Thorns and Roses.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY Thos. P. Montfort.

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CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET MY LOVER, BUT ALAS, ALAS!

I was upstairs the day Mrs. Lawton's guest arrived and I did not know anyone was in the house until I walked into the parlor and suddenly found myself in the presence of the gentleman. The room was rather dark and the visitor's face was turned from me, else I should certainly have recognized him at once. As it was how great was the shock I sustained when Mrs. Lawton arose and introduced her nephew, saying:

"Miss Owens, this is my nephew, Mr Hanley."

I came near sinking to the floor, and I am sure my heart came into my throat at a bound. To have met Will Hanley at all, in any place and under any circumstances, would have overpowered me, but to meet him there so unexpectedly shocked me beyond description. I suppose I acknowledged the introduction in some way, though I am not certain of it, by any means, and in fact I am not sure of anything that transpired at that time.

I dropped into a seat that was near and for a time my brain seemed to be in a whirl. For a moment I was unconscious, I think. Fortunately neither Mr. Hanley nor Mrs Lawton took any notice of me and my discomposure escaped detection. When I regained perfect consciousness Mr Hanley and Mrs. Lawton were talking quietly, she asking questions regarding himself and he answering them. I listened, and I discovered after awhile that a letter or two had passed between them of late

"Then," I thought, "he knew I was here, and perhaps he came to see me."

I had very little to base such thought or hope on, I confess, for he had not appeared any more pleased to meet me than he had when I saw him last but I loved him yet, and I was anxious to believe he loved me. I was fondling the hope that it was for my sake he had come, and had almost deceived myself into believing it, when he gave me another shock that I thought must surely kill me.

"And now, Aunt Lawton," he said "I have a little surprise for you. I am almost afraid to tell you what it is, for fear you will never forgive me for not informing you through my letter."

"What is it, Will?" Mrs Lawton asked.

Will blushed and for an instant was silent. I flushed burning hot from head to foot and trembled like a leaf

"Am I right?" I thought, "and is it true that he has come on my account? What else can he have in mind, except to inform his aunt that he knows me and that it is I he has come to see?"

I wait breathlessly for him to answer, and I do not wait long.

"Aunt," he said, "I did not like to write to you of a certain little matter, because I never told you that I was in love, and that I had some thought of getting married."

I was rigid with expectancy. Mrs. Lawton looked over her spectacles at Mr. Hanley but said nothing.

"Yes," he continued directly, "such is the case, and I realize now that I ought to have told you. But better late than never, so I will tell you now. It was out at Aunt Brown's that I met the dear girl I love. Her parents live there and we were children together. Her father is Daniel Owens, Aunt Brown's nearest neighbor."

I gasped for breath. My heart was in my throat, choking me till I could not breathe. It was me he had come to see—me he loved. He had said as much. He and I were children together and Daniel Owens was my father.

"He loved me," I cried in thought, "after all. He will be mine and I shall be his."

The happiness of that moment is beyond the bounds of language. There are no words that will portray it. It was heavenly. I listened with rapture, my heart all in a tumult, for his next words. He was coming to the climax and in his next sentence he must speak my name. His lips moved and I sat breathless.

"Yes," he continued, "I loved Miss Owens, and she was good enough to love me; and now—she is my wife. We were married only three days since, and she is at the village hotel waiting for you to welcome her."

Reader, I fainted. I wonder I did not die. I had suffered untold miseries and heartaches in my time, but never anything like what I experienced then. To be wrought up to the very apex of joy, then like a flash plunged down the steep abyss into the darkest despair is too terrible for pen to picture. With one sweep my hopes were all gone. Will Hanley was lost to me forever. He was the husband of my sister.

When I returned to consciousness Mrs. Lawton was bathing my face and chafing my hands. She appeared deeply anxious, evidently at a loss to account for my condition. She had never known me to faint before. I perplexed her still more, when I glanced quickly about the room, and in a hoarse whisper asked:

"Is he gone?"

"Who? Will Hanley?" she replied. "Yes, he's gone. But what of it?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Is he coming back?"

"Yes, directly."

"And—she—is she coming?"

"His wife? Certainly. He's gone to fetch her now."

"Mrs. Lawton," I said after a pause, "can you help me to my room? I am too weak to walk alone."

"You had better remain here a little while, Agnes," she replied. "You will get stronger directly."

