

BEYOND.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like the flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies.

—[Henry Burton.]

HE AND SHE,

A TALE OF A LONDON SUBURB.

He lived at No. 12 Woodman street,
Chelsea. She lived at No. 13. For
ten years they had been opposite
neighbors, each occupying the drawing
room apartments. She had taken
up her abode there six weeks after He
was installed, and in a dull, uninter-
ested way he had watched the un-
loading of the cab, the taking in of
the luggage, the bustling to and fro
of the small, slim woman whose face
he got a very imperfect glance at.

And then ten years stole by, each
reflecting the other so exactly that,
excepting the Christmas visit and
the summer holiday, there were no
landmarks to point the course of
time to Nos. 12 and 13, and then fate,
fortune, or whatever name we give to
the good providence who disposes
those trivial circumstances that lead
to great events in our lives, arranged
that on a certain afternoon in May
there were so few letters to write that
the typist clerk could leave her Bed-
ford street office at a much earlier
hour, and, full of anticipation that she
would be able to put the finishing
touches to a gown she was renovat-
ing, she tripped into the Strand,
hailed the first omnibus she saw,
clambered to the top, and took the
only vacant seat. In her anxiety to
secure this, she did not notice more
than that it was a man next to her,
but that man being He, and he hav-
ing watched her from the time she
nailed the bus, was now in a futter,
for she was only just settled when
they were at Charing Cross, where
he always got down, which he could
hardly do now, as, without an expla-
nation, which he could not give, it
would seem so very peculiar—some-
what offensive, indeed. By the time
his hesitation was over they were on
their way again, and the conductor
was collecting the money. She paid
her fare. He silently held out the
extra two pence, which the man, tak-
ing with a nod of surprise, she turned
her head, and instantly there moun-
ted to her cheeks a rosy color. He,
being of the old school, looked on a
blush as one of the most becoming
features of a woman.

It was the signal of the weakness
of her sex to be answered on the part
of the man by a desire to protect, and
without hesitation he said, "I think
you and I are going the same way?"
"Yes," and her color deepened,
"we live opposite each other in the
same street."

"Quite two of the oldest inhabit-
ants, I should say."

"It is ten years since I came," and
she gave a sigh.

"Yes, but I was there before you.
I remember your coming."

"I had always lived in the coun-
try, and I suppose I thought this
would go on the same for ever, but
in the four years I lost every one
belonging to me; home and means
were swept away, and I had to begin
life alone."

"Terribly hard on a woman," he
said, sympathetically.

"Yes, I've never been away but
once—to spend Christmas with a
school friend, who has since gone to
India. That was an excitement for
me! I looked up and saw you and
very nearly nodded, and then I was
so frightened that I jumped into the
cab and told the man to drive as fast
as he could."

"And I thought you were late, and
it quite fidgeted me, and I gave you
a mental scolding, just like I often
do on Sundays when you will go out
without an umbrella."

"Well, but last Sunday you went
out without yours, and, more than
that, you left the window open
on your bird, and I said to Totty—
my cat—'Now that is very thought-
less, for if the sun goes in, Dicky
will catch cold.'"

"And I fear he did catch cold, for
he has sat with all his feathers
roughed up, looking very reproach-
fully at me. You know he is six
years old."

"My cat is ten; I can never bear
to think of her age, for when she
dies—well, people will think her
mistress a very foolish woman."

"Not those who live alone won't,"
His tone of sympathy brought a
pleasant expression into her eyes.

"You find your bird company, don't
you?" she said, looking at him.

"That summer when you went away
I was quite anxious, fearing the land-
lady might not look after him prop-
erly. You know we missed you dread-
fully, Tottie and I."

"I can quite believe it. I felt very
dull when you were absent."

They both laughed heartily. Sudden-
ly the horses stopped.

"Do they? I always walk from
Charing Cross. I was just going to
get down to-day when you got up
and sat down next me."

