

A WOMAN'S HINT.

"A BEGGARLY clerk—a mere nobody; father died without a cent, mother ditto; Lola must be crazy. I must put a stop to it, that's certain.—H'm! Let me see! She is crazy to go abroad. Suppose I send her. The excitement of getting ready will keep her occupied for a week or two, and Jane will be glad enough to go with her.—The very thing. As for the letter—let me see!"

Arriving at this point in his meditations, Mr. James Almstead opened again a letter he had been most ruthlessly crushing in his clenched hand, and read once more the respectful request of Henry Redmond to pay his addresses to Lola Almstead, the only child of the wealthy merchant.

There had been no obstruction to the young lover's wooing, for Henry Redmond was born of gentle people, and moved in the same social circle as the fair-haired girl he adored. And being a handsome young fellow, well educated and courteous, he had won an answering love, though there had been no word spoken, when he wrote the straightforward, manly letter already referred to.

With true American independence he had considered that an unstained name, a fair business record, and a salary sufficient for every comfort, placed him on a social equality with James Almstead's daughter, and he was as much surprised as he was disappointed at the curt refusal that answered his letter. The information that Miss Almstead would sail for Europe in a short time with her aunt, Mrs. Beach, did not tend to raise the lover's depressed spirits.

The letter, reaching him at his business address in business hours, was opened and read in the little sanctum where he occupied the position of confidential clerk to his employer and uncle, Harvey Redmond, a large wholesale dealer in hides and leather. Not a sweet-smelling establishment, though this little room, with two desks only, was comfortably and handsomely furnished.

The young clerk was still perusing his most discouraging letter when a fine-looking man of sixty, or thereabouts, came in, hung up his overcoat, and held up a dainty note.

"Who is that lady correspondent, Harvey?" he asked.

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Open your letter, then, and find out. But what ails you? You look as if you had just lost your last, and best friend."

For answer, Harry handed him Mr. Almstead's letter, and opened the note he received in exchange.

There were some moments of silence, during which Harry read these words:

DEAR HARRY:—Papa told me about your letter, and so I dare to write, knowing you love me, as I love you (deeply underlined were the last four words).—Papa is going to send me to Europe on the next month. I have been forbidden to see you, or to speak to you, so it only remains for me to write to you. Papa says I may marry on the other side, if I choose, but no one in New York. I have no idea how long I am to be banished, but I will remain, as now,

Yours faithfully,
LOLA.

"Well," Mr. Redmond said, looking up, "bless the boy. He has a whole sunbeam in his eyes. Is the letter from Miss Almstead?"

"Yes, sir; will you read it?"

"Well," was the comment after the perusal. "What did the old heathen mean by giving her permission to marry on the other side? Trusts to her pretty face to captivate an English nobleman, I suppose. But she is a plucky little girl, at any rate, to give you the hint Harry."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Almstead's sole objections to your proposal are your limited salary and the uncertainty of your business prospects. Did you ever happen to mention to him that I am your uncle, and unmarried?"

"No, sir. If what your words imply were ever to come true, it would only be when I lost my best friend, my best beloved relative."

There was a rush of unshed tears in Harry's eyes, as he held out his hand to give that of his uncle's a close, warm pressure.

"My death, you mean," said Mr. Redmond. "We will hope to be spared to each other many years longer, Harry.—But I think the time has come to tell you of a trust I hold for you."

The young man's face flushed as he looked in his uncle's eyes, full of genial light.

"Your grandfather," Mr. Redmond said, "was more than proud of this firm, established by his own energy and industry, sustained by his honorably-earned wealth. Your father and I were taken into the partnership only after years of probation, and you do not need to be told of the disastrous love for speculation that scattered your father's share of the profits, nor of the disappoint-

ment that really ended his life. You were but a little chap when your grandfather died, and his will left his business and entire fortune to his oldest son, myself. But, before he died, he gave me a solemn trust. He charged me to test your capacities and your principles well until you arrived at twenty-five years of age, to be sure that the love of daring risks had not been inherited by you, and that you would keep up the old firm's reputation for solidity and honesty. If you stood the ordeal, you were to become my full partner, and to take possession of a hundred thousand dollars lying out at interest for fifteen years. When are you twenty-five, Harry?"

"Next week, sir."

"I thought so. The papers that give you your partnership and your fortune are in that safe. They will be signed next week."

"How can I thank you, Uncle Harvey?"

"By being happy. It is many weary years, my dear boy, since my love-dream was broken by the death of the only woman to whom I was ever attached.—We may meet in the great hereafter, but until then I am faithful to her memory. Heaven grant your love may have a more prosperous ending. And now, Harry, do you think you can undertake a little business for the new firm, in London, and be ready to sail on the 18th?"

"I think I could sir."

