

## INOCCUPORTUNITY.

THEY were talking about thunder-storms, and the oldest boarder, who is nothing if not polite, turned to include the landlady in the conversation, with

"You've lived here so long, Mrs. Sheardown, that you must have witnessed a good many severe thunderstorms, if all the summers have been like this one. Has your house ever been struck by lightning?" "Well, no, Mr. Doolittle," replied the landlady, meditatively, "I can't exactly say that the *house* has ever been struck, but I had a *boarder* struck, five years ago this very summer."

A general murmur of interested and slightly horrified inquiry encouraged the landlady to proceed.

"You see, it was this way: I'd just put my house in order for the summer, and let all my best rooms for the whole season to a party of real nice Philadelphia folks. They weren't related, but just friends—they all seemed to know the same people. The best room—the one you and your sisters have, Miss Lounsbury—was taken by the one I thought the nicest of them all; she was a single lady, not so very young, but then, she wasn't so very old, either, and she never said a word about the price; she said she decided on my house, because the rooms weren't all entry bedrooms, and *her* deciding was what settled it for the rest of the party, I'm pretty sure.

The day she came to engage the room, I told her I was going to put a new carpet on it—the old one was in rags, and I thought it was a good chance to start the new one with a nice, careful looking lady like her. She said, if I'd just as soon, she'd rather have white matting, and I'd a good deal sooner, for you can't get a decent carpet under a dollar, and you can get first-rate white matting for thirty-five cents. Well, I had it all ready



## AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. NEW LUCRE: SUSETTE, A FRIEND OF MINE INFORMED ME THAT, ON LAST WEDNESDAY EVENING, AT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK, SHE MET YOU WALKING IN THE PARK WITH MY HUSBAND. IS THIS TRUE?

SUSETTE (indignantly): NON, MADAME! EET IS NOT TRUE; IT WAS ON JURSDAY EVENING, ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK.

for her the day I engaged to, and she came, and was pleased with everything in the house and out of it. She didn't give a mite of trouble, and the only thing she asked for that was like an extra—and I'd not have thought of it if it wasn't for the sugar—was a glass of tea with a piece of ice in it, to take up to her room after lunch.

She was the greatest hand for tea I ever saw, and she was set against afternoon naps; she said, in her opinion, they were a wicked waste of time. She'd only been with me two weeks, when we had a dreadful thunder-storm, one day, right after lunch. There was one flash and clap so right together, I felt sure the house was struck, and I ran upstairs and knocked at one door after the other, to see if anything had happened. Miss Marshall's door—her name was Marshall—was open and there she was on the floor; the window was wide open, and she'd been struck. I did everything I could think of, but it wasn't any use. A sort of chemical gentleman we had in the house said it was the spoon drew the lightning—she'd been stirring her glass of tea, poor dear, when she was struck. There was the teaspoon half-melted, and the tea all over the floor; it looked as if there'd been a bushful instead of just a glassful. I don't know *when* I've felt so sorry about anything," concluded the landlady, with a sigh, adding softly, as she gazed off into space, "but since it had to be, I couldn't help wishing it might have happened at the *end* of the season, instead of right at the beginning, and that the poor, dear lady hadn't had that glass of tea in her hand.

I couldn't get the stain out—I dare say, you've noticed it, Miss Lounsbury. It's all along from the window to the bureau—and I couldn't turn the matting because it was cut to fit those little window-recesses. And it made me feel worse to think how she'd have been the last one to do such a thing, in life, as you may say; she was so tidy." Margaret Vandegrift.



SHE: WHY DID YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER SO UNFORTUNATELY AT THAT GAME OF CARDS?

HE: IT WAS THE ONLY THING I HAD LEFT TO LOSE.