THE DIFFERENCE.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer tone:
And lo! the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! the poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill:
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace:
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause,
For which men call he great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate

For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill:
The barrier fixed, yet fine,
We may not pass at will.

—Grace S. Wells.

THE ENEMY'S FLAG.

What injustice! What insolence! These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flashing eye, and knitted brow, spoke even more than the words of the indignation which filled her heart. She was the young wife of Commodore Coe, the commander of the small navy of Montevideo.

The lady was Spanish by birth as well as feelings, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every species of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of the commodore to come out and fight him.

This the latter could not do for two reasons; the first was illness which confined him to his cot, the second, that he had not one-third of a crew, and not even men enough to man his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commence this sketch, Captain Brown, the commander of the Buenos Ayrian ship, had hoisted a flag, whereon was painted in large characters the insulting inscription, "Coe the Coward." This was more than his noble and fiery wife could stand, for she well knew her husband's truth and valor.

After gazing for one instant at the flag, she raised her jewelled hand, and taking off a diamond ring of great value, exclaimed to the men who stood around her on the deck:—

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me yonder flag."

For a moment there was no response. The men looked at their officers, and officers looked at each other, but volunteers seemed scarce.

"What! is there no one of all of you who will dare the trial? Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, her beautiful lips curling with scorn, and her flashing eye gleaming with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward, and modestly said—

"I was only waiting for my seniors to speak, senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him.

"As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun rises again, or to die. But I ask not your jewel as a prize to my success; one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy," replied the lady, and her look of cold scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked him his name.

"It is Frank Bennett," replied the youth, and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze. He was slim, but well formed; looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip an observer could read the manhood of mind, not years.

The sun was setting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm. The moment that his services were accepted, young Bennett turned to the crew, and as he glanced among them he said, "I want six men to man the whale boat."

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one-half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plentiful. Bennett glanced his eye over them, and chose six Americans, men whom he knew to be both daring and firm.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses," said he, "I shall not have a pistol or musket on board. If we fight it must be sword to sword, and so we succeed in our object or perish."

The men answered by a look. They were of that class who are of deeds, not words. They hurried below to make their preparations, while some of the crew proceeded to muffle the oars, arrange the sails, &c.

One half hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in.

Bennet had been careful when the last light of the day gave opportunity to take the exact position of the enemy's ship, which was lying off the shore, and by this alone he hoped to be able to find her.

During this time the lady was on the deck, regarding the arrangements of the little party who were about to push on. At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start, their young leader approached the senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it to her with a letter, saying:

"If I am not on board by sunrise, lady, you will fulfil a sailor's dying wish if you transmit these to the direction on the letter."

The lady looked at the picture, it was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear started to her eye.

"Ah, forgive me," she exclaimed, "who would, in a moment of passion, have periled the life of one who has other duties and ties which bid him live. Your life is precious. I will not expose it."

"This is my only sister, whom I almost adore," interrupted the youth, "but one who would blush for me if I played the coward, and dishonored the name of my brave father. Send the letter, senora, and the likeness, if I fall. Farewell till to-morrow, or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again to entreat him to stay, but in an instant he was over the side, and the boat pushed off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was protentous of a storm. A small light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these the young sailor shaped his course.

"Give way, my lads, a long, strong, and steady pull," said he, in a low tone, as he left the ship's side, and he soon felt, by the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed. They pulled straight in the direction of the ship and out to sea, regardless of the approaching storm, the young officer keeping his eye steadily fixed on the compass, until he knew if the vessel remained in the position she was in at sunset, that he must be very near her. But he looked in vain to see her dark figure looming up in the gloom. At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering round them burst with a vivid flash of lightning, and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder, he heeded not the rising storm. That flash of lightning has showed him the vessel at a short distance from him.

"Steady, my men, steady," he whispered, when the thunder ceased, "I shall pull directly under her stern."

