

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the lift;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,  
A willow brook that turns a mill  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Off shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With many peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

EVEN AS STRANGERS.

"So you wish to keep your secret from Sir Lennox?"

"How could I tell him—now?"

"The task may grow harder if you wait. If he is to become your friend, Clytie, you must confide in him, or it were better he remained always a stranger."

The last words were uttered very gently, but with an earnestness that gave them a tone of authority; and the girl to whom they were addressed sat silent, her eyes full of wistful thought.

"I cannot tell him," she decides after a long pause—"what need is there? He is nothing more to me than all the other men and women I have met. Why should I tell him the story of my life?"

"It would be better, I think, dear. He is unlike all the others."

Clytie sighed, and looked once more into silence.

It was evening—calm, cool twilight after the glare and scorch of a July sun—and Clytie was sitting beneath the porch of a quaint, rose-covered cottage, that nestled like a great bouquet amidst the foliage of a shady valley.

Lilyvale it was called, and the sweet white bells clustered thickly in the mossy nooks, making the air fragrant with their breath, as the breeze stole amongst them.

"It is because he is unlike everybody else that I cannot tell his friendship," she said at length, a strange weariness in her voice. "I wish to know him more."

"Then why not make yourself known to him?"

The girl's pale face flushed, and she pulled restlessly at some honeysuckle leaves growing up the side of the porch.

"I couldn't," she answered, her eyes suddenly growing misty. "I said I would not—long, long ago, and I shall keep my word. Don't speak about it any more, dear Mrs. Aubrey; you only make me miserable—and Sir Lennox is the last I would have known."

"Very well, Clytie," laying a caressing hand on the girl's shoulder. "Be advised by your own heart, and act always as you think would be best for your happiness; you are too true not to think wisely."

Mrs. Aubrey bent and kissed the girl's soft cheek, then seeing her thoughts had wandered away, she left her and passed into the house.

Clytie was not left long to indulge in her dreams. Some one from a distance seemed to have waited this opportunity of speaking alone with her. Some one with a tall, manly form, clad in an old velvet suit, which looked as if it had borne the water of many seasons.

He walked leisurely toward her, lifting his dusty felt hat with a very easy grace as she glanced in his direction.

"I am glad to see you in the midst of your roses," he exclaimed, in a deep, rich voice, when he came within speaking distance. "I was afraid you were not very well, and might perhaps be prisoner. I am delighted to find you looking so bright."

A warm blush had tinged her cheeks and lips at the sight of him, and her dear, blue eyes had grown strangely brilliant under their dark lashes.

"What made you think I was ill?" she asked, steadily meeting his admiring gaze.

"I heard something to that effect when I was passing through the village just now, and strolled over to see what truth there was in the rumor."

Clytie frowned.

"I wish people would not interfere with what concerns them so little!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "I object greatly to being made a subject for village gossip."

"You should take it as a compliment," he replied, laughing. "I believe all who live within ten miles of this are your slaves, and would die at any moment in your service—myself not excepted," he added, dropping down into the seat next to her.

"I should be much obliged if you would not talk such nonsense, Sir Lennox," she said, coldly.

He looked hurt.

"How soon I displease you!" he muttered, a sudden earnestness subduing his voice; "will you never say one kind word to me?"

"Were I to, would you value that word?"

"Try me," with persuasive eagerness. She shook her head.

"You have no right to expect kindness from me," she said, sadly, her eyes resting reproachfully on his handsome face. "No right even to ask for it."

"Do you think I am less than human?" he exclaimed bitterly. "Am I so accused that my life is to be cast into desolation—left void of all hope, all light? If you know how lonely, how dark my days are, you would pity me!"

"Do pity you," with a flash of scorn that buried cruelly into his soul.

"Not as I would have you pity me," he retorted, banding his head to look into her eyes. "You, who have made

me feel this bitterness! A wanderer's life contented me till I found you here—now I feel the course of the bondage that holds me away from you—that seals me down to an irrevocable fate. I know now what I have missed."

"His voice was broken with passion, fierce, vengeful, hopeless; and, rising, he paced restlessly up and down, his hands clenched, his brow darkly knit. Clytie watched him as though she would penetrate into his very soul.

"You speak so strangely," she faltered; "I cannot follow you, sir Lennox."

"How should you, when you have so little suspicion of the truth! One thing you must know—that I love you, and my love has come too late, for the world holds a woman who calls herself my wife."

