

THE OLD HOSTLER'S EXPERIENCE.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL. I give up—like good old Paul, Obey to de Masha's call— To tell my 'bout de old time...

SCRIBNER'S FOR NOVEMBER.

LULLABY. Light rocks my bonny boat, A little lullaby, A lullaby, A lullaby...

UNDER THE SEA. BY SUSAN COOLIDGE. They were scrambling down the rocks, a gay, chattering procession—pretty Kate with her Captain; Dr. Gray supporting his invalid wife; Helen, Isabel, Tom, and their midshipman cousin...

"You said the tide was going down, didn't you, little boy?" "Ye-ah." "Ye-ah." "Ye-ah." "That's nice," cried Isabel. "Then we can stay as long as we like. Oh! do, somebody, come here and see this!"

Great drops forced themselves beneath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed: "O Paul, Paul! how can I bear it?" And then she thought, as she had thought before, how glad she should be to die!

"Good-by, sir." "And, O Esther, you must have some lunch. You'll be starved before we come back," cried careful Helen. So she and Tom and a basket made their way upward, and a deposit of sandwiches and port wine was left in a convenient crevice within reach.

"Our party felt on the eve of great things. Having arrived only the day before, Mount Newport with its wonderful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the lakes in their settings of dark-blue hill, were still to them the images of things not seen. This, their first excursion, they had dedicated to the 'Grotto,' or 'Devil's Oven,' as the coast people term it; a sort of submarine cave, unvisited and accessible at low tide only, and a great wonder in its way. The path grew steeper. Carefully they followed its windings, step by step, sun-flooded Kate accepting the help she didn't need, for that pleasure in being guided and watched. And now the little guide pauses, and with a freckled fore-finger points round a projection of rock. All crowd to the spot. Ah! there it is—the cave of the mermaids!

A shriek of mingled surprise and enchantment burst from the party at the sight. Beneath the low-browed arch the rocky floor rose, terrace above terrace, till in its highest recess it met the roof above. A floor of pink coralline, gleaming here and there through pools of emerald water left by the retreating tide. And each of these tiny lakelets seemed brimming with flowers—the clusters of ocean-green whorls, like chestnut-burs; anemones with their dahlia bloom; brown and rosy mosses, among whose tendrils bright fish darted and played and snails of vivid orange color clustered; broad leaves of brilliant dye swaying and undulating with the motion of the pool—minute specks of life flashing every iridescent hue; earthly garden was never so gorgeous. The rocky shelves were dimpled with hollows—softly, exquisitely curved. No fancy of the old classic days seemed too fantastic or too fair for the spot. The imagination instinctively kindled into pictures, and saw the sea-nymphs sporting in the foam; bold tritons winding their shells; mermaids playing at hide-and-seek; nixies and mocking water-sprites peeping from the basins—all dream-land and wonder-land opening, and the common earth put aside and far away. With cries of delight the party made their way down, and scattered through the cave. There was room for an army. It was hard to realize that with the returning tide the space must fill, the gateway close, and leave no resting-place for human foot.

Thoughts of tempest and fury, of chill piping winds whipping the foam from the waves, of roared and tumult, and a heaving wilderness of dark waters, came over her; and through all the refrain of Jean Ingelow's pathetic strain mixed and blended— And I shall see thee no more, Till the sea gives up its dead.

Was this the answer to some unspoken prayer? The thought flashed over her. Had she really prayed for death? Here it was close at hand, and she was conscious of no gladness—only an instinctive desire for life. It was too dreadful to be drowned in that hole, and washed away like a weed. Life was worth living, after all.

"Oh! how far off is that? A mile, did you say? That's not far. Papa, the boy says there's a place called the 'Heads,' only a mile away, and we want to go and see it. Can't we go? You know the way, don't you, little boy?" "Ye-ah." "I think this place is very damp," sighed Mrs. Gray. "I should be really glad to go somewhere and feel the sunshine again. I begin to have creeping chills. Suppose we let the boy show us the way to this other place, father?" "Very well. Get your things together, girls. Come, Esther, we're going."

"If the young woman has sense enough to climb up to the right-hand corner and set still, it won't hurt her none, perhaps," one of them said. "Not more than two tides a year gets up there." "Ah! if Esther could only be told that! They could but trust powerlessly to her steadiness of nerve and common sense." "She's such a wise thing," Helen sobbed out. So they waited.

