

GO THROUGH.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

When I was a careless girl I rode by my father's Over the Ulverstone sands, where rapid and deep is the tide.

The fog came down like a curtain, the day was stormy and cold. Over the dumb waves we rode, while the Solway deeper rolled.

Rolling for life against wind and tide, quicker and quicker we flew. Till the last of the shifting floors was passed, and home in view.

"Dear girl," he said, "when you're in a strait, don't stop to fear—Go Through!"

"Go Through!" These words have found my soul, and been to it a guide, When sorrow's waves make swift and deep than Solway's highest tide.

Have found me on dreary shores, where not a friend I knew. And hemmed in between billows cold, while loud the wind blew.

Then o'er the storm blown space I've heard, "Don't stop to fear—Go Through!"

When life has seemed too hard for me, and from my weary hand My task has dropped; I've heard again the sharp and clear command:

When "Hills of Difficulty" rise, and o'er the pathway lie The thorns and briars of petty cares, the cheerful voice I knew

Called clear across the weary years, "Stop not to fear—Go Through!"

Oh, never doubt! No tide can rise, so swift, and cold and deep, That it shall hinder thee, the straight and homeward road.

No mist can fall, that shall have power to hide thy heavenward view; Only unto thy highest thought, to Love and Toil be true.

And thou may'st in every strait, "Brave Soul, True Soul—Go Through!"

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They're very unfortunate, to be sure; and they're very reasonable indeed; but there's a prejudice against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but what Mrs. Mowbray would take offense at my inviting such persons to meet her? I shouldn't like to do it indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She's very particular and so excessively high bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzie Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself on the other side of the bed. "At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She was, very choice, as you say, to whom she admitted to her acquaintance by accident."

The invitations to the party were issued that week. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray graciously promising to attend. When the important evening arrived, my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell the color rose to her face with expectation; but her guest appeared. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that her new friend might yet arrive.

"What can be the matter, I wonder?" she said to me, as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do tomorrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note or message, or something of that sort, at least, to apologetically excuse her absence."

"Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend."

"When I came home to dinner that day, I saw at a glance that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, who was always so proper and all me; and if not, that idle questions would only aggravate the secret troubles."

But the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when she came home. "Did you ever hear, my love," I said, "I began to carve the turkey at dinner, that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"

"Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said, and then she answered me innocently. "I heard it casually, but never asked further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I have heard so since, said Mrs. Jones, sharply, and turning to my seat, and child, who was asking for the wing bone, she rapped him over the head, exclaiming tartly: 'Haven't I told you to wait until you were helped? Take that now, and then learn manners.'"

"I followed a minute and more to elapse, in order that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I remarked: "Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her here."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in her plate, and apparently absorbed in parsing her anguished.

"When she found," I continued, "that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend Mrs. Wharton, whom you had made a confidante, told some lady, who told her, and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I don't see the proud thing again," said my wife, reddening very much, but still without looking up. "One could not have supposed that she was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause, I said: "Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether, but finally she blurted out her reply, as follows: "Yes, I did, since you must know. And she wasn't in. So, at least, the footman said; but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window, and here she broke into tears of mortification and rage, and I never saw another mortal."

"I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation; so I quietly ate my dinner, kissed the children, and, like the Christian in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' went my way."

Not Had The Bridgeport Standard tells the following story "for true": At a church sociable sometime ago a theological student was detailed to assist a young lady, whom he had long admired from afar, in making out a new Sabbath school library catalogue.

The prospective minister found the task by no means an unpleasant one, as the charming young creature read him the title of each book from the title page while he delightfully copied it into the catalogue before him. In fact, there filtered through the mind of the sedate and rather bashful youth several times the question whether the aforesaid maiden, with her pretty figure and bright eyes, could not be induced to become the "sharer of his labors and toils."

"I believe I would ask her to-night, if I only dared," thought the young man. "But I don't dare, so there's the end of it." And with gloomier face than before he continued his work, calling out, "Next book!" almost mechanically as fast as he had transcribed the former title. He was aroused from his reverie by the following intimation from the jobber and dealer in books and stationery goods in our line will add it to their advantage to send you a copy of the catalogue of our goods. Goods sent on selection to parties answer (charges for postage and freight) with privilege to return within a reasonable length of time. Goods sent per W. & C. O. are subject to the privilege of return at any time to anyone, when charges both ways are deposited with the order.

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R.H. McDonald, President San Francisco, Cal. Established 1863. CAPITAL STOCK \$1,000,000.00 Surplus 407,942.17. San Francisco, Feb. 9, 1881.

Report of the Bank Commissioners of the State of California to the Hon. A. L. Hoag, Attorney General. Dear Sir: In compliance with law, we beg to report that we have examined the books of the Pacific Bank, and to submit the following statement of its condition.

Table with financial data: Bank Premiums \$150,000.00, Other Real Estate \$5,504.50, U.S. Bonds \$100,000.00, etc.

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