

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE OF GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENNYVAEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARGARET'S DIARY ENDS.

"Matthew strove to reason me out of this wild idea, saying that it was as irrational as ever entered a woman's brain."

"I know Clarice from your descriptions," he maintained, "and I do not perceive in this figure any resemblance to you or to my idea of her. I do not say it is wrong that you should allow your thoughts to dwell so constantly upon your sister; it is natural, but it affects your judgment. Nothing is more deceitful than marble; I will engage to bring you a hundred girls in the isle in whose features a likeness to this statue can be traced. It is as you say—impossible."

"He succeeded in calming me, but to this day the beautiful figure exercises a fascination over me, and I entertain for it an affection such as it might have inspired had it been human."

"At my request, Matthew made inquiries concerning the sculptor, whose name, however, could not be ascertained; but Matthew assured me that upon one point there was an absolute certainty—the sculptor had not worked from a living model. Had the result of his inquiries been different, no useful purpose would have been served. It could not have brought the dead from the grave."

"Since that time, until the occurrence of an event of which I shall presently speak, my days have flowed on calmly and peacefully, disturbed only by those memories of the past which Clarice is associated. I keep this suffering to myself; it would be ungrateful in me to ask those around me to share it with me. No woman could have a kinder husband or a wiser father than I have. My children are healthy and well-formed, and are a constant source of joy in our house. In feature Joseph resembles his grandfather Matthew; he is bold and determined, and can be swayed only through his affections. Matthew says suffering is in store for him, because of his sensitive spirit. Gabrielle is like me, dark and rough; she has a hot temper, and is sometimes difficult to control. Their grandfather, who takes great delight in them, avers that they are vagrants by nature, as he was before them."

"I hope not," I said; "I should not like to think that I will toss about the world as we have been."

"What is in the future for them," said Matthew gravely, "neither you nor I can tell. I have heard you and Paul talk together of the kind of life the children are to lead, how they are to grow up and marry and have children, with themselves never to leave the Silver Isle. All that can be said in favor of such conversations is that they are the harmless expressions of harmless ideas."

"They are not unreasonable. Why should parents not be able, especially in a land so peaceful and retired as this, to predict with certainty the kind of life their children are to live?"

"Because, Margaret, replied Matthew, 'it is impossible to set exact rules of life for this or that person, however closely allied they may be to us. The seed being put into the ground, no one can say with certainty whether the tree will incline to the right or the left; still of all that can be predicted in what direction the branches will shoot out.'

"The children are of our blood."

"That is just it, and our blood is vengeful blood. All we can do, simple one, is to assist nature in the way we deem best for those we love. We are the creatures of circumstance—your own story proves it. A dozen years ago could you have foretold the present? And do you believe now that you can see the future?"

"Our future is clear," I said. "Adventure no longer plays a part in our lives."

"Easy to say so. Starting as we have passed, others as strange and eventual may occur before the next twelve years are gone. At this present moment men may be moving towards us from some distant part of the world, bringing joy or woe into our lives, despite all our efforts to shape our own ends."

"At one time, when Matthew used to talk like this, I had an idea that he was a fatalist. I know now that he is not. It is simply that he can reason without prejudice, and that his mental powers are superior to those of the general body of men."

"When Joseph was seven years of age and Gabrielle four, an event occurred in the isle which is the true reason of my making this record. On an autumn day a schooner came to the isle. I should have gone out to hear the news, but I had much to do at home, and rarely as the isle is visited by a ship, the event is of no personal importance to me. There are times when I seem to lose all interest in the world beyond these shores; and times also when I shrink from all contact with it, however trivial. It has not been so kind to me that I should love it."

