

AT ANCHOR.

My love was like a buoyant ship
O'er sunny waves at sea,
And in the voyage of my heart
She sailed away from me!

BRACELET NIGHT.

"Oh I'm in such a dilemma. That dreadful cook has gone. Took the twelve o'clock boat and left me here without a word of warning; and here's the house full, and Paul Graynor, who is so fastidious, has come. And I do assure you, Eve, Lucette hasn't the first idea about cooking; and I'm not sure whether you put eggs and butter, or cream of tartar and vitriol in pie crust!"

"That's what it is to be married! Do you know, I never could imagine why all the dramas and romances end in marriage and a glare of rose lights? But then, you know, saucy cooks and tough apple crust would sound dreadfully out of perfume billets, and I'm thin forever!"

"Oh, you quiz! you haven't a bit more feeling than Fred. To think of his bringing home Paul Graynor, and I without a cook!"

"There—there, Ethel, don't look so desperate. Remember, I am a New England girl; and if I can't Redowa I can make biscuits, and I'm pinning up her wide, flowing sleeves—revealing a pair of snowy, rounded arms."

"Biscuits!—you?"

"Yes; and tarts and blanc mange, and pies; and roast meat, and—and everything!" answered Eve majestically.

"Oh, you delicious creature! But then, it would never do at all—what would people say?"

"Not half so many disagreeable things as they would over a poor supper, or none at all!"

her while Eve drew aside her full skirt, as calmly as if he had been her great-grandmother, and sat quietly looking out. She was in no hurry to talk. If Mr. Graynor had any ideas he couldn't help airing them presently; and if not—why, it would simply be a waste of time to talk for him. She never had on hand a store of ready-made smiles and glances, manufactured for appropriate occasions; and Mr. Graynor, who seldom had a chance to see a handsome face in a state of anything like repose, improved the opportunity and studied the broad, calm brow—the eyes, full of grace, tender, bright, and the mobile, sensitive mouth, as though he was taking a mental daguerreotype of her. Then, laying aside that Paul Graynor had held smiles, complimented and held silk-reels for ladies that day, the real man came out, and basked in the light of Eve Ashton's upright, earnest nature, and talked as not one man in five hundred can, and not one in a thousand ever does talk to a woman.

It is a fact the bell rang for supper, and neither of them heard it, so that Mrs. Wallace (who, having tiptoed into the drawing room a short time before, had tiptoed out again enchanted; and had been malicious enough to keep Belle Tarleton in a state of semi-distracted attention at the foot of the stairs till the bell rang, under pretence of discussing her new point collar) was obliged to come and call them.

All Ethel's merry glances and wicked innuendoes glanced off from Paul's impenetrable coolness, like straws from polished steel; but the lofty Eve for once blushed crimson, and insisted on sitting by Mrs. Wallace; and wouldn't even look up when Paul recommended the biscuits to everybody saying that if they knew what he did about them, they would eat double the usual quantity.

And Belle Tarleton had Paul all to herself that evening; for immediately after supper Eve disappeared, and was nowhere to be found, though Mrs. Wallace looked for her everywhere.

This desperate state of affairs, however, lasted little more than three days. After that Eve recovered her equanimity, and took long walks, and rode, and boated, and danced with Paul, without any recurrence of the same alarming symptoms; though she had taken up a habit of blushing like a rose if Wallace perpetrated even the most innocent and indirect little jest on the subject.

By degrees, five or six young desirable young men gentlemen dropped off, leaving only Fred Bayham, who, having been refused by all the young ladies successively, passed the last evening of his sojourn at Rose Glen, in the company of his trunk and valise, and departed early in the morning, in a very melancholy frame of mind indeed. That evening Eve also was missing;—to the chagrin of Paul, with whom she had promised to take a moon-light ride, and who fully intended during said ride, to secure the monopoly of all the other rides she should chance to take in the course of her mortal life. She was late in the drawing room the next morning, also, (an unusual thing with her); and there were dark violet circles around her eyes, and an uneasy flush in her pale face. Paul looked at her in astonishment; and she grew still more uneasy beneath his searching glance. At that moment, Nell, the pretty quadroon chambermaid, came up somewhat hesitatingly, holding in her hand a handsome and somewhat remarkable lava bracelet.

"Is this your bracelet, Miss Ashton?" she asked.

"Yes," returned Eve, promptly, "I missed it last evening. Where did you find it?"

Paul sprang to his feet; for he had seated himself beside her.

"Farewell and forever, Miss Ashton."

