

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

Oh! bury him deep in the dark blue sea, Let the waves above chat mournfully...

O! bury him deep in the moaning sea, Where the sea-weeds twine and the corals be;

Where the wind's low wail and the seabird's note Will over his grave in sadness float.

The Father calls, his work is done— Tho' loved ones weep for the dear one gone,

They'll mourn their loss, his gain 'twill be; Then bury him deep in the moaning sea.

O! bury him there in the restless deep; He's far from the spot where his loved ones weep;

From her whose cheek grew cold with fear, When the death-word reached her waiting ear,

She may not kiss those cold lips now. Nor part the hair on his death-chilled brow;

She may not come to his grave and weep For he must lie in the restless deep.

O! bury him there in the dark, cold deep; The stars will watch o'er his quiet sleep—

And naught shall tell where he is laid, So still, so deep in his ocean bed.

The sculptor's hand may mark the spot Where those who rest are by man forgot;

There needs no stone or drooping tree— His tablet is the hissing sea.

Ye have laid him there to a tranquil rest, Far down neath the ocean's billowy crest;

But the eye of God will mark the place, Tho' deep in the wavelet's cold embrace,

Ye have buried him there, but an angel band Of spirits bright from the far-off land,

Have borne his spirit all pure and free To his better home beyond the sea.

NEARLY A VICTIM.

"Yes, aunt," said Lillie Warden. "I am going to get married." "At least, coloring up and dimpling all over like a large baby in her embarrassment, "I have it under consideration."

"Who is the young man?" said aunt Agatha. "Well, he's not so very young," said Miss Warden; "at least not what you would call in his first youth."

"Ah!" said aunt Agatha, who had rather a genius for guessing riddles; "a widower?" "Yes," said Lillie. "To tell you the truth, aunt Aggie, he has been married twice."

"And you want to be Number Three, eh?" said aunt Agatha. "It's Mr. Vane," said Lillie, skillfully evading the question.

"Oh!" said aunt Agatha; "Mr. Vane, eh? Yes, I've heard of him. As a general thing, my dear, when a man has killed off two wives—"

"Oh, aunt Agatha!" cried out Lillie, indignantly; "how can you talk in that dreadful manner?" "It's the story of Bluebeard, my love," said the old lady, beaming mildly through her spectacles.

"As old as the hills! And you deliberately elect to become Fatima, or Scheherazade, or whatever her oriental name was—"

"I haven't accepted him yet," said Lillie, stitching away very fast at her piece of worsted work; but I like him very much indeed."

"Horatius Vane!" slowly repeated aunt Agatha. "I knew his first wife, a pretty, blue-eyed dot of a thing who faded when you looked at her, and faded into the grave not twelve months after she put on her wedding ring."

"Oh, yes, she fell into a decline. Mr. Vane sheds tears when he speaks of her." "Old crocodile!" said aunt Agatha with energy. "Her mother says he killed her with his temper and tyranny as completely as if he had held a knife to her throat."

"Mothers-in-law are always prejudiced witnesses," said Lillie petulantly. "The second wife, too," said aunt Agatha; "she was a spirited, black-eyed girl from the South, with money of her own. She died in an insane asylum."

"It was hereditary," said Lillie. "Horatius—Mr. Vane, I mean—has told me all about it."

"Perhaps," said aunt Agatha, coughing dryly, "her relatives thought differently. I think they would be ready to practice Judge Lynch's code on him if he ventured to present himself at her Southern home."

"That's all nonsense!" spoke up resolute Lillie. "Any man's character could be taken away with insinuations like these. If you could only see him, aunt Agatha."

"Hearing of him is quite enough for me," said aunt Agatha. "He is so pious," said Lillie. "He has a Bible class, and he is the superintendent of the Mission Sunday School, and he has the sweetest Bible quotations ready for all the incidents in life. And oh, he is so charitable! He gives to the poor and visits the sick, and—"

"Stay a minute," said aunt Agatha. "How do you know all this?" "Why, from what he tells me," said Lillie.

"My dear little girl," said she, "you wouldn't make a very good judge of the Supreme Court."

Lily pouted. "You don't give me credit for even an ordinary amount of common sense," she said.

"Not while you are so desperately in love," said aunt Agatha. The fair girl worked on in silence. The old lady sat and watched her through the gleaming circle of her spectacle glasses.

"She is like a child playing, all unconscious, on the verge of a precipice," thought aunt Agatha. "How can I warn her—how dissuade her from the fate which she seems bent on rushing to! I firmly believe Horatius Vane to be a smart-tongued scoundrel of the first

water, but how can I prove it satisfactorily to her? If she was not a very considerable little heiress I do not believe he would think twice of her. There are some emergencies, however, in which people cannot interfere. A girl like Lillias Warden must choose her own fate—it cannot be chosen for her."

Gradually the shadows cleared away from Lillie's brow; the sunshine came back to it. Aunt Agatha's words had instilled a sort of doubt into her mind, but how could that doubt linger long, when once she thought of Horatius Vane's noble forehead and soft, well-chosen words! A philanthropist, a writer of sweet poems, a cultivated, royal-spirited gentleman. Did she not know him better than any one else could do?

