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knots. The first mate looked feazed when he came on deck to take his watch, but Teague gave his orders and didn't make no explanations. Then he went up into the bow and took his seat in the knighthood.

"For seven days that breeze lasted and for seven days we went clipping south, with the sun so hot that it boiled the pitch out of the decks and our port of destination further and further over our port quarter. And for seven days Teague set up there on the knighthood looking forward, out over the sea. We passed ships and then got passed the traveled way and Teague paid no heed.

"But on that seventh day we raised a speck on the horizon and Teague jumped to his feet when he seen it. We come up to it in the first dog watch. She was what was left of a fine schooner, her masts gone and lying so low in the water her decks was partly awash.

"Lower away the yawl," says Teague. It was his first word since he'd turned the bark south.

"I was in the yawl's crew. They was a dozen starving men with bloodshot eyes on that wreck and two or three dead ones.

"Water," the men whispered, as Teague come aboard, and held out his hands.

"Where is the woman?" says Teague.

"Dead—under yon tarpaulin," says one of the men. "Poor little woman, Barker beat her to death before she starved."

"God be praised," says Teague in a quiet voice that shook that waterlogged wreck. "And which of you's Barker?"

"Dead a week," says the man. "Give us water."

"Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman, that was lying under it, up in his hands. They said afterwards that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he hollers out:

"Some brandy here—this woman's alive."

"They passed him a flask out of the yawl and he forced some down between her set teeth. Then he loosened her dress and rubbed her body and blew in her mouth and worked over her for two hours without raising his head. And then, as I hope for mercy, the woman's eyelids begin to flutter like a loose stud-din' sail in a light breeze and her eyes opened and she smiled with 'em up at Teague. And Teague, as I live, set there swelling up to the size of his clothes with every second that passed.

"Come here, Bill," says he to me, speaking as soft as a woman with a young baby; 'is this her you see in the cabin?"

"I crept over and looked at her.

"Yes, sir," I says, 'though not near so pale."

"Well, how," says Teague, 'could that sperrit of hers come to be settin' in that there cabin, with her not dead yet, down here fourteen miles away?"

"At that the woman opened her eyes and smiled up at Teague again.

"You was a long time coming, Jim," she whispered. "I—I been a-dreaming that I was writing you a letter."

"They was married when we got to port a month overdue. Teague lived to be seventy-eight, but his wife was eighty-one when she died. Some times I've felt sorry for that poor little brown-haired ghost that had to wait them sixty long years before it had a chance to get about again."—The New York Sun.

THE NEW EDICT.

The gay custodians of the law
Past midnight now may smoke,
And life is doubly than before
A Bacchanalian joke;
But oh, 'tis sad to view the grief
Which clouds the Vendor's face;
The stern administrative thief
Doth nightly raid his place.

—Town Topics.

"HE WHO DIED AT AZAN."

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And we say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women have
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift from the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear,
'Tis an empty sea shell,—one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah seal'd, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that lov'd him; let it lie!
Let the share of earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now the world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye can not see
Of unfulfill'd felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.
Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death, for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our soul draws when we enter
Life, which is all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
View'd from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

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A traveling bride is regarded as a pearl-gray nuisance by everybody save the groom.—Town Topics.