At this instant, another flash of lightning illuminated the sky and water, and then, as he glanced up where the flag had been hoisted during the day, he saw that it was no longer there, it had been removed. He paused for a moment to think what was to be done, and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he. "Keep the boat where she is, exactly. If the flag is where I think it is, in the captain's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you should hear any alarm, make the best of your way to the ship and tell the senora and mates that I died like a man. You must be cautious. Take in the sail, for the storm will be upon us in a few minutes."

These hasty commands were whispered to the men, who leant forward in the boat to catch the orders they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leader's peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, the young man caught the nettings, which were within reach, and noiselessly ascended to the bulwarks.

He could hear the regular tramp of the officer on deck, who, having everything arranged for the coming storm, had but little active business to occupy him.

See him he could not on account of the impenetrable darkness of the night, and the care which was taken to prevent a light being used on the ship that might be the means of betraying the position of the vessel to their enemies on shore.

For a second he listened with throbbing heart to the steps as they approached him. The officer turned once more, and in that instant the gallant young sailor was down on the deck and at the cabin door, which stood slightly ajar.

He peeped in through the narrow crack, and saw a red-faced old captain seated at his round table with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of various bottles.

A glance at the settee just to the left of this table showed the object of the enterprise—the flag for which he had periled his life lay there—where it had been carelessly thrown over after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin, and, taking off his cap, bowed very politely to the officers, and as he stepped towards the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the captain:

"I have come to borrow this banner, sir, to wear to-morrow, if you have not the slightest objection."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"What does this mean?" cried the captain; as he and his officers sprang upon their feet, astonished at the extraordinary proceeding.

"I am an officer, sir, of the vessel which is in yonder harbor," said the young man, who had now seized the flag, "and I mean to carry this to my commodore."

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from the captain's pistol, and ere the alarm become general, he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below," he shouted, and flung himself into the sea without a moment's hesitation.

His boat's crew recognized his voice; he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls was sent down at random by those who were above. The storm had now broken and the wind began to come in with fitful and fierce gusts.

"Up with the sail; be in a hurry, lads," cried the young hero, as soon as he could recover his breath after his ducking.

The crew promptly obeyed his orders, and the next moment the little boat was flying in towards the harbor before the blast, like a glad sea-bird, winging its way to its nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the anxious watchers on board their vessel that something had occurred, and they therefore at once showed lights and enabled the boat to be kept straight for her.

It was about half an hour after the gun had been fired by the ship at sea that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to alongside of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag?" cried the young senora, as Bennett bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner wet as it was from the water and cut into pieces by the balls which had been fired at its captor.

The light of the vessel beamed not half so brightly as did the lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth to her arms and kissed him again and again.

Another English Enoch Arden.

From the Maryport Advertiser.

Upward of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, no one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer, London, which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded that he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made inquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that he had a married daughter living in Newcastle—the very town that he had himself been residing—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made the visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband. "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave him the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and, looking her full in the face, said. "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope that you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.

Personal Mention.

Whittier is in his rooms at the Hotel Winthrop, Boston, for the winter.

Bartholomew Tarney, of Bath, Steuben county, signalized his one-hundredth birthday the other day by walking three miles.

Madame Ristori has aged rapidly of late, but she will appear at Bath, England, shortly, and play in English.

Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory has been awarded the Warner prize of $200 for his recent discovery of the comet of 1812.

Rev. Albert Donnell, of Berlin Falls, N. H., has in his possession two seven-leaved clovers, one eight-leaved and one nine-leaved, all picked from the same plant.

Spurgeon is well enough to sit in a chair while preaching.

General Lee's daughter, Miss Mildred, is to live in Washington next winter. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson will also be at the national capital for some weeks.

The Duke of Argyll has been staying for a few days with Mr. Tennyson at Aldworth. Professors Tyndall and Huxley were included in the party during the Duke's visit.

Caleb Stockwell, of London, Ont., was exceedingly surprised the other morning when Mrs. Stockwell presented him with two sons and two daughters, all new. Subsequently, when asked what he'd got, he sorrowfully said, "Only two small pair." The little ones are thriving.