He spoke with exceeding bitterness, and his eyes grew hot and haggard as the memory of the woman to whom he had bound his fate, floated through his brain.

Clytie evinced no surprise at his words.

"I wonder you did not remember this sooner," was all she said, and then looked right away from him.

"Remember! Do you think I have ever forgotten?" he exclaimed, pausing abruptly in his impetuous walk. "You cannot understand what it is to be bound to one for whom you care nothing—one who is less to you than a stranger!"

"Perhaps I can; though I imagine you can scarcely have felt your tie since you came to Stratford. Does Lady Rutherford never travel with you?"

"Never. We do not tread the same path through life; I could not have borne that. She was in the south of France when I last heard of her; she may be at the North Pole now for all I know; I only hope we shall never stand side by side again on this earth. I think of her as my worst enemy—through her my life's happiness has been wrecked!"

Clytie paled, startled by the passionate bitterness vibrating in his subdued tones.

"How has she wronged you?" she asked, with that same ring of scorn in her words which seemed to strike in his soul when she said she pitied him.

"Is it not sufficient wrong to me that she is my wife?" he muttered, fiercely. "You have not heard the story, or you'd understand."

"Will you tell me some day, Sir Lennox?"

"I'll tell you now if you have the patience to listen," he replied, gloomily. "The story is soon told. My uncle—the last living relative I had—on his death-bed forced from me an oath that I would marry some one to whom he had left half his fortune, so that his wealth might descend to those who rightfully bore his name. I declined to have any part in the arrangement, choosing to give up the money rather than marry a girl I had never seen. My obstinacy exasperated him, and a fearful scene ensued, to end which I consented to do as he wished. I knew if I did not I should be the cause of hastening his end. I need hardly tell you the rest. We were married, but it had been previously agreed between ourselves that we should part immediately after the ceremony, which we did, and have never met to this day."

"How long ago did this happen?" Clytie asked, her sweet voice sounding very low and dreamlike after the brief silence that followed his words.

"Last November. It was a black, dismal day; a fit day for such a compact to be sealed. It was more like a funeral than a marriage. I shivered when I looked at my bride, for she had wound her veil about her like a shroud, and the hand she gave me seemed to have the chill of death upon it."

"Do you think—do you think the ceremony was as hateful to her?" Clytie asked, gazing up at him with an expression he could not define.

"I never gave the question a thought," he replied, moodily; "I suppose she didn't mind much, or she would have rebelled and won the day. Women have a knack of always getting their own way."

"But if the old man would not be contradicted—if he could not live or die in peace till this mad whim was gratified—how could she fill his last moments with reckless dissatisfaction and pain? Even you had not the heart to hold out longer against his wish?"

"No; weak fool that I was! I did not feel the weight of the fetter I had forged on my life till I wanted to use my freedom. I had never seen you, I should never have known what I had missed!"

He took her hand, and for a second held it in a close, hot clasp; then, dropping it suddenly, he moved from her side and commenced his aimless pacing up and down.

Clytie watched him wistfully, her large, innocent eyes more pitiful than they had been before, the soft bloom on her cheeks losing its richness.

"I am glad you have told me your story," she murmured, after a long pause, unable to endure the silence any longer; "I may be able to help you."

He interrupted her with an impatient gesture.

"What help is there for me?" he demanded, harshly. "My fate is sealed with a curse. A home, a wife, the love of little children are denied me. I am the most wretched outcast amongst mankind!"

"And yet you have wealth?"

"Wealth that I loathe, since it is the chain which holds me beyond the reach of happiness!"

"You are very bitter."

"Very," he responded, with a short, aching laugh. "The greatness of my love for you makes me so."

She did not heed his words. Her fair head was bent, so that he could not look into her eyes, or be certain whether the sigh he heard came from her sweet lips or from the fluttering rose-leaves drooping close against her face.

"Do you ever think of the poor lonely hand that felt like the touch of death in your clasp?" she asked, abruptly, as though she feared to let his thoughts dwell too long upon herself—"the hand on which you placed a wedding-ring!"

"Since I have known you, I am wicked enough, sometimes, to wish that it were folded away in the grave! I deem you as brutal, as inhuman, as you look

but I cannot help it, for I love you, and her life falls like a shadow between us."

Clytie shuddered.

"Poor bride!" she murmured, involuntarily, and a strange, bitter light came into her eyes.

"You pity her?" he exclaimed, jealously.

