

LIFE OF CHILDREN BY THE SEA.

Here comforted of pilot stars they lie
In charmed dreams, but not of world nor sea.

Behold a ship! her wide yards score the sky;
She sails a steel-blue sea.

As turns the great amassment of the tide,
Drawn of the silver despot her throne.

So turn the destined souls, so far and wide,
The strong deep claims its own.

Still the old tale, these dreamy islanders,
Each with hot Sunderland a somewhat owns.

That calls the grandeur's blood within them stirs—
Dutch Java guards his bones.

And these were orphaned when a leak was sprung
Far out from land when all the air was balm;

The shipmen saw their faces as they hung,
And sank in the glassy calm.

These, in an orange-sloop their father piled,
Deck laden deep she sailed from Cadiz town;

A black squall rose, she turned upon her side,
Drank water and went down.

They too shall sail. High names of alien lands
Are in the dream, great names their fathers knew;

Madras, the white surf rearing on her sands,
E'en they shall breast it too.

See threads of scarlet down fell Roa creep,
Wild moaning winds red back her vaporous veils;

Wild Orinoco wedge-like split the deep,
Raging forth passion pale;

Or a blue berg at sunrise glittering, tall,
Great as a town adrift, some shining on;

With sharp spires, gemlike as the mystical,
Clear city of St. John.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks and blazing logs, and bake oven at one side.

Sue sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks and blazing logs, and bake oven at one side.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been made two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely, and were content to wait.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunt had stated her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucretia Penderexter.

"Very well, said John. That's good in law, I fancy; or, if not, you are the nearest relatives, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

the garden you know, and the cow; that gave us two thirds of our living. Aunt was a wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables don't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girls, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage, you couldn't live on \$50 a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do as well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soapfat by way of perquisites; and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry."

"It is hard," said John with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars now! Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"It is a large practice for the country, you know. It brings him six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out west, somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"But, John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should commaa... both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

see the familiar page. Meanwhile I look from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver, and those wretched Intelligencers."

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"Just read this! Oh, John! I don't believe it! Read!"

"She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

"\$1,000. THE PAPER FILE OF OUR PAPER, having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 1st inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligencer from its first number, March 4, 1850, to present date. Any person able to supply a set as stated will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 3381, New York."

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh John! what a good piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor."

"Only," premised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the Intelligencer, and get ahead of us!"

"This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be best in the mail! When morning came I was too dreading and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes."

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the Junction, telegraphed, paid the answer, and here it is."

Colonel Allen's Leap.

Colonel Allen's boyhood was passed in Nova Scotia, of which province he was a citizen till about his twenty-first year, though he received part of his education in Boston.

He came over the border into Maine and settled at Machias; and from that time forward through the whole war, he was the mainstay of defence for the people of the eastern frontier.

Delay followed delay, and the lads, then aged thirteen and eleven, spent two years among the Indians, hunting porpoises and fishing with them, getting nothing better to eat all that time than parched corn, fish and occasionally a bit of moose-meat.

One afternoon as the colonel, who was ill that day, was sitting in a chair, with a bedspread around him, talking with his sons, John and Mark, one of the Indians, named Sam Jack, came in and sat down without saying anything.

John seized another, and added: "The Intelligencer—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

Martin Koszta had been one of the leaders in the Hungarian revolution against Austria in 1849. After the rebellion had been suspended he fled to Turkey for refuge.

Dr. Mary Walker, of Washington recently created a sensation at the Capitol. She appeared in one of the corridors of the lower floor of the House wing, and going to the enclosure occupied by the janitor of the House obtained permission to deposit her file on the wood-box while she went into the room of the Committee on Claims.

After the doctor had disappeared into the committee room some was bribed a colored employe of the House with a quarter to put the hat on his head, go into the committee room and offer it to the doctor.

An exchange says: "The backbone of the Cleveland strike is broken. That is well enough so far as it goes; but it is not so much the backbone of a strike that needs breaking as the jaw, bone."

with a hundred feet of the black water. It now looked wider still.

"Heaven! it's twenty feet!" muttered the colonel. "Can I? I can't. But I must!" and he collected all his strength for the terrific jump.

"The Indians now saw what he meant to do. They were scarcely a hundred yards behind him, and seeing his design, they yelled horribly—to fluster him. Two of them hurled their tomahawks, one of which whirled past the colonel's head, the other skipped along the ice between his feet; and both plumped into the water ahead of him, just as he jumped!

Before they could go ashore and clamber through the thick brush so as to come out on the ice below, the colonel which so disheartened them that they gave up the chase. For they knew there was a block-house at the foot of the lake."

A tall man dressed in severe black, and wearing a very shiny and very high hat, entered the Eden Musee, N. Y., recently. People who looked at his white necktie tied so simply under his collar, and the patriarchal way in which he walked about, said that he was a church deacon.

The Vice President eventually went up to a little man who sat behind a chess-board. His kings and queens were before him, and although he did not speak he moved his bishops and knights around so intelligently that the Vice President thought he would like to play a game of chess with such an intelligent little wax gentleman.