It is gravely announced that Col. Mike Sheridan will write a book on the Yellowstone park excursion.

Mary Anderson has returned with thanks a play which Oscar Wilde wrote for her. Wilde's career as a playwright seems to be not more successful than his season as a dude.

W. S. Chamberlain, father of the young lady who is receiving so much attention from the Prince of Wales and other London society, appears in a card denying that his daughter is engaged to Mr. Cairns, the Wyoming cattle dealer. This is important, if true, but as Cairns is a bad man from 'way back, and would as soon rip an editor up the back as twist a refractory steer's tail, we prefer to hear from him before having anything to say about his love affair with the Cleveland belle.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan will assume command of the United States army on the first of November. General John Pope will succeed Sheridan as commander of the Military Division of the Missouri.

Mr. Jonathan Norcross, whose name betrays his Yankee origin, but who has resided in Atlanta, Ga., for the past fifty years—so long, he says, that he has become a native—has written a book entitled "Democracy Regarded as a Party Name and Organization," which the Putnams have now in press. Mr. Norcross was the republican candidate for governor of Georgia in 1876, and has had a chance to learn something of democracy from experience, as well as by long observation, and his book promises to be as readable as "The Fool's Errand."

Judge Kelley will sail from Liverpool for home on Oct. 14. He writes to a friend in this city: "The platform of no convention, nor the dictation of any would-be leaders, will prevent me from promoting, by every means in my power, the abolition of the internal tax system, the demoralizing effects of which are even more apparent in England than in the United States. My motto for the campaign will be, "The internal tax system must go."

The general committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has elected Lord Raleigh president of the association for 1844. Among the vice presidents selected are the Marquis of Lorne, the Marquis of Lunsdowne, Sir John A. MacDonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Alexander Galt, the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Chas. William Siemens and Professor Huxley. The date of the next meeting, which will be held at Montreal, has been fixed for August 27, 1884. The programme will include a free excursion to the Rocky Mountains and trips to Quebec and Philadelphia.

DRINK NO MORE.

"Dear father! drink no more, I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and drink no more, I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad.
Dear father; think how sick you've been,
What aches and pains you know;
Oh, drink no more, and then you'll find
A home where'er you go."
Thus spake in tenderness the child—
The drunkard's heart was moved;
He signed the pledge, he went, he smiled,
And kissed the boy he loved.

NOT GROOMSMAN.

"What time is it Madeline?" asked Gaffer Hitchcock, carefully folding the evening paper, and placing it on the table.

The person addressed—a tall, slender woman about thirty-five—looked up from her knitting, and answered with a pleasant smile:

"About half-past eight, I believe," and, rising, began to put her work away.

Gaffer's question had been for the last six years the signal for retiring to rest, and, although it was full an hour and a half before the usual hour, Madeline never thought for a moment of hesitating to obey.

"Something has occurred," she thought, "and he will tell me before long;" for Gaffer had looked at his watch at eight, and a few minutes after, and at a quarter past had changed his chair, and cougued uneasily, and now he asked:

"What time is it?"

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an old schoolmate; Gaffer had taken her home with him when she was only ten years old, and his sister had cared for her with motherly solicitude, until she was wooed and won by Frank Reynolds and went to a distant city to live. Gaffer had made a terrible to-do about her marrying, called her an ungrateful good-for-nothing, and declared it was proper punishment for taking her in the beginning; but, nevertheless, spared no expense on the wedding trosseau. And when, about nine years after, she came back to her old home, widowed and childless, she was tenderly welcomed by the lonely man, for the grass waved over the grave of the good, true-hearted sister.

For six years she had kept house for him, cared for him, humored him, and made everything bend to his comfort, as few daughters ever do. Lovers she had in plenty; those who would at any moment have laid heart, fortune and hand at her feet; and when Gaffer heard that Madeline had refused them, he chuckled at their discomfiture and smoothed her soft, brown hair, telling her she was a good girl, every way worthy of their love, only he knew that she would never leave him.

