

The Inn On The Beach

By... P. Y. BLACK

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BOOM and roar and crash, and again and again throughout the day and throughout the night boom and roar and crash! The surf charged upon the pebbled beach with the huge wrath of a monstrous beast. The screaming wind rushed in from the lost caves beyond the sea, walling and shrieking against its relentless hunters. It sought pity and shelter from the land, but the land shivered and shook and besought it to be gone. Then the maddened wind seized the rain and tossed it in torrents on the roofs and streets. It swooped upon the waves and grasped the foam and scattered it far inland. It scratched up the sand and pebbles and pelted them against the walls and window panes. Boom and roar and crash! A fierce gale had seldom attacked the little lonely inn on the beach.

Out in the night, out on the sea, the fishing boat from strange lands tossed and tumbled and pitched, groaning and creaking, plunging and rolling, no better or stouter in that storm than a shaving launched by a child. The three men in it clung helplessly to the spars and rails, shuddering with cold and fear, and with less and less hope as the hours passed, seeking aid in their extremity. No light shone; no lifeboat came. One lost strength and hope and, scarcely resisting, was swept overboard with a howl of despair. Another began to pray with a foreign tongue to many saints, but the third held fiercely to the mast and laughed at his neighbor's prayers and, looking on the storm, cursed it and defied it.

Mrs. Holloway could not rest in her snugery in the inn. She rose from her own special rocking chair and went to the windows, drawing aside the warm curtains to peep out at the storm. She could not see two inches beyond the glass, yet she remained many minutes at the window, and her fingers twitched and clasped each other in nervous dread. One might have believed, so fixed was her gaze upon the impenetrable night, that she really could see through the storm, could see across the roaring, racing waves and advance her spirit farther than man's ken to meet half way that thing which was approaching.

From the parlor music came, and the commingling of voices. A man's voice blended with a woman's so harmoniously as to assure the hearer of something more than frequent practice by the singers, of an entire union of soul and sentiment.

There was no note of undue sadness in the voices of the singers. For them the song was the fair expression of a dream—a song of "sweet melancholy." In the far distance of the future they might repeat the words with more personal import. Today they were too young to do that. To Mrs. Holloway the song meant far more than to them. As her daughter's voice joined her ears and the lover's voice joined in she suddenly left the window and sat down again in her rocker. She hid her face with her hands and wept.

The singing ceased abruptly. In a moment there came into the snugery from the adjoining parlor a young woman, fair faced and with eyes that were wide with love. She looked at Mrs. Holloway's feet and drew the hiding hands from the thin face.

"Mother, mother, mother, what does this mean?"

A young man followed, sailor by dress, sailor by bearing, sailor by his freckled, unburned, salt beaten face, sailor by his big, rope farsened hands, sailor by his keen, open, hardening eyes.

"Hello, mother! What's the matter?"

"He, too, bent over Mrs. Holloway and, with a son's regard, placed one arm lovingly around her shoulders. The disengaged hand sought his sweet heart's and pressed it also in an embracing desire to comfort both.

"Crying, mother? Crying this week of all weeks in the long, long year? Oh, mother, mother! I thought we agreed that there were to be no tears at my wedding!"

Mrs. Holloway tried to smile, but sobbed again. She caught her daughter's hand and pressed it up to her breast and her own hand reassuredly.

"I'm not sick, dear," she said, "and I think I'm very foolish indeed, because I don't know why I'm crying. It's the storm, I suppose."

"Not so much of a gale, mother, and—Jack's not at sea, at any rate."

The mother laughed through her tears.

"Oh, of course," she said, "if Jack's here and safe it does not matter how the wind may blow; but, still, my dear, there are many boats at sea and many Jacks. I suppose I am nervous, but I seem to see the boats tottering and tumbling and the men in them the more perhaps, and oh, perhaps not ready for death. Oh, Katie, dear, I shall be so glad when you're married, and then I shall give up this inn and get far, far away from the sound of the sea."

all live together wherever you like so long as you are within reach when I come sailing home to meet my sweet heart and the best little mother in the world."

They grasped the gray haired, tender faced woman between them, laughing and embracing her, and drew her into the parlor.

