

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after suffering, Crown after cross, Sweet after bitter, Song after sigh, Home after wanderings, Praise after cry, Sheaves after sowing, Sun after gloom, Light after mystery, Peace after pain, Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last, Near after distant, Clean after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb, After long agony, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway leading to this.

A POCKET-PIECE.

Mrs. Rutherford sat down, and folding her hands—a thing she very seldom did—looked ruefully at the breakfast-table, with its array of unwashed dishes, at the pile of mending in her work-basket near the window, and, last and longest, at the heap of letters in her lap.

They were bills, every one of them; even the aristocratic-looking square white envelope, which none could have suspected of being a dun, held the doctor's memorandum of the sum due for professional services during the past six months.

There were bills from the grocer, from the butcher and the baker, the traditional condition being formidably represented by the gas company with its quarterly statement.

The total made her sick at heart. Yet she had tried so hard to be economical—too hard, she thought bitterly, as she remembered in her secret soul that Johnnie's attack of pneumonia might have been averted by stout rubber boots and by new and warm under-clothing in place of the old flannels she had patched and darned so faithfully.

The new garments had to be purchased after all, in spite of her short-sighted thrift. They were the doctor's first prescription after the crisis was past.

She thought too, how, to save the expense of a sick nurse, which they could not afford, she had tried to care for the sick boy day and night, at a time when her own physical system called for rest. Of course, she had broken down in the effort, with the result that she, as well as Johnnie, had to be nursed, and the doctor had two patients instead of one. We all of us make such mistakes now and then.

Well, there was no use in crying over spilt milk; at all events she had no time to sit down for any such purpose, so she went about her duties with willing hands; if with a heavy heart.

There was one thing she could do, if only John could be made to consent. The new cloak, which made such a heavy item in Draper & De Lane's bill, and which John had given her for Christmas, could be returned. She had not worn it, and its purchase had been conditional on her approval.

John, who, as every one will understand, was her husband, Mr. Rutherford—was a book-keeper in a downtown store, with a salary that scarcely sufficed, with strict economy, to buy bread and butter, clothes and shelter, for his little family.

Still, they managed to keep a modest bank account, and this was the first time that they had really run behind-hand. But while she was sick, there had been no one to watch and guard against all possible leaks, and the grocery bill was double what it ought to have been. As for generous warm-hearted John, he had never stopped to count dollars, much less pennies, with his wife and a boy lying ill—the house had been kept like an oven, and the amount of coal and gas used had been frightful.

She thought of all this, again and again, through the long day, and there was small wonder if her children found her absent-minded more than once. That stum-tol haunted her like a nightmare, and for the first time in her life she dreaded her husband's coming; because of the burden of care which awaited him.

She put the hateful envelopes out of sight—at least he should eat his supper in peace and comfort—and made the children tidy for their father's home-coming. The fact that New Year's is a legal holiday, in no wise shortened his day's work; the books must be posted before taking account of stock.

It was long after dark, when at last she heard the sound of his latch-key in the lock of the front door, and she hastened to hurry up supper, as the children rubbed pell-mell to welcome their father. He came in smiling, as usual, the center of a small tumult of joyful news. "Maybe you think it isn't cold out of doors," he said brightly. "Supper most ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter." And then, with a glance at the mantle, "No letters?—only one delivery to-day, I remember."

"I think they might have let you off early this afternoon," she answered eagerly.

"Impossible, my dear," he replied, "why this is the very busiest part of my year. Don't you know that, little woman?"

"I ought to, by this time," she said, with a sorry attempt at a laugh; "but I couldn't help hoping all the same; come, supper is ready."

Both Mrs. Rutherford and her husband had long ago tacitly agreed to surrender to the children the first hour or so after their return every evening. It was the "children's hour," and unless there happened to be company to tea, all conversation in which they could not take part was postponed until after their early-bed time.

By and by that came, and the little flock said good-night, and went up stairs with their mother to be tucked away for the night.

"Then a hush fell on the household, and Mrs. Rutherford lit his pipe, and drew the evening paper from his pocket. When his wife came down again, and took the seal on the other side of the table with her sewing, he

laid the newspaper down, and looked up with the air of a man who has important news to tell. "What do you think, Nell?" he said, "Tom Whittemore is going out to St. Paul."

"So far?" she answered. "He will be quite a loss to you, won't he?"

