

REPOSE.

The summer moon is creeping through the skies;
The evening wind disconsolately sighs:
Hushed are the busy sounds of toil and trade;
The crickets chirp their evening serenade;
The weary laborer slumbers in his cot,
And all his cares of living are forgot:
The children long have ceased their joyous play,
In happy dreams they sleep the night away.
O sleep, thou heavenly balm for human woe,
Thou hidest all our sorrows here below:
In thy embrace, the mourner smiles again,
And aching hearts forget their poignant pain;
While faces marred by lines of earthly care
Are, by thy touch, made beautiful and fair.
Thou heavenly balm for every human woe,
Thou common comfort of the proud and low.
—Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

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VIOLA;

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

A dozen men on the edge of a laggy beach, the driving spray and the storm enshrouding them in white, ghostly mist, over which half a dozen lanterns cast a yellow, smoky glare. A little dory laid half on its side, her prow buried in the dripping sea-weed, and standing proudly erect, his blue eyes purple with excitement, and his wet cheeks flushed, was young Ralph Anderson. One hand grasped an oar, the other held the little hand of a child, a bright, dark little creature, who clung close to him, but looked out with steady, fearless eyes at the rough looking men gathered on the beach. In the bottom of the boat lay a woman, her head resting on Ralph's jacket, which he had taken off for that purpose. She was greatly exhausted, evidently, but she smiled sweetly when Ralph spoke to her, and then again at the conclusion of Bradlee's speech.

"O, here's Anderson, now," Bradlee added, as Ben strode straight through the swirling surf and slimy sea-weeds, and stepped into the boat and stood an instant with uncovered head and uplifted eyes beside his boy. They all knew what was in the father's heart at that moment, and instinctively turned away their faces.

The woman was carefully lifted out and borne up the beach to Ben Anderson's cottage. There were two houses near the point where she was found, but no one thought of proposing to carry her to either of them. Ned Bradlee marched on before, swinging his lantern and carrying the little girl in his arms, she only submitting to this arrangement on condition that Ralph should walk beside him, where she could put out her hand and touch his arm or face every few minutes.

No one had noticed Myra Anderson till they were arranging a litter to carry the woman on. Then she stepped quietly forward and assisted them, and fell back again. The nervousness had entirely left her, and there was not a steadier nor prompter hand than hers among them all.

As they went up to the house, the story of the rescue was told. Ralph, upon leaving the rest, kept down toward the Point, believing, as he said, that "there was something for him to do there." He thought he would keep on to the rocks, if he saw nothing sooner. But he had not proceeded more than a dozen rods when he saw something white fluttering against the dark edge of an abrupt rock that rose a few feet from the shore. He was not sure but it was the froth cast up by the waves till a child's voice said, "mamma" very distinctly. He ran back a few feet and caught hold of the dory and ran it down to the water and sprang into it. The light from the lanterns up the shore cast a faint light on the water, and the tide was falling, and so he managed to get the boat out to the rock. He was perfectly familiar with the place; there was a narrow strip of sandy bar, and, keeping that between him and the wind, he managed to hold his boat in place. He found the child sitting on the edge of the rock where she said she had climbed from her mother's arms. The woman had been lashed to a spar, which had caught and broken against the rock, throwing her up on the bar, where she lay, speechless and nearly insensible. He had lifted them both into the boat, and was just pushing off for the shore when Ned Bradlee came along with his lantern and saw him.

The woman did not revive, notwithstanding the careful nursing of Myra Anderson and her husband. She lay hour after hour in a quiet, semi-conscious state, only rousing if one spoke to her, but only to open her eyes and smile faintly, and fall away again. But just before sunrise she started up and called out sharply: "Viola!" The child, which had lain on the bed with her all night, opened her great dark eyes suddenly, and with a passionate gesture threw her arms about her mother's neck.

"Viola, dear, I am afraid I am going to leave you," she whispered, faintly. Myra Anderson motioned to her husband, but he had already seen the swift change creeping over the fair, girlish-looking face. He came and stood by his wife's side, a feeling of sadness and pain in his heart. Death is always sad,

coming, as it does, with its chill, and silence, and pallor, into the brightness and flush of our busy lives. We know, and we say: "It is best." The world unseen is purer and fairer, and more to be desired, and God, even our God, is Lord of that as well as this. But still the river is dark that lies between, and the mists come up and fall into our hearts, chilling and shadowing them, and veiling the brightness that lies beyond.

"Mamma, mamma," sobbed the child, "don't talk so; you shall not leave me here alone!"

The woman's eyes wandered wistfully around the room. Mrs. Anderson went out and returned in a few minutes with Ralph, who was sleeping a little, brokenly, on the floor in the kitchen. The fading eyes brightened a little, and the lips tried to smile, but it was a wan, shadowy smile, which brought the tears to Myra Anderson's eyes.

"Mamma, here he is," cried the girl, eagerly, looking up with a smile breaking through her tears.

The woman lifted her arms with sudden strength, and drew the bright face down to her bosom, and kissed it passionately; then she laid the little hand in Ralph's, and turned away her face.

There was a little moment of silence, and then she started suddenly, and caught at the child's dress.

"It is not Mallard—your name, Viola—it is—is"—and her voice died away in an indistinct murmur.

"What is the child's name?" Mr. Anderson asked, putting his ear to her lips quickly.