"I was alone in the house. Joseph and Gabrielle were in the fields; and Matthew and my husband were absent on a fishing expedition, and were not to return till the following morning. My children came home for the evening meal; they were flushed with delight, and prattled excitedly of the pleasures of an afternoon spent among their playfellows. They are both mimics; Matthew says they have dramatic power in them, and that were they living in the world he would educate them for the stage. They certainly possess a great gift; Joseph reads aloud with wonderful meaning, and many childish scenes of their own creation are depicted by them for our edification. Their grandfather encourages them, and frequently takes part in these amusing representations."

"Mother," said Joseph, when our meal was finished and cleared away, "ask us questions."

"About what?"

"About the ship."

"You saw it, Joseph?"

"Yes, and Gabrielle too. We were on the beach."

"I gave him some fruit," said Gabrielle,

"Evangeline! Sleeping in a warm bed, I hope, in one Father Sebastian's house. Satisfied that, I left her, to shift for myself. This is Mauvain's property."

"Yes."

"I was curious to see it. May I sleep in that shed?"

"Surely not there. Come into the house; I will give you a bed."

"And an honest welcome?"

"And an honest welcome. My husband is absent, but he will approve."

"You are one in a thousand," he said, in a voice more gentle than he had hitherto used, "and I thank you. I cannot accept your offer. Give me leave to sleep in the shed."

"You are welcome to the best I have; that is the worst."

"The worst is good enough for me. I shall not disturb you. Do not be frightened if you hear me move about. I am going to see whether the ship that brought me here is out of sight."

"While he was gone I brought from the house a mattress and bed coverings. These I made up into a bed, and placed by its side food and water. The dwarf returned just at the finish of my task."

"You have given yourself needless trouble," was his remark; "I can sleep on the earth."

"There is no need," I said carelessly, in a tone of assumed indifference; "one may as well accept the comforts of life when they are within reach. Time enough for hardships when we cannot avoid them."

"His piercing gaze searched my face for the true meaning to my words. What he gathered from the mute inquiry it is difficult to say, but I entertained for him no feeling but one of pity."

"You are unlike the women of the isle I have seen," he remarked.

"There is not one who would do less for you than I have done. Good night."

"Stay, or I shall think you begrudge what you offer. You are unlike them in appearance, I mean."

"I was not born on the isle."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Seven years and more."

"You are almost as much a stranger here as I am, then. As a little into the light; I want to see you more clearly."

"I humored him, and moved to some ground where the full light of the moon was free from shadow."

"As I stood there, with his eyes upon me, I became suddenly conscious that my senses were leaving me; landscape and sky appeared to be fading from my sight. I awoke myself by a determined effort; the blurred figure of the dwarf became clear again, and he was speaking."

"There is a perfume in the air to which I am not accustomed; it beguiles my senses. As if I have not had enough of dreams! Stay but for another moment; I will not harm you. The mountain of snow yonder, with its white mists moving like monster clouds. Is it inhabited?"

"Yes," I replied, and the answer seemed to be forced from me, "by the spirits of the dead."

"A proper place for the dead. There is yet one thing more before I say good night. I brought a child with me to the isle."

"I know—Evangeline."

"No fairer child lives on earth. She needs a home, and she must have one with a woman I can trust. Go to Father Sebastian's house to-morrow, and, if you are drawn to the child, adopt her as one of your own. It will be a good thing done, but do not undertake it if you feel you cannot love Evangeline. Promise me."

"I promise you."

"I accept your hospitality. Good night."

"Good night."

"He went into the shed, and I into my house, with no thought in my mind but of him and Evangeline. When I slept I dreamt of him and of the child I had not yet seen."

"Early in the morning my husband and Matthew returned home from their fishing expedition, and at my request accompanied me to the house of Father Sebastian. On our way I told them my purpose, and they expressed their acquiescence in my purpose with regard to Evangeline. Before we started we looked into the shed for the dwarf. He was gone, and we saw nothing of him on the road."

"To Father Sebastian I explained the object of our visit, and he sent for the child, saying that my proposal required less consideration than if it had proceeded from any other inhabitant of the isle."

