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IN SICKNESS.

All the long day I seem to float away
Through the gray mists that hide both sea and sun;
I hear the plash of waves; I feel their spray,
And still my boat is drifting further on.

Love cannot reach me; death and night alone
Are with me, and I with ever-deepening shade
Curtain me round, till darkness thick has grown
And helpless hands are stretched in vain for aid.

God has forgotten; only pain has life,
And weakness stealing soul and sense away.
God has forgotten, and amid the strife
I hear the unknown sea and feel its spray.

Faint through the darkness shines a tender light;
Soft falls a voice I cannot help but hear:
"Through waters deep thou passest, yet thy sight
Full soon shall know thy Lord was always near."

Drift as thou wilt, my boat, if, as the tide
More swiftly ebbs and bears thee out to sea,
That love unchanging may with me abide,
That voice still sound, that light still lead to Thee.

—*Helen Campbell, in Our Continent.*

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VIOLA ——;

—OR—

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER I.

Where Massachusetts Bay sweeps towards the Cape, intrenched in green hills and golden sands, sleeps the good old town of Plymouth, memorable, as all the world knows, for being the landing place of the English Puritans more than two centuries ago.

All this, being a matter of history, we pass by, and introduce, without further preamble, the Anderson family. I have never seen the genealogical records of the Andersons, and am not sure of their legitimate descent from the Puritan stock. Be that as it may, they inherited their stern virtue and uprightness of life, whether it came by blood, or by the more subtle influence which permeated the atmosphere where they lived and died so nobly and purely.

Benjamin Anderson owned a farm of some sixty acres—very prolific in thistles, sweet-fern and pitch-pines. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," admitted of the broadest and most literal interpretation in his case. He wrought patiently, early and late, and thereby succeeded in wrenching a comfortable living from the unwilling soil. The sea befriended him in many ways. It drove away the frosts that looked enviously on his unripened fields; it washed lavish quantities of kelp from its gray rocks to enrich the soil, and furnished his table with an abundance of dainty fishes. It was, beside, a continual inspiration. Rolling in from far away misty skies, infinite and illimitable as the thought of Heaven, it sung forever of action, and progress, and victory.

The farm house, facing toward the sea, was backed by a long, low, undulating hill, and this again by another, more abrupt and pronounced, densely set with great spreading pines, looking like a vast emerald bowlder thrown up against the pale sapphire of the skies. Below were little rifts of green valleys; roads gleaming like pale gold in the sun; a shallow rush-bordered brook, brightened by scarlet cardinals, and perfumed with meadowed mint; and beyond all, the glare and flash and sparkle of the sea.

It was a lovely place—this pleasant little farm in the south of Plymouth; had it not been, the Andersons would have long since listened to the advice of Tom Arnold, Mrs. Anderson's brother, and sold it. Tom had been in the West a dozen years or more. He had grown rich there, and so was enthusiastic about the country. It is often the case that Eastern people who do *not* grow rich in the West, are not particularly enthusiastic about it!

Ben Anderson had long since given up the thought of being a rich man, if he had ever cherished it, as he probably had at some time in his life, as nearly every one does. He had grown to be content with what he had, and only now and then a letter from "brother Tom" broke up the calm of his spirit. As long as Myra was content he did not care. But "Myra" was not exactly content, though he did not know it. Tom's glowing descriptions had fallen into her heart like a spark of fire, which, as yet, had only smouldered in darkness and silence. She had a woman's love for pretty surroundings. The bare white floor, which she scoured thrice a week, was not quite satisfactory, notwithstanding its spotless whiteness. She had a very feminine weakness for soft carpets and "stuffed" furniture, and as Tom wrote her about his, how elegant they were, and how much he gave for them, and so forth, her own half dozen "cane seats," and her carpet manufactured by her own hands from strips of cloth sewn together and woven into a heterogeneous melange of all conceivable colors, grew more and more unsatisfactory to her. She had a vague idea that "the West" was a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, that transmuted poor people into rich ones without the slightest ceremony.

There was another thing that influenced her. Ralph was most fifteen, and an only child—so much hope centers in these only children. Ralph reminded her of her brother Tom a dozen times a day—fiery, daring, ambitious, chafing against the narrowness and poverty that hedged him in, as Tom had done. Tom had gone West. Ralph declared *his* intention of going to sea. *This* was what filled Myra Anderson's heart with fear and dread. Years ago, when she was little more than a child, her father's vessel was driven ashore on Manomet rocks, and Captain, mate and crew, sixteen in all, were swallowed up in the boiling surf. Long years of calm and quiet had slipped between, but through them all she saw, forever *one* face, the sea-weed tangled in the dripping hair, and about the neck where her arms had twined so often and so fondly. If only they were West, Ralph would forget his passion for the sea, she said, sitting with Tom's last letter in her hand, dreaming some very bright dreams for her boy.

