

LITTLE AND MUCH.

It matters little where I was born, If my parents were rich or poor; Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn, Or walked in the pride of wealth secure. But whether I live an honest man, And hold my integrity in my clutch, Tell you, my brethren, I shall not care. It matters much!

It matters little where he dwells, On land or on the sea; By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave, It matters little where he dwells. But whether he be true to his word, And whether he be true to his love, And whether he shall wear the victor's crown, As one that shall wear the victor's crown, It matters much!

"LAL" RYDQUIST.

A Story of the Land and Sea. BY WALTER DESSANT AND JAMES RICH, IN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

At first he thought he would so far give in to the outward seeming of things as to get a substitute to take command of his ship for a certain space, spending that time on shore in some secluded spot. This plan, however, involved a considerable amount of expense, with the necessity of much explanation to his employers. It therefore seemed to him best to go on just the same—to take his ship from the London Docks to Cadiz as usual, and back again, to give Rotherhithe a wide berth, and then, after a certain decent interval, to present himself at Seven Houses with a narrative.

Seven weeks in Hong-Kong, seven weeks back, eight weeks for the search—say six months in all. Having roughly drawn out his plan of action, and considered in broad outlines the leading features of the narrative, Captain Borlinder purchased a few sheets of paper, on which to set down the account of his voyage, which he intended should be a masterly performance. He then, without waiting for the Christmas festivities, though right at hand, and such prodding anywhere as "Lal" Rydquist—presented himself at Rotherhithe to take farewell before he started on his long and dangerous journey.

This haste to redeem his promise could not fail, he thought, of producing a favorable impression. He carried a red pocket-handkerchief, as that contained all the luggage required for a hardy mariner even with such a journey before him. He had tied a string, with a jack-knife at the end of it, round his waist, like a common sailor. He had a profoundly shiny hat, and his face was set to an expression of as deep sympathy as he could command.

"I know," he said in his lowest tones, "that to look for Cap'en Armiger in the Eastern Seas will very likely be a mighty tough job; but I've passed my word to tackle that job, and when Nick Borlinder's word is passed to do a thing, that thing has got to be done, or the reason why is asked pretty quick. Same as if I was in command of my own ship. For sez I to myself, before ever the Norwegee up and spoke, or the Yankee pretended to have meant it—but I am slow to speak, though amazing quick to think—I sez, 'What've three men have got to do in this business is to look after Lal's happiness.' That I sez after you read that most affecting letter, before the talk begun, and speaking in a whisper, as a man might say, down his bacypipe, 'Nothin' else concerns us now. It is that which we have to look after.' The way to look after it is to make quite sure that Cap'en Armiger is gone, and the way he went, and where his remains remain; or else if he is not gone, but he still lives and kicks, wherever that may be, then to bring him home."

"Thank you, Captain Borlinder," said Lal, thinking that the Patriarch's dislike to this good and disinterested man was founded on prejudice; and, indeed the meaning was quite plain, though the language was a little mixed. "There's a mighty islands in the Eastern Seas," continued Nicholas the Brave, "to be made looking at them in the charts. There's thousands of islands—say ten thousand, little and big. Say every one of those islands has to be searched. If we give a month to each island all round, counting little and big, that will make close upon nine hundred years. It's only one fortnight, four hundred years. What's four hundred years to a determined man? I shall search among them islands, if it's four hundred or nine hundred years, till I find him."

"But this will cost a great deal," Captain Borlinder, I am afraid. "Never mind about the cost," he replied grandly. "If it was ten times as much I'd never grudge it. We will say good-bye now. Perhaps I shall come home, with news, in a year, or even less. Perhaps it may be forty years before I come home again. Perhaps I shall bring him home in a few months, wall and hearty, perhaps in about fifty years, with never a tooth in his head. But never you fear. Pluck up. Say to yourself: 'Nick Borlinder, as he never puts his hand to nothing but he carries that thing through, has got this job in hand.' Perhaps I may come with news that you don't want. But there—we will not talk of that. If I never come

home at all, but get me devoured by sharks, cannibals and alligators, besides being struck with sunstroke, fever, rheumatism, and other illnesses, and smothered on the head with clubs, and shot with poisoned arrows, so that there's an end, then, Lal, you will perhaps begin to think kind of a man who loved you so dear that he went all that way alone to look for Cap'en Armiger, also with the Bore. For woman never knew the value of a man until he's gone."