"Dance!" cried Kate Holloway. "Jack, make her dance. It is the one perfect cure for the doldrums. Go on! I shall play."

So, in spite of her protests, the landlady of the inn was gently guided about the room on the arm of her big young son-in-law to be.

Outside the storm howled again, and the spray and sand dashed against the glass, and the rain plunged on the roof. Nearer and nearer to the shore came the fisher's boat, nearer and nearer to death, and one man hung to a rope praying, and one man grasped the mast cursing. The cozy lights of the inn, streaming bravely through the red window curtains, shone out on the beach.

A loud knock sounded on the outer door, but the dancers were too busy to notice it. The piano played merrily on the accompaniment of Kate's laugh and Jack Beaumont's whistle.

Mrs. Holloway, carried away by the cheerful sympathy of the young people, was laughing herself and forgetting the sad forebodings of the evening. The sole servant left after the departure of the summer boarders opened the door, and the wind and the rain dashed at once so furiously into the hall that she was borne inside and flattened against the wall by the swing of the door.

"Oh, Mr. Guest, Mr. Guest!" she screamed. "Shut the door! It's more nor I can manage. What a night!"

The burly, white haired visitor turned, panting. The wet shone on his hair and the rough blue cloth of his coat and upon his oilskin hat. He was too breathless to answer at once, but put his shoulder to the door and with the aid of the woman closed out the angry storm.

"Is Mrs. Holloway at home?" he asked with the immense roar of a gale hoarsened voice.

"To be sure she's at home," said the servant, fretful at the invasion of the storm. "It's where sensible people would be on such a night 'stead of visiting."

Old Ted Guest solemnly removed his overcoat and hat, shook his shaggy head till the rain scattered from it in a shower, wagged his finger at the woman and roared:

"Don't be cross, Maggie, or I'll kiss you! I'm a-going in to see the missis."

"The wind's bad enough without you roaring to beat it," Maggie protested, and the sailorman made his way with the certain step of a habitue to the door of the parlor. He opened the door with a "good evening, ma'am," which bore down the crash of the piano.

"Captain Guest!" cried at the same time Mrs. Holloway and Kate and Jack Beaumont. "Out on such a night! Are you afraid of no weather at all, then?"

"Not tonight, ma'am, nor any night when I've got an appointment. How nice, pretty looking as your mother at your age. Jack, you rascal, what have you been doing to give her them rosy cheeks? Mrs. Holloway, you've been dancing. And it's done you good. You look as young as ever."

"Have a turn with mother. Oh, do, Captain Guest!" Kate cried, clapping her hands.

"Go it, skipper, do! I've done my share," Jack cried.

"They need force and compulsion me, captain," said Mrs. Holloway. "That is my excuse for being so foolish at my age."

"Bless 'em," said Ted Guest, beaming on the youngsters. "Leave 'em to their music, ma'am. May I sit in the snugery with you?"

For a moment the landlady of the inn hesitated with some embarrassment. Then she smiled on the kindly faced old graybeard and assented. The two lovers were at the piano again. As the older folks left the room their voices took up the interrupted song:

Mrs. Holloway shivered again. "Pretty, but sad," said the sailorman, and the gale at the moment beat so tumultuously on the inn as to momentarily drown even his trumpet

voice. With great respect he planted Mrs. Holloway to a chair and handed himself by the stove, with his legs apart.

"Mrs. Holloway," he roared, "I said I'd keep the appointment, and I have. I've come for the answer."

Mrs. Holloway, her fingers nervously toying with her handkerchief, looked up and stallingly shook her head, while a blush so delicately rosy that it would have graced her daughter's cheek and neck stole over her gently wrinkled face.

"Don't say it again, ma'am! Dolly, my dear, don't! It's the fourth year and the fourth time I've asked. Think a moment. There's Katie, nearly as fine a woman as her mother. There's Jack, as good and rising a sailor as ever took the bridge on a liner. They love you, but they love each other better. They're going off to be married, and you'll be alone. Next week's their marriage, and a merry Christmas week 'till he goes for them. But you'll be left in the inn alone, and you can't bear it. Look here, you've known me since I was boy and you were girl, and I never loved any other girl. Don't stay alone. Come to my house—be my wife. What should stop you?"