"No, I want to go to my room."

Mrs. Lawton extended her hand and I arose. I could scarcely stand, but by leaning on her arm I managed to get out of the room and up the stairs, where I threw myself on the bed. Mrs. Lawton did not leave me, but took a seat by my side where she remained for near a minute gazing silently and thoughtfully into my face. At last she spoke.

"Agnes," she said, in sympathetic tones, "Will Hanley said something that hurt you. Will you tell me what it was?"

I only sobbed in reply. She waited an instant, then went on.

"Agnes," she said, "tell me if Will Hanley's wife is any connection of yours. The name is the same."

"She is my sister," I answered.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Lawton exclaimed. "I did not think at the time of any relationship that might exist between you. It is a common name."

Then there was a long pause during which Mrs. Lawton seemed undecided whether to drop the matter there or whether to pursue it further. Finally she arose and started from the room, but when she reached the door she turned back. She came and took my hands between hers and caressed them, expressing in that way the sympathy she could not speak.

"Agnes, I am sorry my nephew has come here with his wife," she said, finally, "and if I had known he should not have come. I would do nothing to bring trouble to you."

"I know that, Mrs. Lawton," I replied. "You have always consulted my happiness in everything."

"Yes, I have tried to make your stay with me as pleasant as I could. But not of that now, Agnes. I want to speak of your sister. Do you wish to avoid a meeting with her? Remember that while she was the cause of much suffering on your part, she was small and hardly accountable. She perhaps regrets all that now, and if she knew you she might love you."

I saw with a feeling of relief that Mrs. Lawton had not guessed my secret. She ascribed my emotions to the prospect of meeting my sister, and left Will Hanley entirely out of account. Yet I did not wish to see my sister under existing circumstances. As Mary Owens I should have been glad to meet her, and had she accepted my love I should have freely given it to her. But now it was different. I could not meet her as the wife of the man I loved and feel toward her as a sister should feel. I felt bitterly toward her, and for the time hated her.

Mrs. Lawton waited some time, and, getting no answer from me, she continued:

"It is a very ungenerous thing for sisters," she said, "to hold ill-feelings against each other, and I think you would be happier, Agnes, if you met your sister and showed a willingness to forgive the past and be friendly."

"Not to-day, Mrs. Lawton," I replied. "Perhaps I will see her to-morrow. I am tired and weak and sick, now, and I want to rest in quiet."

Just then a carriage drove up to the door.

"They have come," Mrs. Lawton remarked, "and I must go down. I will come up again as soon as I can."

She stooped and kissed me, then turned away. I waited until she was out of hearing, then I let the pent up tears flow.

"Why is it," I moaned, "that my sister must have everything and I nothing? Was it not enough that she had all the love and attentions at home, without taking from me the man I love? Ah! Heaven's, is it right that she should take from me all I have? Is it just?"

I spent the day in my room musing and cherishing my grief; but when it grew dark I stole downstairs and out through the garden to the highway. I wanted action, and it was my intention to take a long walk in the open air. I felt it would do me good.

I took a course that led out into the country—a lonely lane where there was little prospect of meeting anyone at that time of evening. I walked a couple of miles about, then turned to retrace my steps. It had grown quite dark by that time, but before I reached home the moon rose.

I reached the garden gate and was in the act of entering when a form suddenly barred the way. One glance told me whose form it was, and, placing my hand to my heart, I shrank back, hoping to avoid detection. I was too late, however, for Will Hanley had seen me, and immediately came forward.

"Agnes," he said, extending his hand, "do you not know me?"

I realized that I should be self-possessed, if possible, for to show any emotion would reveal the secret of my

"AGNES, DO YOU NOT KNOW ME?"

soul—the secret of a disappointed love, which I would not have him know for all the world. I exerted myself, and assumed an air of tolerable calmness.

"Yes," I replied, holding out my hand, "I know you."

He took my hand and gave it a warm pressure, which sent a sharp pain through my heart. He bent his eyes on me for an instant inquiringly, then said:

"Are you not glad to see me, Agnes?"

"Yes, very glad," I answered.

"I am not sure of that," he replied, letting my hand drop. "You have given me no welcome, and your greeting is cold. We used to be such good friends, and our separation has been so long that it seems you ought to show a little joy at our meeting. Did you not recognize me to-day when you came into the room where I was?"

