

Miscellaneous Selections.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY HARTON GREY.

I made my soul a song for singing.
Wand time the gloaming was mellow with May.

Come, my soul, let us reason together.
Come, for the shadows darken ahead;

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away on me," thought Emily impatiently.

But it's never worth while to pity men

and women. The most get over their troubles

very easily, if there is no money lost.

From which it may be inferred that Miss May

was perhaps a bit of a cynic. Emily May lived with her mother

in an inland town in New York. She had a little property

of her own, and with what she could earn by

her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay

for a summer's journey now and then, and

keep her own house over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick

neighbors, but not to visit, now and then,

at the hospital, and the cost of house,

and do what her hand found to do. She

made no fuss, and laid down no rules, and

was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in

particular, but an inclined to think that

she was as useful, and far more agreeable,

than if she had made herself hideous in a

poke bonnet, and committed mental

suicide.

When her holiday was over that summer,

she came home, and settled quietly down

to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in

October when a young man, twenty-eight

years of age, came to the door, and Dick

Bush jumped hurriedly out, and rang the

bell. Emily went to the door herself, and

was surprised to see a young man, who she

had never seen before, standing in the

parlor, he appeared to find great difficulty

in expressing himself, and Emily, greatly

wondering, asked after his name. "My

name is Dick Bush," said the young man.

"Dick's tongue was loosed," said Emily.

"Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking

voice, "I'm dying."

"Where? How? said Emily startled, and

sincerely sorry.

Now Dick had been rather melodramatically

inclined. He had meant to act like the

will be Millburn instead of May, which

she refused to do. And then it crossed

her mind that a widow's cap would be

very becoming to her, and she hated her

self because this silly notion had come to

her unbidden, and twisted up her hair

tight and plain, and went to meet the

clergyman in his old black coat, which

had become considerably spotted down

the front in the course of her nursing.

The rite was made as short as possible,

and then Mrs. Millburn sent every one

away, and for two days the bride stood

over the bridegroom, and fought against

death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient en-

tirely, and ceased to do anything; and,

as sometimes happens in like cases, she

took a turn for the better; and slowly

the balance trembled, the scale inclined,

and life had won.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the doctor,

"your wife has saved your life."

Ever turned his head on the pillow,

and looked for Emily; but she had

slipped away into unconsciousness. He

sat down, feeling, for the first time,

with a strange shock, that she was actu-

ally married. What should she do? What

could she say? How could she tell Emily,

after all that she had only come to him

as she would have gone to Pat Murphy,

if he had sent for her, and consented to that

marriage rite as she had lent her silver

candlesticks to hold the taper, and her

blessed candles when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs; and

presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came

to her, and Emily, with a look of telling

hand, said, "Dick is a good fellow, and

you had better let it go. You may as well

set, and fragmentary talk about her

"things," and proposals to send for her

Death of a Noted Woman.

One of the strongest careers of modern

times has just terminated in the death of

Lady Ellenborough at Damascus. Forty

years ago she was one of the most noted

women in Europe, and her residence in

the city has long been a sort of scandalous

romance. The daughter of the late

Admiral Sir Henry Digby, beautiful, wit-

ty, and rich, she married in 1824 the Earl

of Ellenborough, who was afterwards

Governor-General of India, and was, at

that time was one of the most brilliant

young men of the day. She was about seven-

teen years of age at the time of her marriage,

and Ellenborough, who was a widower,

was thirty-four. They lived together

some six years, and her dissolute conduct

was a cause of scandal for some time

previous to the catastrophe of her elopement

with Prince de Lieven, a Russian noble,

and who, at that time, had married

before doing so, his wife being taken to

spite his old mistress, who had not got

married.

Arriving on the American Pacific coast

in safety, he bought a large tract of land

of five miles north of Fort Langley, and

devoted himself to its agricultural develop-

ment with so much energy and skill that

after a few years he was one of the most

wealthy and powerful men in the province.

Better than this, however, the new life

brought with it such endearments of

the woman whom he had wedded with-

out of other love than he had been able to

conceive for her, that he was unable to

annul the former betrothal, and the in-

crease of their children was his conversion

into the fondness of a husband; and when,

in 1851, he became a widower, he remained

single, and he sent home to his wife a

letter in the Hebriades, to engage a wife for

The Story of Two Lovers.

Twenty-six years ago James Sanderson,

a respectable citizen residing in the Scot-

tish Hebriades, then verging on 40 years,

made court to his son's wife, and had mar-

ried her. Sanderson, in some respects,

was a good man, and he had married

before doing so, his wife being taken to

spite his old mistress, who had not got

married.

Arriving on the American Pacific coast

in safety, he bought a large tract of land

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in 1851, he became a widower, he remained

single, and he sent home to his wife a

letter in the Hebriades, to engage a wife for

him. His old flame was selected, and

said she was willing to go to him whom

she had loved twenty-five years before.

From the time of her second lover's

hasty flight under the denunciation of his

enemy, the smuggler's sweetheart had

never heard of that individual again; and

the lapse of time, and the long voyage

was accomplished without incident as far

as San Francisco. From the latter city

she was to proceed up the coast to her

destination, a steamer of such a pas-

sage was specially secured for her, and

while awaiting this vessel she was seen

and recognized at a hotel by the accepted

Gushing.

We all agree to consider "gush" un-

worthy; "gushing people," whether in

parlors or periodicals, are accepted ob-

jects for satire. Now, as we have known

some decidedly gushing people in society,

and in the public prints to sports of "gush"

with derision, we infer that there must

be some ambiguity as to the meaning of

the term. It is, perhaps, worth while to

ask, what is the meaning of "gush," and

in what does its inferiority inhere? Usually,

though not necessarily, persons who gush,

admire rather than criticize; but whatever

they do, they do with profusion. The

voice is common in a high key; but it is

not wrong or unworthy to admire.

"Gush" is not objectionable because it is

pitched in a high key. There is very

genuine and exquisite admiration. Much

literature in which the key is high has

value and truth.

The objectionable quality of "gush" is,

not that it possesses these

qualities, but that it professes them

and, possesses them not. Admire all

you choose; you are but one little

being in this boundless universe, and

you have all outside of you to admire.

The higher your ecstasies, the deeper

your worship, the greater you are un-

questionably; only be sure you don't lay

claim by written word, or specifically

to ecstasies which you do not feel.

If you love your kind, and are "human,"

there is in the boundless expanse of his-

tory in the experiences of the people

among whom you live, sufficient oppor-

tunity for all the "sympathy" you can

command. Your sympathies, and apprecia-

tions, and subtleties about your friends

may be never so superlative, they may be

quite beyond the reach of plain people,

Martial Responsibility.

A curious question regarding the re-

sponsibility of a husband for the acts of

his wife has recently been decided in the

Supreme Court of Illinois, and in deliv-

ing the opinion of the Court, Judge Thorn-

ton took occasion to make an elaborate

review of the changes which recent legis-

lation has made in the legal relations be-

tween man and wife. The case in ques-

tion was one styled Janet Robson vs.

John Martin for slanderous words used

respecting her by Margaret Martin, John's

wife, and the case had come to the Sup-

reme Court on appeal. The decision was

that the husband was liable. The Court

held that a liability which has for its con-

sideration as fallen, the relationship

of husband and wife has so changed as

to deprive him of all rights to her