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THE HERMIT'S REVERIE.
 Alas! I stand beneath a wintry sky,
 Where far the long, low stretch of level sand
 Whims in beauty to eternity,
 Up to the shadows of an unknown land
 For in the glories of a dreamy solitude
 I live beyond the hours of ebbing time.

OUR LOVE STORY.
 "We had been so happy!" I kept saying that to myself—"We had been so happy!" And now it was all over—everything was over for me. He would take what he had chosen instead; but I burst into tears as I sat on the rock by the spring where we had met so often—where I was waiting for him now—but I never faltered in saying to myself: "We must part. He is neither true to me nor to heaven—we must part."

And what was he? Only the village doctor—Benjamin Rue. And what was I? Only a little school teacher. Our united incomes were far less than anything that the wisacres of society papers declare it "possible to marry on." But we had no fear. He was winning his way, and we loved each other; and as I began by saying, we had been very happy.

But there had come to Johnstown, where we lived, a lady of wealth, who gathered about her a certain little clique of scornful, stylish people. They were openly unkind in opinion; all that I had been brought up to believe right and good they mocked at. All this would have been nothing to me in my school-room or my own little room, but I might have done more than notice the handsome dresses of the ladies when they walked out or rode with their attendant cavaliers, and never have asked what their opinions were, but that soon after their arrival Mrs. Norland was taken ill and sent for Dr. Rue. Ben was handsome, well read, full of bright fancies, and ready to enjoy himself at any time. He relieved the lady of the pain she suffered, and became the family doctor at once. It was a step toward success. Naturally, he did not turn a cold shoulder to his patrons when they offered him social invitations.

From the first he was fascinated by the freedom from restraint in thought and action that prevailed in the house. No doubt I was strait laced, but what he thought delightful I thought wrong. It seemed to me, from what he said, that Mrs. Norland was a very immoral woman. Certainly she had no religion whatever. When I saw Ben gradually forsaking all I cling to, when he refused to go to church with me, and began to beg me not to go; when he said, openly, that when we were married I must give up that; when, at last, he began to deny the existence of a Deity, and say, as they did at the Norlands, that man had no soul, that all ended here, and that to be happy while we lived should be our only object, my heart sunk within me. I loved him so dearly that I was quite willing to marry him if he would let me go on in my own way. I believed that my influence and perhaps my prayers might win him back to heaven.

A young man with good principles would surely do what was right at last. But when he began to talk of forbidding me to listen to the good words I heard in church, or even to kneel in prayer at home, I felt that I should do wrong to promise to obey him, and that there could be no hope for a home divided against itself.

I shall not tell you what particular sect I belonged to—that does not matter. All Christians worship God and try to follow Jesus; and still hoping that he might, out of love for me, give me my own way, I could hardly have broken with him—such is the weakness of woman's heart—but that tales reached me that made me feel that he was not true to me.

"Better for him," I thought, "the quiet life he would have led with me—better even from a worldly point of view." And still I believed what he had sought to prove—that he had only been free and foolish, not criminal.

And again time passed on without any new events of importance coming into my life, and I expected to live and die in Johnstown a school teaching spinster—Johnstown, of which the rest of the world knew nothing to speak of.

You all know how sadly it became famous one wild day. I shall never forget that day for many reasons.

I had just given my scholars their summer holiday and I had my time to myself, and I had been all through the rain to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I lived was away; she had gone to another state to visit a married daughter, and the house was lonely. I had heard that Dr. Rue was in the place—that he had come down to see about some lots of ground, almost worthless when he bought them, but lately become valuable—and at every step I half feared, half hoped to meet him. The elation of my holiday left me time to think of myself, and I was very sorrowful.

As I passed the church door it stood open, and an impulse led me to enter. An old woman was dusting the cushions, polishing the pew doors, and setting books in order in the racks, and went forward to the front of the church and sat down before a painted window I loved to look at. Jesus the Shepherd, with the lamb in his arms, smiled on me as though between earth and heaven.

I began to feel a strange peace steal over me—a promise of happiness. My heart went forth to my old love, and for all the pain he had given me I forgave him. I hoped that he was leading a better life and thinking better thoughts. I remember saying to myself that so I should like to feel on the day of death—loving all men and having no fear whatever of the mysteries beyond this life, whatever they might prove to be.

I think that I had fallen asleep; listening to the wind and the beat of the rain upon the roof, when suddenly I was aroused by screams and cries. People came rushing into the church, crying out in terror. The water was being poured in a pond of the place, and those who sought safety had climbed to the pulpit or rushed up to the gallery.