"Farewell, but not forever!" retorted Eve, undaunted and indignant at his want of faith. "Not forever; for you will one day find what injustice you have done me and come to beg my pardon."

And catching up her garden hat, she walked back to the house so fast that, though she had chosen the longest path, she was there as soon as he. Mrs. Wallace met them with a face beaming with smiles.

"We've found it all out. Come up to Eve's room. John, go and call Miss Tarleton. Come Eve."

Bewildered, Eve followed her eager hostess to her own room, where she found Mr. Wallace triumphant, and Lute, Maud, and Effie looking very odd and uncomfortable indeed.

Presently in swept Belle. "You all know," commenced Mr. Wallace, "that after Nell's curious story, which threw us all into so much confusion, I sent Miss Ashton out to walk, and you see that she has just returned; and you, Maud, Lute and Effie are witnesses that Mrs. Wallace and myself have been guilty of no double dealing, and that the explanation of the mystery lies here (tapping Eve's jewel casket), untouched, as when we discovered it. Here it is (lifting out a heavy gold band bearing the name of Belle Tarleton). I would advise you not to wear it, the next time you arrange your neighbor's jewelry, as the clasp is insecure, and you may find, as in this instance, that instead of ruining your friend's character and happiness, you'll only get bracelet for bracelet!"

"Hush! you are too severe," whispered Mrs. Wallace.

Fighting for a String of Pearls.

My father was a working jeweller in a small interior city in Prussia. He married a second time a year or two after my mother's death, and I left my home and went to Bremen, where I shipped as a cabin boy. Before I was 18 I had been quite around the world. In 1859 I was in the North of England, when I became one of the crew of a big transport chartered by the Government for China. We had on board 100 soldiers, under a Captain, and carried coal and supplies for the English fleet in China waters. The First Lieutenant of the company of English soldiers had taken quite a fancy to me and I had his permission to follow him to Pekin, which was the point the united English and French were to attack. The Lieutenant had a soldier-servant, a Maltese, who was a bad fellow. Mediterranean people do not often get drunk, but this man was always full of liquor. We set out on our march and sometimes a French regiment would be before us, or they would let us take the advance. Just before we got outside of Pekin, with the Frenchmen suddenly pitched forward and then disappeared. I ran up, and saw that he had tumbled into a pitfall. Just as I was dragging him out, and the Frenchman was laughing about it, I chanced to see the muzzle of a gingham—that is a kind of Chinese gun, pointing out the side of the pit. I pushed it on one side, when it went off with a terrible racket. It had been so fixed that any one tumbling into the trap would have received half a pound of slugs into his body. It had not gone off when the Frenchman tumbled in, but it would have been discharged as he scrambled out. The French soldier and I scraped an acquaintance and he was a real good fellow.

I need not tell you how Pekin was taken. There was no fighting at all. The Frenchman's regiment was among the first that sacked the Summer Palace. Some five of our men, unfit for duty—the Maltese was among them—were left in the garden under a sergeant and myself. There was nothing the matter with the men, only they were drunk. I knew well enough that there were magnificent prizes to be had in the palace. I remember one man coming out with a dozen gold watches hung around his neck and carrying under each arm a gold clock. One Frenchman staggered out with a silver peacock, just as big as a real bird, and its tail, which would open and shut, was studded with emeralds. Of course I should like to have taken a hand in it, but I could not. I was obeying orders. The Sergeant, however, could not stand the temptation, and he cleared out. Suddenly I heard someone call me from a small upper window, and I looked up and saw my Frenchman. 'Halloo!' he cried in French. 'If there ain't Dietrich doing guard duty down in the garden, and he hasn't a bit of a chance. Eh, Dietrich! Wouldn't you like to come up? Here is riches! Well, old fellow, you did me a good turn, and you must not leave China without some souvenir to take home to your girl. Tien: You sauerkraut eater, here is a plaything for you. When you are married your baby can cut its teeth on them and suck them. I found it a minute ago. It's mighty handsome and showy, but they ain't real, because I hammered one with the butt of my musket and it crushed all up. You can't break the real thing, with this he slung me something which flashed in the sunlight of that October day. It rattled as it fell through the air, and I caught it in my hat.

Gracious goodness! What was it? A string of pearls. There were 44 of them, and they were threaded on a piece of heavy white silk cord, and there was a small gold catch to it not worth a dollar. But the pearls! They were of the purest color—all snow-milk white excepting eight of them, which were of the most delicate pink. At a guess, that string of pearls was worth a quarter of a million of dollars. Sometimes to-day I go to a large jeweller and look at his pearls and see some not the fourth—no, not a fifth—as large as those, marked \$3,000. There was a prodigious fortune in my hat.