In the handsome house of James Almstead there had been tears and pleading, storms and open rebellion, when Miss Lola learned how her lover's suit had been answered. She was a pretty, willful maiden, and had been petted and spoiled from her cradle. To be crossed now in her love, banished from her home and treated as if in dire disgrace, was a new and very disagreeable experience. To all her coaxing, all her pouting, her father had turned a deaf ear, until, thoroughly provoked, she had said:

"I've a great mind never to come back, but to marry an Englishman or an Italian."

"Just as you please," was the provoking answer. "You shall not marry a penniless clerk, but if you can find a lover on the other side, you may have him."

And Lola, partly to comfort Harry by giving him a broad hint, partly to prove her own independence had forthwith written the letter already quoted.

No answer reached her, and she was convinced that Harry's poverty or business engagements held him fast in New York, and was depressed or cross by turns, till her aunt declared she was enough to arouse a temper of a saint.

Not one look would she give to the preparations for her trip abroad, not one suggestion did she make concerning the voyage her father called a holiday tour and she designated her banishment.—Even at last, when she sat in the dining-room of the Dakota, surrounded by friends wishing her a pleasant trip, she showed no sign of interest, finally retiring to her state-room, leaving aunt Jane to say all the farewells, while she sobbed in her narrow berth.

Her father came down laden with fruit, flowers and novels, to bid her farewell, and relenting at the sight of her tear-stained face, would have taken her home at the last moment, but for a vision of her lover rising before his eyes. Still, he told her if she was very homesick she might return in a year, and so left her, disconsolate and weeping.

She would not go on deck as the steamer glided slowly from the slip, and aunt Jane had no sympathy when the horrors of sea-sickness made her life a burden.

"You had no business to come!" said Lola, heartless and sarcastic, but knowing nothing of the wretchedness holding her aunt captive. "I could have gone alone. I am going on deck now; it is stifling in here."

"Oh, I'll die if you leave me alone!" groaned the sufferer. "You would not go on deck without me."

"Maria will stay," said Lola, looking at the ghastly face of the maid; "misery likes company."

Then she went up on deck, and sitting down by the railing, watched the fast vanishing shore, thinking of home, father and Harry.

Her tears were about spent, but her face was very white and dolorous, when she caught the eyes of a tall young fellow in an Ulster and traveling cap, pacing the deck. In a moment he was also by the railing, saying, very quietly:

"A lovely day to start, Miss Almstead."

A quick gasp, a lovely flush of color on the pale cheeks, a sudden brightening of the sad blue eyes, greeted the remark.

"Harry—Mr. Redmond—"

"Harry will do."

"You are going as far as Sandy Hook with us, to return in the pilot boat?"

"I am going as far as Liverpool with you to return when you do."

"You—are you in earnest?"

"I am in earnest. My uncle has given me a number of important commissions that will require my presence in various European cities, but which can be timed to suit my own convenience—and yours."

Poor aunt Jane, moaning in the little state room, one minute afraid she would die, the next afraid she would not, little thought of her brother's probable wrath at her neglect of proper watchfulness.—Utterly refusing to go upon deck, or even leave her berth, deeply resenting Lola's bright eyes and tremendous appetite, she passed the whole ten days of crossing without once seeing the "clerk" they had left New York to avoid, or once hearing any of the deeply interesting conversation that made life a paradise for Harry and Lola in mid-ocean.

Limp, white and disgusted, she accepted Mr. Redmond's assistance at Liverpool and his escort to London, scarcely recovering sufficiently to express the proper indignation when one morning Lola walked into the sitting-room in the hotel and announced:

"This is my husband, aunt Jane.—You know papa expressly stated that he had no objection to my marrying on this side of the Atlantic."

"But—"

"Yes—I know. It is too late for any but at present."

And it was too late; but when Mr. Almstead received the call of Harvey Redmond, was informed of the new partnership and the legacy of the deceased Mr. Redmond to his grandson, he was quite ready to forgive the runaway couple, and to give Mr. Harvey Redmond valuable advice and substantial aid in selecting, purchasing and furnishing the handsome house that will be the wedding gift to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redmond when after a sojourn of two years abroad, they return, both well pleased with the result of "a woman's hint."

The Praying Sailors.

A ship once sprang a leak in mid-ocean, and there seemed no escape for the crew from a watery grave. The captain with deep emotion gathered his men around him, thirty-two in number, and briefly stated to them their condition. "Are you ready for it?" he asked feelingly.

Two men stepped forward. "Captain we believe we are prepared for death."

"Then," said he, "pray for me and your shipmates. I acknowledge that I am not prepared."

The two men knelt down with the company and earnestly prayed God to save them all for His Son's sake. There was no jeering now at the praying shipmates. No one to scoff at religion.—Every one felt that there was comfort and safety for them only in God. While they were praying their signal of distress was seen, and a life boat sent to their rescue.

They felt as if God had sent an angel to their help, and their thanksgivings were as earnest as their prayers for assistance had been. A daily prayer meeting was established among them, and before the port was reached each one of the thirty-two were hopefully converted.