"Yes."

"And yet you gave me no welcome?"

"No," I admitted, "I did not. Neither did you evince any sign of pleasure in meeting me."

"I did not know you, Agnes, and I would not know you now had not aunt told me who you were. Do you think I have so far forgotten our childhood friendship as to treat you like a stranger?"

"More than two years ago, Mr. Hanley," I said, "we met and were introduced by Mr. Charles Cornell, and yet you did not choose to recognize me."

"I did not know you even then, Agnes. Remember how changed you were since I had seen you last."

"But Mr. Cornell spoke my name."

"Yes; he introduced you as Miss Owens, but how was I to know, or even guess, that you were Agnes Owens? I say, remember how you were changed. When I left you to go away to school your face was all scarred and drawn, and when I met you again the scars were all gone and your features were perfect. There are hundreds of Miss Owens; and, aside from the change in your appearance, it is not a matter of wonder that I did not recognize you there where I had no thought of meeting you."

What he said seemed plausible, and I did not doubt the truth of it. I believed now that he had not intentionally ignored me, and that afforded me a little relief; but it was very little in the face of the knowledge that he was lost to me, and that no reconciliation could ever result. Friendship would not answer between us any more. It must be love or a complete separation, and with us it could not be love.

"Agnes," he continued, "I accidentally learned from the Cornells several months after our meeting that it was you to whom Charles Cornell introduced me. Then I went immediately in search of you, but on making inquiry of Mr. Bernard I learned that you had disappeared, and no one could give any information as to your whereabouts."

He paused as if undecided whether to say more or not, but finally he went on:

"I did not seek for you, Agnes, because after talking with Bernard and Mrs. Bond I felt that I would rather not see you again. You know what I mean."

"Yes, Mr. Hanley, I know what you mean," I replied, looking bravely up into his face and speaking with startling firmness. "You believed the lies they told you, and thought me the base thing they represented me to be."

He blushed and dropped his eyes in confusion.

"How could I know, Agnes?" he asked, sadly. "Their stories were ingenious and I could not persuade myself that they were all false, as hard as I tried to do so. You cannot imagine, Agnes, what I suffered because of those reports. They hurt me through and through. Agnes, I have no right to say it now, but I will say it once; I loved you then, and when I realized that you were lost to me, my grief was almost unbearable. I prayed that our paths might never cross again, and I tried to forget you."

My soul towered aloft now, and I felt so far superior to Will Hanley that I looked down on him with pity.

"Mr. Hanley," I said, "I, too, pray that our paths may never cross again. I know you now as I never knew you before, and from henceforth we cannot be even friends. The awakening to a true knowledge of your disposition is bitter, because I never thought you could so wrongfully misjudge me. All the long years when I had no friends and no sympathy I solaced myself with the thought that you were my friend, and that however others might misjudge me you would always understand me and believe in my honesty. But now that thought proves but a dream, and it is gone."

"Agnes," he said, "do not condemn me. I know I was wrong, and that you have a right to despise me for ever doubting you an instant. But I was a fool, and I have hurt myself worse than I have hurt you. Try to find some excuse for me, Agnes, won't you?"

"No, Mr. Hanley," I answered, "there is no excuse for you. You turned against me in my darkest hour, and preferred to believe the vile slanders that were uttered against me rather than believe in me."

"Will you not forgive me, Agnes?" he asked, pleadingly.

"Yes," I replied, "I will forgive you, but I will never forget. Henceforth I must think of you differently from what I have in the past. We can never again be friends."

"Never?" he echoed, sadly.

"No, never," I answered, firmly.

I passed through the gate and started toward the house. I heard him sigh, and then in a moment he came after me, and taking my hand spoke hoarsely.

"Agnes, for God's sake," he said, "do not be so hard and unfeeling. Do not part from me like this. You do not know how bitter and cruel it is. You say you will forgive, Agnes; won't you forget, too? We cannot be to each other now more than friends, but let us be that, Agnes; say that you will forget, and think of me as a friend."

His behavior was so strange, his words so warm, earnest and excited, that I was alarmed. I believed he loved me better than he loved his wife, and for an instant the thought sent a thrill of pleasure through me. But I banished it at once, and assuming an air of conscious rectitude I spoke with firmness.

