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|  |  | You forget that my heart was | lieve that water, when the gases are measured under ordinary temperatures | "Too bad !" said Harry. <br> "And the girl he was engaged to | leaf pine regions further east that cut this character of pine exclusively, shipping the product to Northern cities. | card party this afternoon. When you have accomplished your usual 'jag' be kind enough to go to a hotel and go to |
|  | evil light to a woman's eye, or wrote such tigress lines about a woman's | broken before yours was," Esther answered with a strange laugh. "Be- |  |  |  |  |
|  | mouth. <br> But I believed in her then-I al- | sides, you are ten $\cdot$ years younger than I, and more robust." | volumes of hydrogen to 1 volume of oxygen ; or that under ordinary con- | up." | ping the product to Northern cities. Boston Transcript. | kind enough to go to a hotel and go to bed. I don't want to be disgraced before my friends." |
|  | most worshipped her. When sbe bade me come to see her, I went timidly, | I, and more robust." That night I lay thinking of what she | ditions the number of molecules in a given volume of oxygen is one nine |  | Thurlow Weed's Memory. | fore my friends." <br> Tank, who is a truly good man out |
|  |  | had sid, so that I could not sleep orrest. I began at last to believe thatthey were all right about Edwin and I |  |  | Thurlow Weed recalled with great | of his cups, left the house in a heavenly frame of mind. He had resolved to |
|  | wondering always at her sweetness andcourtesy, which nexer seemed to fail |  | thousandth part grater than the number of molecules in an equal volume of hydrogen. | beauty and looks like a perfect saint." |  | frame of mind. He had resolved to lay aside for the day the garment of |
|  |  | wrong. I had heard her say a word or |  | Hent Hend heart stood still under the | facility and accuracy long lists of names of men who were politicians in | habit and reach home in the nakedness of sobriety. The agony he suffered |
|  | , |  | ume of hydrogen. <br> HAL'S SCHEME. |  |  | of sobriety. The agony he suffered need not be dwelt upon. Suffice it to |
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|  |  |  | There was nothing so tasteful and |  | ever," a friend said to him one day. "Better than I did once, I hope," be | during the day and set out for home at 4 o'clock as free from alcoholic influence as he had been at breakfast. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | day we were to take an ocean steamer. | sired, and only when night came did I | the elegant manion and picturesque grounds at Brookside. The place was | her ; the fellow is nearly broken- Weart-- ed 1 She went to work to captivate old | coultivated my memory I shoold havebein a dismal failure," | His wife heard him put bis lateh-keyinto the lock. She rubed fremecrowded parlor in dished fromecheizing |
|  |  | nerve myself to go to her room, thinking that in the silence and darkness I | thus completed, and here Mrs. Bertram meant to dispense the most unbounded hospitality. | Joe Butterworth in the identical |  |  |
|  | off, and Esther had promised to be one of them. | ing that in the silence and darkness I could better endure what I might have to bear. |  | dresses butterworth in the identical | "Did you make a sj | her husband by the arm, she urged bim toward the stairs. <br> "I want to go in to see the ladies," |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | to-day." <br> "Nonsense," answered his wife; "you can't fool me." |
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|  | leter $\begin{aligned} & \text { letter to Edwin. He read it with a } \\ & \text { smile and took up his hat. }\end{aligned}$ | do so fell asleep.The closing of the door a wakened | Harry Bertram, a handsome, talented young fellow, generous, and, in spite | Daisy. The poor child waited for him |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Tank went to sleep, but in his dreams he still felt that virtue is not always its own reward. |
|  |  |  |  | dreadful mystery that kept him from her, but he studiously avoided her, | some of my friends |  |
|  |  | ness. | few weeks at "The Cliffs," a retiredand select summer resort, where prety | to give all he possessed to be free toselkser sweet compaionship. Aunt | impressed m |  |
|  | whistling as he went. All night I |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | His necktie was worth $\$ 20,000$. |
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|  | wanting who nod- | face had changed to the countenanceof an infurited demon; her eyes | Mrs. Bertram was perfectly fascinated with her. She was too wise to |  | politician, for I cannot remember, and and that is a prime necessity of poli- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | d with a chilly light. She had from her watch chain a curious |  | have some kind of an understanding, | once should remember him forever.' <br> "I recalled what had been said of | man he flung his coat and vest on a contiguous chair, butfour-in-hand, he carefully rolled up in a small compass and thrust deep into his trousers pocket. |