Having such a treasure I was anxious to join my ship, for I had barely money to carry me to her. There was a small steamer, an opium craft, manned half by Chinese and half by Europeans that was to leave for my port. I secured a passage on her. Who should I see on board but the Maltese. I thought he had been dogging me. I knew he must have deserted. I thought it was safer not to have anything to do with him. But he forced his presence on me. The first thing he said to me was, 'What was your share of the loot?'

"Nothing but a string of beads," I replied.

"I think you ought to divide with me. Anyhow let me see them," he said.

these China seas. If you catch anybody fooling around your traps, be he white, brown, or yaller, let 'em have it. It's lynch law on this here craft. I shoot when the necessity comes. Touch and go, as I told you before."

"The fourth night I was forward and had seated myself near the capstan and was smoking a pipe. I was anxious because we were likely to make our port at daybreak. It was pitch dark and the little steamer was wallowing in the short seas. I made out the Maltese forward, wrapped up in a fold of the jib. The Portuguese presently came out of a hatchway and leaned up against the foremast. He approached me and asked me for a light. I took a quick glance astern, but I did not see a soul on deck but an old quartermaster at the wheel. I did not like the looks of things. I put one hand back of me for my revolver and with the other hand offered my pipe. Then, quick as a dash, the Portuguese seized me around the neck and did his best to choke me. I was strong enough to hold my ground, but he was throttling me. Like a cat the Maltese crawled up and set his knee on the small of my back. I was strong and vigorous. I tried to cry out, but could not, for the pressure around my windpipe prevented my even drawing breath. Still I raised my feet and kicked, but my arms were held by the Maltese. Presently a stunning blow was given me on the head from behind, but my arms had been loosed for a moment, and I just managed to draw my pistol and fire it. I could not aim at either of the robbers. All I wanted to do was to give an alarm. Even then I thought it was almost useless, for the wind roared so. Another and another blow was given on the top of the head with a capstan bar, and I was beaten down to the ground. Then I felt that the Portuguese was on top of me, and that the Maltese had his hands in my shirt bosom trying to search me. Then I knew I was being dragged to the side of the ship. It was evidently their intention to heave me overboard. I felt myself being poised over the black sea. But still I fought them. I knew I had to preserve my strength for a final effort. When they dropped me I caught hold of the bulwark with clutched fingers. Then I saw through the blood streaming down my forehead the gleam of an axe, and I felt something strike my hand. It did not hurt me only that hand was powerless and loosened its grip, but my other hand held fast. But it had not been for a loose rope dangling over the side of the vessel, around which my legs were twined, I should have been drowned, for my force was spent. The two scoundrels, seeing I did not fall, now mounted the bulwark and tried to stamp me down dealing me fearful blows with their heavily booted feet. I screamed for help. Then I heard close to me, in quick succession, two shots, then there was the pause of a second or two, and three more shots followed. I could smell the powder. As if by enchantment, the shower of blows on my head ceased. One of the villains spun round, then fell almost on top of me as he went with a splash into the sea. The other, the Portuguese, balanced himself for an instant, clutched once or twice at the air with his outstretched hands, then his knees bent, he wavered, and the vessel giving a slight lurch, he toppled over and sank into the sea.

"It was the Captain who had come to my rescue. I was faint. He helped me by the aid of the quartermaster on deck. I think all he said was, 'Touch and go.'"

"The pearls! Whether the Maltese or the Portuguese had them I don't know. But whoever got them went down with them to the bottom of the sea."

Old Time Surgery.

A number of years ago there lived in Wheeling a certain Doctor Hullen, who became famous as a surgeon. Some of his operations were very brilliant and decidedly awe-inspiring among the common people. One case in particular was thought to be unparalleled at that time. A young lady belonging to one of the best families in eastern Ohio was terribly disfigured by a protruding lower jaw. Hearing of Dr. Hullen's skill as a surgeon, she prevailed upon her father to allow her to go to Wheeling and see if anything could be done to improve the shape of her face. She went alone, and nothing was heard of her for two weeks, except that she arrived there safely.

One evening, as the shades of night were gathering, a really handsome lady drove up to the gate in front of the farm house, and asked if she could get lodging for the night. The well-to-do farmer said they did not keep a hotel, besides they were expecting their daughter home at any time, so they could not keep her. She said she guessed she would stay anyhow and hopped out of the buggy. The farmer thought she was an escaped lunatic and was about to shut and lock the door in her face when the house dog came along and recognized the lady as his young mistress.