This said, he shook hands, wagging his head mournfully, but smiling his chest as if to repress the gloomy forebodings of his soul, and the many sobs that choked further utterance. Captain Holstius also went away, and Captain Wattles, who made no further allusion to the letter or the pledge, he had made, also returned to Liverpool, whither, he said, business called him.

Then Lal was left alone with the letter of Rex to read and read again, and she never doubted that Captain Borlinder, true to his word, was on his way to the far East, to begin the search for her lost lover.

One man, however, doubted very much but in a vague way—it was the Patriarch. "Lal, my pretty," he said, "I mistrust two of them three chaps—the Yankee first, and Nick Borlinder next. As to Cap'en Wattles, he's told me over and over again that he wants to get back to the Pacific. It isn't hunting for Cap'en Armiger will take him back there. And as for Cap'en Borlinder, in my opinion, my dear, that he means to make a voyage there and a voyage back, whereby to clear the cobwebs from his brain and the wrinkles from his eyes, and to gain experience. What then? Will either of them bring him back? Do they want him back? Think, my dear. No; they want him dead. The more dead he is the better they will be pleased. And if I was Cap'en Armiger, my pretty, and I was to see either of them brave master-mariners sailing up a creek with no one else in sight, I would sit snug or I would prepare for a fight. My dear, they may talk, but they don't want him back! The only man who means honest is the Norwegee. As for him, he loves the very ground you tread upon, and I think he'd rather be your father than your husband, which, to be sure, was never a sailor's way when I was young; and that, my dear, is seventy, and soon will be eighty years ago; which proves the Fifth Commandment shows how much I honored my father and my mother—all the more because I never saw neither of them since ten years old."

Captain Borlinder, dropping down the river on his next voyage, passed the Commercial Docks with a light and jocund heart. He was about to earn the gratitude of the girl he loved as a cheap rate, namely, at the cost of remaining out of her sight on the next occasion of his return to the Port of London. His love was not of that ardent and absorbing kind which prevents a man from feeling happy unless he is in the presence of the object of his affections. Quite the contrary. Captain Borlinder was happier away from the young lady, because conversation with her was carried on under considerable constraint. Once safely married, that constraint, he felt, would be removed, and expressions, now carefully guarded, might be again freely used. If a married man's house is not his own quarter-deck, what is it? thought the Captain, who, despite the culture of many centuries and the religion of his ancestors, retained the ideas of marital authority common among primitive men. He is now married, however, though not to Lal, and has learned to think quite otherwise.

The weather was favorable across the Bay, and with all sails set, a rolling sea, and a fresh breeze, the Captain stood aft and began to consider the shaping of his narrative.

He was a good hand at a yarn. But then to write a yarn is, if you please, much more difficult than to spin one. The pen is a slow, tedious instrument. We want, in fact, something more rapid with which to interpret our thoughts. While we are painfully setting down one thing, the next, equally important, escapes us and is forgotten.

Captain Borlinder felt this, and therefore, very wisely, resolved upon not writing anything until he had thoroughly mastered the whole story and told it to himself half-a-dozen times over. Thus great novelists, I believe, got the whole of their situations clearly in their mind, with the grouping of the characters, before writing a word. And it would be an admirable plan if certain lady novelists would also follow the Captain's method, and write nothing before they are almost word-perfect with their story.

His crew were amazed at the behavior of their skipper, both outward and inward. For he paced the quarter-deck all day long, gazing at sky and sea. He struck strange attitudes; he shook his head; he swore at himself sometimes; he bit the navigation of the ship to the hilt; he seemed to be perpetually repeating words.

These things were strange. He was not drunk. He even seemed to drink less than usual; and, if he had got a touch of "horror," as sometimes happens to sailors after a spell ashore, they were manifested in a most unusual manner.

On the voyage to Cadiz and back the Captain restricted himself to mental composition. We all know how difficult it is to describe a place which you have never seen. One would like to see a competitive young man's description, say of Rotherhithe, which nobody but myself has ever visited. That difficulty is, of course, lessened when your readers are equally ignorant, but immensely

increased by the consideration that perhaps they know the place.