"Yes, Doctor," with a hasty hand-shake. "No other. I don't wonder you stare." "But, in heaven's name, how has it come about? Where have you been since we gave you up for lost?" "It's a long story. You shall hear it some day. But—rapidly—"forgive my impatience—where is my cousin?" "What is the matter?" "There was a dead silence. At last, with a groan, Dr. Gray spoke: "Paul, my poor fellow, how can I tell you! Esther is below there." "In the grotto? Can any thing be done?" "The young man staggered. The glow faded from his face, leaving him ashy pale. For a moment he stood irresolute, then he roused himself, and his voice, though husky, was firm: "It's a frightful place; still there is no absolute danger, if she keeps her presence of mind. I stayed there over a tide myself once, just to see it. Is your boat at home?"—to one of the fishermen. "Yes, sir." "Fetch it round then, as quickly as possible." Then to Dr. Gray: "I shall row out there opposite the entrance, and make a dive for it. If I come up inside, it's all right, and I'll see that no harm happens to Esther till the water falls, and we can get her out."

"There is the risk of striking the arch as I rise—that's all. I'm a good swimmer, Doctor, as you know. I think it can be done. You can guess," with a sort of pale smile, "how I have been counting on this meeting; and to leave her alone and brightened, and not to go to her, is simply impossible. I shall manage it—never fear." The boat came. They saw it rowed out—Paul taking the bearings carefully, shifting positions once, and yet again, before satisfied. Then he looked up with bright, confident eyes and a nod, and clasped his hands over his head. A splash—he was gone, and the water closed over him.

Another second and the hands were withdrawn, the peril, the excitement of the past hour, the strangeness and unreality of the spot, combined to kindle within her an unnatural exaltation of feeling. Had she not craved this? If they met as spirits in this land of spirits, was she to be afraid of Paul or shrink from him? No, a thousand times no! The face was close upon her. With rapid strokes it drew near—a form emerged—it was upon the rocks. With ashied, she held out her arms. Cold hands clasped hers—a voice (did dead men speak?) cried "Queenie, Queenie!" "The old pet name! It was Paul's ghost, but none the less Paul. "I know you are dead," she said, "but I am not afraid of you," and felt untrifled, a strong arm enfolding her. But the least upon which her cheek rested was hrobbing with such living pulsation that, half aroused, she began to shudder in a terrible blended hope and fear, and she shrank away from his touch.

"Paul! Paul! are we both dead, or only you? Is this the other world?" "Why, darling," gently seating her on the rock, "you are in a dream. Wake up, love; look at me, Esther. I am not a dead man, but your living Paul. Feel my hand—it is warm, you see. God has restored us to each other, and now, if his mercy permits, we will never be parted again." "Paul! Paul!" cried Esther, convinced at last. They were very happy. Prosy folks, could they have looked in, would have seen only two exceedingly wet young persons seated high upon a rocky ledge, with receding waters rippling about their feet; but they, all aglow with life and happiness, scarcely knew of the lapse of time before the shimmering line of light appeared at the mouth of the cave.

With blessed tears streaming down her cheeks, Esther heard his story; how, picked up—the sole survivor of that dreadful wreck—by an Indian trader, her lover had lain delirious for many weeks in a far land, unable to tell his name or story; and, in part recovered, started at once for home, and landed in advance of the letters which told of his safety. And so they had met here, "mid 'coral and tangle and almondeine," and, as she heard the story of his perils, Esther clasped the hand she held as if she never again could let it go.

Judge A. H. Young, of Hennepin County, Minn., has refused the application of Mrs. Martha Angle Dorsett for admission to the Bar. The statute on which he bases his decision is this: "Any male person of twenty-one years, of good moral character, and who possesses the requisite qualifications of learning and ability, is entitled to admission to practice in all the courts of this State." The Judge admits that the lady has passed a brilliant examination and has the requisite qualifications of moral character, learning, and ability; but he holds that she does not come within the scope of the statute, inasmuch as she is not a "male person." The statute, he says, does not prohibit the admission of women, but there is an implied inhibition quite as plain as an actual prohibition. The Judge can be easily tripped in his logic. Candidates can not apply for admission under the statute after they have passed their twenty-second year. The words are: "Any male person of the age of twenty-one years," etc. Applicants who are twenty-two years of age or older are not prohibited in express terms, but inasmuch as the statute affirmatively provides for the admission of candidates of the age of twenty-one, there is what the Judge would term an "implied inhibition." That statute is a weak peg to hang a decision on. The lady's husband has been already admitted to practice, and she can do the office business and take counsel fees while he does the talking in the courts. Ah! there's the rub. The ladies like to do that themselves.—Detroit Tribune.

ARCTIC PERILS.