"Mother!" rang out sharp and clear, startling her from her pleasant reverie.

She put the letter hastily into her dress and came out into the little porch. A door came to with a sharp clang, and for the first time she noticed that it was very dark, and the wind was blowing in little sudden gusts that threatened to become a gale.

"I'm going up to the hill, mother—isn't it splendid?" Ralph asked, excitedly, his blue eyes darkening and dilating.

"To the hill! Why it rains now, and see how black it is, and—O, mercy!" This exclamation was caused by the wind lifting a barrel that stood at the corner of the house, and dashing it against the door with insane fury.

"Nonsense! Who is afraid of a little rain and a puff of wind? I only wish I was outside—wouldn't it be jolly!" making a telescope of his hands, and looking off.

"Ralph!"

"Well, mother!" turning sharply round. "Because my grandfather was drowned, must I be a coward and turn away my eyes every time a wave comes in?" he asked, petulantly. "I saw in a newspaper the other day an account of a man choked to death by eating a piece of meat—do you suppose his descendants will all forswear meat? Pshaw! I am going up to the hill; I want to see if there are any sails in sight. I shall not get shipwrecked up there," he added, dryly, as he drew on an old oil jacket of his father's.

"You are just like Tom—"

"Yes, so I have heard," he interrupted. "I suppose you wish I was like Rob Thatcher. He is a nice specimen—he is."

"Ralph, Robert wasn't to blame if Lulu was drowned. You do wrongly to speak so," she replied gravely, but with a little secret thrill of pride at her boy's fearless spirit.

"Wasn't to blame! Well, if *I* had a sister, and the boat upset that we were in, do you think I'd run home and wrap my face up in my mother's gown and cry, while she drowned? That's what he did, everybody knows, and *I* say he is a miserable coward!" he cried, with flashing eyes. "I only wish I had been there—such a pretty little thing as she was! It's a pity it wasn't him—the great baby!" and he flung himself out of the room too indignant to make more talk about the matter.

The wind increased momently, and the spray from the incoming waves hung like a veil along the long reach of dripping sands. A hollow, hungry roar came up and crept away behind the hills in shuddering echoes. A limb from the great poplar in the yard fell against the windows with a crash just as Ben Anderson drove up to the barn door.

"It's the hardest storm we've had these ten years—a regular old-fashioned line gale," he said, coming into the kitchen where his wife was trying to coax the fire up chimney instead of its coming into the room, as it had for the last half hour.

"I am so glad you have got home, Ben!" she said, coming and laying her hand on his arm.

He saw how white she was, and noticed the hand on his arm trembled.

"What, nervous, little woman?" he asked, smiling.

"I was so afraid the trees would blow over and frighten the horse when you came through the woods," she replied, with a little hysterical sob. "And the sea—just hear it!"

"*He* is in the storm as well as in the calm, Myra," he said, gravely. But seeing how nervous she was he did not tell her how near her fears had come to the truth. A great pine, standing close to the road, had gone over as he came by, just clearing his head, and grazing the back of the wagon. One instant later and it would have crushed him to death, and Myra would have waited in vain for his coming!

"Where is Ralph?" he asked, looking round, a sudden fear that he had gone down the harbor overtaking him.

"I never saw such a boy—unless it was brother Tom. Why, he is rigged up in your old jacket, up on the hill; he would go. He thinks this is 'splendid'—this terrible storm—and wishes he was outside!" she added, with a shudder.

"Heaven help those who *are* outside," Mr. Anderson replied, soberly.

"Do you think there are any vessels on the coast?" she asked, anxiously.

"They had been looking off with their glasses from Cole's Hill for an hour or two when I left town. There was a large ship just discernible in the distance. The spray was so thick 'twas next to impossible to make her out. I hope she managed to keep out to sea; with this wind driving her, if she became unmanageable from any cause, it would be a hard look."

"Father! there's a sail outside, and it's driving in toward the point." Ralph cried, excitedly, opening the door, which sent a sudden sheet of flame and smoke half way across the room.

"Come in, Ralph," Mr. Anderson commanded.

"But I want to go down to the beach, father. I"—

"Come in, I say," he repeated, sternly.