"Well, yes, I shall miss him; we have always been good friends, you know, but I'm not sure that his going won't be a rather good thing for us, as it is for him. He has a good offer out there, good salary, and the chance of an interest in the business—an offer he can't afford to refuse. The thing that concerns us most, however, is that he wants me to take his place in The Building Fund—at just what it has cost him, five hundred dollars, and fifteen dollars a month to the Fund."

"I don't quite understand."

"Oh, yes, you do, if you will think a moment. Don't you know he got his house by joining a building association, and the rent of the house goes to the purchase money. He has paid five hundred on it, and the rent now is fifteen dollars a month."

"Is that so? Why, it is a better one than this, which costs us ten dollars more."

"Which goes into our landlord's pocket—yes. It really is a wonderful chance for us, because the property has advanced in value since he bought it, and is certain to increase in the future, but he wants ready money to move with, and so offers to let us have it at cost. He gives me the refusal for a week, which is very good of him."

"And you are going to take it?" she asked eagerly.

"I think I can," he cried. "Our Mr. Barker is the President of the Building Fund, so there won't be any trouble about my taking Whittemore's place. Then, I have four hundred dollars in bank, and I think in a week or two I can manage to raise the rest. By the way, have the bills come in and how much are they?"

There was no help for it, the dreaded moment had come, with a fresh bitterness added thereto. She brought out the pile of envelopes, and handing them to him sat down in a calm desperation, while he examined them—the fact that she was only indirectly responsible for the size of the bills in no wise tending to make her feel less like a criminal.

"Whew!" he said, as he took them. "Plenty of them, at all events—Doctor, ninety-five dollars; Draper & De Lane, a hundred and ten—Jones fifty—Brown thirty-five—rent twenty-five—gas thirty—coal eighteen. Well, that pretty nearly sweeps my bank account."

"John, dear John, don't look so miserable—I couldn't help it—I am so sorry! You can return my cloak, I haven't worn it!"

"Do I hold you responsible, my dear? Who bought the cloak, you or I? If that were all, I could manage. As it is, I can pay the bills, but the house must be given up, and it really is such a chance as comes once in a life-time."

Mrs. Rutherford made no answer, she was crying quietly behind the newspaper which she had picked up and was holding in front of her to hide her tears.

Her husband began figuring on the back of one of the envelopes, it was a way he had when worried.

Presently she let fall the paper, with a half-smothered exclamation, and rushed out of the room and up-stairs. He scarcely noticed the circumstance—it was so common one—probably she had imagined that she heard the baby cry or Johnnie cough. In a very few minutes she came back, laughing and crying all together flung herself on his shoulder, holding out a silver coin.

"Take it, John! take it! it really is!—now you can pay the bills and take the house too—oh, I am so glad! so glad!" she sobbed incoherently.

Mr. Rutherford was no numismatist, and for one terrible moment he actually feared that his wife had lost her mind. It cost him no small effort at self-control to draw her gently to him, and ask in tones whose very quietness told of his effort—"What do you mean, my darling?"

"Why, John, don't you understand? This is the silver dollar Grandpa gave me when I was a baby, and it is an 1804 dollar—it really is—and perfect, don't you see? Now what do you think it is worth?"

He took the coin, and examined it critically.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, "ten dollars, perhaps."

"Ten dollars! oh, John, you dear old goose! ten hundred would be nearer to it. Just listen," and she ran for the evening paper, which in her hurry she had left lying where she had dropped it, on the floor.

"Listen," and in tones that quivered with excitement, she read:

A VALUABLE COIN.

Mr. Robert Smith of Blank County has in his possession a genuine silver dollar of the coinage of 1804, which he recently purchased of an old colored woman, to whom he paid ten dollars for it. Mr. Smith has been offered six hundred dollars for the coin, which is an extremely rare one; only four other perfect specimens being known to exist, one of the four being in the collection at the U. S. Mint. Mr. Smith values his specimen at one thousand dollars, which extravagant price any numismatist who wishes to acquire the coin will probably be obliged to pay, since it is the only one of its kind in the world which is for sale.

"Now, don't you see, supposing we can sell this for even six hundred dollars, you can buy the house, pay all the bills, and still have money enough left to move with. Dear old Grandpa! He would be so pleased to know that the pocket-piece he gave his first granddaughter had done so much good. Mother always taught me to regard it as something very precious, because he gave it to me one afternoon, and the next morning they found him dead in his bed, just as though he had fallen asleep. She never even was willing to punch a hole in it, and let me wear it to ent my teeth on, as he intended I should do, lest I should lose it. Why don't you say something, John? Aren't you glad? don't you believe it?"