He had grown so accustomed to seeing her happy, contented face by the opposite side of the fire, with some kind of work in her hands, that occupied neither brain nor attention, but left her always free to listen to him when he spoke, or play chess when the whim seized him, that he felt no fear at the attentions she received. He seldom spent an evening from home unless Madeline was with him; and he had never left his native city since she came home. He was thinking of all this to-night, as he watched her folding her work so carefully.

"What are you going to do, Madeline?" he asked at last.

"Going to put away my work," she answered, simply.

"What are you putting it away for?"

"You asked me the time, and that is equivalent to saying 'I am tired of you, Madeline; go to bed.'"

"No, it ain't," said Gaffer, gruffly; "come back here, I want to talk with you—there, let that knitting-work alone. What is it, that you are in such a hurry to finish it?"

"Stockings," answered Madeline, sententiously; "stockings for Madeline Reynolds."

"Haven't you any more that you make such a fuss about this pair?"

"Yes, I have a pair on, I believe, and in case of emergency I could borrow of you."

Gaffer sat for a few moments in perfect silence; at last, with a violent effort and with very much the air of a man who had just made up his mind to have a tooth pulled said:

"Maddy, I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated. "Where to, pray?"

The tone of surprise in which the question was asked fully satisfied Gaffer of the importance of the revelation.

"Yes! I am going to New York; Bonnehue is going to be married on New Year's Day, and wants me to be groomsman. Who would have thought old Bonnehue would have got married at last; why, he's at least ten years older than I, and I am 'most fifty. You see, Maddy, child, your old bachelor friend is not too old to get married yet. Dreadful pity leap year is 'most over; here I am, a hale, hearty man, in the prime of life, with plenty of money to support a wife, and no wife forthcoming. But what makes you so quiet—don't you want me to go?"

"No, said Madeline, gravely, "I would rather you would not go; I had made different calculations for New Year's; in fact, I rather think of getting married myself."

"Madeline, are you crazy?" and Gaffer fairly bounded in his chair with astonishment. "Why, what will become of the house? what will become of me? I'll starve, I know I shall!"

"You might live with me," remarked Maddy, in the same grave, business-like tone.

"You know very well," said Gaffer, testily, "that I never could live with another man in the house; I should put him out before the honeymoon was over. And who may the happy man be? some blind old dotard? some conceited dandy? some lame mendicant? some lazy vagabond who sings love ditties to carry away Gaffer's money? or—or——"

Gaffer did not stop for breath, but for lack of sufficiently expressive words to convey his destation of the projected union.

"No, said Madeline; "he is not blind or lame, or seeking after your fortune." She hesitated for a moment, and then continued slowly, "he is neither very young nor very old, very kind or very cross, very good or very bad, very rich nor very poor—but I think he likes me."

"Of course he has told you so in most affecting tones;" muttered Gaffer ironically.

"No," she said quietly, "he has not."

"Madeline, are you crazy! or going into a dotage? Why did you not tell me that you were so anxious to get married? and I would have advertised in all the daily papers for a suitable lover for a widow not very far advanced in life, well preserved, and anxious to leave Graffer Hitchcock. Why did you not tell me all this?" and his face clouded woefully. "Its too bad, Maddy! I would never have believed you would go away again; it was bad enough to leave me when sister was here, but now, now, why Maddy! Maddy! think better of it—don't leave me alone, child."

Madeline's fingers worked nervously; she longed for the knitting-work! "G... she said without looking up, "perh... morrow you will not feel so badly... It is no sudden thing, my determin... get married; I have thought abo... over a year, and yet last night I w... said there was no telling when the... would take place."

Poor Gaffer seemed perfect... the news Madeline had in... her last words he started fro... drawing up a chair took a seat in f... her. "It is not too late then," he... face radiant with hope. "You can... treat; oh! by the memory of past d... the solemn agreement I entered in... your father, to guard his little girl;... the years I have loved and striven t... you, do not leave me now; you kn... it would be taking away my life... with you." He took the two cold... his. "Will you leave me? Dare y... me?" Still no answer. "If you w... happy away from me, my dear girl,... and Gaffer will not say another word;... Maddy, speak; don't mind me."

