SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

SWEET-FACED woman and a A sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relic of better days perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed too, and as she clasps the woman's hand looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now-there is an anguished expression upon it, a careworn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the dock men, of the stevedores, and of loungers about the wharves, whether the brig "Good Luck" has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, and that reply is-that the brig "Good Luck" has not come in; but that this same brig "Good Luck" has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—nevermore.

If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for this woman and herchild have supreme faith—feel as sure as God rules that the brig "Good Luck" will come in, and come in soon, with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question, and praying the same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way among the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig's owners have their offices. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another as much as to say, "poor thing ! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad! Yes, she is as mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Selter, master of the brig "Good Luck"-to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of this child. God of Heaven, why does he stay away from her so long?

" Is the 'Good Luck' in yet ?" she asks of a clerk.

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She's expected, of course, to-day?" "Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I

see the tall masts. Look! look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the

"Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am." says the clerk relaxing into his calculations, and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is so heart-rending

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the 'Good Luck.' I see the figurehead; the figurehead of the 'Good Luck' is an angel-a white and gold angel. No! no! that isn't it."

"But papa will come home soon, won't he, mamma ?" whispers the child.

"Yes, yes, yes! To-day, my darling, to-day.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk and approaching the woman, says in a kindly tone:

"Mrs. Selter, sit down; make yourself comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here; give mea kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Selter,"

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is tired-she has been walking

too much."

"Mamma, I don't mind walking to find father. I am not tired."

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her. She winds her arms about his neck and exclaims:

"You'll tell my papa to come soon won't you ?"

" Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, being only half pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Selter had always received her husband's mongy here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawmah, I'm sure the Good Luck' will be in to-day ?"

"Certainly it will! What's to hinder it?" he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking a drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then he goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over.

Click-clickity click! goes the magic

instrument, repeating its dot and dash message.

"Hear that?" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell her."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face flushed with emotion some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes. "There Mrs. Selfer, now go home. Take

a car at the door." "Oh! I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in.

But I thank you so much, so much." "Here little one," says the goodhearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candles," He puts into her tiny outstretched palm a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa." Poor little thing she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an in-

"Now, Mrs. Selter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes sir."

" Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean today. Go down with Mr. Pelton here, our young man, and get something to eat. You see, we have arrangements here for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there now. Everybody's dined. Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, " to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that." Then pausing a moment, as if propriety and his philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind:

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up into my room there—that's better!" The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the tele-

graph operator.

"Send this message at once, Mr. Lind-lay, if you please." He writes something and the operator clicks it off at once. It's a long message, a very long message indeed, but the President's message is not so important, so interesting, to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Selter partakes of it, and does not think proper to waken the weary child, that she may eat

Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now,you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me tonight."

"No, no!" exclaims the mother. "I must have my Ellie with me always, sir! You are so very good, though, sir-so very good! And there is no news of the 'Good Luck ?' "

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say,"

"It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day."

" I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Selter." "I know you do," she responds, with

"Now go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can

not help it." "Come, Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child, with a start, awakes and cries, "Is it my papa? Dear, dear papa!"

Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear-don't cry. The brig will come in-the brig will come in! Don't ery!" the good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down the stairs, and helps both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfmen, and again receives only the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks:

"Has the 'Good Luck' come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am." She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait

for Tawman, and sits down. When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual he greets her very kindly and kisses the little girl, and says:

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet." "Will it be in to-day ?"

"I hope so. And he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has not been long engaged in his correspondence, when a scream from the woman

startles him. She has risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Here is a ship coming in-look! look 133

"That's not it," says a clerk. "That's

a schooner." "Oh,no!" adds Mr. Tawman. "That's

not the 'Good Luck.' "

"It is! it is!" She darts from the office dragging the child after her, runs across the crowded street, across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it and calls to her. To no purpose however. All the clerks cluster about the window to watch her.

"The woman is mad," says one. "She's going to drown herself." Tawman says quietly to the telegraph

operator: "It's the 'Mary!"

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Selter is standing in the midst of the crowd of excited people, waving her handkerchief and the little girl is waving hers.

"Look! look there! There's a man overboard!" cries one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

"Thunder!" exclaims Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that

"He's swimming like a fish," says a clerk.