"It is fitting," said Father Sebastian, "that she should find a home with you, in the house belonging to Mauvain. This is a charge from Mauvain himself. His letter will explain how it has come about. Upon its receipt yesterday I, without knowing to what it referred, accepted the trust in the name of the islanders. My surprise was great when I saw the child and her strange companion; but I had no intention of going from my word."

"Matthew read Mauvain's letter aloud. It was to the effect that he sent by a friend named Harold—the gentleman, I supposed, of whom my little Joseph gave me a representation the previous night—a trust which he confided to the islanders, and that he might come one day to the isle to thank his friends for their kindness. The letter was courteous, and the language that of a gentleman and a scholar."

"It is a singular trust," said Matthew.

"It has occupied my thoughts during the night," said Father Sebastian, "and I can come to but one conclusion. I have the clearest remembrance of Mauvain, and I judge him to be, in his own esteem, somewhat of a philosopher; that is a matter we generally settle for ourselves. I believe him to be a man with a kind heart; I know him to be a gentleman. The child is an orphan, and an appeal was probably made to Mauvain to give her some kind of protection. In these circumstances Mauvain is just the man to think of the isle in which he spent many happy years, and attracted by the innocence and beauty of the child, to decide that no secure shelter could be found for one without natural protectors. It is a kindly act, and Mauvain is to be commended for it. Another hypothesis strengthens my conclusion. The child's name happened to be Evangeline; Mauvain is familiar with the fatal story connected with the snow mountain; and he said, 'I will send my island friends a new Evangeline as fair as the old, whom they can protect and cherish and grow to love.' A tender eccentricity."

"My daughter," said Matthew, "has

given me a description of the dwarf who accompanies the child. Can you explain that connection?"

"I cannot," replied Father Sebastian; "it is the one element of mystery which perplexes me; all the rest seems clear. It is certain that there is no kinship between them, and certain also that they bear to each other a very human love."

"At this moment Evangeline was brought into the room."

"Never shall I forget the feelings which overpowered me at the sight of the sweet and beautiful child. They say that the longest dream lasts but a moment, and it was that only for a moment was I unconscious of surrounding things; that the years which have passed since my childhood were suddenly blotted from my life, as though they had never been; that I was a child again and Clarice was a child, and that we were listening to the kind voice of our father, who was explaining to us the mystery of the stars. Such a night was ours in the past, fixed forever in my memory by a chance look at Clarice's face turned upwards to the sky. So do I carry in my memory the eternal fragrance of a handful of violets given to us by a woman in a country lane when we were children."

"It passed, and the child Evangeline was before me, gazing earnestly into my face."

"It is not that her features resemble those of Clarice. Her eyes are of a different color, her mouth is larger, her hands broader and covered with dimples; but that altogether she brings my dear sister to my mind with painful vividness."

"I have not confessed this to my husband or our father. It might cause them to regard me as being a victim of my own imagination. There are secrets we keep even from those who are dearest to us."

"I was not conscious that tears were in my eyes until Father Sebastian remarked it."

"It is the thought of this pretty one," I said, "thrown upon the chance love of strangers."

"I knelt upon the ground, and I knew that the men were regarding me with tender looks."

"Child," I said, drawing Evangeline to me, "do you think you could love me?"

"I will try," she said slowly.

"We want you to live with us; I will be a mother to you." She echoed the word "Mother," as though it were strange to her. "You remember your mother," I asked.

"No," she replied.

"You will come with us, dear child?"

"If Ranf does not mind. He must tell me."

"I kissed her, and turned to Father Sebastian. "You are content that we shall adopt her, sir?"

"It is the best arrangement that can be made."

"My husband and Matthew also approved, and that day Evangeline entered her new home."

"In the evening Ranf made his appearance. We exchanged but few words. He stipulated that he should see Evangeline at any time he wished, and that she should visit him when he desired. He spoke to the child, who certainly entertains an extraordinary affection for him."

"Have you any questions to ask me?" he said before he left.