Mr. Rutherford was intently studying the precious coin, which, though dark from long lying by, was as perfect as

when first issued. He looked up now, with a face of infinite satisfaction and relief.

"I was waiting for you to get through your story," he said, "and really I don't see what there is left for me to say. If this newspaper paragraph is true, and I dare say it is, your grandfather will take it to Burdick's to-morrow, and see how much it is worth, but don't set your figures too high."

So the next day the coin was taken to the principal dealer in curiosities in the city, who gladly bought it on speculation; and though he did not pay a thousand dollars for it, he did pay enough to more than make it possible to accept Mr. Whittemore's offer.

GAMERS OF THE GREAT TOWN.

Charles G. Leland, from Chicago says: As I went home I met near the Marlborough Station two small boys, who were selling groundsel or cresses. The elder, who might have been 9 or 10 years of age, remarked to me in tones of genial impudence that he was, O—so hungry. I recommended him to eat his water-cresses, and walked on. Returning, the same boy greeted me as an old acquaintance, with a delightful grin, and said he hoped I was well.

"Little boy," I remarked, "you have such uncommon cheek you must be Romany. No other child could hold so much unearthly sass."

The boy looked at me resolutely. "Wandy can saker Romanes and chly a tin spray" (I can talk gypsy and pitch a tent), he replied.

"Pen yer say," I said. (Tell your name.)

"I don't know what nav' is," was his answer.

"Then you're not gypsy. 'Nav' is name."

"Moneker's the gypsy word for name," cried the child.

"Little boy," I answered, "don't be vulgar. 'Moneker' is not Romany. It is tinkler's slang. It is less refined than Romany. But I see that you indeed understand that deep and mysterious dialect whose position in Celtic is not as yet determined by any philologist. Now if I say: 'The nidas of the kena don't grant what mandy's a thavin,' what does that mean?"

"It means," replied the child slowly, as if he were repeating a lesson, "the people of the house don't understand wot we're sayin'."

"Right you are, my son. And how do you call a half penny?"

The young street Arab, with the utmost volubility, gave me the word in Romany, thief-slang, back-slang, sheila and Italian. I took out a six-pence: "You are such a good little boy that I must remember you. You are not a Romany and yet you have tried to learn it. Keep on. If you are not hanged you will probably be a professor of languages. Good-bye."

Saying this I gave him the tanner and departed. Very little do the ladies and gentlemen who see the street children running about surmise what these infants are up to or what they know. This boy could talk fluently a language the very existence of which was not known to a single gentleman or scholar in Great Britain previous to my discovery of it. There is not a word of it in any book whatever save in my "Gypsy-Dialect Society has ever heard of it. Ah, well, we don't all know everything—not by a great deal.

Trying to Beat Draw Poker.

Mr. McDowell is a member of the of the Legislature of Tennessee. He is loaded with a bill that is to beat his famous faro bill all hollow. This one is a corker. His other bill knocked faro out in this city completely, and today there are not over a dozen professional gamblers in Nashville. Nothing but poker goes. A great deal of draw is played here, there being several large houses devoted exclusively to short cards. The games are rather big ones, too, the most of the players being merchants, clerks, officials and bank people.

"What is the prospect of the Tennessee gambling law being repealed?" a proprietor of a poker room was asked. "It will not be repealed. There will never be any more faro in this State. Nobody wants to go to the penitentiary, and that's the size of it if you foot with the thing."

Mr. McDowell's old bill merely referred to faro, keno, roulette, hazard, etc. It didn't touch poker. Mr. McDowell now proposes to make it a penitentiary offence to play poker in Tennessee. He proposes to send to the penitentiary anybody and everybody who plays a game of cards for any stake—even for the beer. He takes in dice throwing, pedro, seven-up, euchre, Boston, whist, all hearts, pinochle, sixty-and, cribbage, casino, black-jack, black maria, marbles, base-ball, football, hop scotch, last leg, hide and seek, pussy waltz a corner, leap frog, flip, mumbly peg, tugs, backgammon, dominoes, checkers, billiards, pool, last one over the fence is a nigger, buxco, wheel of fortune, flim flams, bluff, kite flying, burglary, jug distemper, and all the other popular games of the day. It is altogether likely that this bill of Mr. McDowell's will go through, and then the boys will not have a chance to even hang on by their eyelids.