Ralph shut the door and came slowly through the porch into the kitchen. It would not do to disregard *his* commands, he had learned that thoroughly. His mother he could "bluff off," as he called it, but he never tried it with his father.

"You could not stand on the beach an instant in this gale, Ralph, and the spray drives clear up to the windows—see!" And as he spoke it grew suddenly dark, and the wind whirled the rain and spray, and great handfuls of green leaves which it had stripped from the trees, against the glass, almost shutting out what little was left of the rapidly waning light.

Ralph sat down by the window in silence, while his mother set the table for supper. Outside the storm and darkness increased till the long line of beach grew ghastly and indistinct, and fitful shadows crept shivering through the rank March grasses, like lost spirits searching for rest. Suddenly the dull boom of a gun broke with a slow, sullen crash through the pauses of the storm.

Ralph sprang to his feet, and followed his father to the door. The wind caught it from them, and lifted it from its hinges in an instant. Mr. Anderson drew to the inside door as quickly as possible, but not before the light had flared and gone out, leaving them in a shadowy sort of darkness, that was full of a dim, brooding gloom. Mrs. Anderson crept to the window, and listened with her ear against the pane. Outside, on the broad stone step, Ben Anderson, with Ralph by his side, listened to the crash, crash of the minute guns that came up through the terrible rumble and roar, sometimes with startling distinctness, and anon caught up by the fierce wind, and tossed to and fro till it fell back into the sea, and was lost in its hoarse diapason. The guns suddenly ceased, and the sky lowered darkly over the moaning sea, and though they waited and listened, no sound save the shock of waves and shriek of winds came up again from the stormy east.

The lamp was re-lighted, and the family sat down to supper with white, grave faces. The simple "grace" which Ben Anderson never omitted, had in it a word of earnest supplication that "He who holdeth the waves in the hollow of His hand would keep those of His children through this hour of terrible peril who were cast upon their mercy, and if it was His will, bring them all safely to land."

There was a little pretense of eating, but none of them ate more than three or four mouthfuls, and with common consent they rose from the table.

"Have the tea-kettle full of hot water, Myra, and perhaps you had better bring out the blankets, too," said Mr. Anderson, taking down his lantern. "I am going down to the beach, and though I think the ship has gone south of us, it won't do any harm to have things ready."

"You don't think she is ashore here, do you, father?" Ralph asked, hastily.

"I hope she is not ashore anywhere, but I didn't like the sudden way those minute guns stopped. If they can only keep her off an hour longer, till the tide turns. These fierce gales don't generally last long, fortunately."

"Can *I* go, father?"

Mr. Anderson hesitated, and glanced at his wife. She was white as death, and once or twice the plates she was removing from the table slipped from her nervous hand.

"No, my boy; you could do no good if you went, and it is not likely there is anything to do. Stay with your mother till I come back; I shall only take a look along the shore;" and he shut the door and went out. Ralph and his mother watching the fitful gleam of the lantern till a turn in the path hid it from sight.

Mrs. Anderson finished clearing the table, filled the tea-kettle and put it on the fire, and then going to a large blue chest in the bedroom, took out a pile of blankets and a roll of flannel, and brought them out and laid them on the table. Then she went to the window and looked out; but the rain, which had increased since nightfall, beat against the glass with blinding fury, and the sashes creaked and rattled as if some invisible hand were seeking to wrench them from their fastenings.

The moments slipped slowly away; the kettle sent out a little cloud of white mist, and the blankets lying over the chair-backs were so warm that Mrs. Anderson drew them back once or twice, but Ben Anderson came not; and now it was nearly an hour—and now a full hour, and still, though they strained their eyes to get a glimpse of the lantern's pale glimmer, everything was dense, pitchy darkness.

"I can stand this thing no longer, mother," Ralph said, catching up his cap. "There's trouble, or father would not stay so long, and I am going to know what it is, even if he punishes me for it."

Mrs. Anderson knew it would be useless for her to object, and besides the suspense was getting too painful to bear much longer.

"Be careful, dear; the waves are strong and high, and if anything should happen to my boy!"

"O nonsense!" he interrupted, as she stooped and kissed him, "what a coward you would make of me!" but he put his arms about her neck, nevertheless, and returned the kiss very fondly and tenderly. Willful and impetuous as he was, the mother knew his heart was very tender, and gentle, and so she remembered only that, and forgot his faults.