"But one. Is the child doubly orphaned? Has she neither father nor mother?"

"Neither. The child is doubly orphaned."

"With that he left me, and although three months have passed, has never again crossed our threshold. But Evangeline has gone to him. He imitates a bird's notes, and she runs out eagerly at the sound."

"Joseph and Gabrielle are delighted with her; they yield to her every caprice, and with the children she is full of whims. With me she is more sedate. Since she joined our household my life appears to have undergone a wonderful change. The past seems nearer to me; I think even more frequently of Clarice than I have been in the habit of doing. Once, with Evangeline standing at my knee, I said to her:

"Did you know a beautiful woman called Clarice?"

"She shook her head. 'No.'"

"Did you never hear the name?"

"No; it is pretty; I like it."

"Try to remember it, dear child."

"Yes, I will try to remember it." And she murmured the name softly to herself.

"The days pass quietly. Ranf has built huts for himself on the snow mountain; he is as much hated by the islanders as Evangeline is loved. But in some mysterious undefinable way his life seems to be bound up with ours."

"I am glad I have made this record. It has comforted me."

(To be continued.)

MANHATTANISMS.

THE NEW DRAMA OF "HOW SHE DOES NOT LOVE HIM."

Custom-House Outrages—Elph Waldo Emerson and Hell-Seth Green and the Salmon.

New York, April 1, 1880.

The arrest of Dion Boucicault, the other day, at the instigation of his wife—known to the theatrical world as Agnes Robertson—caused much surmise and comment. It was made on the ground that he was about to leave the State, and that, if he should be allowed to depart without restriction, any judgment against him, when obtained in her forthcoming suit for absolute divorce, would be rendered ineffectual. To a great many people, who never knew anything until they read it in the newspapers, the publication of the fact that he will henceforth be divorced by his wife, and that he will be separated from her by mutual consent; that she had agreed to stay in Europe with her children, and that he had decided to live here, the breadth of the sea preventing any active hostilities between them. His sudden appearance on this side of the Atlantic, legally armed against him, was not anticipated by anybody. His friends say that his arrest by her direction was prompted by malice, and so partakes of the nature of persecution that he will henceforth be ever on his guard to thwart her purposes. Persons who know Boucicault are well aware that amiability is not one of his weaknesses, and that when his temper, a compound of all that is worst in French and Irish nature, has been fully aroused, he is not a pleasant companion. He has many enemies—he has a talent for making them—and they say that he is very selfish and unscrupulous, and that he has no higher motive or object in life than the gratification of his own interest. His friends, on the other hand, aver that while he is quick-tempered and loves, like most of us, to have his own way, he is warm-hearted and generous to a fault; that there is not a drop of mean blood in his whole body, and that he harbors no resentment even against those who have injured him most. It has been said that the noted playwright has made his wife as liberal an allowance as her reputation as "his means would permit," and she represents it as very small, even for a man of very slender fortune. If he should provide for her in proportion to his income she would be endowed like a princess. Probably no author of his time has made so much by his pen as Dion Boucicault. He has written, translated and adapted over two hundred plays, and it is estimated that he has got from all sources not less than \$2,500,000, most of which he has spent lavishly, even recklessly. Ever since he produced, at the early age of 18, the still popular and very clever comedy, "The London Assurance," he has had a playright's success. Not a play of his has failed; but a failure, now and then, is nothing to an author of his unbounded resources. He has as a rule been uniformly prosperous; and, despite his unblinking plagiarisms and wholesale plunderings, he is one of the cleverest men alive. The history of the "Colleen Bawn" demonstrates this. On his return to England from this country in 1860, he bought one morning at a London book-stall a copy of "The Colleen Bawn," which he used as a sort of basis or source of inspiration, and, three days after, presented his play complete to the Adelphi Theatre for rehearsal. It was almost the first, if not quite the first, of the pieces now named success dramas. It has been given at nearly every theatre in Britain and America; it was translated into French, and brought out at the Ambigu, Paris, and has yielded Boucicault fully \$300,000, which is the rate of \$100,000 a day for the time he was occupied in preparing it. Can you name any other writer, past or present, who has earned such splendid wages? The Boucicaults have been married twenty-seven years, but during the last seven or eight have seen very little of one another. They have had, I believe, eight children, five of whom are living. It seems strange that a couple must needs be so long without a connection. They were mutually very much in love up to ten or twelve years ago. Their intercourse was of the tenderest, most sympathetic kind; it was so permeated with love.

