

THE PAST.

Into the moonlight of the past, To silence deep subsiding, Present, with its uproar loud, Forevermore is gliding...

FOUND.

A trim New England kitchen, with its floor of knotty pine boards scoured to a snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth reflecting back the gleam of the crackling log...

"Bliss me, how the time does go on!" said Miss Jemima. "And it don't seem as if I accomplished nothing what with running arter your everlastin' whims, Ebenezer!"

Ebenezer Buxford, his atrocious sister's senior by twenty good years, looked deprecatingly up from his cushioned nook in the chimney corner...

"I know I'm a deal o' trouble, Jemmy," said the old man apologetically. "but I try not to make any more than I can help."

"No, you don't neither!" snapped Jemima. "I ain't no patience with your old pipe and your everlastin' smoke, smoke, smokin', till we all smell like an old bar room, and there ain't a curtain in the house that don't tell its own story..."

"I might as well quit livin', Jemmy. For forty seven year—"

Miss Jemima, however, did not stay to hear the end of the speech, but burst out of the room, muttering to herself sentences of which the import boded little good.

"He'll be right down vexed, though," thought the spinster, "when he knows I've sold them packets of Virginia tobacco he brought home on his last sea voyage..."

"Well, uncle!" she said cheerily. "I've been waitin' for you, Ellen, the old man whispered, beckoning her to come close to him."

"There ain't none left in the tin box!" went on the old man, detaining her with a grip of her neat calico dress.

"Where are you going, Ellen Deunison?"

"To get some tobacco for Uncle Ebenezer."

brought from Norfolk in the Lively Sally. "But I tell you there ain't!" reiterated Miss Jemima.

"Yes, I sold it, and you needn't stare at me as if I'd committed a State-prison offense, miss. I'd do the same thing over again. I mean to break up Ebenezer's miserable trick of smokin'."

"Uncle," said the girl calmly, as the old man raised his bleared, expectant eyes toward her, "there is no tobacco there."

"I've sold it!" quoth Miss Jemima, putting her arms akimbo. "You've sold—my tobacco! My blue Virginian brand?"

"Then," said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmness, "you've just got five dollars for a pack of the best Blue Virginia tobacco that was ever put into a pipe bowl, and four hundred dollars in money, that was in a tin box in the lowest pound parcel but two."

"Sakes alive, why didn't ye tell me on it, Ebenezer Buxford?"

"Because I didn't choose," said the old man bitterly. "I'm sorry on Ebenezer's account. I mean she should have money of her own, but as for you, Jemmy, I'm free to say that I believe it serves you right!"

Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat down on a low chair by the table, letting her head fall into her hands. To the gripping, avaricious old woman, to whom a dollar seemed a bright idol to be worshipped and bowed down before, this loss was most disastrous, and none the less so, because it had been wrought through her own secret, spiteful officiousness.

The autumn wore itself out, and when the first snow flakes drizzled through the dull, grey air, they buried old Ebenezer Buxford under the leafless willows in the country graveyard.

"So you are from Mallowfield? Queer old place, that," said George one evening as he sat on Miss Jemima's doorstep, meditatively chewing a straw.

"Yes; that's the way I laid the foundation of my fortunes, such as they are. I didn't always own a farm of four hundred acres. And the oddest thing happened to me there."

"What was it?"

"Well, I stopped at a strange little out-of-the-way house under a hill to get a drink of water one morning, and a little old woman with her face tied up with the toothache, and a sunbonnet tipped down over her nose, like an old witch—"

"Come out," pursued the unconscionable George, "and wanted me to buy a lot of tobacco. Well, tobacco wasn't exactly in my line, but the old woman was very anxious to be rid of it, so I closed the bargain at five dollars; cheap enough, but at the same time as much as I could afford to pay."

"Four hundred dollars in bills in it!" fairly screamed Aunt Jemima. "Yes, I know. I sold you that ar' tobacco! And when you found you'd got what was never intended for you why didn't you bring it back?"

"Gently, gently," Miss Buxford said to George Stapleton. "I did bring it back the very next week, for although the temptation to keep it was very strong, yet it somehow lay heavy on my conscience. And when I got back the old house was shut up, and not a soul in the neighborhood could tell me where the family had moved to!"

"And that's true!" assented Aunt Jemima, who had never lived on the best of terms with her neighbors.

"Well, seein' the money's to come back to the family again—don't blash us, Ellen, I ain't said no harm! But I kild o' wish I hadn't sold the Blue Virginian. Not for the money's sake—but my poor old brother Ebenezer—"

the money into my hands, for he always intended it to be mine, George!"

Bethlehem.

A traveler in the Holy Land says: Bethlehem, containing about 6,000 inhabitants, is located on the brow of a hill, and may be classed as a rather imposing place for Palestine.