The face of the woman was averte... the words, though soft and tremulous... distinctly heard by the anxious man... her. "I never said I was going... you; If ever I marry again, it will b... forever near you."

The look of anxiety on Gaffer's f... place to one of bewilderment, and... ter astonishment. "Do you me... you say?" he asked.

"I do; and it is for you to judge... he is a blind old dotard, a conceited... or after Gaffer's money."

Then Gaffer rose, walked across th... and took his old seat, picked up th... ing paper, and asked "What time is..."

"Half-past nine. Good night."

"Good night," he answered, as if... had occurred; and Madeline put th... ting in her workbasket and left th...

The next morning at the usual b... bell was rung, and Gaffer walked... the breakfast table, in dressing-g... slippers, to see Madeline arranging... and saucers in her own quiet, pre... they talked very quietly together... deline asked: "When are you g... New York, Gaffer?"

"Not till after the first of the m... I expect to be married on New Y... myself."

There was nothing more said... Maddy ate little, Gaffer ate less. "... he said, when they had adjourn... library, "you are a very sensible g... never knew before last night that... a wife; but I am fifteen years o... you, and what will the world say?"

"You suit me," she answered, p... her face for a kiss; "and we will... the 'world' to the wedding."

Wild Animals at Sea.

From the New York Tribune.

The arrival of the Neckar s... rumors of the coming of... and wonderful beasts. N... main hatch of the steamer... huge box of curious con... It was six feet wide and twelve f... and the ends were open. The... covered with straw and the sides w... ily padded. The box was empty,... wide-eyed men were regarding it... ness. "He was of fourteen feet th... said one. "The most superb th... America on ship was brought," e... other. The box had contained t... of the eight giraffes taken on boa... man. It had been placed betw... under the main hatch, so that th... could thrust his head up, his fou... of height extending nearly to the... hatch. But the voyage of the Nec... occupied fifteen days, was very ro... being only two days when the ves... rolling violently. The giraffe was... by the motion of the ship that he... exhaustion the next day befo... port. Two of his smaller br... gave up the ghost, leaving five... decks some curious freight... among the boxes piled near... hatch. There was an opening... of one box, perhaps five feet hig... the muzzle of an Indian white... peared. Opposite, in a firm ca... fastened down was a white lam... of its shaggy coat belied its nam... animal wore a sheepish and i... pression. From the darkness... box rose the white neck of an o... attendant seized its bill and th... struggled to its feet, revealing a... ered with black pinmage. Nea... mate. The most remarkable... two rhinocerous birds, of horn... attendant removed a slat in a m... cage standing in the corner an... hat in the opening. There inst... out a sharp-pointed horny bil... mense length, which seized th... was attached to a black body wi... Then the keeper unlocked a... port side of the vessel and a p... moniacal smell became notic... were five giraffes. They playful... about the visitors and nibb... clothing.

"No, they were not seasick... keeper. "But," he contin... what they do all day long, till th... —they rock as the ship rolls—... thrown down once." In a pe... giraffes were three African... tinguished from ordinary ca... wide-branching and sharply p... and the large lumps upon t... These lay down in rough wea... giraffes kept on their feet a... their heads against the deck a... value is estimated at $1,500 e... of freight and duties. All th... came from Carl Hagenbeck, o... who is said to be the largest... in the world. They are to b... Bridgeport at once."

A Massachusetts crank has... Dr. Mary Walker the consi... of $2,000, and it is hoped sh... upon a trip around the... spend all her money by th... reaches the extreme sout... Africa.

There are 18,750 miles of r... in France, and of these 725... ready bordered with tree... great while every mile of r... tree can be grown will be si... ed.

Samuel Bergard Stafford... has lent to the manager of t... land fair the cutlass of his... famous Paul Jones and the... Bon Homme Richard.