husband was ruthlessly explored—not by feminine inspectors, however—with a like fruitless result. Not satisfied yet, they seized upon a nice traveling with the couple, stripped her in the same fashion by proxy, and were unmerciful for their pains. Still hoping to redeem themselves, they accused a woman living in Charleston, South Carolina, of smuggling, and she also was reduced to Godiva garb without making any discoveries. All the persons searched were persons of high respectability, who would naturally be beyond suspicion. No wonder that they were, and continued to be angry. Such process is bad enough for a man. For a refined, sensitive woman it is a gross indignity, if not a positive indecency.

SETH GREEN.

The noted fabricator of this State, whose square, honest, ruddy face, and white-flocking beard are familiar to many New Yorkers, has been telling a journalist here how he happened to adopt his specialty. He says that he had long been fishing in the lake (Ontario) for a livelihood, and his trade had largely increased. He had finally set up a fish market in Rochester, supplying the whole country around with trout, pickerel, salmon, white fish, etc. A good live fisherman, he was in the habit of going up the streams emptying into the lake to catch trout, salmon and other game fish. One day he saw a fine female salmon, weighing some six pounds, come up the stream, accompanied by her mate and several other fish. Getting behind a tree to escape observation—the salmon is very wary—he saw the female scoop out with her tail a place in the bottom of the brook. After a while she would swim off contentedly, and returning would continue her work, her companions aiding her. The thought occurred to Green that she must be putting down spawn where other fish could not get at it. Brook trout are very fond of salmon spawn, and devour it. He had everything on his mind to make further observation, which he could readily do on account of the clearness of the water. He resolved that, when he had a little more money, he would undertake pisciculture, which had already been begun in England. He read everything he could find on the subject, and as soon as he had an income of \$1,200 beyond his needs he secured a brook near Rochester, and with five miles of it under his control, he invented hatching-boxes, and presented the business regularly. He has succeeded admirably, as everyone knows, and has acquired a national and, indeed, a transatlantic reputation. Seth Green's fish-breeding grounds near Rochester are one of the principal sights of the neighborhood, and one of the first places visited by strangers and tourists generally.

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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with flatulency, eructation and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; he is unable to be satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed. Yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively changed.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

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Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. The market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

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A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE NASAL CAVITIES, THROAT AND LUNGS.

Viz.: Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Inflammation, Consumption, Diphtheria and Croup. Will also cure Miasmatic Fever, and any disease which arises from IMPURE AIR.

The vapor of the Inhalant being volatile, fills all cavities of the lungs, thus permeating and cleansing the blood. This vapor, through the circulation of the blood, reaches every part of the system, and cures all diseases of organs with which it does not come in immediate contact. In many cases, it has removed diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

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The Inhalant excites is invigorating; increasing the force of circulation, while the medicinal properties of the Inhalant are freely absorbed through out the system.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

Can in no way be treated with more success at by applying the remedy directly to the parts diseased, viz., BY INHALATION.