"How I had got into the scrape is easily told. One of those deceitful spells of fine weather, which in these high, northern latitudes too often mislead even an experienced traveler in to thinking the Spring storms fairly over, had set in two or three days before."

"Owing to its elevation, Bethlehem is peculiarly exposed to the east. When the south wind blows, the people say that there will be heat, and most emphatically it cometh to pass—just as it did in Christ's day."

The strongest man on earth could not have leaped across the gulf that yawned between me and the main headland; and even had the leap been possible, a cat could not have found footing on the grim precipice beyond.

To escape seemed impossible; to stay where I was until the rising waves swept me off the rock would be slower but an equally certain death.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I knew that the cliffs of the northern island, constantly saved away by lashing waves, often beetle over so as to make the distance between their tops less than a fourth of what it is lower down.

The home life is the real life, the life in which men act out their true natures. It is within the privacy of home where to a great extent men exhibit those weaknesses and tendencies which cause to be hidden or controlled elsewhere.

Just then I was startled by a harsh, horrible cry close beside me, which I had heard too often not to know at once for the shriek of the northern raven.

The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against the world, except the owner. The proprietor of a coach, or a railroad car, or a shop has no right to demand the property or premises.

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was still to come. Scarcely had I made good my footing when I caught sight of a man who, seated close to the edge of the precipice, appeared to be taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery.

One glance was quite enough for the dismayed artist. Down went pencil and drawing block, and away he flew, with such amazing speed that I could hardly see which way he went.

Baneroff, the Historian.

Baneroff, the historian, is one of the most noticeable figures in Washington society. The remarkable preservation of his vigor at the advanced age of 84 years, is what makes him the most interesting. He is not the most charming conversationalist in the world.

This is a picture of him as I saw him the other day: He sat in a low, easy pony platoon drawn by a stout black horse, wearing a plain, unornamented harness.

That woman under favorable conditions may become the perfect equal of man has been demonstrated, and the following is only a new instance in proof of the above statement.

Line Cossacks.

Line Cossacks of the Terek, a river falling into the Caspian Sea, are the descendants of immigrants who came to the Caucasus during the reign of Ivan the Terrible.

His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning, and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of everyone present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier.

Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done.

One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patting the Newfoundland dog, said: "This dog is mine, and I would not take one thousand dollars for him at this moment."

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About 11 P. M., on 15th, Patrolman Eugene Cliby was returning from the western best to the station when his watchful eye detected a vessel's light through the mist in close proximity to the eastern end of Maccombs R. P.

He hastened to set off a warning light, but after one or two attempts, failing to ignite it, and seeing he was losing valuable time, he hastened to the house and called all hands, hurrying out again and setting off his light, but it was too late, as the unfortunate craft was then nearly upon the beach.

The men quickly gathered, and ascertaining what of their apparatus would be necessary hastened to the station and hauled the handcart rapidly to the spot.

The surf was raging with terrific fury, completely enveloping the vessel at times and the men in the darkness were compelled to keep high on the beach.

The fall masts could be discerned, wringing and twisting, threatening to go over the side at any moment. At that time it was found that the crew had all taken refuge in the lee-mizzan rigging and Captain Veeder then shot ajine over the jib-stay, throwing it thus far forward to avoid hitting any person on board.

But none of the poor fellows in the rigging dared to leave to secure the line.

Finally Patrolman Williams, selecting a smooth time, rushed down with a hand line and succeeded in leading it safely upon the bow.

The sailors were then made to understand this fact, and when the sea was calm for a few seconds carefully made their way forward and secured the line, hauling it in and making it fast.

But they, being at work with but the feeble light of their side lanterns, could not see that a tall block was fast to the line, and it again required much shouting to make them continue hauling.

When the block came in sight their quick sailor eyes apparently brightened and they knew at once what should be done.

Making it fast to the capstan, the word was shouted to those on shore, and it was but the work of a very few moments to whip off a hawser and arrange the breeches buoy for landing the eager seaman.

The seas rolled the vessel so that the hawser could not be kept taut, and as she would lurch shoreward it would sag, touching the sand, and then with her reverse motion snap back taut; consequently it required two men to support the end which held up the shrou end of the hawser.

Under these difficulties, and in almost total darkness, the work of bringing the men to shore proceeded. Some of them who came over the line when the seas threw in the most ferociously were at times submerged in the water and then jerked a oft by the sudden tightening of the hawser; and one, more unfortunate than his companions, became entangled in the breeches buoy and was carried up feet first, and then fell, but was caught by the ready hands of the surfmen, escaping unharmed.

By midnight the crew were all ashore. The vessel proved to be the three-masted schooner Warren Sawyer, with a crew of seven men.

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