"As much as I pity you," she answered, steadily. "Her suffering must be as great as yours."

"Not unless she loves as greatly."

"It is not impossible that she may," Clytie returned, flushing slightly.

"If you knew she was as unhappy and lonely as you are, if you knew the ceremony she went through with you had crushed all the hope in her life, as it has in yours, would you feel sorry for her? Would you go to her and tell her you had forgiven her for being your wife? It was not her fault; she only obeyed the same dying wish that urged you to the step. Was it not so?"

She spoke so earnestly—with such sweet humility; something in her pleading gaze touched him, and he felt compelled to give her an answer.

"You reason with me as an angel might," he muttered, gazing at her with yearning passion. "If you had been my guiding-star, I believe you could have led me to heaven, my golden-haired Clytie! Are you to be always like some fair, sweet saint, whom it would be sacrilege to touch?"

"Think of me as what you please," she answered, her eyes looking dreamily up into his; "but whenever I am in your mind give a kind thought to the girl who shared that lonely, empty marriage."

"Is that all the comfort you will give me?"

"Do you offer as much to her?"

"His lips grew white.

"You have no pity. Heaven forgive me—you show me what a brute I am!"

Sir Lennox brooded over these last words of Clytie long after he had left her that evening.

"My pure-hearted love! How worthless I must seem to her!" he thought, bitterly, and again that dark hatred rose in his heart against the one to whom he had given the name which should have bound this girl's life to his. All kinds of mad, miserable fancies thronged through his brain, and he would have sold his soul, if its price could have purchased him the freedom he had signed away. When his whole heart and mind were with Clytie, how could he give one kind thought to his wife? How slow himself true to the one whom he was in honor bound to?"

He met her on the following morning, as he was taking a meditative walk by the river—the clear Avon, that gleamed like a stream of light between its mossy banks. A gladness she could not conceal lit up her face at his approach, and she moved involuntarily to meet him.

"If I did not understand you as well as I do, do you know what I should believe?" he asked, as he took the small, gloved hand in a firm clasp—"that you are glad to see me."

"I am," she said, a soft smile trembling over her lips; then she drew her hand slowly from his, and looked down at the swift river flowing at their feet.

The blood rushed hotly to Sir Lennox's brow. How she tortured him!—this sweet, dreamy-eyed child, whom he had met in his restless wandering—this winsome stranger, who in a few summer days had won the deep, strong love of his life! she had broken him true to himself—to seek his happiness with the one who bore his name—yet in the pure gaze she lifted to his face he read the secret of her soul, and his eyes grew darkly passionate as he watched her.

"I think I am mad!" he muttered, seizing her hand almost fiercely. "This cannot go on much longer, Clytie—you are wearing me out—heart and soul. Clytie, are you playing with me, or are you in earnest; are you working this storm in me for pastime, or do you love me?"

He spoke hoarsely, like one wrung with a great agony, and she felt his strength tremble as he held her toward him.

"There was no need for her to speak. He heard the broken sigh, saw the hushed passion in her pleading eyes, and knew that in this wild moment love had swept aside all calmer feelings. He put out his arms, and drew her to his heart, and silently he gazed into the sweet face drooping against his breast. This was the bitterest trial of all. She loved him, and in this breathless, trance-like spell seemed to lose herself more utterly than he did.

He held her to him, as he would have held her had she been dying—resigned to the unutterable despair that soon would leave him desolate. His heart was breaking.

Clytie knew the misery she had wrought in him, and as she looked into his haggard eyes forgot all else save the love that was wrecking his life, save that now he was patient.

With a sudden impulse she nestled closer in his arms, and, lifting her face, pressed her hot brow against his cheek. The lips, so dangerously near, met, and Clytie trembled and clung to him with half-shrinking passion, while the warmth of his kisses lingered on her face.

"My darling! my darling!" he exclaimed, his face lit up with a wild rapture. "Do you mean this for farewell? Is this parting? Even parting is sweet Clytie, if it is this!"

His voice was broken in its impassioned tenderness, and he crushed her closer to him, as though he would draw her right into his soul. Clytie hid her face on his breast. She was quivering from head to foot, and a hot mist had gathered in her violet eyes. After a little while she let him lift her head.

"You have not answered me yet, Clytie," he said, his hand trembling as it rested on her bright hair. "Is this farewell?"

"This time there was no shrinking in the gaze that met his, and she tried to draw herself away from him.