NAMES OF SACRAMENTO'S CURED OF THE ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, Miasmatic Fever, Diphtheria and Croup, by the use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant:

A. S. Hopkins, Fifteenth Street, corner Fourth and M streets; Geo. Hopkins, catarrh and diphtheria; S. F. Hopkins, gravel and diphtheria; E. C. Hopkins (salesman in Honolulu), corner Fourth and M streets; diphtheria; Mrs. Frazer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years cured in two months); J. Hatch, Third Street, between L and M streets; A. G. Houghton, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber, merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, intermitting fever; Robert Hornbrack, corner Fourth and M streets; Miss L. Kerr, Sixth Street, between L and M streets, fever; Mrs. S. Emory, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. Birch, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M Street, between L and M streets, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M Street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh (a chronic case of nine years).

TO THE PUBLIC.

After a faithful trial, and upon a full investigation, I state with confidence that I have used the Inhalant of Mr. Hewes, and find it to be a most valuable remedy for all throat troubles, and I believe it is valuable in many of the complaints of humanity. Let all sufferers try it.

J. L. BILCH, Sacramento, Cal.

I had a severe attack of Miasmatic fever, which was broken up in twenty-four hours, by the free use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant.

MISS L. KERR, Sixth Street.

A story is circulating in "The Evening Union" Square that Louis J. Jennings, late of the "Times," is to return to America and take an editorial position on the "World."

Catharine Lewis, the charming soubrette of Daly's Theatre, has been too ill to appear lately, and her part of Fanchette in the "Royal Warrant" has been taken, though not filled, by another actress. No young woman in New York can supply her place. She is exceedingly attractive without a particle of snobbishness.

Somebody says that Rev. Joseph Cook is trying to win Eli Perkins' richly-deserved laurels as the champion liar of America.

A number of Grant men are contending for the Presidency, unless he feels confident that he can get the nomination. But is not Grant playing precisely the same game? Many staunch Republicans are expressing great disgust with Grant.

CHAURET.

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WE HAVE SUBSIDIZED THAT DESIRABLE and highly located block between F and J, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, into lots 40x100 or 80x150, and offer them for prices below any lots that are offered for sale in this city.

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REQUITED.

Sad and lone I walk in silence, Toward you church-yard dark and drear; 'Neath the stone arch pass I under, Brooming double blossoms to-day.

Sad and lone I kneel beside it, I thank the grass I part away; All around that lonely building, I drop my double blossoms to-day.

Leaves, dead leaves in falling rustle, Mournful sighs the wind o'er you; From the sky once dark and dreary Pale, bright stars are shining through.

Long years since by chance calling Your blue eyes looked into mine; Long years since in holy wedlock Wedded was my life to thine.

But the blue eyes were not faithful; Marriage vows were cast away; Prizes spoke with a "forever," Lasted only for a day.

Clear and bright the moon is shedding O'er your mossy bed a ray; Weary now and broken-hearted, 'Neath its light this life I lay.

Soft and low the boughs are waving O'er two forms now side by side; Soft and low the breeze whistles, 'He has found his girlish bride."

—Flora Weeks.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—Dr. Keyser, who has spent eight months in examining train employes of railroads that center in Philadelphia, finds color blindness in 5 1/2 per cent. of the whole number so marked that they were unable to distinguish one color from another, while 5 1/2 per cent., although able to tell colors, were thus rendered incapable of performing duties required of railroad men. Two of the color-blind men had educated themselves to know that red is a bright, intense color as distinguished from green, which they described as dull. But when light green was put before them they called it red. They explained that the green light had at times shown red to them, and they had stopped the trains. But suppose the red had shown green?

quickly, "and he whispered, "Thank you, little maid." His voice was no louder than that.

"She had finished her speech before Joseph could stop her."

"You are telling it all wrong," he cried; "we have not come to that yet. Go on, mother."

"And did a boat come ashore?" I asked, "I shall not disturb you. Do not be frightened if you hear me move about. I am going to see whether the ship that brought me here is out of sight."

"Yes, Gabrielle. Let Joseph speak."

"He wants it all," pouted Gabrielle.

"You shall do your part directly," said Joseph, with dignity, "if you are quiet and good. Yes, mother, a boat came ashore."

"And the captain landed."