Now, certainly Lal had not seen any of the islands of Micronesia, or Polynesia. The contemplation of the chart whereon the countless islands of the Pacific lie dotted among the coral reefs, the shoals and atolls of that great sea, only filled her mind with vague thoughts of palm-trees, soft winds, and brown natives. In those seas sailed the ships she had heard of, the whalers, the schooners trading from island to island. On those dots of dry land lived men, of whom she had heard, who had grown gray in these latitudes, who cared no more to return to England, who had learned native ways and native customs. Though Lal had never traveled, she knew a great deal more than Captain Borlinder, and it might be embarrassing for him to be asked questions arising out of her superior knowledge.

Again, there was Captain Zachariassen. Nobody knew where that old man had not been in his long life of sixty years' sailing upon the sea. In his garrulous way, he laid claim to a knowledge of every port under the sun. Now, supposing he had actually visited the place fixed on by himself for the scene of Captain Armiger's exile and death. This, too, would be embarrassing.

It is true that Nick Borlinder was not one of those who place truth among the highest duties of mankind, but rather consider the search for enjoyment, in all its branches, as a duty immensely superior, and, indeed, a duty to be ranked foremost among those imposed on suffering humanity. Yet the worst of lying is that you have got to be consistent in order to be believed. Random lying helps no man. It is a mere amusement, a display of cleverness, intellectual fireworks, the indulgence of imagination. The story must be constructed in accordance, somehow, with possible facts.

The romance had provided himself, not only with a few sheets of paper but with a map, and over this he poured continually, seeking a likely spot for the scene of his Fabulous History. But it was not till his second return voyage that he found himself so far advanced with the story as to begin committing it to writing.

It is interesting to record further that the Captain, in returning to London sought a bookseller's shop, and inquired after any work which treated of the Eastern Seas. He obtained a second-hand copy of an old book—I think by Captain Mundy—and then learned that the island of New Guinea, which he occasionally found on the map, was entirely unknown, and had hardly ever been visited. He therefore resolved to make New Guinea the scene of Rex Armiger's landing. At all events, Captain Zachariassen would be unable to put him to shame in the matter of New Guinea.

He made three voyages to and from Cadiz, bringing home a vast quantity of sherry, Portugal plums, raisins, oranges, and other things, and taking out I know not what, except that what he took out was not worth so much as what he brought home.

It was on October 14, 1873, that Dick the Malay came back and told his tale. It was in December following that the doctor of the Aryan brought the message from the sea. On January the 2d Captain Borlinder took his farewell, and sailed forth on that desperate quest to the Eastern Seas, the description of which was written between Cadiz and London.

No news came to Rotherhithe all the winter. The Aryan returned, and the doctor came to say that the company were making inquiries among the ships trading with the islands for news of a white man cast away upon one of them. No news had yet been received.

It was the eighth day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty, that Captain Borlinder returned from the East. He bore in his hand the same red silk pocket-handkerchief with which he had started; he wore the same blue clothes, in the same state of preservation, because they were his best; the same rough fur cap.

He presented himself in the kitchen because it was in the forenoon, and Lal was engaged in her usual occupation—namely, the daily pudding. The Patriarch, as usual, sat in the arm-chair sound asleep. She dropped her work and turned pale, seeing that he was alone. "Alone," she cried. "Alone," he answered in the deepest and most sepulchral notes which his voice contained. "Alone," he repeated. "I have been a long voyage, and have come back alone. But not empty-handed. No, I have brought you news. Yes, had news, I grieve to say."

She sat down and folded her hands, prepared for the worst. "Go on," she said, "tell me what you have to tell." "At this juncture, Captain Zachariassen awoke and rubbed his eyes. "Hoi, hoi!" he said; "here's one of them come back. Well, I thought he would be the first. What cheer, mate?" "Bad," replied the traveler. "Where's Cap'en Armiger?" Captain Borlinder pointed upward, following the direction of his finger with one eye, as if that eye of faith could readily discern Rex among the angels. "I thought he'd say that; I told you so, Lal, my dear. Keep your pluck up and go tell Cap'en Holstius and Cap'en Wattles. They must hear the news, too."

to port as fine a cargo of white dea as you ever see. Yes, they're both about."