Mr. McDowell is going to do more. He is going to make it a penal offence for anybody to buy, or sell, or make anything to drink in the State of Tennessee. This will do away with all the breweries, distilleries, saloons, and moonshiners of the State. There is talk of amending the bill so as to provide that everybody in the State shall be compelled to go to church three times a day and remain there eight hours each visit. Mr. McDowell is terribly in earnest in what he is about, and the general impression is that he will get through with the bill. If he does, one effect will be to increase the death roll and cause the asylums to overflow. If poker, faro and whisky are all removed at one and the same time from the State of Tennessee there will be the devil to pay.

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may be a great deal in a very narrow compass.

"That Woman."

"Yes, Winona, the less you have to do with that woman the better pleased I will be," said Frank Bennet to his wife as they stood together on the veranda of the Mountain House.

"At any rate," replied Winona, "you might at least designate her by her proper title—that woman" is scarcely a term for a gentleman to use in speaking of a lady."

Bertha Roland, the woman of whom they were speaking, was a widow, eight and twenty years of age. Her hair was a deep gold, which suggested hours of patience spent under the dye's hands. Her complexion was beautified by the best of cosmetics, but even without these artificial additions she would have been a handsome woman. Winona was just the opposite—dark, petite and only pretty.

"Well, then," said her husband, "Mrs. Roland is not a fit companion for my wife, and I want your friendship with her to come to an end at once."

"Then you will want in vain," replied the wife. "I am not going to insult her just on account of your silly prejudice, which is caused by your begrudging me the little pleasure I get in her society."

"You are wrong, Winona, you are at liberty to enjoy yourself as much as you please, but not by putting yourself under obligations to that woman."

"There you are," that woman again. Mrs. Roland, my dear husband, considers me under no obligation because I ride out with her on the back of one of her horses, or play lawn-tennis on her premises. She is my confidential friend, and I am not going to be ungrateful."

"Very well," Frank sadly said, "do as you please, Winona. I shall say no more, but make me how much I feel that Mrs. Roland is not a fit associate for a respectable woman." Then he walked away.

Winona was too angry to speak. This was their first quarrel, and she felt it keenly. They had just been married six months, and until summer had brought them to the Catskills all had been peace and happiness.

No more was said in regard to Mrs. Roland, until after supper, when Winona said:

"Frank, as you have promised to play cards with Mr. Jackson, I think I will just run over to Mrs. Roland's; I promised her I would."

"That woman again," exclaimed Frank; but he said no more and Winona went.

Her husband watched her enter the door of the magnificent villa, and then turned away with a sigh. Mr. Jackson was beside him.

"You don't seem to like Mrs. Roland," said he.

"I do not dislike her," returned Frank; "but we know nothing about her or her antecedents. My wife is infatuated with her, and all I say will not keep her from that house."

"I agree with you, come take a turn in the garden and I will tell you the best cure in the world for your wife's infatuation."

In the meantime Winona hastened to her friend's house, and found it alive with mirth and music. Mrs. Roland's face beamed with smiles as she welcomed Winona, and until 10 o'clock the merriment was unbounded, then, to Winona's utter surprise and displeasure, her husband was ushered into the parlor.

He spoke to the hostess, politely but coldly, and received her introduction to the other guests in like manner.

Then he advanced to his wife, saying: "Winona, I have come to escort you home as soon as you are ready to go. You need not be in any particular hurry, though."

Winona was pleased with his words, and followed her own inclinations as to hastening her departure.

Music and wine followed, and while Winona played on the grand piano her husband talked to Mrs. Roland.

"On the way home he said to Winona: 'You friend is a nicer woman than I thought her to be.'"

The young wife's face beamed with smiles. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "I knew you would come to my way of thinking yet. When you know her more you will like her better."

This was not his last visit at Mrs. Roland's; many more followed, and soon the young man could not speak highly enough of her. Winona was overjoyed. At last Frank was coming to his senses and learning how to appreciate her friend. One evening she sat sewing on the hotel veranda when Mr. Jackson approached, and seating himself beside her, asked:

"Have you ever read 'The Treachery of Laura'?"

"No," she replied.

"I have it here," he continued; "if you would like to read it, you may. It is a remarkably well written story. It deals with a subject I have often thought of. A woman pretends to be another woman's friend only to take from her her husband's affection. Do you not think such treachery is unpardonable?"