"Yes, I felt my face get quite red
when I saw it was you. I wondered
would you speak, and I was so glad
when you did."

"I hope, now, whenever we meet
you will allow me to speak to you."

"I shall be very glad," she said
cordially; "it seems so much nicer
to have exchanged a few words with
one another."

"Well, we were not like strangers
to each other, were we?"

"Certainly not; I have felt as if
you were almost a friend for nearly
ten years."

On the very evening of the day
week on which they had met, draw-
ing aside his blind to look at the op-
posite window—why, there was no
light there. How very odd! Think-
ing he might get from Miss Bates
whether she had noticed any dep-
arture he said, as she was setting
the teapot down: "Lovely weather
for the time of year."

Miss Bates was in a lugubrious
frame of mind. "Plenty o' sickness
about, I hear. They say," she ad-
ded with a sniff and a sigh, "the
children's dying like sheep, with
measles, and some parts whole
houses is down with influenza. I'm
sure I trust we shall be spared, but
I doubt it, for there's one o' em ill
opposite.—I saw the doctor to-day
going in there."

The sudden change in his face as-
sured her that she had thoroughly
drenched his vivacity, and following
the axiom that having made an im-
pression you should go, Miss Bates
left the room. He buttered his toast
and poured out his tea, and some
minutes later, finding plate and cup
empty, he reasonably surmised that
he had eaten and drunk, but he had
done so mechanically, while his
thoughts were occupied by the words
of his landlady. Poor little woman!
Now he knew why the window was
dark and the blind remained down.
She was ill!

He walked about the room, he
looked out of the window; in short,
for over an hour he fidgeted over a
score of things, and then that in-
ward tormentor refusing him any
peace, he suddenly put on his hat,
crossed the road and knocked at the
door, determined to ask what was
the matter with the lady on the
drawing room floor. He had ar-
ranged his words, and, the door open,
was about to utter them, when, why
—no—yes—it was she, she herself,
who had answered the door and was
standing before him. "I am so
glad," he said, taking her hand and
giving it a hearty shake. "I thought
you were ill."

"And you came over to see? Oh,
how good and kind! That anybody
should care cheers me more than I
can say."

"There was no light in your win-
dow last night, and this morning the
blind was down, and while I was
wondering what had become of you
my landlady told me she had seen
the doctor here."

"Yes, but happily not for me. But
you must come in and hear the story.
It's poor Keziah, the servant here.
She tripped on the stairs and fell
down, and has broken some tendon
in her leg. And Mrs. Jenkins is away
and the lodgers were out, so that
when I got home I found her lying,
groaning, helpless, on the mat."

"But why did you not come over
for me?"

"I wish I had now. I did think
of doing so, but fortunately I was
able to help her. I managed to get
her to bed, but I had to sit up all
night with her, and this morning I
got the milk boy to go for the doc-
tor, and take a telegram telling them
I could not go to Bedford street. It
was impossible to leave her alone,
but now her sister has come, and
Mrs. Jenkins will soon be here, so I
am free again. Won't you come up
stairs to my room?"

She did not wait for a reply, but
led the way, saying, as she ushered
him in:

"What a pity it is not light; then
you could see my view of your win-
dow."

"Oh, but what a cozy room!" He
had halted just inside the door and
was looking round.

"Does it look so? I tried as much
as I could to make it like my old
home. A few friends bought in some
of the furniture for me, and when I
was really settled it was sent up.
Lodging house rooms are so dreary."

His answer was a half-stifled sigh.
In that moment he had compared
the block horsehair-covered chairs
and sofa of Miss Bates's drawing-
room—the rigid back of each one
protected by a wool antimacassar—
with the homely snugness which
reigned here.

"As you see," she said, pointing
to the table, "I was just making my-
self a cup of tea. Now won't you
sit down and join me? That would
be showing yourself neighborly."

"I think I have had my tea."

"Think only?"