"At this point they entered and shook hands. "And now," continued the old man, "let us be comfortable. Keep your courage up, Lal, my dear, and give me a pipe. So I told you what he would say, Lal. What a thing it is to have the wisdom of four-score! Now, my hearty, pay it out."

"I have set down on paper," Captain Borlinder began, "a Narrative—ahem—a Narrative of my adventures since I started to find Cap'en Armiger. If you please, I will read my Narrative."

He lugged his precious manuscript out of his pocket, unrolled it, coughed solemnly, and began to read it. "Stop," interrupted the Patriarch; "did you try Moreton Bay?" "No, I did not."

Captain Zachariassen shook his head mournfully. "Go on, my lad, go on," he sighed; "I doubt it's no good." "Now, Venerable, keep your cut out," said Captain Borlinder, impatiently. "Yop and your Moreton Bay! Lemme go on."

He looked round him half ashamed of reading his own literary effort, spread the manuscript upon his knees, flattening it out, and smoothing down the dog's ears. Then he began. He was, unfortunately, acquainted with the rules of punctuation, so that his reading was hardly up to the Third Standard, the point at which, I believe, most school children stop. But the matter was clear and precise, so that the manner mattered little.

"I set sail," he said, "on January the 3d from Southampton aboard the P. and O. steamer Batavia, bound for Singapore, a second-class passenger. We navigated the Bay of Biscay, the weather being fine and the sea smooth. We had light showers and a breeze off Malin; we passed through the Canal and down the Red Sea—the weather being warm for the time of year, but cloudy, with much rain—to Aden. From Aden we sailed in a furious gale of wind to Point de Galle, and from Galle with a fair breeze and a smooth sea to Singapore, where we brought up all standing six weeks after leaving Southampton."

"At Singapore I began to look about me, making inquiries, but asking no questions for fear of arousing suspicion." "What suspicion?" asked Captain Zachariassen. "The reader hesitated. Then he read the passage over again."

"For fear of arousing suspicion," it was a phrase he had encountered somewhere or other in a somewhat limited course of reading, and he sat it down, thinking that it sounded rather well. "What suspicion?" "If you don't keep your cut out," he answered, "we shall never get along."

"What suspicion?" repeated Captain Zachariassen. "Suspicion that you wanted to make away with the lad when you found him?" "If you was five-and-forty years younger, my Patriarch," returned the traveler, "I'd let you know what suspicion. Now, Lal, if you'll believe me, my suspicion was that some one else beside me might tackle this job and so spile it. I wanted it finished off workmanlike. So I cast about. Hold your old jaw, will you?"

He murmured something more in his throat which rumbled and echoed about the room like suppressed thunder. "First, I went round the public houses and inquired about the bars," Captain Zachariassen granted. "But nothing could I learn. Then I sat upon the wharf and went about the shipping. Mighty civil, well-spoken skippers they were, as a rule, but they could tell me nothing, though some of them knew the Philippine, and one or two remembered Cap'en Armiger. It will be a comfort to you, Lal, to reflect that they all spoke well of him as a good sailor, who could carry his drink like a man."

Here Captain Zachariassen again granted. "So I saw what I had all along suspected, that I should have to go upon the search myself. First, therefore, I picked up such information as a man can come by as to the currents and the winds. This done, I laid down the supposed course of the boat, with such winds and such currents, on the chart. Now, you must know that Cap'en Armiger made a great mistake. So far from the current being N. E., and the wind S. W., the current sets in strong S. W. And the prevalent wind, less it's a monsoon or a cyclone, is S. W. too. What the mischief are you grunting at now?"

"This to Captain Zachariassen, who was making this sign again. "Go on, my lad. Go on, heaven! Sooner we get to the bottom of the page, the better."

"Very well, then, Grunt and—I beg your pardon, Lal. He's enough to make a ship sweat. What was it? Oh! a cyclone, in S. W. too. What did I do then? Laid down on the map the place where that boat would likely make the land, and then I cast about to get a ship which would land me on that identical spot. Sure enough there was a boat in harbor just about to sail."