"Mr. Hanley," I said, "remember yourself. We are nothing to each other now, and from this time forth our paths lie apart. I forgive you, but we can never be the friends we were. Good-by."

I tore my hand from his grasp and ran across the garden to the house. He called my name two or three times, but I gave no heed. As I entered the door a groan full of anguish escaped him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARRIED BUT NOT MATED.

The next morning I arose feeling badly. I had slept none during the night, but I had wept for hours. All night long my mind dwelt on the scene just described and the burden of my thoughts ever was of what might have been. I was sure that Will Hanley loved me—that the sight of me had aroused all the tender passion he had known five years before, and that but for the vile rumors set afloat by Ralph Bernard he would have searched me out even at the cost of years and made me his wife. It was wrong, perhaps, to dwell on such thoughts, but there was a melancholy pleasure in it that I could not resist. There was a sad enjoyment in recalling his words and actions, and in knowing that he loved me even though he had no right to do so.

For an instant I reveled in the knowledge of his love, then, putting that feeling away, I contrasted what was with what might have been, and in my heart I very nearly cursed

"MARY, I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU."

Bernard, who had robbed my life of its sweetness. But for him I would have been Will Hanley's bride, a happy, contented wife, instead of a disappointed woman, loving a man whom I had no right to love.

When I descended to the dining-room I found that Mrs. Lawton and the visitors had already breakfasted, so I sat down alone and ate a very little. Leaving the table I went out for a walk, hoping that the fresh morning air would revive me. I took the same course I had taken the night before, but just as I emerged into the lane I found myself face to face with Hanley and my sister. For a moment we were all embarrassed and silent, but I soon recovered myself a little, and, extending my hand to my sister, I said:

"Mary, I am glad to see you."

My words did not seem to express much, and the tone in which I uttered them was quite devoid of sentiment, but I only spoke as I felt. I regretted that I had not been more demonstrative, after the words were spoken, but I did not regret long. Mary's deportment was such as to freeze up in my heart any tender affection I might have cherished. She took no notice of my extended hand, but with a stiff bow replied:

"I am glad to see you, Agnes, in this home, and I hope for your own sake, as well as ours, you will remain here and by good conduct try to atone for the past."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, with rising anger, sure that I understood the purport of her language.

"I only mean," she replied, "that I hope you will not bring further disgrace to our family by repeating your behavior of two years ago with that man Bernard. You know what I refer to, of course."

A flash of hot resentment swept over me, and I came near giving vent to some wrathful expressions; but I curbed my temper in time, and when I spoke it was more in sorrow than anger.

"Yes," I said, "I know to what you refer. I have suffered enough from that man's persecutions not to forget them soon. I have experienced enough misery as a result of his slanders to impress them indelibly on my mind. But, Mary, I have done nothing to disgrace myself or anyone else, so you can rest easy on that point."

She made no reply, but stood looking fixedly at the ground. I waited a moment, then went on.

"Mary," I asked, "do you believe those reports against my character?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied, with a freezing coldness. "It may not have been so bad as we heard it was, but you remember the old saying about 'where there is so much smoke there must be some fire.' There was evidently some basis for those rumors."

"There was, Mary," I answered. "There was a basis of malicious falsehood."

"I should be glad to think so, Agnes."

"Then you do not think so?"

"I am afraid I do not. You see your mother's cousin, Mrs. Bernard, wrote to papa about it, and she was quite positive in her statements relative to an undue intimacy existing between you and her husband. It worried papa until he was sick, and he said for his sake you ought to lead a respectable life, if you cared nothing for yourself."

"For his sake?" I repeated. "Why for his sake, I wonder? What has he ever done to make his sake a consideration with me? What has he ever done," I continued, growing more vehement as memories crowded up, "to make me respectable? Has he trained me up in kindness and love? Has he sheltered me from the cold world and protected me, as a father should, from the wicked deceit of such men as Bernard? No. He denied me his love and drove me out into the world among strangers, ignorant and penniless. It is not to him I owe any thanks for being what I am, and he can take no credit to himself for the fact that I am pure and stainless. He gave me every chance to go to wreck, and if I had he would have no cause to feel surprised."

"I do not care to hear papa abused," she said, with an injured air.

"Nor I do not care to abuse him," I replied. "Sometimes, though, it is hard to suffer in silence, and then the truth will out. But enough of that. Let the past sleep. You believe those rumors that were reported against my character?"