"Well, I know my landlady
brought it to me, because it was then
she spoke of having seen the doctor
here, and I at once jumped at the
conclusion that you were ill, because
for a week past I have never caught
sight of you at the window."

"And I have never seen you."

"No; we don't see unless we
look."

"But I have looked."

"Not from where you usually
stand, or I must have seen you. I be-
gan to feel a little huffy. I thought,
she never fancies I mean to presume
on that little chat we had together?"

"The ice. It must not take us ten
more before we thaw."

While he spoke his eyes were fol-
lowing her—watching her measure
out the tea, pour the water from the
kettle. He did not offer to help her;
the sight of a woman doing these tri-
fling acts brought to him a pleasur-
able sense of her.

"You are looking very tired," he
said as she sat down waiting for the
tea to draw.

"That is partly because I was up
all night, and then during the day I
have felt rather anxious about being
away from the office."

"Oh, don't worry about that.
They'll get on all right without you."

"Yes, I know they will, but I don't
want them to find that out. There
are so many women out of employ-
ment, and some know French and
German, which I don't, and others
have a home with their parents, and
could take a smaller salary. Oh, it
does not do to stop away. When I
found that poor thing lying helpless
on the mat I thought supposing this
was my case, what would become of
me? It isn't death I fear—sooner or
later that comes to all—but old age,
sickness, sends a shiver through me."

"Then have you nothing put by?"

"A few pounds only. How could
I? I get thirty shillings a week.
That is not quite £80 a year."

"And you manage to live here on
that?"

"I pay my way. Why? Does
that sound to you very little?"

"Very little."

"I suppose they do pay men bet-
ter, and it's well they do, for you
want more than we do, and you are
not able to manage as well."

"I am in a fire insurance society,"
he said. "The salaries there vary
from one hundred to three. When
I had £100 it did not matter to me.
My mother was living then, and in
addition to a pension she had a little
put away, which at her death came
to me."

"I am glad you need not be trou-
bled with my anxiety."

"No, and yet I have as great a
dread of sickness and of old age.
Each year I live the sense of my
loneliness oppresses me."

"I know. Why, I can't tell you
the pleasure it gives me to have
somebody drinking tea with me, to
be able to speak of things we feel—
things that give one sorrow or joy.
The men at the office are all good
fellows and very kind to me, but I
should never dream of talking to
them as I have to you. They would
not understand."

He did not answer in words, but
he gave her a nod of sympathy, and
stooped down to stroke the cat.

"Now, Totty, get up and be
friendly to Mr. —" She stopped.

"That reminds me," he said, "we
have not exchanged names yet. My
name is Robert Morley."

"And mine Elizabeth Davidson."

"Elizabeth!" he repeated, softly.

"My mother was called Elizabeth."

"And my father Robert—Robert
is a very dear name to me. He had
such a generous, sweet nature.
When I think of his trust I feel
ashamed of my despondency. Not
that I am despondent long. My dis-
position is buoyant. I am very like a
cork—if I go under water one min-
ute the next up I bob again."

"You always struck me as being
very cheerful."

"What! did I seem cheerful from
over the way! Dear me! How little
I dreamed that any one was taking
the tiniest bit of interest in me. I
am so glad I know now—so glad that
we have spoken to each other, and
that we are so friendly!"

He had risen from his chair and
seemed suddenly about to go. She,
a little embarrassed that he had not
responded, added, "At least that is
my feeling toward you."

"Is it!" he said stiffly. "I for-
got it was so late, I really must go.
Good-by."

And before she had recovered from
her surprise he was gone.

The slightest interest for me. For
ten years I had blamed you, pitied
you, scolded you, worried myself
about you. What more could I do?
And now it has come to this. Will
you marry me? I must know."

"But I feel sure you are making a
mistake. I have been talking to you,
and you feel sorry for me. No, no;
forget what you have said. In the
morning everything will look differ-
ent to you. Pity is not love."