Again Myra Anderson waited and listened as the moments went by with lagging feet. The tide had turned, but the storm did not abate, as usual; indeed, to her excited fancy, it grew wilder every moment. By and by she came back from her post at the window, and proceeded to wrap herself for going out. She could endure it no longer, she thought, as she opened the door and stepped out into the thick darkness and drenching rain. Even that, fierce as it was, was a relief from the dead incubus of suspense and dread which had been settling down upon her for the last hour.

The wind caught away her breath, it twisted her skirts about her limbs, it drove the salt spray into her eyes, but still she struggled on—staggering, falling two or three times, but resolute as only a weak, timid woman can be, when those she loves are in peril. It had been growing steadily upon her for the last hour that Ben had been caught in the surf, and when she saw, far down toward the Point, the ghostly glimmer of lanterns moving through the mist as if carried by invisible hands, she was sure they had found him—they were bringing him home! She gave a little, sharp cry, and put her hand to her heart.

"Hullo! Well, well, if this don't beat all natur—I declare!" cried a surprised voice, and a lantern was swung so close to her face that its sudden light blinded her. "What upon earth sent you down here? it's no place for a woman such a night as this," and Ned Bradlee looked, as he felt, astonished.

She could not speak, but catching his arm she pointed towards the shore, and the moving lights.

"Yes, yes," he said hastily, "but go home, Mrs. Anderson, you can't do any good, it's too late!"

She dropped his arm and sped away like a deer through the blinding storm of rain and spray.

"Goodness sake! what does ail the woman?" he exclaimed, gazing after her an instant and then hurrying on. "Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson, stop," he called, making a trumpet of his hands, and hallooing with all his might. But she did not pause nor turn, but, weak, slender woman as she was, kept far in advance of him.

The dozen men on the shore were too busy to notice her approach, but one of them heard Ned Bradlee's shout, and looked up. He took a step or two forward, and between the dull glare of the lights on the shore and the one Bradlee carried, he caught the outline of a woman's form. Something familiar about it made him pause an instant, then with a bound he sprang up the dripping, sedgy sands and caught her in his arms.

"Myra! are you crazy?" he cried, holding her white, stony face toward the light Bradlee brought up.

"O, Ben! and you are not dead?" she gasped, with a long, shivering sob.

"Dead! What put that into your brain?" he asked, with surprise.

"You were gone so long! and then all those men—what are they here for?" she said slowly, as if just waking from a dream.

He drew her a little closer in his arms and turned her face toward the sea. About half a mile from the shore a ship lay on her side, the waves washing over her, and tossing their foaming spray high above the broken masts and battered sails.

"We have been trying to save them, but it was too late; they were probably exhausted and sank without a struggle—poor fellows!" he said, gravely.

"O, that wreck—why, I had forgotten!" she said, shivering and turning away from the gloomy picture, which was, however, photographed on her brain indelibly.

"Hurra! hurra!" came up from a point a dozen rods or so to the south. Somebody was swinging a lantern wildly over and over his head.

"It's Ned Bradlee," said one of the men. "I saw him headin' that way a minute or two ago. Can't be he's found anybody alive now."

"Wait here, Myra; till I come back," Anderson said, hastily. A sudden thought had sent the blood back with an icy chill to his heart. Ralph had gone down that way nearly a half hour ago, and in the excitement he had quite forgotten him.

But he had full time to remember now as he ran on after his neighbors—full time, because the thoughts of a lifetime sometimes crowd themselves into one little moment's space. He remembered that he had spoken sharply to him for coming, and bade him get out of the way, telling him it was "a boy's place at home until they were large enough to be of service, instead of being in the way of men who *might* do something." O, who in all the world could ever fill the place—the little place—again, that one slight form had filled.

But he was getting nearer and nearer, but, with the feeling one experiences in nightmare, it seemed as if his feet were lead and he could not lift them. He hardly dared turn his eyes toward the little circle of friends and neighbors lest he should see the pity in their faces.

"Just look o' there, I say, neighbors!" cried Bradlee, "and tell me if your ever see the beat o' that. Yes, feller citizens, if you want to see a hero, just you look at Master Ralph, I say!"

Ben Anderson stopped short and gazed at the picture, and his eyes grew suddenly blind; but it was not the rain nor the spray of the dashing surf which made them so. And this was the picture he saw:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Being called to save the life of a woman who had swallowed poison, a Philadelphia physician refused to write a prescription until his fee of two dollars had been paid. As the money was not forthcoming he left the house, and she died soon after. A simple antidote would have been enough at that time, but an hour or two afterward, when she was taken to a hospital, it was too late. —*N. Y. Sun.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The cost of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn has already exceeded $14,000,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

—There are at present 59,000 Pennsylvanians living in Kansas, 107,000 Suckers, 77,000 Hoosiers and 93,000 Buckeyes.