"What trade might she have been in?" asked the Patriarch. [TO BE CONTINUED.] —We have the honor to propose that a fund be started by some patriotic millionaire for the benefit of the officers and men who, after serving their country faithfully in the field during the late war, have had the manhood and the honesty to make their own living, and to ask no favors from the best-bleed Government in the world.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The St. Louis Post says the street sprinkling company of that city cleared \$239,500 on its business last year.

—Large deposits of roofing slate have been discovered in Berks County, Pa., and would be opened immediately.

—It is estimated that in Great Britain 378,151 persons are engaged in underground work, conducted in galleries extending 58,744 miles.

—It is estimated that the total length of submarine telegraph cables in the world is 62,100 miles, having a money value of about \$200,000,000.

—The emigration from Switzerland last year was the greatest on record, the number of emigrants who left the country in 1881 having been 10,935, against 7,265 in 1880, and 4,288 in 1879. By far the greater proportion of them were from German Switzerland.

—Last year the German wire mills supplied England with 30,000 tons of wire, and Russia with 40,000 tons. France received from Germany from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of steel wire for sofa springs, and America not less than 30,000 tons from the same source.

—There are fifty-seven oil mills now in operation or being constructed in the South and along the Mississippi River, distributed as follows: Ten in Tennessee; nine each in Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas; eight in Arkansas; six in Alabama; two in Georgia; two in Missouri; and one each in South Carolina and Illinois.

—It is estimated that 100,000,000 feet of logs were cut on the headwaters of the Kennebec last winter, which, with the 15,000,000 feet of old logs "hung up" along the tributaries, will make a drive of 115,000,000 feet to be floated down the river. Last year the drive was the cleanest ever made, owing to the copious rains, and 150,000,000 feet of timber came down.

—There are many expensive bridges and trestles between Binghamton and Elmira on the Lackawanna Road. Near Waverly there is a bridge 1,000 feet long approached with 7,000 feet of trestle, which cost \$150,000. About six miles west of that place is a bridge 600 feet long with 1,350 feet of trestle. There are two or three others about the same length within a short distance of each other.

—The importation of potatoes has become of great importance to dealers and consumers. The total receipts at New York in January, February and March were 742,842 barrels, or 2,228,527 bushels. At 70 cents per bushel (which is about the wholesale price received by the importers), the potatoes were worth \$1,559,969, and the customs duty yielded a revenue to the Government of \$334,279. A large proportion of these potatoes came from the four ports of Glasgow, London, Liverpool and Hull. About one twenty-seventh came from the continent.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Some of our recent novels remind us of a comet, for both are a long trail from a small head.

—The individual who "stole a march" has been put in the same class with Procrastination, the thief of time.

—Why will the postage-stamp never become familiar with the alphabet? Because it is always stuck on a letter.

—We meet in society many beautiful and attractive women whom we think would make excellent wives—for our friends.

—A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chaperone.

—Second thoughts are sometimes best, which is a good reason why a man who attempts to commit suicide by drowning should be able to swim.—N. Y. Graphic.

—Kill time to-day, and to your sorrow; He'll stare you in the face to-morrow; Kill him again, in any way; He'll plague you still from day to day; Fill in the end, as is most due, Time turns the tables and kills you.

—Attentive: "I do so like to talk to you," she says softly, in a pause of the conversation, heaving on him and sighing. "Why?" asks the unsuspecting youth. "Because," she answers gently—"because you are all ears."

—To actors: Even in the very whirlwind of your passion, you must beget a temperance and not bring the heroine too closely, if you would avoid carrying away on your coat sleeves some of that divinely fair complexion.—Boston Transcript.

—A school-teacher asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew, but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

—The Norristown Herald observes: "Of what benefit to this or any other country are all the planets discovered during the past quarter of a century? A method of raising boneless shad would be a greater boon to mankind than a cartload of planets."

—"Agricultural is on the decline in Austria," read farmer Longcrop. "I should think it would be," answered his wife; "didn't I hear you say the other day that Austria had 60,000 men in the field, and ain't that enough to trample down all the crops, I'd like to know?"—Rome Sentinel.

—A London paper recently contained the following advertisement: "A gentleman (R. C.) of very respectable family and holding a good business appointment is anxious to acquire a loan for a short time to enable him to settle his mind in religious matters. Kind offers in strict confidence."