"Aunt Agatha," she said, "rising up at last, and flinging her half-completed wreath of filicelle roses into the work-basket, 'I think I shall go for a walk. Millie Braine, my old seamstress, has a child dying of consumption in a tenement house down town. I will take her a tumbler of jelly and a bottle of wine.'"

"My dear," said aunt Agatha, anxiously, "do you think it quite safe for a young girl like you to be running about in solitary places like that?" "But it is not solitary," said Lillie, laughing. "There are at least ten families in the house; and poor, overworked Milly will be so glad when I come."

"Go, then, dear," said aunt Agatha, with a little sigh. "God forbid that any words of mine should ward off the slightest sunshine from such shadowed paths as that."

Twilight in a tenement chamber; the chill dark of winter's night gathering slowly in a fireless room, where the black shadows seemed to cluster in every angle like whispering spectres, and the one flickering dip-candle anted to cast a dim circle of light by the bed where poor Millie Braine sat, rocking her ailing little girl to and fro. She looked up with an expression of momentary pleasure as Lillie's cheering voice fell on her ear.

"No fire, Milly?" asked the girl, looking around her with a shiver. "The coals are out, Miss Lillie." "But you must have some more."

"How can I, Miss Lillie, with never a cent in my pocket?" cried out the poor woman, with momentary irritation. "Ah, its little you rich people know what the likes of us have to endure. Take my advice, Miss Lillie, and do not get married."

"Why not, Milly?" asked the young lady, slightly recoiling at this unlooked-for echo of aunt Agatha's heterodox sentiments on the subject of matrimony. The woman lifted her hollow eyes to Lillie's face.

"If I hadn't been married and deserted, miss, dear," she answered, "I would not have been where I am now. I don't mind it for myself, God knows, but I can't endure to see this poor creature suffer!" with her check against the child's brow.

"All men are not alike, Milly," said Miss Warden, gently. "Here—give me little Lottie. I will hold her while you take this money and run down to the corner for coal and kindling wood."

"I had best not get too much at once, miss," said Millie, rising to her feet, with a flush of gratitude dyeing her pale cheek. "For the landlord, miss, he is going to turn us out to-morrow morning, or maybe to-night, if the rent is not paid, and—"

"Nonsense!" cried Lillie. "Turn you out with this sick child? Why, there is not a stone or a stick in the city that would dare do such a heartless deed as that."

Milly shook her head. "You do not know what sort of people there are in this world, Miss Lillie," said she. "And there is six weeks' rent owing, and—"

"I will speak to him myself to-morrow, if you will give me his name and address," said Lillie impetuously. "In the meantime go for the coal as quickly as you can. This air is like that of Greenland."

And taking the child tenderly in into her arms, she sat down in the chair just vacated by poor Milly Braine, and began to murmur in its ear some of the fairy tales of her own youth.

Suddenly the sound of voices in altercation one th staircase reached her ear. She paused in the middle of a story while little Lottie clung closer to her shoulder.

"'Tis the landlord," said the child. "Leastways, the man that owns the house. 'Oh, dear! he is going to turn us out. Where shall we go? What shall we do?'"

And, excited by a vague terror, her little heart began to beat like a miniature trip hammer.

The next minute the door flew open and Millie Braine came in, closely followed by a tall, portly form.

"Come, now, I have endured this just about as long as I am going to!" "Sick, poor, out of work! That is what every good for nothing beggar about the house tells me—and I am expected to support the whole gang of you. This is all the furniture you have! Staring keenly about him, 'But of course you have contrived to cheat me; pawning every stick or rag that you could raise nippence on. Now mark my words, Mrs. Braine or Braine, or whatever your name is, out of this house you bundle to-morrow, before nine o'clock, or you will be put out by a constable! Who is this?' suddenly becoming conscious of the presence of a silent auditor in the shadows of the room. 'One of your cronies, eh?'"

"'Tis I, Lillias Warden, Mr. Vane," said the girl, setting Lottie down and rising quietly to her feet.

"'Eh? The widower started back with a tragic exclamation which would have made his fortune on the stage. 'I—you that is—'"

"Don't trouble yourself to explain," said Lillie bitterly. "Your own words have sufficiently interpreted your nature, Mr. Vane." Then turning to the astonished woman, "come to my house to-morrow, when you are turned out of

this gentleman's domains. I will see that you are at least provided with food and shelter."

"But if I had known that she was a protegee of yours, Miss Warden," interrupted Mr. Vane, after an oily fashion. "The fact that she is one of the poor of whom our Savior has said 'they are always with us,' should have been enough," said Lillias coldly. "Save yourself sweat and tears; we are only time and breath thrown away, sir."

And Mr. Horatius Vane slunk away, feeling excessively cheap.

"By Japhiter!" he said to himself, "I have ruined my own cause at last! And so he had. And when Lillie went home and told aunt Agatha all, the old lady only said: "Thank God!"

Two newshaws were standing in front of a Houston cigar store, when one of them asked the other: "Have you got three cents?" "Yes."

"Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents and we'll by a five cent Havana cigar."

"All right," says No. 2, handing out the money. He enters the cigar store, procures the cigar (on credit likely) lights it, and puffs away with a great deal of satisfaction.

"Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money."

"I know it," says the smoker, "but then I'm president and you are only a stockholder; you can spit."

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