"But it is akin to it. If I give
you love can you not give me pity?"

"I pity you! Why, you have
brought all the sunlight I have known
for years to me. When you spoke to
me on the top of that omnibus I
could have hugged you."

"Hug me now," he said—for the
temerity of quiet men is remarkable
—and he took her hands and placed
them on his shoulders, and looking
at her, continued: "We are two very
lonely beings; a kindly Providence,
as it seems to me, has brought us to-
gether. Can you trust yourself to
me? I would strive to make you
happy."

She tried to speak, tried to force
back her tears, but the happy flow
would come. "It is because I am so
happy," she said; "for I must tell
you that often and often, years ago,
when I felt so solitary, I have drawn
aside my blind and looked over at
your window, and, picturing you sit-
ting there alone, I have said: 'Why
couldn't it be that we took a fancy
to each other? He looks so nice and
kind, but if he married it would be
to a young girl, not to me.'"

"But you are young."

"I—I am 38."

"And I am 45. We have no time
to spare, you see. Already we have
wasted ten years. I shall put up
the banns immediately. You must
give notice that you are going to
leave at your office and I will tell
them at mine that I want my holi-
day."

"It must be a dream," and she
put up her hand and pushed back
her hair. "It cannot be reality. Of
late I have felt quite frightened,
thinking how sad it would be if you
went away."

"A similar dread has haunted me,
especially to-day, when I saw the
blind down. But now we shall leave
together, and we will go down to
Putney. The old house I lived in
from a boy is there, and it is vacant,
too, and we will make it our home,
and, as before, the dear name of its
mistress will be Elizabeth Morley."

A Mischievous Duke.

As a boy the Duke of York was
thoroughly mischievous. Many of
his pranks were played on that fa-
mous voyage round the world. We
all know how, at a great state dinner
at Hong Kong, he was discovered
covertly pulling the pig-tails of the
Chinaman butlers who were waiting
at the table. Another time, I think
it was at Bombay, when a large en-
tertainment was given in honor of
the young princes, between the parts
of an orchestral concert, Prince
George hopped away from the supper
to change the music of the bandmen,
so that when they returned to their
places a poor bewildered fiddler found
the score of the cornet upon his mu-
sic stand, and the violinist the page
of the pianist. But the prince had
always another side to his character.
An Australian minister, at whose
house the princes stayed for a week
or two, offered a Bible to both as a
parting gift. Quite recently the
bishop was invited to Sandringham.
The Prince of Wales showed him the
Bible he had given Prince George and
remarked that it was well worn. "I
do believe," added his royal high-
ness, "that my son has read a chap-
ter from that book every day since
you put it into his hands."—Chicago
Times.

The Indians of Maine.

Maine's two Indian tribes, the
Penobscots and the Passamaquoddy,
wear the dress of the whites, and
far the most part have adopted their
ways of living. But the nomadic
spirit is still strong within them,
and the summer finds parties camped
at the various Maine watering places
making and selling beaded purses
and woven grass and basket-work
trinkets, while the squaws turn many
a silver piece by telling fortunes. In
some wood lot, where the ash tree
that supplies them with working
material is plentiful, they sometimes
build their camps of logs and sap-
plings, roofed with bark or shingles
and well climbed with moss. There
is a feeling among owners of forest
lands in Maine that the Indians, as
first proprietors, have a claim to re-
side in the wilderness wherever they
choose, and, as they are peaceable
and do little damage to valuable
forest growth, permission to occupy a
piece of woodland is seldom refused
them.

A Valuable Primer.

Last week at a Boston auction a
little primer brought \$825. The
primer which brought this almost
fabulous sum consisted of an Indian
translation and the English version,
printed on opposite pages, a little
book which our forefathers prepared
for circulation among the Indian
children.