"He has landed. Hark at the cheers." "God of Mercy, look, look!" shouted the operator. "She is hugging him-so is the little girl. It's Captain Selter!"
"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, " and pray Heaven that she may not sink under the shock! Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear, dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs down stairs like a boy and darts over to where husband, wife and child are, united and happy.

"The 'Good Luck's' come in!" yells Tawman lustily.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the Captain by the hand and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him, "this is 'good luck' my boy, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram ?"

When the man can speak he answers:

"I planned it all," chatters old Tawman. "You see, I got a dispatch, yesterday, from the Breakwater, saying that Captain Selter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner 'Mary,' bound in, and that you were coming up by rail from Lewes. I telegraphed back word for you to come up in the schooner for a certain purpose. The shock would have been worse to her, if I hadn't. I told her when I put her in the car yesterday, that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes Cap., we'll have a talk about business.

And then the wife learned that the day previous the firm had heard of the shipwreck of their vessel, and that the captain and crew were some of them saved and were even then at the lower

Mr. Tawney fearing the effect on the poor wife, had her husband arrived in any manner except by vessel, had telegraphed him to come up in the manner he did. A happier woman or a more gratified little girl could not be found than were Mrs. Selter and her little Mary, as they sat at the dinner table with the loved husband and father beside them.

A Perplexed Judge.

COLORED roustabout fell from a A steamer near New Orleans recently and was drowned. He left an estate of \$465 cash due him by the steamboat company, and among the many claimants who appeared before Commissioner Southworth as the rightful heirs to this munificent sum were two portly females one of whom was followed by six smallsized children, and the other by eight. They took positions on the opposite sides of the room and their broods gathered about them. Then each of these females took out a red bandanna handkerchief. hid her face, and uttered a heart-rending moan.

This exhibition of sadness and depression was not without its effect upon the little ones, each of whom broke out into a very unmelodious bellow. The commissioner by this time became extremely anxious to know something of his visitors and their business. After diligent inquiry and between many groans and moans, he was able to discover that they both claimed to be the relict of the dead roustabout, and that they both laid claim to his estate. Here was a dilemma, indeed, for the commissioner. Which of the two women was the real widow?

He questioned them closely, and each declared that she had been the wife of the dead roustabout. At last the commissioner gave up in despair. He could not decide which was the one entitled to the money. Then a happy thought struck him. He remembered the story of Solomon and the two women claiming the same child. It came to him like an inspiration, and he acted upon it immediately. He said to them; "I will give this money to that one of you who will go and search for the body of the

roustabout. His body has not yet been discovered, and it may be lying along the shore near where he was lost. I will furnish you with transportation to the locality."

The female with six children dried her tears immediately, and said that she wouldn't go on such an expedition on any account; that she had no time, and had enough to attend to at home. The female with the eight children said that she would go gladly, and that she would stay until she found the body of her dear husband; that she would have gone before only that she had no money and no way of going. The commissioner was satisfied that he had found the true relict of the roustabout, and without further hesitation he handed the estate over to the female who represented the most responsibilities.

Selling a Wife for Drinks.

Thomas Gilligan, a jovial young canal boatman, familiarly known in Jersey City as "Tommy Dodd," some years ago became attached to a comely young woman near Phillipsburg. She liked to drink, and one day Gilligan plied her with liquor, and on the next morning showed her a marriage certificate signed by a Rockaway Justice of the Peace. wherein their marriage was duly set forth. "I don't remember anything about it," she said; "I was drunk, I confess, but if you say so, Tommy, it is all right."

They lived together four years, during which time two children were born, but Gilligan's acts of cruelty compelled her to seek advice and sympathy elsewhere. In the heart of Jacob Meyers, a fellow canal boatman, Mrs. Gilligan found a responsive chord, and she conceived a strong attachment for him. Gilligan noticed it, and said: "A treat for all hands around, Jake, and she is yours." He jumped at the proposition, and after spending \$1.60 for drinks Jacob claimed Mrs. Gilligan as his own. Ever since Gilligan seems to have repented of his bargain, and has made overtures to regain his wife, but failed.

On Monday last Gilligan went to the boat on which Jacob is at work, and demanded his wife. Jacob knocked him down, and laid open his scalp with a piece of coal. Gilligan had Meyers arrested and when arraigned before Police Justice Davis in Jersey City last week, the story was developed.