"I dislike to, but I do not see how I am to help it."

"Then, Mary, we cannot be friends. I can forgive deep wrongs, but that is one I cannot forgive."

Without another word I turned and walked away. Hanley had not spoken once during our short interview, and I had no idea what his thoughts were, for I never gave him a glance while we stood there. He followed me soon, however, and coming to where I had stopped in the lane, he said:

"Agnes, do not feel grieved at what Mary has said. She does not know and is not so much to blame as her mother. I believe in you and I mean that she shall."

"No, Mr. Hanley," I replied, "she will never believe in me. But it doesn't matter. I know my heart, and God knows it, and while it is cruel to be misjudged, there is a consolation in the thought of my own rectitude. Though all the world forsakes me, God is with me."

"I will not forsake you," he cried. "I believe in you, and I am a friend, or I will be if you will let me."

"No, our ways lie apart," I answered. "You misjudged me once, and I told you I could never forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ripans Tabules are always ready.
Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.

FIRST TO GREET COLUMBUS.

When the feast is spread in our country's name,
When the nations are gathered from far and near,
When east and west send up the same
Glad shout, and call to the lands: "Good cheer!"
When north and south shall give their bloom,
The fairest and best of the century born,
Oh, then for the king of the feast make room!
Make room, we pray, for the scarlet thorn!

Not the goldenrod from the hillsides blest,
Not the pale arbutus from pastures rare,
Nor the waving wheat from the mighty west,
Nor the proud magnolia tall and fair
Shall Columbia unto the banquet bring.
They, willing of heart, shall stand and wait;
For the thorn, with his scarlet crown, is king.
Make room for him at the splendid fete!

Do we not remember the olden tale?
And that terrible day of dark despair,
When Columbus, under the lowering sail,
Sent out to the hidden lands his prayer?
And was it not he of the scarlet bough
Who first went forth from shore to greet
That lone grand soul, at the vessel's prow,
Defying fate with his tiny fleet?

Grim treachery threatened, above, below,
And death stood close at the captain's side,
When he saw—oh, joy!—in the sunset glow,
The thorn-tree's branch o'er the waters glide.
"Land! Land ahead!" was the joyful shout;
The vesper hymn o'er the ocean swept;
The mutinous sailors faced about;
Together they fell on their knees and wept.

At dawn they landed with pennons white;
They kissed the sod of San Salvador;
But dearer than gems on his doublet bright
Were the scarlet berries their leader bore;
Thorny and sharp, like his future crown,
Blood-red, like the wounds in his great heart made,
Yet an emblem true of his proud renown
Whose glorious colors shall never fade.

—Emma Huntington Nason, in St. Nicholas.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Eight Shipwrecked Mariners and Their Unvarnished Tale.

On a December morning, in the year 1883, a mail steamer, homeward bound from a New Zealand port, was approaching the meridian of the Horn, but on a parallel more southerly than it is now the custom of steamships to take in rounding that stormy, ice-girt, desolate and most inhospitable of all headlands.

December in those distant regions is mid-summer, and the weather of that morning was as fair and still as a breezeless April day in this country, but the swell of th vast tract of ocean ran ceaselessly—reminiscent respirations of a giantess whose conflict with the heavens is eternal, and whose breathing pauses are very few and far between, indeed. Over this long, dark blue, westerly swell the great metal fabric went sweeping in long, floating, launching courtesies, whitening the water astern of her with a mile of wake.

The chief officer was on the bridge; the first breakfast bell had rung and the captain, smart as a naval officer in buttons and lace trimmings, quitted the chart room and joined the mate to take a look around before going below. This skipper was a man of eagle sight, and instantly on directing his eyes over the ship's bow he exclaimed:

"What is that black object yonder?"

The chief mate peered and the captain leveled a telescope.

"A ship's boat," said he, "and seemingly full of people."

The boat, when sighted, was some three or four miles distant, and the speed of the steamship was about thirteen knots. In a few minutes the alarm in the engine room rang its reverberatory warning, sending a little thrill of wonder throughout the ship so rarely is that telegraph handled on the high seas.

"I count eight men, sir," cried the chief mate, with a binocular glass at his eye.