Mrs. Holloway looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"You know, Ted, you know why I can never be. I must wait, be it ever so long."

"I can't, Ted, I can't. He is Katie's father, and he is my husband—still."

"Any woman but you would have got a divorce?"

"And dragged my name and Katie's down? Think of Jack Beaumont. If I did what you wished and—became—"

"Hush! And five years ago he was alive?"

"Only to beg from you. If he were still alive, Dolly, you would have heard from him. He would have been writing for assistance. Dolly!"

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WONDERFUL BROECK

THE ORIGINAL SPOTLESS TOWN IS IN NORTHERN HOLLAND.

A Neatness and a Brilliance That Are Absolutely Painful Perceive the Whole Face—Rules Which the Inhabitants Must Observe.

Far up in northern Holland among the dikes and canals of the little kingdom lies Broeck, the original Spotless Town. The palings of the fences of Broeck are sky blue. The streets are paved with shining bricks of many colors. The houses are rose colored, black, gray, purple, light blue or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets or at the windows. The streets and houses, bridges, windows and barns show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful. At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth-brushes, aqua fortis, whitening for the window panes, rouge for the cheeks and spoons, cool dust for the copper, emery for the iron cutlery, brick powder for the floors and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this wonderful town:

"Citizens must leave their shoes at the door when entering a house. No one is allowed to smoke excepting with a pipe having a cover, so that the ashes will not be scattered upon the street."

Any one crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse. A cavalier shall be kept by the front door of each house, where it may be accessible from the window. It is forbidden to cross the village in a carriage or to drive animals through the streets.

In addition to these established rules it is the custom for every citizen who sees a leaf or a bit of straw blown before his house by the wind to pick it up and throw it into the canal. The people go 500 paces out of the village to dust their shoes. Dozens of boys are paid to blow the dust from between the bricks in the streets four times an hour. In certain houses the guests are carried over the threshold so as not to soil the pavements. At one time the mania for cleaning in Broeck reached such a point that the housewives of the village neglected even their religious duties for scrubbing and washing. The village pastor, after trying every sort of persuasion, preached a long sermon, in which he said that every Dutchman who had faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this world would find in the next a house packed full of furniture and stored with the most various and precious articles of use and ornament, which, not being distracted by other occupations, she would be able to brush, wash and polish for all eternity. The promise of this sublime recompense and the thought of this extreme happiness filled the women with such fervor and piety that for months thereafter the pastor had no cause for complaining.

Around every house in Broeck are buckets, benches, rakes, hoes and stakes, all colored red, blue, white or yellow. The brilliancy and variety of colors and the cleanliness, brightness and miniature pomp of the place are wonderful. At the windows there are embroidered curtains, with rose colored ribbons. The blades, bands and nails of the gayly painted windmills shine like silver. The houses are brightly varnished and surrounded with red and white railings and fences. The panes of glass in the windows are bordered by many lines of different hues. The trunks of all the trees are painted gray from root to branch. Across the streams are many little wooden bridges, each painted as white as snow. The gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon, perforated like lace. The pointed facades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance or something resembling a lance. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for everyday entrance and exit and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. The paths are hardly wide enough to walk in. One could put his arm around the flowerbeds. The dainty arbors would barely hold two persons sitting close together. The little wylie hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year old child. Between the arbors and the flower beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by miniature wooden bridges, with colored pillars and parapets. There are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes, tiny staircases and miniature kitchen gardens. Everything could be measured with the hand, crossed at a leap, demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes and disks, with their trunks colored white and blue. At every step one discovers a new effect, a fresh combination of hues, a novel caprice, some new absurdity.

The rooms are very tiny and resemble so many bazaars. There are porcelain figures on the cupboard, Chinese cups and sugar bowls on and under the tables, plates fastened on the walls, clocks, ostrich eggs, shells, vases, plates, glasses, placed in every corner and concealed in every nook, and ornaments without name, a crowding disorder and utter confusion of colors.—Public Opinion.

Eating From the Same Plate. In former days it was usual for a couple seated together to eat from one trencher, more particularly if the relations between them were of the intimate nature or, again, if it were the master and mistress of the establishment. Waipole relates that so late as the middle of the eighteenth century the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton occupied the dais at the head of the room and preserved the traditional manner by sharing the same plate. It was a token of attachment and tender recollection of unreturnable youth.