Justice Davis fined Meyers \$10, and sent him to jail for thirty days. Mrs. Gilligan says that she is happy with Meyers, and will not desert him.

The Blacksmith was Capable of True Love.

Away back half a century ago there lived in Lanesboro a rich old farmer .-Then as now rich old farmers were the possessors of daughters and sons, and the daughters somehow would have beaux. In the same town lived an industrious young blacksmith, who sought the hand of the only daughter of the rich old farmer, who, by the way, held higher hopes and aspirations for her, and plainly told the young man that he "did not think an anvil and a piano would sound well together." The blacksmith swallowed the rebuff, and, forestalling Horace Greeley's advice by several years, "went West," Meanwhile the daughter had an unobjectionable suitor whom she was allowed to marry. Ten years or more she lived happily, when her husband died. Then came years of widowhood and all the sorrows and trials the word implies. A consoling and consolable widower, however, happening along, she was again married. Another decade of happy wedded life, and she was again left a widow. It was then she returned to the preental roof; and after a few years her father followed the two husbands. Now was the first lover's opportunity. Within the present year, the young blacksmith, having nearly reached the age of three-score and ten, while on a visit to Eastern friends, learned the situation, renewed his suit and was accepted. And now there is only perfect harmony in the "Anvil Chorus," in which they both join.

Jeff White was one of the wealthiest and drunkenest young man in Los Angeles, Cal. Katy Harvey was beautiful, but she belonged to a poor and wicked family, who conceived that they might mend their fortunes by inducing Jeff to marry her. Katy did her best to fascinate Jeff, and succeeded; but Jeff was not inclined to marry, and his sister influenced him as much as she could the other way. The Harveys got him into their house, and gave him whiskey and morphine for two weeks. By that time he was at the point of death, and consented to the marriage. A willing Justice was found to perform the ceremony, but with his arrival came Miss White, determined to prevent it. Then there was a scene of strife at the dying man's bedside. Katy took his hand, and the Justice began the ceremony. Then Miss White pulled her brother's hand away. In the midst of the confusion he died, unmarried.

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IS MY FAMILY

MEDICINE: I WISH NO OTHER.

I WISH NO OTHER.

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1876.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: When I was about 5 years of age a humor broke out upon me, which my mother tried to cure by giving me herb teas and all other such remedies as she knew of, but it continued to grow worse, until finally she consulted a physician and he said I had the sait rheum, and doctoren me for that complaint. He consulted a physician and he said I had the sait rheum, and doctoren me for that complaint. He relieved me some, but said I could not be permanently cured as the disease originated in the blood. I remained a great sufferer for several years, until I keard of and consulted a physician, who said I had the scrofulous humor and II would allow him to doctor me he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced healing up my sores and succeeded in effecting an external cure, but in a short time the disease appeared again in a worse form than ever, as cancerous humor upon my lungs, throat and head. I suffered the most terrible pain, and there seemed to be no remedy, and my friends thought I must soon die, when my attention was called, while reading a newspaper, to a VEGETINE testmonial of Mrs. Waterhouse, No. 384 Athens St., South Boston, and I, formerly residing in South Boston, and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former feeble health. I concluded I would try the Vegetine.—After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to force the sores out of my system. I had running sores in my ears which for a time were very painful, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had taken about twenty five bottles, my health improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the sores to heal. I commenced taking the Vegetine in 1872, and continued its constant use for 6 months. At the present time my health is better than it has been since I was a child. The Vegetine is what helped me, and I most cordially recommend it to all sufferer for over thirty years, and until I used the Vegetine, I found no remedy; now I use it as my faithful

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MR.-H. R. STEVENS; -Dear Sir-1 desire to state MR. H. R. STEVENS :—Dear Sir—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and neck for several years. I have tried many remedles, but noze cured the lumor on my face and neck.—After using two or three bottles of your Vegetine the humor was entirely cured. I do certainly believe it is the best medicine for all impurities of the blood that there is in the land, and should highly recommend it to the afflicted-public.

Truly yours. F. PERRINE, Architect.
Mr. Perrine is a well-known architect and builder at Little Falls, N. Y., having lived there and in the vicinity for the last 33 years.

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