It is a blessing beyond every other earthly good to be associated in life with praying, Christian people. We do not know how many times the Lord wards off danger and trouble from us on this account, and how many blessings come to us in answer to prayers. Choose such company in preference to any other, if you would enjoy the blessings God bestows in this life, and be fitted at last for such companionship in the life beyond.

A Man Who Says He Doesn't Sleep.

PARKERSBURG, July 1.—The man who does not sleep, Saunders, now resides near this place. Some time in 1861 or 1862 Saunders enlisted in the Fourth West Virginia Volunteers. For several years he had not slept at all, so he says. But it becoming known directly in camp that he made such pretensions, it aroused the curiosity of many of the men and officers, and they set a watch upon him. I am told by a Colonel that he and many others lost a great many night's sleep in endeavoring to entrap Saunders, but during the whole time that he remained a member of the Fourth he was never caught asleep. He stood guard night after night, and week after week, paid by sleepy-headed soldiers to take their turns, but never was caught napping.

He hauled cock several weeks in succession, only stopping long enough to eat and change horses, and ploughed in the fields with five or six stalwart men until he wore them out completely, but never seemed to tire. During the year 1863, I think it was, he went to Philadelphia and was examined by the leading physicians of the country. They sat up with him in relays of five, night and day, and kept up an almost constant stream of conversation with him, and at the termination of twenty-nine days discharged him with a certificate, but could give no explanation of this freak

of nature. Many stories of the untiring energy and activity of this man are told and all agree who know him that this antipode of Rip Van Winkle is the most sleepless man they ever met.

Mr. Saunders is now about fifty-six years of age, and says that he has not known what sleep is for eighteen years. He himself cannot account for it, as he says the change in his physical organization occurred within three days, and that he was never sick in his life, and took medicine but once, and that was when he had a catarrh, about three years ago. He is a hale, hearty man, and bids fair to live many years yet. He is conscientiously opposed to making a show of himself, or no doubt would long ago have been before the public as one of the human curiosities of the world.

Searching for the Shipwrecked.

It will be remembered that Rear Admiral Reynolds, commanding the Asiatic Station, a short time since wrote to the Navy Department that he was about sending the United States steamer Alert to search for shipwrecked persons—sixteen men and one woman—reported to be on some island near Dampler Straits. Information now received from San Francisco, California is to the effect that the schooner Urania sailed from Kadiak, Alaska territory, on the 20th of December, 1875, for San Francisco, and has not since been heard from. She had on board Mr. Shuran, United States Collector at Alaska; Captain Lee and wife, and others; in all numbering sixteen men and one woman. It is probable that the shipwrecked persons reported by Admiral Reynolds, are those who were on the Urania, and may yet be rescued by the prompt action of that officer.

A Surprised German.

An intoxicated German got on a Hudson River train at Kinderhook to go to Troy; and the Budget of that city says: "He threw his satchel down in a corner of the car, took a seat, and was soon asleep. On awaking he said he had left his baggage at Kinderhook, and asked the boy employed on the train what he should do to recover it. The latter, who had seen the German place his satchel in the corner, replied: 'You give me thirty cents and I'll telegraph to Kinderhook to have the depot master forward it by telegraph to Greenbush. It will reach there before we do.' The German paid the thirty cents and the boy departed, taking the satchel into another car. On reaching Greenbush the boy returned with the bag. 'Ah,' said the German, 'dot degraaff is vun grate dings. Here, dake anoder quarter, mein pay.'"

Advancing Backward in Massachusetts.

Scores of acres of worn out pasture and tillage lands, almost within a stone's throw of one of the principal business streets of the Narrows Village, Wareham, are now covered with a vigorous growth of young pines. Hundreds of acres of land within the limits of the town, once under profitable cultivation, are now covered with thick forests of oak and pine, and it is no uncommon thing to encounter in these solitudes heaps of rubbish marking the site of the former dwelling of some prosperous farmer, while around are stone walls, which doubtless originally served to protect his rich tillage lands from the inroads of his cattle. The same scenes may be witnessed in the town of Carver, Rochester, and Marion.—New Bedford Standard.

A Jolly Game.

"Blowing Cotton" is a sitting room game of the jolliest sort. Let as many sit around the table with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him. Take a small piece of common batting, plucked up so as to make it as light as possible. Let some one count "one, two, three," and then let each one blow their best to keep the cotton away from themselves and drive it upon some one else. The person on whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start it anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

A few days ago a Park avenue belle, while crossing Broad street, on Columbia avenue, saw some children sneaking at her. She paid no attention to them but walked on, and was surprised to see so many people turn and look at her. On nearing Fifteenth street a gentleman tapped her on the shoulder and handed her her bonnet, which had blown off a square away. Of course she didn't blush.—Philadelphia Star.

Don't dally with whiskey. It woos you at first to make a slave of you afterwards.

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