—Free libraries are a great power in the United States. Forty-nine new ones were opened in 1879, containing 86,775 volumes, making a total of 3,842 public libraries of all classes.—*Chicago Journal.*

—In the year 1816 wheat sold for twenty-five cents per bushel, while woolen blankets were worth from $10 to $25 per pair. Now wheat is worth $1.50, and blankets from $3 to $10.—*Detroit Post.*

—In 1862 Kansas planted 2,936 acres of corn, and sent 96,892 bushels to market. In 1882 the acreage of the State in corn is 522,796 acres, and estimates of the best judges place the crop at 20,911,840 bushels.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In Germany, where there are no restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating beverages on the Sabbath day, 32 per cent. of murders and crimes of violence are committed on Sunday, and 53 per cent. on Saturday and Sunday, the idle days of the workingman.

—All the lands in the State of Texas owned and controlled by the International Railroad Company have been sold to an English syndicate, and the holders of International lands have been notified that their leases will be annulled at the end of the contracts. The lands amount to 2,000,000 acres in all.—*Chicago Times.*

—The registration of medical practitioners in Pennsylvania shows that in round numbers there are 6,500 registered physicians and 500 who have not registered. Of those registered 500 are graduates of colleges of the bogus kind, and 858 are not graduates of any institution, but are permitted to register because they have been in practice since 1871.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—John W. Shackelford, of North Carolina, in a recent speech in Congress, gave the following items from gleanings of the Census Bureau, etc. Total working force of the country estimated at 15,000,000, divided thus: Engaged in agriculture, 7,050,000 (47 per cent.); in professional and personal service, 3,300,000 (22 per cent.); in manufacting, mining and mechanical work, 3,300,000 (22 per cent.); in trade and transportation, 1,300,000 (9 per cent.).—*American Agriculturist.*

—The census reports show that there are in the United States 1,942 establishments for the production of agricultural implements. Of these 221 are in Illinois, 265 in New York, 220 in Pennsylvania, 155 in Ohio, 143 in Michigan. The total capital employed is $62,315,968; amount paid in wages, $15,499,114; value of timber used, $5,791,916; value of iron and steel, $18,424,052; value of other materials, $7,878,202; total, $32,094,107. The largest number of persons employed during the year was 49,180. The total value of all products was $68,373,086. In 1850 the total product was $6,842,611. In 1860 it was $17,487,960. In 1870 $52,066,875.—*Chicago Times.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Dean Stanley said: "The best remedy for all evils is to look forward."

—It is more common to make a virtue of necessity than a necessity of virtue. *Boston Transcript.*

—The true way to make children behave is to behave yourself, but many parents never think of this.

—The general opinion is that a lady is always a lady; but under a recent ruling of the Post-office Department she may become a mail-route messenger or carrier.—*Lowell Courier.*

—A gentleman who lives near a certain "springs" was asked whether there were woodcock in that vicinity. "There ought to be plenty," said he, "for I never heard of anybody killing any."

—The Duke of Edinburg tried to introduce the custom of men wearing bracelets on the left arm. The custom is followed to some extent in this country, but the jewelry is made of iron.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—People needn't wonder at the scarcity of good servant girls. The good always die young, anyway, if they have to take to lighting the fire with kerosene to make the proverb come true.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Recipe for Angels: "Mamma, what makes angels?" asked a little boy, who had been reading of the Heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and, with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—"That," said Bigglin to his wife, when she told him that a new silk dress was necessary for her health and happiness, "is too diaphanous." "Now, Bigglin," she answered, tartly, "I want you to understand that I am not to be put down by musical terms. You may call it a fortissimo or a trombolo, but I'm going to have that dress."

—A good Connecticut deacon, Josiah Smith, having heard all about the New York confidence men who address strangers in the streets and pretend to know their names and all about them, knocked one of them down with his heavy carpet-bag containing his Bible and heavy boots in the Grand Central depot the other day for saying "Hullo, Cousin Josiah." "You can't fool me!" said the old man as he floored the young one in skin-tight pants and toothpick shoes. But when it turned out that the young man really was his cousin, who had been sent to the depot to meet him, the old farmer was not so sure that you "can't fool him."—*Detroit Free Press.*