AT THE SEASIDE.

"Is it very handsome, Nonie?"

The voice was languid, touched with a slight, a very slight society drawl, but it was cultured and sweet as the sweetest music; besides I just matched the fair, delicate face of the speaker—a face which made one think of the trail, waxen Narcissus, it was so white and so beautiful, and so like a poetical dream; a face with flexible dainty lips, of vivid crimson and eyes as blue as an Italian lake when the blue of the sky is deepened on its placid breast, eyes that had driven one man to madness and another to death, and kept their lustre undimmed; eyes that now held a touch of cold scorn for the flush her words had brought to the cheek of the girl beside her.

"You still blush, child." The red lips curled a little as they asked the second question. "Surely you are not committing the folly of falling in love with this youth, who has been your father's pupil, and who is coming here to-night?"

Nonie Blake looked up with startled eyes, and her cheeks grew rosier. She was a pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, scarcely a year younger than her companion, but with all worldly knowledge still to come to her; a distant cousin of beautiful Leah Holmes, whose father was a not too-well-paid clergyman in a remote country village; she had been sent by him to this fashionable seaside for the summer in the party to which Leah belonged. Save this, she had seen little of the world beyond the little village where her home nestled under the shadow of the ancient church, and the villagers loved her as their minister's daughter. Mr. Blake sometimes took a pupil, and three years before he had prepared a young man named Gerald Alton for his last college course, and it was Gerald Alton who would arrive at the hotel that night.

"Please do not talk in that way to me, Leah," Nonie said, pleadingly. "Gerald and I were great friends—the best of friends—when he was with us. I will be honestly glad to see him, and papa writes that he has chosen this place because he knew I was to be here all summer."

"And friends do that?" the beauty said languidly. "You are a very innocent puss, my Nonie. But tell of this—friend."

"He is so handsome," Nonie answered softly. "Oh, very handsome, Leah! And he is so true a gentleman, so brave, so noble! I am so glad he is coming, for I want you to see him."

The blue eyes turned an instant on the speaker, and a shade of ironical amusement was in them.

"If she means that, what a little fool she is!" went through her brain under that shining wealth of golden braids.

"Let me understand it all, Nonie," she said aloud. "Are you looking for a friend only to-night, or is this Gerald Alton anything more to you?"

The pretty, girlish face grew suddenly hot and uncomfortable under those "blue, blue eyes," and Nonie stooped forward until it was hidden in her hands.

"Don't ask me to put my dream in words," she said slowly; "it is very sweet to me, and yet may be folly—the wildest of folly, after all."

"I understand it all." The lids fell languidly over the flower-like eyes, and lashes that were like gold lay lightly on the beautiful, colorless cheeks. "I quite understand, Nonie." To herself she said cynically:

"He has taught her this dream—she expects a lover."

* * * * * *

Gerald Alton did not arrive in time to dine with the other guests at the hotel, but he was in time for the hop, which was at its hight when he went down from his room, meeting a couple of his old acquaintances in the corridor and joining them as they went toward the great parlors, from which strains of music were floating out till they mingled with the low lullaby sung by the sea below, where it softly laved the sands.

"Let us have a look around us before we go further," young Munson said, detaining Gerald just after they had crossed the threshold. "I know everybody here and can get you introductions in any quarter you may desire. Of course you'll want to be presented to Miss Holmes; they all do, once they have seen her—belle, you know, and beauty. Know her?"

"No," Gerald smiled indulgently at the lisping exquisite; "I'm not sure I will trouble you, however; I am looking for a friend who is here. Ah," as he caught sight of Nonie Blake sitting quietly with her aunt far down the room, "I see her. Will see you after a time, Munson," and he made his way to the minister's daughter, who was even then wondering why he did not come.

He was beside her before she knew of his presence, and a red wave, which she could not keep back, flowed over her young face as he spoke to her.

"You have not forgotten me?" he questioned, holding the hand she had given him, and the girl grew slightly pale, remembering how impossible it would be for her ever to forget him, wondering if a time would come when she would pray passionately for forgetfulness of him, and of her tender, girlish dream, which had been cherished by her so fondly for the past three years.