"If I have strength to send you, have you not strength to go, to keep faith with your wife?" she asked softly.

A dark frown crept over his brow.

"Why will you thrust that always between us?" he muttered fiercely. "My love my love! let me forget—"

"For get me?"

"No, no, Clytie! Heaven help me!—that other."

"Do you think I could care for you if I knew you were false to her?"—the brave, young voice scarcely above a whisper.

"If you loved me," he said, bitterly. "You would not care if I forgot the whole world, so that I were true to you."

"I do love you!" she murmured, a strange, tremulous glow glorifying her face. "More dearly than you can imagine; but the love you have offered me must be given to your wife."

Sir Lennox released her as though she had stung him. His lips were white, and his eyes glittered with a strange, dull light.

The rush of the river filled up the silence, and the sunbeams glistening through the leaves threw a golden radiance over Clytie's white dress. But to Sir Lennox the world had grown suddenly dark and void of every sound of life. He took a few hurried steps backwards and forwards, then paused again in front of Clytie.

"Will you say good-bye, Clytie?" he said, huskily. "Will you give me your hand in forgiveness?"

Something in his changed voice—in his aching eyes, startled her. A wild fear bounded into her heart. Without a word she tore off her glove and held her left hand towards him—the hand which only once before had been bared in his presence.

He recoiled from the touch almost with loathing. A wedding-ring circle the marriage-finger!

"You have deceived me!" he exclaims, looking from the little, trembling hand to the sweet face bent over it. "Heaven forgive you! Mine is not the only heart you have broken!"

He turned and would have left her—perhaps for ever; but with a quick movement Clytie threw herself before him, her face whiter than his, her eyes full of frightened pain.

"Lennox—Lennox! won't you listen—won't you take your wife's hand?"

He put his hand to his brow and regarded her wildly, wondering whether he or she were mad. "My wife's hand?" he muttered.

She clung fervently to his arm, and laid her face against his breast.

"Cannot you understand, Lennox?" she cried, piteously. "You met me and did not know me, and I wanted you to love me, for I was so lonely, Lennox. Will you forgive me for letting you fall in love with the wife you hated?"

He seized her hand and looked hard at the ring. Then with a few broken words of thanksgiving, he drew her to his heart and covered her face with passionate kisses.

"My darling, why did you not tell me sooner?" he asked, after a short, sweet pause; "you might have spared me a great heartache."

She gave a shy, happy smile.

"I wanted to test its strength before I took a love given against your will."

"I deserved all I suffered," he said, lifting to his lips the warm, white hand she had laid on his breast. "Did Aubrey know how you were punishing me?"

"I never told her," Clytie answered, a wild, rose flush tinging her cheeks; "she did not know my husband's name."

"My sweet Clytie! To think I should have lived all these months unconscious of the treasure I possessed! Thank heaven we met, little fairy—even as strangers."

The Stranger Was Surprised.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"Well, I never saw the like."

Such was the exclamation I heard while whizzing along in an express train of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad the other day. I had been deeply immersed in a novel and had not noticed that the weather had changed and that it was raining. "Oh, that's nothing; we see it every spring and fall." The speaker was brakeman and his remark was addressed to the man who had never seen the like. The latter had arisen from the seat in front of mine to get a drink of water and had halted to gaze out of the opposite window. The brakeman stood by his side and continued: "That's nothing; this is the dividing line between rain and snow at this season."

Glancing from my window on the south side of the car I saw the pane mottled with raindrops and a board fence running parallel to the track black with wet. Then peeping out of a window on the north side I understood the stranger's surprise. The ground on that side of the track was gray with snowflakes and they were still falling.

"The dividing line—how?" stammered the man addressed by the brakeman.

"Why, this is the point where the dividing line between rain-storms and snow-storms crosses this road," said the brakeman. "Of course I don't mean that every storm here is snow to the north of us and rain to the south of us, but at just this season of the year a storm is sure to be divided within a quarter of a mile of this spot, not far from Allendale."

"How do you explain it?" I asked.

"Explain it?" said the brakeman. "I don't pretend to. I only know our trainmen have noticed it for years every spring and fall in this neighborhood if a storm came up at the right season. Some folks are wiser than I say that the air from the sea impregnates the other air far inland as this warms it, while beyond this belt of country the breath of the Gulf Stream, as you might call it has no effect. But I don't know—I can't tell. I just know it's this way—on a year, as you can see for yourself," and he vanished in the direction of the baggage car.

