



MRS. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XXIII. Standish found when he reached his room...

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The poor gentleman is lost, that is plain enough. Likely got cramp and went down for he was a strong swimmer.

"I suppose it is folly to hope," he forced himself to say at last.

"Ay! no good at all, sir. I don't see as there is a spark of hope, now!"

As there was no more to be done at present, Standish, then, greatly abashed, was obliged to think of his own duties, public and private.

"I can see him to-morrow morning," he said. "At what hour does Col. Callander breakfast?"

"Yes, sir, he goes out to boat or bathe very early, and comes in about eight-thirty—to-night he ordered fish and kidneys, for breakfast, as he seemed to expect you might come, sir."

"Oh, very well—I will give me some brandy and soda and I will go to bed, too."

It was some time before Standish could sleep when he did, he slept heavily.

"When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and sparkling brightly on the rippling waters of the bay."

When dressed and ready it was nearly half past eight, and he felt less oppressive to meet Callander first in the open air.

As he strode slowly toward the hut where Old Jack, the boatman, believed himself among his boats, drawn up beside it—every step recalled the happy hours he had spent on the beach with Mabel and Dorothy, the previous autumn.

Standish found Old Jack seated in the stern of one of his boats, smoking a very black pipe, and looking out so earnestly toward the sea that he did not hear the approaching step.

"Good morning, Jack."

"Oh! Mr. Standish mornin', sir—have'n't you seen me down here this many a day, sir?"

"No, I've been too busy to take a holiday."

"Not much of a holiday for you to come down here, sir," said the rugged old salt.

"That's true!" There was a pause—then Standish asked, "Has the Colonel gone out to bathe to-day?"

"Yes, he goes a bathing or bathing every morning when he is down—sometimes I go with him; but, bless your art, sir, he never catches nothing! Forgets his holding the line most of the time."

"I see no sign of him yet. When he gets the oars in his hands, he rows sharp and fast, and he is a good swimmer."

"Do," said Standish eagerly, "and I'll come with you. You may have a long pull."

Standing up, old Jack Goidl shouted loudly and loud the name of the boat taken out by Col. Callander that morning.

"In vain; there was not even an echo to reply."

"Then he returned to his oar, saying solemnly, 'So let me make straight for the Head!'"

"They rowed on and on, and round and about, but no trace of the lively Peck; nor her oarsman was to be seen."

"The spot he started on was a small rocky projection, not far from a stretch of fine sand which filled a slight indentation of the shore, where Standish had once found Dorothy, with Nurse and the children, hunting for shells and seaweed."

A long walk, however, was before him, and his mind was too profoundly distracted to allow of tender musing at the object of his good hope, thinking hard what was best to be done if Callander had disappeared, or if he returned alive.

"The field at Waterloo is covered with a crop of crimson poppies every year."

"-Initiation Ivory is now being extensively manufactured from the fruit of a palm-like shrub called Phytelasma macrocarpa, which is about the size of an apple and possesses a hard interior kernel."

"The oldest steam engine in the world has just gone off duty after working 120 years. It was built in 1777."

STORY OF A STATESMAN.

"All" is what she always called him. But there was no music in the sound of the sweet diminutive, as she uttered it on this fatal morning after breakfast.

"Well, I'm not ashamed of 'em, anyhow," he replied in desperation.

"They packed their things and left town the next evening."

"Mrs. Brownlee in her buoyant trustfulness anticipated scenes of greeting in which mingled the picturesque effects of a summer residence on the banks of Lake Como, as described by Claude Melnotte, with the other details of romantic stage illusions, which began to grate on her nerves as she saw only the 'fashionable' side of life, her anticipations were somewhat dampened when they stepped off the train in the dark and found themselves on a platform where some rough-looking men were lounging about under the shelter of a projecting roof, waiting for the coming of a train."

"They seemed to recognize the member of Congress, despite his disguise, for he wore a fashionable overcoat and a closely rolled umbrella, though he had exchanged his silk hat for a Derby."

"After some whispering the knot of loungers gravitated toward the speaker of the house, who was standing in a dark room? Say, Smith, you must be a member of the house, you're a dangerous tendency to pin his faith in the infallibility of his own opinions and standing put upon them; and that is why it happens so often that young men like Mr. Brownlee beat out an old race horse and go to Congress as a blunder."

"Dog my oats, Bill," called out one. "If this ain't Smith Brownlee. Hello, Smith; got back, have you?"

"Yes, well, sir, replied the man, and I believe Egerton called this afternoon. He said, as he could not find me at the club, he came on here. He seemed surprised to hear you had gone down to the country."

"Egerton?" repeated Standish, his brow contracting; there was another talk. "I shall probably meet him to-morrow."

"Any answer to these, sir?" taking the man's hand.

"No—none."

"The man left the room, but returned almost immediately."

"What is below, sir. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes; show him up," said Standish, sudden vigor and fire replacing his exhaustion at the sound of his name.

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SECTIONS OF THE DAY.

Subject: "Make Home Happy"—The Door of the Dwelling House is the Foundation of Character.—State—Let Christ Love Abide Therein.

"The disciples went away again into their own homes."—John 14, 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, was the motto, as it is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere.

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VETERAN AMONG BRIDGES.

Its Peculiarities of Construction Make It a Great Curiosity.

The triangular bridge at Croylund, in Lincolnshire, is probably not only the oldest, but the most curious bridge in England, but, on account of its peculiar construction, one of the greatest curiosities in Europe. It is built in the middle of the town at the confluence of the Welland and the Nene. The plan of the bridge is formed by three squares and an equilateral triangle, the four sides being placed. It has three fronts, three thoroughfares over and three under it. There are the same number of abutments at equal distances, from which rise three half arches, each composed of three ribs meeting in the center at the top. Seen from any point of view a pointed arch appears to be the bridge.

Antiquaries—often fanciful writers—have suggested that the piece of masonry was built as an emblem of the Holy Trinity; for, though the bridge possesses three arches, it yet properly counts as four, the three arches being supported by four piers.

More modern writers, however, hold the structure to have been designed as a starting place for measuring ecclesiastical boundaries, with the additional utility of forming a support for a market cross.

An exceedingly interesting feature of the bridge is the much-remembered representation of King Ethelbald, the rudeness of the design, the unorthodoxy of the headress and drapery, lead to the conclusion of the effigy being a genuine Saxo sculpture. Placed in a sitting posture at the end of the four piers, the figure is clothed with a crown. In one of Ethelbald's charters the triangular bridge at Croylund was mentioned, but that now existing is supposed to be, from its style of architecture, of the time of Edward I. The statue must be of much greater age, and is a fine specimen of the art of the twelfth century.

On the whole, Brownlee deserved it. He had no influential friends to thank for his rise in the world; no family influence had stood back of him to direct his efforts; no money had been used to buy him a seat in Congress. He had just invested what mother wit nature had endowed him with in such opportunities as came to hand, and when fortune, in her timid way, had knocked at his door, as she is said to do at every man's door once in a lifetime, he had said, "Come in!"

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