"It was a different captain from the others. He was better looking and more gentle. He wore beautiful rings, and had a diamond in his shirt. He walked like this."

"My boy sauntered languidly to and fro, pretended to dangle a cane from his fingers, and looked about him with a supercilious air. Ordinary captains were not in the habit of walking thus, and I saw that he intended to represent a gentleman. Gabrielle clapped her hands."

"Then," continued Joseph, "he wanted to know if the isle was full of children who never grew any older. I did not like that. Did you, Gabrielle?"

"No," answered my little girl; "I want to be a woman, like mother, and have two children, Gabrielle and Joseph, and Joseph shall do everything Gabrielle asks him."

"You are foolish," was Joseph's response; "men are the masters—except mother. That is why the gentleman asked us to take him to the fields where the men were working."

"What occurred after that, Joseph?"

"We followed him to the fields, and he threw himself upon the hay, and while some one went for Father Sebastian, Gabrielle and the other little girls and women gave him some fruit."

"Yes," said Gabrielle, "and he said in a sleepy voice, "Thank you, little maid."

"After that," said Joseph, "we went down to the beach, and looked at the boat. It was a long time before the gentleman came back. Then he got into the boat, and was rowed to the ship and he came back again, bringing a fairy and a monster."

"What do you mean, Joseph?"

"We will show you. Come along, Gabrielle; you shall be the fairy, I am the monster."

"They ran to the door, and presently returned, hand in hand. Gabrielle was simply Gabrielle, but Joseph was transformed. His legs were crooked, his head was shrunk into his shoulders, one of which was higher than the other, his hair was rough, and as he walked towards me he threw suspicious looks about him."

"He was just like that, mother," said Joseph, straightening himself; "I never saw such a man. What had he to do with the fairy?"

"I do not know, Joseph. The poor man is a cripple, perhaps. You should not mock him; it is wrong. I have seen some who are much to be pitied. Was the little girl frightened of him?"

"Oh, no; she seemed to like him."

"That is a proof that he is not bad. What has become of them?"

"They are here."

"On this isle?"

"Yes."

"And the gentleman?"

"He went back to the ship. Now, mother, we have told you everything. Read to us."

"I retired early to rest on that night, and about midnight was awakened by a sound which I fancied I heard outside the house. I arose and looked into the bedroom of my children, the door of which I had opened into my own. The children were sleeping soundly. I went to bed again, and again I fancied I heard the sound, which resembled that of a man or an animal moving in the garden. I dressed myself immediately, and went into the open air. The night was beautiful, and a full moon was shining. I walked around the house, and passed at a little distance from a shed built by my husband at the back of our house. I thought I saw a movement among the shadows, and I called in a loud voice,

"Is any one there?"

"A strange voice answered me. 'Aye, mistress.' And a man emerged from the shadows. The moment he came into the light I recognized the cripple of whom Joseph had given me a representation."

"I am not a timid woman. When called upon I think I am capable of showing a courage of which a man need not be ashamed. This I believe to be a quality of my nature, but if it were not, there is no cause for fear upon this isle where crime is rare."

"The man who stood or crouched before me, looking up into my face, was a dwarf, with strong, misshapen limbs, and nothing in his face to recommend him. I saw that he was tired and in want of rest, but he seemed to be making an endeavor to conceal his state of physical weakness from my searching gaze, and to arouse in me a feeling of repulsion by a scornful, defiant demeanor. He was not successful. My feeling for him was entirely one of commiseration."

"I saw the man who came to the isle to-day," I said.

"You know me, then, mistress?"

"I heard of you to-night from my children."

"You were not among those who welcomed me."

"I knew nothing of you until my children told me."

"He appeared to derive satisfaction from my replies. 'I thought I did not see you among these liberal-minded folk.'"

"What do you want here at this time?"

"A roof," he answered.

"No house in the isle would refuse you shelter."

"I preferred to seek shelter for myself."

"Where is the child?"