As I stood dazed and trembling an arm seized me about the waist. "The dam is down!" shouted a voice in my ear. I was hurried away beyond the gallery into the bell tower. The crowd followed us, and now we saw the water coming down toward us like a great black wall. Such a sight was never seen!

I turned to look into the face of the man who had helped me to the loft. I had no doubt as to who he was, even before I looked, but when I saw Benjamin Rue I felt happy and had no fear. Death was before me; but he had sought me, hoping to save me, and in his arms I should die.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said I. He answered: "Amen!" He helped me to a little wooden hood above the belfry, and there we clung together. It was the highest point we could reach. The waters were at hand. "Forgive me," he said in my ear. "Forgive me, Agnes; I have repented, heaven knows—and I never was as wicked as they made me out. I flirted with Mrs. Norland. I admired her, but I did not wrong her husband; he lied when he swore that he believed it. He wanted to marry another woman. I have loved you all along; I came back to tell you so and win you again if I could. I am a better man."

All I could do was to answer him with a kiss, for at that moment the black water struck the church.

THE LADY LOBSTER AND THE SHARK
 The Lady Lobster loved the Shark
 That swam in the dark seas,
 But she had to keep it so dreadfully dark
 That her lover was a hankering, cackling cark,
 For the Shark did not care for one.

The Lady Lobster languid lay
 In the rockweed's deepest gloom,
 And she strove for she felt herself pining away
 In her fresh young chickadee's glad heyday.
 And the flash of her early bloom
 Her shell was bright and beautiful blue,
 And her eyes were an exquisite lavender hue,
 And of antennae she'd thirty-two—
 No commonplace charms, I think.

The Shark was taking a lay swim
 That throaty cackled day
 When the Lady Lobster remarked to him,
 As she waggled her lavender claw so slim
 In her own ladylobsterlike way:
 "A constitutional, I suppose—
 Do you keep your old rales for food?
 I trust you are free from dyspeptic woes—
 If a thing gets down do you find that it goes?
 Is your appetite always good?"

The Shark he flapped his dorsal fin
 And he smiled expansively,
 "So long as my mouth can take it in,
 From a shark's point of view, I'm satisfied,
 It's sure to be good," said he.
 Just then the skipper's alluring line
 Came dangling down by his chin,
 And the Shark proceeded to turn up
 (Although it was a little too early to dine)
 In order to gather it in.

But the watchful, quick, pink eye of love
 In the Lady Lobster saw
 As the slender line swung down from above,
 That the skipper's bait would dangerous prove
 To her darling's dear old man.
 In the flash of a fin she had made up her mind
 How to meet the bait (for love is blind),
 And her pink eyes closed (for love is blind),
 And all her antennae she swiftly entwined
 Least they should tickle her.

One glance of love she ventured to cast,
 And she blushed a deeper blue;
 And then as swift as the winter's blast
 She sprang down that mousetrap—
 And upward the bubbles flew.
 Those jaws closed up with a cruel crunch,
 And the hook swept harmless by;
 And the Shark gave a gentle munch—
 And he felt himself consoled by his lunch—
 For love had done its bit!

She had won the right to be with him
 At noon and noon and night;
 And since she had to be with him,
 She did her best to agree with him,
 And to keep his digestion right.
 The Lady Lobster quiet lies,
 The Shark he swims the bay,
 Ye nautical, cease your wailing cries!
 Ye nautical, dry your straining eyes!
 Love will out one day.

Sweet heart!
 Love will get there some day.
 —S. Moody, Jr., in New York Evening Sun.

DOINGS OF ROYALTY.
 The Prince of Wales always calls his daughter Maad "Jack."
 The emperor of Japan has just taken possession of a new palace, furnished in European style. It cost him \$4,000,000.
 The Emperor William was serenaded at Dresden recently by 12,000 citizens. The enthusiasm manifested by the people was remarkable.

Princess George of Wales is the only member of the English royal family who speaks the language of his country without a foreign accent.
 The King of the Belgians has invested over \$8,000,000 of his private fortune in the Congo country during the past eleven years. This is why he wants to visit the region and ascertain how the development of it is progressing.
 Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany, says London Truth, is one of those beings whose souls are concentrated in "the baby" and care but little for their offspring when the latter get to the age of personal independence.

There are only two royal scientists living at the present time worthy of the name. One is Prince Albert of Monaco, well known for his deep sea researches, and the other is the Archduke Ludwig, savior of Austria, a courageous traveler, and a by no means contemptible naturalist.
 The husband of Princess Beatrice when yachting put in at Brizum. While visiting the fish market a fishwoman with her apron wiped his shoes. The act somewhat disconcerted the visitor, but it was explained to him that it was an attention paid to all first visitors to the market. The prince was much amused at the incident, and promptly paid "his footing."

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