"I do," cried Winona, "but—but the husband is often to blame." Then her face flushed and tears filled her eyes.

"Why do you speak of this to me? You are only hinting at my husband and Mrs. Roland. He is infatuated with her. Oh, I wish I had never met that woman!"

"Fear, Mrs. Bennet," said Mr. Jackson, "that your husband is not to blame. I myself do not think Mrs. Roland entirely ignores his attentions; at least let me advise you to watch him a little more closely."

That evening Mrs. Roland gave one of her charming garden fetes, and the prettiest woman present was voted to be Mrs. Bennet. Mr. Jackson was there, and about nine o'clock asked her to walk about the grounds. Soon the dazzling lights of the house were left behind and they stood in an obscure summer house.

"Why have you brought me out here, Mr. Jackson?" asked Winona, when she saw they were alone.

"Hush," he said, "some one is coming." "I shall not remain here"—but her protest was cut short by the entrance of her husband and Bertha Roland.

Being in the shadow they did not observe her and Mr. Jackson.

"What a pity," Bertha was saying. "What a pity you tied yourself down to that little doll baby."

"I am very proud of my wife," he said.

"And you love her, too, I suppose?" "Why should I not?"

"That is evading my question. You have led me to suppose your heart was wholly mine."

"But I have no money, my dear Bertha, and what good would I be to you?"

"You are unkind; you are cruel, when you know how much I love you. I have wealth sufficient for two; what should I care for your money?"

"I have heard enough," cried Winona, springing from the darkness. "Frank, our paths will lie in opposite directions in the future. Mr. Jackson, take me home."

"Yes, Mrs. Bennet, said that gentleman, 'after I have informed you that your husband is perfectly innocent, and this has been a ruse of his to show the true character and unbounded friendship of Bertha-Roland!'"

"Thank heaven!" gasped the young wife; "and thank you for opening my eyes to the treachery of that woman!"

"Mrs. Roland, my dear," said Frank, "not 'that woman'! Remember how you berated me for so designating her!" Winona only sobbed and nestled closer to his breast.

A Self-Lighting Stove.

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with Yankee ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maids, a desolate void in the widows' household, and prove a savior to hen-pecked husbands. This great boon for mankind might be taken, at first sight, for an infernal machine, but it isn't. It has clock work that reminds one of a dynamite fiend, but it's not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a fit and a flash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than thrice blessed by it. They need pure no longer for a handy, good-natured husband to light fires for them. The machine will do the work. All you have to do is to wind it up and make it go off any hour you choose, and then set the clock on the hearth. At the designated time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, charged with chlorate of potassium, and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos saturated with turpentine the further end, readily lighting a coal fire.

The inventor explained the mechanism, and made a practical experiment of its working. For nearly two years he has been doing without his breakfast because he could not get up in time to make a fire for his wife to do the cooking before he went to work.

"But," said he, "I've got her now. I am a great eater, and breakfast is my chief delight," he added, as the reporter walked away, after exhorting him to invent an automatic cook.

Long Distance Telephony.

This is a feature of the telephone business that is still to a great extent a matter of experiment. Lines are in successful operation between Boston and Providence, and are in daily use for commercial purposes. Messengers are also transmitted between Boston and New York, and generally with satisfactory results. Men are constantly employed in the experimental department of the Bell company in developing the system, and as fast as the distance is increased, the margin of power remaining is ascertained, and serves as a basis for further experiments. Conversation has been carried on between New York and Chicago, but the conditions were exceptionally favorable and the results wholly satisfactory. With batteries in good condition, wires clear, and transmitter and receiver in perfect order, it is possible for experts to attain results that would not be practicable under ordinary conditions. The copper wire in use between Boston and New York weighs 185 pounds to the mile; and for telephoning a thousand miles it would be necessary to use a wire so heavy that the expense would be very great, and in order to get a fair rate of interest on the investment it would be necessary to put the rate so high as to prevent a general use of the line. But it has been found practicable to telephone a few hundred miles, and the New York line will soon be extended to Philadelphia and Washington. Seventy-five miles will be put into operation between New York and Philadelphia, and one-third that number between New York and Boston.

Milk Laws.

A committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has been giving a hearing to interested parties on the subject of milk adulteration. For the benefit of the proposed legislation in this State it may be mentioned that it was stated at this hearing that the Superior Court had decided it was unconstitutional to require a person to furnish evidence against himself by giving samples to the inspectors. It was thought that the statute on the subject should be amended by giving the inspector more power to take what the milkman cannot be obliged to give. The law regarding the height of letters marking the skimmed-milk cans is evaded, it seems, for though the letters were made of the required height, some dealers had them "so attenuated in width" as to be almost illegible. One witness thought the law should prescribe the width of the letters, if the spirit of the health act was to be preserved. A representative of the farmer stated that they were generally against any radical changes in the milk inspection law, and in favor of maintaining the standard of thirteen per cent. solids.

A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied with violent passions as a great fire with great heat.

A Terrible Night.

Halligen is the name given to a group of small islands on the west coast of Schleswig, which rises very little above the level of the sea.

At high tides or stormy weather they are completely under water, so that only the earth hills, on which the houses of the inhabitants are built, stand above the waves.

If at high tide the waves are driven by violent storms, the danger then commences for even these higher dwellings. And naturally it is still more formidable when the furious waves make playthings of large blocks of ice, which, with a noise like thunder, hurl against the crashing houses.

Many years ago in the month of January, a terrible night occurred to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Halligen.

For several successive days a violent northwesterly storm had been blowing; the raging sea had already passed over the island, and only with great risk of life was it possible to sail from one house to another.

A thick darkness lay over the surging waste of water, which was only now and then illuminated by a flash of lightning, which tore asunder the thick cloud masses, while its forked tongue darted down from the sky into the angry waters.

The howling of the wind seemed to vie with the roar of thunder, and to both was added the raging of the waves, which seemed as if they were determined to swallow up the unhappy islands.

About 10 o'clock the waves, which were casting great blocks of ice against the unprotected islands, overflowed the earth-hill, which was about twenty feet high, and the wretched inhabitants had to take refuge in the upper stories or on the roofs of their dwellings.

And fortunate indeed were those whose houses did not give way before the mighty waves of the sea and the floating ice.

The first shock broke down the strongest piles upon which many of the dwellings were built, so that the whole building fell in at once, burying man and beast in a watery grave.

At the first rising of the storm (as the parish clerk of Keutum, a village on the island of Sylt, relates), the neighbors had fled to one of my friends and had, while the storm every minute increased, prayed together and read the Bible.

The father had taken the eldest child in his arms, the mother pressed the two youngest to her breast, and another neighbor undertook to measure the rise of the waters.

At 3 A. M. they would attain their greatest height; on ordinary occasions they rose nine feet, this time they might easily reach eighteen.

If they stopped their safety was possible (for the house was twenty feet high with the roof.) Provided no block of ice dashed against the house, and that waves did not loosen the strong piles deeply driven into the earth, they might escape.

The first soundings gave them reason to hope that the danger would pass by them, for, in spite of the hurricane, the sea rose very slowly.

But a fearful thunder-storm was passing with the gale over the sea, and by the gleam of the forked lightning the unfortunate sufferers beheld an awful sight.

They saw dismasted ships being dashed against towering masses of ice; and houses, whole or in pieces—men and cattle—were being cast about hither and thither in the floods and driven helplessly by the house of my friend.

With this thunder-storm the tide rose with incredible rapidity. The water now poured into the house; the furniture began to float; the storm broke the windows and drove the rain inside.

Through the thin partition wall, which separated the stable from the dwelling-room they could plainly hear the groaning of the cows; and when a huge wave tore away a portion of the wall, they perceived the bow of a large boat fast stuck in the stable wall.

As the water had now risen so high that the unhappy people were in danger of being jammed against the ceiling, and perhaps drowned in the room, they forsook the tables and benches on which they had hitherto floated, and fled up a ladder into the hay-loft; but the sea soon robbed them of this last refuge.

Like a hungry monster it rolled every minute, and followed the fugitives till they were quite under the roof.

No longer finding a dry spot for himself and his family, the wretched father, who still preserved his presence of mind, made a hole in the thatch of the roof. He first swung himself up on the roof, where, passing his hand round the staff of the weather-cock, he took up his dangerous position.

"Now for the children," he cried out as loud as he could; and even if the storm drowned his voice, the mother's heart understood his words, and in trembling haste she reached the two eldest children up to him, and then, with the youngest in her arms, she followed her darlings, and soon the whole family sat trembling with cold and horror, firmly clinging to each other, the father with his back to the storm, with one arm round his wife, with the other holding fast to the