Professional Envy.

An Italian philosopher has amused himself by constructing a scale of degrees for the measurement of professional envy. The highest point in this envy measurer is ten.

Architects are happily placed lowest on the scale. They register only 1; advocates and priests and military men are ranged at 2, and in the ascending scale he gives us professors of science and literature, 4; journalists, 5; authors, 8; physicians, 9; actors and actresses, 10. The small amount of envy among architects is held to be due to their precise, severe and rigid studies. The same thing applies to advocates.

Among the clergy envy is found mostly in preachers. In the military career envy is quiescent in time of peace, but can become acute in time of war. Envy makes men of science and literature lead solitary lives, different of each other. Among physicians envy is still more prevalent, and often does not spare their colleagues, often turning them charlatans. In the theatrical world envy reaches its acute form, vainly playing a great part in its production.

Crows as Weather Prophets. The belief that two crows are a happy omen and that they appear to warn men from disaster is very ancient. Alexander the Great was thus saved in Egypt by two crows, and King Alonzo would assuredly have perished in 1147 had it not been for two crows, one of which perched on the prow and the other on the stern of his ship, so pointing the prow of the royal barge safely into port. Crows and rooks are very much alike. It is said that when rooks desert a rookery it forebodes the downfall of the family on whose property it is.

They are also credited with being good weather prognosticators. When the weather is about to be very bad, they stay as near home as possible, but when they foreknow that it will be set fair they start off in the morning right away to a distance where they have an instinct that the food they need is plentiful. Again, if the rooks are seen congregating in the streets of a town or village it is a sure sign of an approaching snowstorm.—All the Year Round.

Books and Bookshelves. "Low bookshelves," says a furniture dealer, who is a lover of books as well, "have an origin in a reason besides the caprice of fashion. Heat is injurious to the binding of choice books, drying out the natural oil of the leather and making them warp and get out of shape. Most rooms are very warm in the upper parts, and these five and six foot bookcases are a necessity rather than a notion. Cold is as hard on books as overheating, and an atmosphere that is too damp or too dry also injures them. The sun pouring in directly on the shelves fades the bindings. You can have a cheerful, sunny library and yet keep the volumes out of the sun's full power."

Breaking Up "Chatter." The famous painter Fuseli had a great contempt for "chatter." One afternoon a party of friends paid a visit to his studio, and after a few moments spent in looking at the pictures they seated themselves and proceeded to indulge in a long and purposeless talk. At last, in one of the slight pauses, Fuseli said earnestly, "I had pork for dinner today."

"Why, my dear Mr. Fuseli," exclaimed one of the startled group, "what an extremely odd remark!"

"Is it?" said the painter ingeniously. "Why, isn't it as interesting and important as anything that has been said for the last hour?"

Parliamentary Frontiers. On either side of the common chamber of our parliament house there is a distinct line along the floor, and any member who, when speaking, steps outside the line on his side is liable to be called to order. These lines are supposed to be scientific frontiers, and the neutral zone between is beyond the length of a sword thrust, and although members no longer wear swords, except those who are selected to move and second addresses to the throne on certain occasions, the old precaution still lingers on.—Westminster Gazette.

Unhappy Youngster. Kind gentleman—Why are you crying, my little lad? Urchin—Boo-oo! Billy Wells hit me, an' feyther hit me because I let Billy hit me, an' Billy Wells hit me again because I told feyther, an' now feyther'll hit me again because Billy—(Exit kind gentleman)—Chums.

At Any Rate He Aroused Discussion. Lucille—Cholly is such an uninteresting person. Helen—Oh, I don't know. He gave rise to an animated discussion last night as to whether a person can be considered absentminded when his mind is neither here nor elsewhere.—Town and Country.

The Sinecures. Beeler—You are the last man I should have expected to find opposing the pensioning of government employees no longer able to work. Heeler—When a man gets so helpless that he can't do what little work there is in a government job, he ought to be taken out and shot.—London Tit-Bits.

No Life There. Little Dot—What's all this talk 'bout Mars? Does folks live there? Little Johnny—They used to live there, but they is all dead long ago. "How do you know?" "I heard papa say life names of all the seas an' lakes an' islands an' things is from the dead languages."