It is only once in 221 years that the seventeen-year and the thirteen-year locusts go into business partnership, and this is the year.

There is said to be a tendency in trade circles to crowd the jobbers to the wall during the business depression.

SPACE THAT AGED OAK.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand;  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea—  
And would'st thou back it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
O, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all my gushing joys,  
Here, too, my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive the foolish tear;  
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings rattle thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend;  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend  
Old trees! The storm still bravo!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.  
—George P. Morris.

STORIES OF GREAT WAVES.

An Old Sea Captain Tells of Wonders Performed By Storm Waves.

New York Tribune.

Captain Parselle, of the White Star steamship Adriatic, has been plowing the boundless main these forty years. He has navigated every ocean and almost every known body of water large enough to float a ship. During recent years he has commanded some one of the Liverpool steamers of the White Star Line, and has thousands of acquaintances in this city who know well what an honest, bluff, straightforward old sea dog he is. This introduction to the Tribune readers would be wholly unnecessary but for the miraculous nature of the stories which are to follow, and which, says Captain Parselle, "are as true and sure as that the sun is now shining at us here on my deck."

The conversation which had preceded these wonderful tales had referred to the storm waves lately encountered in mid-ocean by the Germanic. The captain explained what sort of a sea it was. The newspapers called it a tidal wave, he said, "but it was nothing of the sort. Tidal waves only occur in bays, straits, and rivers which are so situated as to be peculiarly sensitive to the influences of the moon and of gravitation. At least that is how meteorologists explain them. But though I have studied their theories with laborious care, I have encountered tidal waves that had an origin far more subtle than in the local situations that make water especially excitable.

"For instance, I saw a tidal wave come from a high bluff on the banks of the Ganges. It was a perpendicular wall of water advancing at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. It was perfectly straight, except at the very top, where it rested into a foam that had not strength enough to fall. It was about seventeen feet high. That was a pure tidal wave, and I have never yet been able to work out its origin or cause.

"Now a storm wave, such as struck the Germanic, is a very different thing, and is explicable upon thoroughly well-defined meteorological principles. The wind in a first-class ocean storm is hopelessly erratic." I have known it to blow from every point of the compass within half an hour. It blows with terrific force and of course, creates tremendously heavy seas in every direction whence it blows. The sea recovers very slowly, so that after the wind has veered from south to north, the seas come at you in gulping waves in every conceivable direction. Now, there is a point where the influence of all these seas unite, producing a wave that reaches incredible altitudes with a force that is simply irresistible. That is a storm wave, and that is what knocked the Germanic. No seaman can locate it, and if you happen to be in its path all you can do is—take it.

"Have I ever encountered one? Well, I should say so. I don't often tell these stories, for if a man tells many of them he is in danger of losing his reputation for veracity. The yarn I am going to spin now, however, is true. It is my own experience, and whether anybody believes it or not, it is so. Thirty-three years ago I was the chief officer of a 900-ton ship. We sailed between London and India. One evening, when a few hours out from London, in the English Channel, the time came to relieve the watch. That was 8 o'clock. The sky was a little murky, but not absolutely cloudy. The channel waters were calm. The breeze was fresh, blowing from the west at such a rate as to compel us to sail under a reefed mainsail and double-reefed topsails. On our lee side was a brig. My captain and I were standing together on deck. I had given orders for the watch to be called, and they were then assembled on the poop deck. The captain said to me, 'Mr. Parselle, I think the light ought to be visible by this time'—meaning the Eddystone light. 'Suppose I go aloft and look,' I answered.

"I went up the rigging till I got about sixty feet aloft, and suddenly, when just in that perilous position, I heard a terrible shout from the deck. I looked down to see what was the matter, and just as I did so a mountain of water struck us amidships. It picked me right off my feet and hurled me clear through the rigging, flattened me against the mast whence I fell down into the main-top. The rest of what happened I discovered after recovery. The wave took off every strip of rigging and canvas, all the yards, boats and arms, and left the ship with only her masts standing. We ran back to the Isle of Wight, and anchored in the Solent to ascertain the extent of the damage, and we discovered the most wonderful thing of all. The ship had been sheathed with copper, and that wave had stripped its top sheet off for eighty feet of the ship's length, as clean as a mechanic's shears could have done!