The book measures hardly more
than 4x2 inches, if that, and is bound
in its original calfskin. The English
title page reads as follows: "The In-
dian Primer, or the First Book by
Which Children May Know Truly
to Read the Indian Language, and
Milk for Babies. Boston: Printed
MDCCLXVII." It was bought by
Littlefield, a Boston dealer, whose
hot competitor was Eames, of the
Lenox Library in New York, who
is the only other copy known to ex-
ist, with thirty pages missing.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

Comparing Notes—The News Puz-
zled Her—The Perversity of
Youth.

COMPARING NOTES.
"What was your answer when
young Higbie asked you to marry
him?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because he asked me last night
and I want to let him down with
something different."

THE NEWS PUZZLED HER.
"I see," said Mrs. Wickwire, "that
2,000,000 boxes of oranges were
frozen on the trees in Florida, I don't
understand it."

"Don't understand it," echoed Mr.
Wickwire. "The statement is plain
enough."

"Yes, but do they grow in boxes
on the trees?"

THE PERVERSITY OF YOUTH.
Citizen (excitedly)—See those
children skating around that danger
sign?

Owner of Pond—That's all right.
The ice there is perfectly safe. They
think it's dangerous and stay on it.
The thin ice is on the other end of
the pond.

QUITE PRUDENT.
Mr. Morris—I am astonished that
you should have visited Harold at
his office, even though you are en-
gaged to him. I consider it very
imprudent!

Bessie—Quite the reverse, papa; I
went down there to look over the
books.

NO CREDIT TO HIM.
Fiddle—Don't like Keichose? I'm
surprised. You ought to like him.
He thinks everything of you.

Fiddle—Because I'm worthy of
admiration is no credit to him.

POILED AGAIN.
"Back?" she cried wildly and in a
voice hoarse with emotion. "Back,
sir; back!"

And the villain did as requested
and backed the turnout on to the
sidewalk and through a plate glass
window before she could gasp "Git
up!" She had never handled the
reins before.

ARDENCY OF HIS LOVE.
"My young friend," said the mil-
lionaire frowning, "you admit that
you are poor and you know that my
daughter is very wealthy. Would
you, a pauper, marry her, knowing
her to be worth a million?"

"Sir," said the young man, who
was a person of intense resolution,
"my affection is proof against such
tests. I would marry your daughter
if she were worth two million."

THE HINT.
Small Boy—What a shame it is
that men may ask women to marry
them, and women mayn't ask men.

Little New Woman—Oh, well, you
know, I suppose they can always
give a sort of hint.

Small Boy—What do you mean by
a hint?

Little New Woman—Well—they
can always say: "Oh, I do love you
so."

A CAUSE FOR WONDER.
Bobby—Pod, I wonder if George
Washington would have earned his
reputation for veracity if—

Fond Parent—If what?

Bobby—If he had to testify before
the Lexow committee.

THEY PASS HER IMPERFECTIONS BY.
Minnie—Hattie Homeleigh seems
to be crazy over Boston men. Every
one of these fellows with her wears
eyeglasses.

Mabel—It isn't that, my dear.
There is a method in her madness.
She knows that they are all short-
sighted.

THE AGENTITIES OF TRADE.
Tough—I want a dozen eggs, an' I
wants 'em bad, see?

Grocer—Go to that grocer across
the street. Everything he keeps is
bad.

CATCHING COLD.

The Chief Cause is a Lack of Out-
door Exercise.

The animal body is the most deli-
cately constructed thermometer ever
devised. It is entirely self-regulat-
ing, and probably never becomes en-
tirely deranged.

In normal conditions the body con-
forms to the temperature of the me-
dium in which it finds itself. The
control thus exerted is purely a ner-
vous one—an influence exercised by
the nerves over the minute blood-
vessels which cover the surface of
the body. There are two sets of these
nerves, one acting as the signal line
by which the temperature is recorded
in the brain, and the other serving as
a medium through which that organ
transmits its orders to the blood-ves-
sels at the surface. This mechanism
works in perfect harmony and uni-
son, except under certain unfavor-
able conditions. Let us endeavor to
discover what these conditions are.