"Papa wrote me you were coming," she said, simply; and then she presented him to her aunt, Mrs. Holmes; then he was leading her away, and presently they were circling about among the dancers, keeping time to the music, which was so soft and sweet there by the ocean; then he had found her a wrap—white and soft, and very becoming to the girlish face about which it was gathered, and they went out to the moonlight, the calm of the sleeping world, to walk together on the sands, where many figures were promenading, as though the music of the waters wooed them from the dancers.

"I was at your home, as you have learned from your father, Nonie;—let me call you so to-night, at least. Did Mr. Blake tell you what my errand was?"

"To see your old tutor?" she laughed, looking up with shy, happy eyes, to the handsome face above her, so earnest in the moonlight. "How pleased papa must have been to see you! He was so fond of you when you were with us; it is so kind of you to remember."

"Did you think I was likely to forget? He was fond me, you say, my little friend. I was very fond of somebody else in those days; in fact, my fondness for my tutor's daughter rather interfered with my studies, and made me often appear very stupid, and I remember that, Nonie, as I remember nothing else. It was because I remembered it that I went to your father. It is because I will never forget it that I am here. Nonie, your father bade me Godspeed, dear. He knows what I have come to ask you, what to offer. Can you love me a little in return for my great love, my brown-eyed darling? I have wanted to ask you this for the last three years, but I could not come before. Now I am waiting for your answer, and I know it will be frank and honest; make it loving, too, if you can, Nonie."

She was thrilling from head to feet; her dream had become a dazzling, blinding reality; the joy upon her was almost pain in its intensity.

"Nonie, say a word. Promise to become my wife. Say you love me. You almost owned it when we parted. Surely you have not changed, dear? Surely you have known that I would come for you love in the first hour of my absolute freedom! Nonie, what is it?"

"I hoped—I knew," she said whispeingly. "Oh, here is Leah," as the latter came up with them, where they had passed, just where the waters met the sand.

Leah was alone. Her head and shoulders and arms were covered. The gold of her hair, the whiteness of her face, the soft shimmer of her snowy satin, made her dangerously fair in the moonlight, and the smile on her red lips made her still more dangerously fair to the young man to whom Nonie presented her.

"I grew weary of dancing, and the music made my head ache," she said, indolently; "and I wanted you, Nonie; so I stole away from them all, and came out here to find you. Were you walking by the sea? Then allow me to walk with you."

"She is like a spirit—a white, pure soul," Gerald thought even with Nonie's hand on his arm, as they walked along the sand.

"He is very handsome, and—not poor. Nonie will lose her lover I am afraid," went through the gold-crowned head. And then, sweeter than the siren voices of old, sweeter than the undertone of the sea, her voice arose in a low, tender ballet which scarcely broke the silence, but to which both Nonie and Gerald listened as if bound by a spell. It was a song sung by sailors when far from the land.

Who can tell the desolation that swept coldly over Nonie Blake's young heart, blighting it, as such things do, while we are very young and have not lost those beautiful ideas which, when they lie dead in our sight, seem to bear to their graves as cerements, the warmth of our hearts and the strength of our souls.

Gerald was kind to her; he sent her flowers, he asked her to accompany him occasionally, but he was no longer her lover. And, after long hours of agony, she wrote her father at last, begging him to come to her. And when her letter had gone she wrote another—brief, gentle, womanly, but breaking all bond between them—to Gerald.

He was out driving with Leah when Mr. Blake arrived, and found Nonie ready, nay anxious, to leave the seaside. She had said good-by to her aunt and a few others, and was going down the hall arrayed in traveling dress, when the light phaeton in which Gerald and Leah had gone driving spun over the sand and paused at the veranda. Mr. Blake, when he saw how pale his child became as they went on and met the two, who were now crossing the veranda, understood all. But we gave his hand to Gerald, and bent his kindly head to Leah, for all that.

"You did not tell me you were leaving," Gerald said to Nonie. She smiled a very little.

"It would not have interested you," she said quietly. Then, with an effort, "There is a letter for you, which you need not answer: and remember, I never reproached you, Gerald."