It was almost impossible to satisfy her parents and sisters of her identity, so remarkable was the change in her appearance. In her pocket she had two sections of jawbone, each containing three teeth, which explained how the change had been made. The operation is quite common now, but at that time it was rare. In this case there were three more teeth on either side of the lower jaw than usual, and as they grew they caused the jaw to project forward. At birth the lower jaw was but little longer than the upper one. The surgeon merely resected the jaw on both sides by cutting out a section on either side containing the extra teeth, cutting out one in front to make the jaw narrower and bringing the ends of the bones together. It was simple enough, but the country people laid awake of night thinking and talking about it.

Scorpions and Centipedes.

Frequently though the scorpion is met with, yet a sting from one is rare. An instance coming within my observation was that of my chowkeedar, who had been stung during the night while asleep on his mat in a corner of the veranda where the reptile had evidently dropped down from above. I was awoken by a loud "babrelap" and the very familiar "sapakadyia" ("Father, oh, father, a snake has bitten me!"), and, on going to the spot with a light, we discovered the assailant to be not a snake, but a scorpion, which was standing motionless in the corner, still angrily curving its tail—a discovery which afforded unspeakable relief to the chowkeedar, who had thought his last hours were come, and who now with folded hands and upturned eyes devotedly acknowledged his escape in the exclamation: "Dohal Ram Ji, jan bughra" ("Mercy, O Ram, my life is spared!") He had pressed upon the reptile, no doubt, while turning round, and had been stung on the arm, which rapidly swelled to a great size, accompanied by pain so excessive as to cause a feeling of faintness. With his mind, however, relieved from the "worst," he soon set about collecting herbs from the compound and garden, under the application of hot ashes of which the pain gradually subsided, and along with the swelling, disappeared in a couple of days.

Being curious to watch the habits of the scorpion, I placed one under a glass case along with a grasshopper two inches long, whose sharp-pointed legs constituted its strong natural defence. For a while the scorpion took no notice of the wild leaps of his companion, though every now and again it struck against him in rebounding from the glass cover, but at length, irritated by the continuance of these, it assumed the offensive. After several unsuccessful clutches, he managed to seize with his toes a leg of the grasshopper, which he held in his jaws, while endeavoring to transfix him with his sting, till he succeeded in driving it through and through him. The leaps of the grasshopper now speedily grew feebler, and soon he lay motionless and dead. For twenty-four hours the scorpion took no further notice of his companion, and then, pressed by hunger, he bedight himself of him, and speedily devoured him.

Like the scorpion, the centipede also seems partial to grasshoppers, when it can get them. An enormously magnified copy as it is of the little home centipede, the sight of one, five or six inches long, with its multitude of prehensile feet all moving at once, and its long feelers steering its way, causes an involuntary creeping of the flesh. Once while reclining on a sofa, perusing a daily paper after midday breakfast, preparatory to "turning in" for the customary siesta, I was surprised by a thump-thumping against a newspaper which was lying in a corner of the room, and the continuance of the sound induced me to jump up to ascertain the cause; suspecting, of course, a snake and frog. The raising of the paper disclosed a centipede of about five inches long, holding in his jaws a large grasshopper, which he was quietly hollowing out without the least regard to the frantic kicks of his victim, which had occasioned the noise against the paper. Nor did he seem disposed to relinquish so choice a morsel, but allowed himself to be turned over and over without even relaxing his hold; and as the grasshopper could not physically recoup his loss, I let his devourer continue, till in a quarter of an hour only the shell remained, and only then did the diminishing kicks of the grasshopper cease altogether.

On another occasion, in the hot month of May, during my morning ablutions, while raising the sponge to my face, I was met by the near view of an ugly pair of horns, followed by a head, emerging from one of the pores. Not an instant too soon, I dropped it down again on the basin stand, upon which the full length of a hideous centipede gradually unwound itself. Such are instances of the way these reptiles are come upon now and again in India, generally when and where least expected, and showing the weariness people require to practice in every movement, even in lifting a book or paper, or putting the hand anywhere where the eye does not also reach. The bite of the centipede is rarely heard of, but it is more or less poisonous.

Home Pleasures.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few of the dusty old cobwebs that are standing there. If you want to ruin your soul, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly in Winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in Summer, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment at home bids eat and remembrance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright home sanctuary.

—In some parts of Texas water, it is said, costs more than milk.

Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, 10 parts; paper pulp, 40 parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slacked for 24 hours—20 parts; gelatine, 1 part, and saturated solution of bi-chromate of potash, 1 part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.