Terrible Disaster to the Arctic Whaling Fleet—Twelve Vessels Abandoned to their Fate—Many Lives Probably Lost—A Story of Suffering and Privation. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—The whaling bark Florence arrived this afternoon from the Arctic Ocean with 190 men on board, being part of the crews of the Arctic whaling fleet, 12 of which she reports lost in the ice with a portion of their crews. The remaining survivors have gone to Honolulu on the bark "Three Brothers."

On arrival in Behring's Sea found plenty of ice and extreme weather, and but few whales were taken in the first part of the season. Commenced taking walrus on June 1; the ships engaged soon got all they had asks for. Between the 20th of July and the 1st of August the ships worked over to the east shore, and so north toward Point Barrow as fast as the ice opened. The bark Arctic was crushed by the ice July 7th, off the Sea Horse Islands, 18 miles from land. The crew escaped to shore, and finally were taken on board by the bark Onward, and subsequently distributed among the fleet, Capt. Whitney going on board the bark Rainbow. About the 1st of August the fleet, fourteen in number, reached Point Barrow. The Northern Light and Norman staid at South, walrusing, and ESCAPED THE DISASTER.

Those that followed had to stand from Point Barrow several times, owing to the ice standing on shore. On August 14 a breeze from the north and northwest broke up the ice. Whales made their appearance, and soon all the ships were actively engaged north-east of Point Barrow; wind half from west to northeast, until the night of August 18, when it began blowing fresh from the east-northeast. All the ships stood in shore and anchored to avoid drifting ice. On the afternoon of the 19th the wind increased and hauled to the north, bringing the ice on shore, and we all ran under the south side of Point Barrow, where we found a lee for four hours, but the next morning were obliged to run south as far as Cape Smith. The "Rainbow" and "Three Brothers" remained at Point Barrow for the next three days. Whales were numerous off Cape Smith, and the ships were busy taking some. Meantime the wind set from the west, causing an UNEASY FEELING.

The space occupied by the ships extended seven or eight miles off shore, running along by land south. This kept steadily closing. On the 23d, the wind freshened from west-northwest, and all the ships, except the Rainbow and the Three Brothers, which were still anchored at Point Barrow, surrounded by drift ice, beat to the southwest. In the afternoon the wind began hauling south of west, but still we hoped before the ice closed on us to reach the open sea, or at least the Sea Horse Islands, where we could find shelter. At sunset the ice stopped our progress. On the morning of the 24th thick fog set in. At this time the heavy ice packed and reached along the whole coast about two miles to leeward. The ships were all lying with open strips of water between them and shore. The Clara Bell lost her rudder, ran near shore and anchored. The ice closed around her, and a large berg grounded south of her and formed a breakerwater, behind which she lay. The bark Florence drifted up to Cape Smith and got under the lee of a grounded iceberg, which PROVED HER SALVATION.

The ships Josephine, St. George, Cornelius, Howland, and barks Camille, James Allen and Onward were inclosed by pack ice, during the afternoon, and drifted rapidly to the northeast between Woody and Kettle Inlets. The ship Marengo, under all sail, got within three or four ship-lengths of open water, and then the ice closed on her. As we neared Point Barrow the current slackened, and for two days we drifted slowly. The Rainbow and Three Brothers, under Point Barrow, lay in comparative safety, witnesses of our distress, but unable to render assistance. The Marengo, St. George, and bark Acers Barnes, each sent a boat ashore, intending to follow with others containing provisions and supplies in case of disaster, but, owing to the ICE STARTING AFRESH, were unable to do so. On the 26th the first officer of the Three Brothers, with a boat's crew, took the wife of Capt. Hackmott off the bark Acers Barnes to his ship for safety. The next day the St. George's men attempted to haul the boat ashore over the ice, but they were caught in a fog. Thirteen of them got on board the Rainbow and Three Brothers. The others gained the ship, except one, who perished on the ice. The next day the thirteen tried to get back to the St. George, but never reached her. Eleven were rescued by Capt. Owen, of the Three Brothers. The other two were frozen to death on the ice. The prospect is now very gloomy. The ships were held helplessly in the ice and drifting rapidly northeast.