"How did it happen? Don't ask me. I suppose there may have been a little

hole in the copper, and the water was forced into it with such immeasurable power as to have the effect I have described. But you remember I told you there was a brig to the leeward of us. The next morning we saw her lying astern of us in the Solent. Her masts were gone, and if an army of carpenters had been at work clearing of her deck, they could not have left her more barren than that wave did. Her watch had been swept overboard and every man of them lost.

"Well, that was a storm wave for you, but I struck one in 1877 that was much more remarkable. I was off the coast of Japan, captain on one of the finest steamships afloat. We were in a typhoon. They call them typhoons there, but they are identical in character with our own cyclone and the African tornado. It was an awful storm, the worst I ever saw. The wind howled and shrieked and raved like a million of demons loosed from the Styx. The seas struggled with each other for our possession, and roared the most infernal noise as they broke over us in merciless force. The sky was inky, but not a drop of water fell. My chief officer and myself were standing on the bridge directing the helm. Suddenly, directly in front of us, about a hundred yards away, I saw a most prodigious mountain of water. Its towering crests were splashed into a white foam, and appeared just between the two yards of the mast. Above the hellish din of the storm I could hear the awful base roar of that monster wave as it came toward us like a steam-engine. I turned to my officer. His face was as white as chalk.

"Here's the last of our good boat, my boy," I said, and turned her nose right into the wave.

"Her bow rose until we were almost perpendicular. I almost thought we should be thrown over. The crest struck us and blinded me so that I could not see. And then, so sure as I am an honest man, her bow fell and her keel rose, and we passed over that terrible wave as gently as a chip over a mill pond ripple! I never was so dumfounded in my life, for I fully expected that moment to be the last that ship would ever know. These two yards, mind you, are my own personal experience, and I give my word of honor for their truth.

"About three weeks ago on my last trip back to England we called at Queenstown. There I met my friend, Mr. Thomas Gray, the secretary of the London Board of Trade, a thoroughly well-known man, whose word is as good as his bond. He told me in good faith the following story and said he knew it to be true; some time ago, precisely when I don't just now remember, a new light was being put in the Eddystone lighthouse. This house, you know stands on a solid rock, which the sea entirely covers at high water. The building is a circular iron tower, hollow in the center, and about nine feet in diameter. The materials which were used to fix the new light were brought by steamers to the rock, and holes were opened in the base of the lighthouse, through which they were admitted into this hollow space. Then they were hoisted up by derricks to the top of the lighthouse.

"One afternoon the son of the architect, a young man just about of age, was standing at the top of the tower, looking down into the hollow space, a distance of a hundred and forty feet to the rock below. Suddenly he became dizzy and fell headlong into the abyss. Just at that opportune and Providential moment a storm wave, such as I have been describing, broke against the lighthouse. The hole in its base had not been closed, and in the twinkling of an eye, at the very moment the young man fell, the water rushed in through these holes, up the hollow tower, and received the falling form. Receding immediately, the water left him, alive and not the worse for his ducking, on the rock at the tower's base!

"The sea saves lives as well as devours them."

Would Like Her Husband When She Got Acquainted With Him.

"I married a queer couple once," writes a New England minister, "a short time before I came to Boston. The man had just entered upon his profession which we will call that of a physician, and had determined upon his place of settlement. The young lady, a bright, intelligent, well educated girl who knew the ways of society, had made up her mind that she would marry a doctor, and finally she had brought matters around in a quiet, womanly way to the point of his asking for her hand and heart, and of course she yielded. The acquaintance had been astonishingly brief. They were hardly acquainted when I was summoned to marry them. He was very skillful and devoted to his profession, which he had mastered well for a young man in theory and practice. But he knew less of the ways of the world and customs of social life than any other man I ever met. He was on the point of starting for his new home the very next day after the marriage, and with the utmost unconcern regarding the proprieties of the occasion, had packed up all his apparel ready for the journey. He was stopping at the house of a friend, who at the last moment, late in the afternoon, discovered that the bridegroom did not have a change of linen to dress with. Hurried consultations were had, and his hostess, with a woman's readiness for emergencies, took the measure of his collar and waist, went down just as the stores were about to close and purchased the desired articles, which the bridegroom accepted with the utmost equanimity and as if the articles were not of much consequence anyway. They went away, and in a few days the bride wrote a letter to one of her friends, in which she remarked with charming naivete: 'We had a good, pleasant journey, and I found my husband to be quite entertaining. I think I shall like him first rate when I get acquainted with him.'—Hartford Courier.