Again the engine-room alarm rang out; the pulsing that for days had been ceaselessly throbbing through the long fabric languished, and in a few minutes to another summons of the metal tongue below ceased, and the great steamship floated along to her own impetus slowly till the boat was within the toss of a biscuit off the bow, with the passengers crowding to the side, and sailors and waiters and steerage folk blackening the rail forward.

The occupants of the boat consisted of eight wild, hairy, veritable scarecrows of men, dressed in divers fashions—Scotch caps, yellow sou'westers, sea boots, toil-worn monkey jackets, and the like.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the captain, as she slowly washed alongside. "What is wrong with you?"

A fellow standing up in the stern sheets cried back in a strong Yankee accent:

"For God's sake, sir, take us aboard! Our water's almost given out, and there's nothing left to eat."

"Look out for the end of a line," bawled the captain. "Are you strong enough to get aboard without help?"

"Aye, sir, we'll manage it."

A rope was thrown, and one after another the fellows came swinging and scraping and scrambling up the clean side of the steamship. The passengers crowded around and gazed at them with curiosity and pity. Their sympathetic eyes seemed to find famine painfully expressed in the leathern countenances that stared back through mats of hair.

"We must let your boat go," said the captain.

"Can't help it, sir; thankful enough to be here, I reckon," answered the fellow who had called from the stern sheets and who acted as spokesman.

"Anything belonging to you to come out?"

"Nothing, by the eternal. Let her go, sir. If sailors' sea blessings can freight a craft she ain't going to float long."

The boat was sent adrift, the engine bell rang out, once more the great mail steamer was thrashing over the long, tall heave of Cape Horn swell.

"How came you into this mess?" inquired the captain.

The man who had spoken before made answer:

"We're all that's left of the crew of the Boston bark George Washington. She was a whaler, one hundred and eighty-four days out. It were four days ago. I was the first to smell fire, some while arter two o'clock, in the middle watch."

"It wanted ten minutes to six bells," exclaimed a man, and a general, emphatic, hairy nod followed the interruption.

"I was the first to smell fire," continued the other, "call it what hour ye like. I gave the alarm and all hands turned to with hoses and buckets. But there was a deal of oil in the hold, and the ship's planks was thick with grease besides, and that gave us no chance. By ten o'clock in the morning the flames had bursted through and was [illegible] we calculated it was time to look to the boats."

The others stood listening with hard, solid, leathery faces, generally gazing with steadfast eyes at the speaker, but sometimes glancing askant at the captain and the crowd of others which stood around.

"There was a tarnation ugly sea running," the man went on, "and, the wheel being deserted, the ship had fallen off and lay in the trough, and the lowering of the stern boats, whalemen though they was who had the handling of 'em, cost our company of twenty-eight souls the loss of all hands, saving them as stand afore ye."

"A bad job! A measly, cruel, bad job!" here broke in a long-jawed man, whose brow and eyes were almost concealed by a quantity of coarse red hair.

"Well, us eight men got away in the boat," proceeded the spokesman, "bringing along with us nothin' but a small bag of bread and about six gallons of fresh water. We've been washing about since Tuesday, and now, the Lord be praised, here we be, with a chance of getting something to eat, and, what's more pleasureable still to our feelings, the opportunity of comfortably turning in."

A murmur of pity ran among the passengers, several of whom were ladies, and there was more than one somewhat loud whisper to the effect that the captain ought really to send the poor creatures forward at once to get some breakfast instead of holding them starving and dry with thirst to talk. The eagle-eyed skipper, however, asked several questions before dismissing them.

"Since, then, by their own confession, the fire gave them plenty time to escape from the bark, how was it they had left her so ill-provisioned as they represented?"

This was most satisfactorily accounted for. Other inquiries of a like nature were responded to with alacrity and intelligence. Every sentence that one or another of them let fall was corroborated by the rest. Their tale of suffering, indeed, in the open boat was almost harrowing, and the captain, with the first note of sympathy that his voice had taken, ordered them to go forward, adding that after a good hot meal had been served them they might turn in and sleep for the rest of the day wherever they could make a bed.

At the breakfast in the saloon nothing was talked about but the American whaler that had been consumed by fire, the dreadful drowning of some two-thirds of her crew and the miraculous deliverance of the survivors from the inexpressible perils and horrors of an open boat in the solitude of the stormiest part of ocean the wide world over. A benevolent gentleman proposed a subscription. Before the luncheon bell was rung a sum of thirty pounds sterling had been collected. The incident was a break in the monotony, and when the eight men reappeared on deck during the afternoon they were promptly approached by the passengers, who obliged them to recite again and yet again their melancholy story of maritime disaster.