On August 28 we reached the end of the Bark, and the current chafed to the east. The ships at Point Barrow were no longer visible. The situation was worse than ever, our only hope being an easterly gale. On August 29 we were off Point Target. The crew of the "Marengo" ATTEMPTED TO GET ASHORE, but returned unsuccessful. The next day the Masters held a council on the "Java," and concluded there was no further hope of saving the ships, some of which were already badly nipped by the ice. This was only a touch of what might be expected. The ships altogether had about three months' provisions; not enough to last through the winter. After a full discussion, seeing no way out of the difficulty, it was decided the only way to save the lives of all was to reach land before escape became impossible. September 5 was chosen as the day of starting. The ships were twenty or thirty miles from land abreast of the west head of Smith's Bay. On September 5, all being ready on board the "C. Howland," "St. George," "Marengo," "Desmond," "Jas. Allen," "Acers Barnes," and "Onward," the

SIGNAL FOR DEPARTURE

was given. The boats had been put in the best possible condition. The baggage consisted of about twenty-five days' rations, bread and meat, change of clothing and a blanket for each man. Every thing else but guns and ammunition were left on board. The main hope was to find open water enough inside the ground ice to navigate the boats southward, and so reach the two ships which are supposed to be outside the pack. We left at 3 p. m. We would first carry the baggage half a mile or so ashore, and then turn and drag the boats along the ice, which was very rough in places, and many of the holes would not bear the weight of a man. Many of the men fell through and suffered much from cold. The first night we camped on the ice about four miles from the ships, and the next morning resumed the march in

A BLINDING SNOW-STORM from the northeast. The prospect was most discouraging. Several men deserted and returned toward the ships, where a number of crews remained who refused to face the hardship and journey toward land; of their fate we know nothing. On September 6 we reached a strip of open water, launched the boats and pulled toward land. All that day and the next we kept working through and over the ice, and at 8 p. m. made land two miles west of Point Target. We continued working along, and at noon on the 9th sighted the Three Brothers and Rainbow at Point Barrow, and reached them before night. We found all solid beyond, and the only chance of escape was to drag the boats over land to the open sea—a distance, as afterward proved, of 130 miles. We made sleds and attempted the journey; but, on reaching Cape Smith, we found the bark Florence there. After consultation it was decided that any effort to proceed WOULD BE MADNESS, and preparations were commenced for wintering as best we could at Point Barrow. Boats were prepared for whaling, as that was the only resource for our food, and work was commenced on a house. On the night of September 13 the ice began to break up before a strong east wind. The next day the "Florence" was able to get under way. All hands and the baggage were put on board, and we ran down the coast and found the "Clara Bell" frozen fast in the ice. Her Captain said he would stay by her till the 17th, when, if there was no prospect of getting out, he would leave with boats for clear water. The Florence was to wait for him. We made Sea Horse Island that night, and the next night made Wainwright's Inlet. We waited there for the crew of the Clara Bell and to get water. On the afternoon of the 18th the Three Brothers and the Rainbow, which had joined the former, bringing the crew of the Clara Bell, which remained fast in the ice, with no hopes of getting out. Part of the people on the Florence were then put on board the Three Brothers and a rendezvous appointed at St. Lawrence Bay, where they would stop for water. Both arrived there on the 23d, and left the next day for San Francisco—the "Three Brothers" for Honolulu. The following is a list of the abandoned vessels: Barks Onward and Clara Bell, San Francisco; ships St. George and Marengo, and barks Cornelius Holland, James Allen and Java, of New Bedford; ships Camilla and barkentine Josephine, of Boston; bark Acers Barnes, New London, and Hawaiian barks Desmond and Arctic. The vessels had on altogether 1,000 barrels of oil, besides a large amount of whalebone and ivory. It is the undivided opinion of every master that

NO HOPE can be entertained of the rescue of the ships or those who remained on board of them. All are undoubtedly lost—carried away to the northeast in the immense ice-pack which closed them in for miles around. (Signed) W. H. Kelly, Master Marengo, B. F. Homan of C. Howland, F. S. Hickworth of Acers Barnes, J. Keenan of Jas. Allen, James H. Knowles of Saint George, E. A. Ludlow of Camilla, T. W. Williams of Clara Bell, Geo. Lary of Josephine, Ezra B. Lapham of Onward.

FIFTY OR SIXTY LIVES PROBABLY LOST. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The masters of the abandoned Arctic fleet express uncertainty as to the number of men who staid by the ships or returned to them after beginning the homeward trip, but so far as can be ascertained it seems probable that 50 or 60 were left behind, many of whom were Kanakas. —He called at the police office yesterday, and stated that he was in trouble. "A fine young fellow, shust so nice as any body, came up to me on the street and said: 'How you does? Long time since I saw you in Shasta County.' I says, 'I never vas in Shasta County.' He says, 'Why, I dinks I see you dere.' I says, 'No, I lives near Auburn.' He goes away, and bimby I meets a chap and he says, 'How you vas since I left you at Auburn?' Then we has a talk und some drinks, und I lend him ein hundred dollars until the pank opens, und I doud see him some more. Vat you dinks?"—Sacramento Record.

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The fact that the proprietors of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH are permitted to refer to so well-known and respected a gentleman as HENRY WELLS, Esq., of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, must weigh heavily in its favor.