|  |  |  | she said, "I shall ask Viola to help me |  | Henry Clay, that he could go around a room and be introduced to fifty per- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | sons, and then, on mingling with the company, call every man by his right | the natural query, "Wherefore?" developed a most ingenius device. "That necktie is worth $\$ 20,000$, plus the cost price of the article itself, |
|  |  |  | of Viola dispensing the hospitalities of Brookside. He admired Daisy greaty, | He presented himself, and was received by Aunt Morrison with a wul majesty | grand hat rack in the vestibule of the |  |
|  |  |  |  | by Aunt Morrison with awful majesty. | or the | "That necktie is worth $\$ 20,000$, plus the cost price of the article itself, Sabe ?" <br> The smile of incredulity brought the <br> valuable piece of black silk to vie |
|  | atever may |  |  | ram," said Aunt Morrison, impressively, "to inquire the cause of your most extraordinary behavior." | who, as the hundreds of guests flock out of the dining-room, hands to each |  |
|  |  | fate, traitor, when you jilted me for her | It was not late, but the sky was |  |  |  |
|  | have pappened, he was never false to me." | fair face. I punished you long ago. I punish her every day. I see her misery daily, Ob if I could bat see | twilight was fast. darkening, as Harrythreaded his way trrough the garden |  |  |  |
|  | But the days passed on, and the months and years, and nothing was |  |  | "It has been anything but dignified, I am aware," stammered poor Hal. | hour or two before. |  |
|  |  | her when she first lifts the lid of this box and looks at you! Ah, traitor? | in the direction of a gleam of white drapery on the steps of the little vine- |  | "My wife told me," continued Mr. Weed, "that I must train my memory, |  |
|  | hopeless miseryt. <br> I had impoverished myself in fruit- |  |  | "I cannot marry Miss Freeland. I did not know what course- |  |  |
|  |  | traitor ! but then I shall be dead." | covered summer-house. <br> Daisy had taken her book there af- | "Mr. Bertram, what does this mean?" cried she, trembling with wrath. | down alone and spent fifteen minutes trying silently to recall the events of |  |
|  | less feing of deteetives, in useless | What was she speaking to? What did she stare at with those dreadful |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | asleep. She sprang to her feet, startled by his approach. | "Less than a week ago you proposed | at day. I could remember little at rst ; I remember that I could not | body and felt the money belt, and I handed over just $\$ 12000$. But what |
|  | dead; I was quite alone in the world, | eyes? That she was my enemy I now saw clearly enough, and I must leave |  | to Miss Freeland. What have you to say for yourself, sir?" |  |  |
|  | and then it was that Esther Winthrop came to me. <br> "My big house is a very desolate | her house at once ; but first I must see what she had there. Some por- | led by his approach. <br> "Have I frightened you?" langhed Harry. "Can't we sit here a while? |  | en remember what I had for break- |  |
|  |  |  | It must be oppressively warm indoors." |  | st. Finally I found that I could re- |  |
|  | place", she said, "perhaps two for- |  |  |  | After a fortnight or so of this Cathrine said, 'Why don't you tell me? | plan is better than the porous-plaster scheme, too. Never heard of it? Well, next time you travel with more ready |
|  | happier. Will you come to me? I ask it as a favor to myself. |  | And then he sat down in the doorway of the dark little summer-house by |  |  |  |
|  |  | us. Oh, I must see what it was. Softly I crept forward, the velvet carpet smothered the sound of my footsteps. I came close behind her, and peeped over her shoulder, and saw- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | after a little commonplace talk of how |  |  |  |
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| dew to the roses in the summer eve, |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| I could not refuse it. We were lovers now, we were happy. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Esther Winthrop was happy also, but she looked pale and worn. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| but she looked pale and worn. <br> When I met her in the street her |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| $\mathrm{dm}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| At least, however, she would have |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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