On the morning of the third day following the date of this rescue a ship was sighted almost directly in a line with the vessel's course. As she was neared she was seen to be rigged with stump or Cape Horn topgallant masts; she was also under very easy canvas, which gave her a very short-handed look in that quiet sea. Great wooden davits overhung her sides, from which dangled a number of boats. She presented a very grimy, worn aspect, and had manifestly kept the sea for months. It was observed by the chief officer, standing on the bridge of the steamer, that the eight rescued men, who were looking at the sail ahead, along with some of the crew and steerage passengers, disclosed several symptoms of uneasiness and even of agitation. Suddenly the stripes and stars, with the stars inverted, were run aloft in the peak end—a signal of distress. The engines were slowed and the steamer's head put so as to pass the vessel within easy hailing distance. A man aboard the bark stood in the mizzen rigging.

"Steamer ahoy!" he roared.

"Hello!"

"I have lost a boat and eight of my men. Have you seen anything of her?"

The captain, who had gained the bridge, lifted his hand.

"Bark ahoy!" he cried. "What bark is that?"

"The George Washington, whaler, of Boston, one hundred and eighty-four days out."

The captain of the steamship concealed a sour grin.

"How came you to lose your boat and the men?"

"They stole her one middle watch and sneaked away from the ship."

The captain of the steamship laughed.

"We have your men safe here," he shouted; "glad to learn that you are not burned down to the water's edge, and that the rest of your crew look brisk, considering that they are drowned men. Send a boat and you shall have your sailors."—W. Clark Russell, in Wit and Wisdom.

PISLE & FISHER

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CAR LOAD OF

CASSADY

—AND—

Solid Comfort Sulky

PLOWS.

and they are going off like hot cakes.

Come in and get one before they are all gone.

No matter how hard the ground you can plow.

PISLE & FISHER.

Teachers' Bibles.

We have just received the Largest Shipment of BAGSTER and OXFORD TEACHERS' BIBLES ever received in Abilene. Call and see them We have surprises awaiting you in prices.

TOMS & ROCKAFELLAR.

Next door to Postoffice.

"Well begun is half done." Begin your housework by buying a cake of

SAPOLIO.

Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for cleaning purposes. Try it.

—Mrs. Foster—"My dear, will your business permit you to go away with me this summer?" Mr. Foster—"Eh—no. The truth is, I'm afraid my business will compel you to stay at home with me instead."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Mawson has got a position as bookkeeper now." "Well, he's efficient in that line. He's had my copy of 'The Caxtons' for four years now."—N. Y. Truth.

SWIMMING HORSES.

How They May Be Ridden with Safety.

Pictures are often seen representing horsemen sitting bolt upright in their saddles while swimming their horses across a stream, the whole line of the horses' backs being visible above the water. The artists who make these pictures can hardly have ridden a horse while the animal was swimming or seen the thing done.

To begin with, it must not be supposed that a horse always swims naturally, and with ease, the moment he is off his feet in the water. The animal under such circumstances has but one notion; to keep his head out of the water, and to lift his shoulders as high as possible.

In doing this his hind-quarters sink, and he finds himself almost standing upon his tail, or at least in a position three-quarters erect.

In such a position, if the rider draws upon the reins, or throws his body back in the least, the animal's hindquarters will sink more and more, his body will take a vertical position, and beating the water uselessly with his forefeet, he will finally sink.

As soon as the horse gets off his feet in the water, let the rider grasp the animal's mane, leaning at the same time well forward upon its shoulders, but without touching its head. The rider's knees should be pressed tightly to the horse's sides, otherwise he is likely to be swept off by the water.

This is the only position which will enable a man to remain in the saddle, and the horse to swim at the same time The reins must be held loosely, and each well to one side.—Yankee Blade.

WHITE husbands are fashionable just at present among the Indian maidens in Washington state, and the noble red man is the worst kind of a wallflower, much to his disgust. In one camp on the Grand Ronde river there are said to be seventeen marriageable Indian girls, and they all want white men for husbands, and shun their would-be lovers in the camp. The father of one of the girls makes an open offer of two hundred head of good horses to the young white man who will marry his daughter.