"Two to one on the wax man!" said a young man with a brown mustache. "I'll take you!" was the answer from another man, and the money was put up in a jiffy.

"He looks just like his picture, doesn't he?" another man asked.

"Yes," a friend replied, "if he had those little side whiskers shaved off. I don't think side whiskers are becoming to a man who may be President."

"Five to one on wax works." "Hendricks is a dandy player, but the wax man can give him points."

As she drove up to the church the Princess Beatrice looked sad and uncomfortable, while her eyes were much swollen. The Queen, in all her magnificence, gave one the impression of a fond and foolish mother who was sacrificing her only child.

An Eye on Mail Bags.

"Mail depredations" is the legend over one of the many doors in the post-office department building.

"Our work" said the head of this bureau, "is to record the losses from the mails, especially by depredations. Are the losses by this means large or numerous?"

"No," he answered; "they are very small when compared with the amount of business done by the department. The postoffice system, you know, carries immense sums of money—millions upon millions of dollars every year. Of course we do not know the number of dollars transmitted in our registered packages, but, when you recognize the fact that there are between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 of these packages transmitted every year, you will see that the amount must be very great."

"How do the losses come? Through the dishonesty of government employees?"

"In some cases, yes. The large proportion, however, is from mail robberies outside of government employ, and by accidental losses; such as railroad accidents, fires, etc. A very large proportion of our losses by robbery are through persons outside of the department service, robberies of postoffices, train robbers, highwaymen in the thinly settled sections, and characters of this sort. We have very few cases of depredations by our own employes, although they number many thousands."

"Are all government employes who handle money required to give bond?"

"Not all. Of course the large Postmasters give a heavy bond, and they usually require their clerks to give bond to them for faithful services. The letter-carriers give bond, also, but those in the railway mail service who handle the letters do not."

"How do you insure their honesty?"

"By getting good men and keeping out any bad ones that may appear among them. We have the record of these men down pretty fine. Do you see that long line of books over there? They contain the record of every mail robber arrested in many years past. By them we can tell the records of every man who has made a record of crime in connection with the mail service. In this way we keep the losses down to a very small percentage, a percentage which is constantly growing less in proportion to the business performed by the mail service."

Tonga Men and Women.

They are muscular, cheerful looking, and well-fed; and their features are, I think, much better than the English average, being in many cases regular and fine. The nose may be rather broad at the base, but it is frequently well cut, the mouth is large and the lips a trifle full, but the teeth they disclose are strong, and white, and even, and their eyes are dark and lustrous. The women of Tonga have, I verily believe, the most beautiful eyes in the world, and they know how to use them, too. Liquid, soft and speaking, they glance through the fringe of their silken lashes in a manner that is indescribably sweet. Their dress consists of a cloth, fastened round the waist, which hangs down below the knees; the body has no covering, and they go bareheaded. The missionaries with their usual idiotic interference, have tried to alter this sensible dress, which is decent, even according to our artificial notions of modesty, and most admirably suited to the climate. They insist on the women wearing a sort of absurd pinafore, which is left off on every possible occasion; and some time ago a law was made that every man should wear a European dress or shirt and trousers, and leave off the charming vail. To enforce this iniquitous law, the manufacture of tappa, the native made cloth, was prohibited, so that perforce the natives had to purchase European fabrics—a thing very greatly to the advantage of the traders, through whose balance with the minister this disgraceful state of affairs was brought about. But even the worm will turn, and this was too much for the gentle Tongan, and the law has been wisely repealed by the king. To such an extreme was the enforcement of this act carried, that any man seen without trousers or shirt on the turf road in Nakuafola was liable to a fine of many dollars. It seems a queer state of affairs that a man cannot walk about the very road his ancestors made, in the dress of his country, but must don the hideous garments of an intruding people. In the church at Tongatapu, where the intelligent missionary of course rules supreme, this ordinance, which forbids any man to attend the service except he comes in European costume, is still enforced. It is perhaps needless to say that the women have to wear bonnets or hats, because St. Paul said that in his opinion it was seemly for a woman to have her head covered; so these poor creatures have to discard their wreaths and natural flowers, and stick on their heads bonnets or hats adorned with feathers and artificial flowers, like any factory hand in England.

American Manufacture.

An exhibition of American manufactures and natural products is to be opened in Rome next November, under the sanction of the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, and of the Council General of the United States. The purpose is to give our manufacturers and merchants a chance to advertise their wares in Italy, and it is hoped, lay the foundation of a new commerce.

Many a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing more than a big bore.

The delicate girlified into the house and sank upon the fauteuil with a shrill scream. For some moments she lay there trembling and gasping as if for breath. Her mother rushed to her, and, setting her hands, called her by name again and again. At last she opened her eyes, only to close them again, sobbing convulsively the while.

"She lives!" cried the loving mother, "Tell me daughter, what is it that has frightened you?"

"Oh, gasped the yet half unconsciously girl, "I—I—saw a cow."

Between the man who knows too much and the man who does not know enough the happy medium is the best.