure, was doubtless put up by one of the old New York families about the time of the building of the Croton aqueduct, when the crowding of the lower wards drove the old residents up town in swarms. In the wreck of today the lines of the line mausions of earlier days are easily traced.

found in the attic and thrown into the to invest \$500 for me on the Derby, A few old trunks and boxes were yard by the workmen this morning but don't you?" when one of them, Kane by name was fumbling in the farthest and darkest corner he got hold of something that made his blood run cold. It was a skeleton hand that met his, old and moldy. One of the bony fingers came along as the workmen pulled his own out as if he had been stung by a viper.

Kane sat down and looked at it. Then he velled. The other workmen came, looked at the finger, peered into and edged a little nearer the garret plunged heavily on the favorite. the darkness under the sloping roof, stairs. By and by one of them wrenched off a rafter, s let in the light

An Unlucky Steamer.

steamer built in Milwaukee. Late in bought her a \$15,000 house, deeded the fall of 1854 the old American trans- it to her, and to this day Mrs. Dowling dise, stranded near the present Bay betting on the phenomenally long shot. View rolling mills' at the mouth of Deer creek, and went to pieces. Her boiler and engine were saved, and for these a hull was built on Jones Island by J. M. boat line and in the absence of steam by 1000 feet high. pumps and other modern wrecking ap At the foot of this mountain was lobefore the transportation company suc- ingly transparent body of water, which ceeded in floating her. This Milwaukee is now no more, the bottom having been experience wps only- one of a series of forced up when the mountain went unpleasant scrapes in which the unfor- down, and the water all spilled out. The tunate craft became involved. How mountain is now an island, as it ever, she survives and is at present en- were, surrounded by almost perpendicgaged in the coal and lumber trade ular walls of rock about 100 feet in rigged as a modern freighter with three height. The theory of the discoverers spars instead of the one originally car- is that the mountain was located over ried. The Allegheny has passed through a vast cave and that the weight of the numerous hands since her launch in heavy snows last winter crushed it in. 1856, and now belongs to the Tonawan- The noise made by the sinking mass of da barge line. Since passing into the rocks and dirt and trees was heard sevhands of this corporation her "luck" eral miles away, but the parties did not appears to have changed, as her name know until recently what caused it. is seldom linked with mishaps. The The lake cannot be shown in corrobor-Allegheny measures 567 tons, rates A246 at ion of this story, as it has disappeared.

Absent Minded.

at the Continental hotel yestesday, says worth going miles to see. It is about the Philadelphia Imquirer, when a three miles from Laird's on the Coos -rominent railroad official, who resides bay wagon road. in the interior of the state, stepped up to the clerk's desk and wrote John Blank "and wife."

"Is your wife in the ladies' parlor?" ment he had assigned them.

bewildered air, as he stood as if lost in ered with it half a day and said it must reverie. "Why, my wife!" Then he come apart. This meant a stoppage of aroused and glanced about as if he was the factory for a long time. It was suglooking for her. "Why, my wife," he gested that a neighboring engineer be City. We have been travelling together and after studying the pump for awhile and I have become so accustomed to be took a hammer and gave three sharp register her that I entirely forgot that raps over the valve. "I reckon she'll she was to stay at the shore."

which he joined.

he darted away to the elevator

His One Fault.

languages."

"And doesn't know one I suppose?" "That's just it; he does know them and I don't."-Judge.

Good Farms in Virginia \$8 to \$20, PER ACRE.

Diewiddie County, Virginia. Y. N. U. YORK, NEB.

A Wife's Dream Fulfilled. Almost everybody in and about Chicago knows John Dowling. Well, it was in 1886, I think, and the derby day at Washington park, Before Dowling left for the races his wife said to

him: "John, you remember you promised

"Yes, dear," replied the husband. "What horse shall I put on?"

"On Silver Cloud, please." "Silver Cloud? Why, you're crazy, The horse hasn't a ghost of a show."

"No matter, I see by the papers there is thirty to one against him, and I have a presentiment he'll win."

John argued, but to no purpose, and finally promised to fulfill his wife's behest. He didn't do anything of the sort; got into the betting ring and

"Now, a good many will remember that Silver Cloud won in a rush and and sected at the object in the corner very easily. Dowling kicked himself, cursed his luck and was generally unpleasant to himself and his friends Milwaukee Wiscensin: Among the But he dare not go home and tell his vessels now in port is the first screw wife the chance he had lost. He portation company steamer, Allegheny thinks the property became hers with a full cargo of general merchan-through her clairvoyant prescience in

Pioneer Press. An Astonishing Sight.

L. A. Sanetuary, G. W. Parks, M. and Jones. The launch occurred in 1856, A. Abraham, C. L. Hadley and C. Merand the name of the lost steamer was ton returned last Thursday from their transferred to the new boat. As a per- hunting and fishing expedition in the cursor of the misfortunes which subse- | Coast range, says the Roxbury Plainquently followed the craft, great diffi- dealer. They make a report of the culty was experienced in getting her astonishing discovery of a hole in the afloat after she started down the way, ground one-half by one and one-half Later she sank alongside of the dock miles in extent, or thereabouts, where

pliances, remained there several months | cated Cedar lake, a small | but | exceedand has a Lloyd's valuation of \$23,000, but the hole is still there with the mountain in it, and may be viewed by doubting Thomases who will take the An amusing circumstance occurred trouble to visit it. It is a sight well

The Value of Knowledge.

A Brooklyn manufacturer paid a bill without a murmur the other day, simasked the clerk, with a view of send- ply on account of the way it was ing an escort to show her to the apart- worded. His engineer found that the hot-water pump would not work and "My wife?" said the arrival, with a sent for a machinist. The latter bothfinally remarked recovering himself sent for, as he was a sort of genius in "why, I declare, I left her at Atlantic the matter of machinery. He came, go now," he quietly said, and putting There was a hearty laugh all around on steam "she" did go. "The next day, at the expense of the railroad man, in says the manufacturer, " I received a bill from him for \$25,50. The price "Gracious, I would not let her know amazed me, but when I had examined of this for anything," he remarked as the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: "Messrs. Bank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, 50 cents; for knowin how, 825. "He's an awfully nice fellow and a Had he charged me \$25.50 for fixing good friend of mine, but he has one the pump I should have considered it grievous fault—he is always quoting exorbitant. But 50 cents was reason-French and Latin and all the other able, and I recognized the value of knowledge: so I paid and said nothing.

Why do chimneys smoke? Because

they cannot chew.