Except in extreme cases of heat or
cold, when these nerves become par-
tially or wholly paralyzed, they do
their work faithfully, so that we shall
expect to find the cause of a "cold"
in a disturbance of the brain or an
interference with the orders which it
has sent out to the surface vessels.
Obviously it is only the latter con-
dition of affairs which interests us.

Probably the chief cause of catch-
ing cold lies in the enervation result-
ing from the hothouse life which too
many persons lead during the winter
months, under the impression that
they are saving their bodies from the
shock which naturally comes from
exposure to a cold and bracing at-
mosphere. But a gentle shock of
that nature is precisely what is
necessary to tone up the set of
nerves in question, and enable them
to perform their work quickly and
properly.

Mosquito Habits.

We find in the "journal" of the
Bombay Natural History Society a
paper on the mosquito question by
Alston Moffat, which will be read by
those who have suffered with sym-
pathetic attention. As soon as the
youthful mosquitoes get their wings
they make for the thickest vegeta-
ble shade within reach. Inland
they will fly for miles, but never
very far over water. It is the cus-
tom on South American rivers to
sleep in small boats anchored in the
stream, the risk of being devoured by
alligators being a minor matter com-
pared with the certainty of being
done to death by mosquitoes. "Culex
pipiens," says Mr. Moffat, "is a
frail and delicate creature to be pos-
sessed of such a vicious and blood-
thirsty disposition. But here it
must be stated that the sexes differ
in this respect. The female only
that bites; she alone is responsible
for all the evil reputation which has
been attached to the species; the
male has not the power even if he
has the will, while her will and power
seem to be commensurate."

A Mammoth Turkish Cave.

They have a mammoth cave in
Turkey which takes all the brag
out of Kentucky. It is near Selefkah.
And where is Selefkah? Well, it
is near that part of the Turkish
coast which is just exactly north of
the island of Cyprus. One of the
natives went in with a party and
roamed around for five days, and
when he came out he said he had
tramped fully twenty-five miles un-
til he came to a large lake with great
cliffs rising up in it. Having no
boat, he had to turn back. Of course
he was a Turk, and perhaps we should
be a little careful about accepting his
idea of distance too literally; still it
is probable that the exit of the cave
is at Cape Lisau el Kabeh, fifteen
miles eastward of Selefkah, right on
the sea, where the waves dash in
the month with a rush and roar, which
has given the place the name of "the
roaring hole." If one stands at the
entrance of Selefkah, he can hear a
dull, booming roar, which is, in all
probability, the waves at Cape Lisau
el Kabeh rushing into the roaring
hole.

Waiting for a Verdict.

There is nothing quite like the sus-
pense of waiting for a verdict. Men
have been tried for a penitentiary
offense. Witnesses have given clear
testimony. The patient judge has
done his duty. Officers of the State
and court and prosecution have done
theirs. The counsel for the accused
think they have earned their fee.
Twelve jurymen retire with the fate
of the prisoner in their keeping. One
or two men cannot make the others
agree with them and justice is held
up. But the suspense of waiting is
awful. Waiting for liberty or long
imprisonment. For those most in-
terested there is real agony in wait-
ing for the verdict.

A Strange Monument.

There is a monument on the side of
Mud Creek road, about one mile
north of Milltown, which tells the
passerby of a very sad tragedy which
occurred there before the war. A
young white man, Culpepper Mullis,
had been to town, where he had
inhabited very freely of mean whis-
key; he was riding his horse very
recklessly en route home, when the
horse threw him against a pine and
broke his neck. The pine tree was
cut down, leaving a stump about
seven or eight feet high. This stump
was trimmed to a square and an in-
scription of the facts engraved there-
on. The inscription, however, is al-
most obliterated with age.