

*Beaver & Gephart*

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THE STORM.

As men's cheeks faded  
On shore invaded,  
When shoreward waded  
The lords of fight;  
When churl and raven  
Saw hard on haven  
The wide-winged raven  
At mainmast height;  
When monks affrighted  
To windward sighted  
The birds full-fledged  
Of swift sea-kings;  
So earth turns paler  
When storm the sailor  
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.

through her gold eye-glasses in a most ridiculous manner at the rude porch, the shutterless windows, and the unprinted wood settees on the grass.  
"This isn't 'The Solitudes!'" she said. "Drive on, man! You have made a mistake."

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw.

"Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment.

But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister Caroline," said she graciously, "Do come in."

"But where are the trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Scarborough world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven graciously.

"I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velvet-suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color-cases, traveling library, and writing-desk.

He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This?" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are cousin Herbert, I suppose?" said Mrs. Haven politely.

"Walk in, My husband will come by the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience."

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment under the eaves, where he could not stand upright, except just in the middle of the room, and where the three-pane window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" soliloquised the aesthete, looking ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected."

Mary Haven had scarcely got downstairs and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children from the nearest street.

"Is this cousin Hugh's house, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty," loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second story," hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven.

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather, and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh I've a great mind to commit suicide."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was just thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Fortnum & Mason's, half-a-dozen sets, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Haven serenely eyeing the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of cigar-smoke. "Of—moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake, Mr. Haven explained.

"Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs at the house."

"Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge."

"Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a good deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping-out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it," remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband.

"Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I—think—I—begin—to," said she, with an amused light beginning to sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the reapers are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs to pack a few necessaries at once.

The cottage by Windermere was not an imposing edifice.

There was plenty of room in it, such as it was, but the floors were of rude pine boards the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion, and when Mrs. Caroline Montagu Prout drove up to the door, in a break heavily laden with trunks, she stared

self, and I don't know as I could do better with it than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself, cousin Herbert Haller did battle with the flies and wasps, Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse and groaned over the heat.

One night at the cottage settled the question of "to stay or not to stay," in the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson.

"The bed wasn't long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said cousin Herbert.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said aunt Sadie "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a hundred pounds a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party-dresses, and twelve-buttoned kid gloves.

"Well," said uncle Jenks drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them."

So the company departed, with various adieux and insincere protestations of regard, and only uncle Jenks was left; and then Mr. Haven took his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the top."

"At what house?" said uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?" asked uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven smiling.

"We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desired to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved excellent.

Uncle Jenks, the one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Windermere cottage.

"And I wish them bon voyage," said Mr. Haven calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

A Joke on the Old Man.

The old man, was one of those opinionated men who especially pleased to express their views in public places; the conversation had turned upon a recent bold robbery, and he had just fixed the attention of all the passengers in the car upon a demented looking young man who sat next to him, by addressing him with some voice: "Now, I'm a detective and you stole that money."

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"You stole that money," he repeated, "and I'll show you how easily you triped yourself up."

Everybody in the car intensely interested.

"Last evening," continued the old man, "a person answering your description was observed by several parties to pass and repass the scene of the robbery."

Here the lady who sat next the young man left her seat and stood up in the rear of the car.

"Footprints made by boots exactly of your size were discovered in the yard and on the roof of the veranda, whereby your entrance was effected, and a piece of the very goods from which your clothes are made had been torn out and was found adhering to a sharp point of the iron work."

About this time the young man became conscious that he had for some reason been singled out by the passengers as an object of great interest, and it suddenly occurred to that they might think the old man's remarks were personal to himself. He endeavored to get into a word or two, but the old