Secret Consolation. The Pessimist—The longer I live in the world the worse it seems to get. The Optimist—Oh, well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. Perhaps it will be better after you get out of it.—Chicago News.

His Measure Taken. Aggie—He told me I wuz de only gurl he ever loved. Katie—Well, when a feller talks like dat give him de googoo eyes reversed. He's nuttin' but a born diplomat!—Pret.

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Upon hearing that Charles A. Newton, the yardmaster of the Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento, had a certain case of Diabetes, the business men who were investigating the Fulton Compounds, wrote him asking him to take it; but they were late, as he had already heard of it, as per his letter in answer as follows:

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 19th received and I thank you for the information regarding the Fulton Compound. I was very much interested in your advertisement and I have been using it since I received it. I commenced taking it March 20 and June 20th was pronounced cured. I now enjoy my old diet in a most normal, but advance more on it as time goes by, not wishing to attempt too much at once. The medicine cost me \$1.00. The Fulton Compound is a most reliable medicine. I have used it for years and I have never seen any other medicine that has cured me. I am now in good health and I am able to do my work as usual. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES A. NEWTON, YARDMASTER, S. P. CO., SACRAMENTO."

"I know of another case of Diabetes, an engineer on the Great Northern Road for four years. He went to Tucson, Ariz. When I was getting better I sent him to come to Sacramento, to get the same treatment. He took the Fulton Compound and he was cured. I then sent him to try it. This was a most interesting case. I have never seen any other medicine that has cured me. I am now in good health and I am able to do my work as usual. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES A. NEWTON, YARDMASTER, S. P. CO., SACRAMENTO."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but \$7 per cure are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer the best results.) Price \$1 for the Fulton Compound and \$1.00 for the Fulton Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 48 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Free samples. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

APHORISMS. You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson. To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln. It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—Goethe. 'Tis far better to love and be poor than to be rich with an empty heart.—Lewis Morris. God doesn't care for what is on the outside; he cares for what is inside.—Rev. M. Babcock. Fruitless is sorrow for having done and useless if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.—Bishop Horae. The next time you are discouraged just try encouraging some one else and see if it will not cheer you.—J. R. Miller. Sin is never at a stay. If we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it, and the farther we go the more we have to come back.—Barrow. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall. Flowers of the Cranberry. One of the daintiest of wild flowers of June is the blossom of that time honored concomitant of roast turkey, the cranberry. While, however, everybody knows the berry, few are acquainted with the flower, for the peat bogs where it blooms in the choice fellowship of the stately pitcher plant and the golden club and of many a rare orchid are quite remote from the beaten paths of travel. The cranberry plant is a small, slender, somewhat trailing shrub, with the nearest of evergreen leaves, from amid which a few threadlike stalks lift their nodding flowers. When fully expanded, the pink lobes of each corolla are curled back like a lily's, and from the heart of them the compressed stamens protrude in the shape of a spear point or beak. The imaginative may see in this long beaked little blossom a resemblance to a tiny crane's head, whence some hard pressed etymologist has thought to derive the word cranberry—that is, crane-berry.—Country Life in America.

Queen Elizabeth's Amulet. Queen Elizabeth during her last illness were around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generally the case, proved of no avail, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened, but died. During the plague in London people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck, and also the powder of toads.

The Absentminded Professor. At a session of the German Reichstag an absentminded member, Herr Wichmann, credited no little amusement. He was calling the roll, and upon reaching his own name he paused for a response. Naturally none came. Then he called the name more loudly, waited a few seconds and roared it out at the top of his voice. The laughter of his colleagues finally aroused him to a sense of the ludicrousness of his act, and he joined in the general hilarity.

Russian Police Regulations. One of the regulations of the Russian police refers to the censorship of price lists of goods, notes of invitation to parties and personal visiting cards; also for the censorship of seals, rubber stamps and business cards of individuals or corporations. Another order regulates the sale of soap, starch, toothbrushes and insect powder, and another controls the printing on the paper used in making cigarettes.

A Personal Reflection. "I see villain in your face," said a Judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection." Benevolence is to love all men; knowledge, to know all men.—Confucius.