"Why are you going?" Leah put in, in her slow tones, not liking this low conversation, which she could not hear. Her cousin turned toward her with a new dignity on her young face.

"I told you I was dreaming," she said, "and you kindly waked me. I have learned much in my stay here; I am going back with papa to make use of my knowledge. Good-by." Then she had gone, and a servant came out to Gerald and handed him her letter, which he read there in the sunlight with a pair of indolent blue eyes upon him, reading through to his very soul; a pair of blue eyes growing cold in their scorn of him as his face flushed and his hand trembled.

That very night he offered her his heart and hand, and while the waters rolled over the sands to their feet, and the stars shone tranquilly above him—she rejected him! Her reasons? A new arrival at the hotel, reputed to be the owner of millions, and the fact that he was fast becoming a bore to her, with all his infatuated devotion.

"And it was for this," he told himself bitterly, thinking of Nonie's letter, and Nonie herself, whose love he had not cherished; and, as he watched the unbroken calm of the face before him, with all its wondrous beauty, he could have found it in his heart to curse the hour in which he saw it first.

But he led her in to where her mother waited, bent his handsome head, and left her—forever. For the morning found him far on his way to Nonie.

Did she forgive him? Yes, at once; but she would not renew the engagement; in fact, it was a year later that she did so, and then Leah was far away, over the ocean, reigning in the salons of Paris, the wife of a millionaire, who has since found how worthless a creature his money has purchased him as a life's companion.

Quinine And Chills.

—Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Esquire Pelton, of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 600 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him. 246

The Parable of the Ten.

A certain minister of the Kirk of Scotland, now deceased, had prepared with great care a series of discourses on the parable of the Ten Virgins, and had made use of them rather oftener than some of his brethren thought he should. On the evening of a Communion Sabbath, when assisting a brother clergyman in the same Presbytery, he delivered one of his series, which his friend had heard more than once. When the services were over and the two ministers were on their way to the manse, the one said to the other: "Man, John, I really think you should gie up thae virgins; ye're fairly makin' auld maids o' them."

—An aching sensation midway down the back and at the right of the spinal column indicates a deranged condition of the liver which can be rectified by the use of that great specific, Warner's safe cure.

The Funny Man Finished Him.

From the New York Sun.

David Glass, of 280 East Broadway, was before Justice Duffy yesterday, charged by his brother David with insanity. David had a volume of Burdette's writings in his hand, and was very much interested in a story entitled, "The rise and fall of a moustache."

—Dr. A. R. Scovill, of Cincinnati, says: —"For coughs and all the early stages of lung complaints, I believe Allen's Lung Balsam to be a certain cure; and if every family would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of disease about the lungs, there would be very few cases of fatal consumption. 36

Making a Loan.

From the Wall Street News.

The agent of a plate glass insurance agency in a Western city received a call a few days ago from a tough-looking stranger, who didn't waste any time asking for the loan of ten dollars.

"Well, this is cheek and no mistake!" exclaimed the agent.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it is straight business. I'm a tramp. I'm a night-hawk. I can break 100 plate glass windows in this State in the next month and not get caught at it. You can easily figure the cost to your company."

"And you want ten dollars?"

"I want to borrow that sum, sir, on my note of hand, due three months hence."

He not only got it, but the agent gave him a second-hand suit of clothes and said he should always be pleased to hear from him by mail.

Another Victory at Gettysburg.

—GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20, 1885.—Two years ago I became a confirmed invalid. My friends thought I was far gone with consumption. I grew worse under the treatment of physicians, and at last resolved to try Warner's safe cure. In two weeks I was like a new creature. In four weeks was able to assume my household duties. At this writing, perfectly well. I believe Warner's safe cure will cure 99-100 of all suffering people, so I convince all suffering people of its merits.—MRS. E. J. WOLF, wife of Rev. Theodore Wolf, LL.D., editor *Lutheran Quarterly.*

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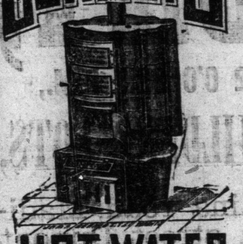
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