"You will find it in—the trunk—I wrote—it out—all—all," she whispered, with fast falling breath.

CHAPTER II.

The sun came up through golden halos, and the blue skies bent softly over the sea, still moaning and sobbing like a passionate child. The shore was strewn with pieces of the wreck, and trunks and boxes of merchandise were scattered here and there in wild confusion. Some of the trunks and boxes were stove to pieces; others scarcely injured by their battle with the elements. Two or three bodies had washed ashore during the night; and it was concluded all on board had perished. The hull and shattered masts of the ship were barely discernible through the waves that still broke over them when the tide was in. At low tide she was plainly visible, and her name, "Le Brun," could be distinctly seen.

After her mother's death the child had cried stormily for a little time, and then grew suddenly quiet. She was a slight, little creature; delicate-looking, had it not been for the bright color in her dark cheeks, and the fearless look in her great black eyes. One would not have taken her to be over six, at first; but when he heard her talk, he would be willing to add six more. She, however, laid claim to but eight years, which, indeed, seemed quite preposterous, she was such a bit of a creature.

"You must find my mamma's trunk," she said, gravely, to Ralph, when sometime during the forenoon they were preparing to visit the scene of the wreck. There had been so much to do at the house that there had been no time before.

"I am afraid I cannot," Ralph replied; "it's not very likely to come ashore, and if it does it will be stove into kindling wood."

"But I tell you, you shall find it," she cried, fiercely, her eyes flaming.

"Didn't my mamma say it was in the trunk—all about me. She never would tell me about my papa, but I remember—but, O, such a little bit!" and the small face took on a sad, thoughtful look—such a very, very old look for a child!

"But I shall not know your trunk, little Wildfire," Ralph said, teasingly, enjoying her display of spirit with true boyish relish.

"I am not Wildfire, and you needn't call me so!" she cried, sharply. "I am just Viola Mal—no, she said, that was not it; I—I don't know who I am," and the red lips trembled, and the flashing eyes filled with quick tears.

"There—there, don't cry," Ralph said, soothingly. "I am a mean fellow to tease you now. I'm very sorry, and I'll try my best to find your trunk if you will tell me something how it looks, whether it's black, or white, or blue."

"Blue! A blue trunk!" she replied, scornfully.

"Well, what is there so terrible about that? My mother has got a blue chest that is, O, ever so old—I guess it come over in the Mayflower."

"In what?" her eyes dilating.

"O, you don't know anything about it," Ralph replied, loftily. "It concerns our ancestors. Come, I'm going."

Thus admonished the child began a hasty description of the trunk, which amounted to this: It was not very large, was black, and her mamma had always called it a "hair trunk." It had a great many very bright brass nails in it—at the top and sides and round the bottom, and a great M. in brass nails on the cover.

There was quite a crowd of people on the beach when Mr. Anderson and Ralph reached it. A vessel had run down from Duxbury, and several wagon loads of men had come down from Plymouthtown, all drawn hither to see and hear about the wreck, and variously engaged, some in picking up the shattered boxes, and some—by far the larger part—standing about in groups talking over the incidents of the storm, and the wrecks reported here and there, and this one in particular.

"I'd no idee any 'em escaped, I hadn't," said Ned Bradlee, just as Mr. Anderson came up.

"Escaped! You don't mean to say?"

"I mean to say that there are three men there—why, one of 'em isn't there! O, there he is down the beach—well, he,

and them two just puttin' off in Simmons' boat, belonged to that vessel. They are French chaps, I take it, leastwise one of 'em is, the tall one, he was mate of the ship."

"But how were they rescued?" demanded Anderson.

"Well, they wasn't rescued at all, seein' as they was safe and snug, high and dry on Clark's Island. You see they put in there in the life boat to leave a passenger, and the storm came on so fast they couldn't get back, though they tried, and came near bein' drowned for their folly. A man that ever see salt water ought to know better than that, but Lord! what can you expect of a Frenchman?"

Before Bradlee had ceased speaking Ben Anderson was striding off down the beach toward Simmons' boat. Possibly they might know something about the woman and child, he thought. They were just pushing off from the beach when he reached them, and he paced the beach impatiently for a half hour before they came back. In the meantime the other one had returned from his ramble down the shore. In his absorption Anderson had not noticed the man, till, looking up, he saw him steadily regarding him.

"Good morning," he said, blandly, with the slightest perceptible foreign accent. "A sad fate for our brave ship," looking out toward the wreck.

"Yes, sir, and a sadder one for the men who were in her," Anderson replied, gravely. "You were one of the passengers, I take it?" glancing at the style and texture of his dress, which at once forbade the idea of his being one of the ship's crew.

"I was."

"There was a woman and child—"

"Yes, I heard about it," he interrupted, hastily. "The woman is dead, I understand?"

"She died at sunrise this morning, at my house."

"Was she conscious at all?" he asked, quickly, a faint color coming into his pale, olive cheek.

"I think she was conscious nearly all the time, but she appeared too exhausted to talk much. I think she was injured internally, as well as being chilled and exhausted. Did you know her, sir?"

"I saw her the day—I think it was—before the storm, he answered, carelessly. "I believe she was an invalid—or delicate, at least. I don't remember the name, if I heard it."

As he said this he lifted his eyes in a swift, steady way and dropped them again instantly. There was something peculiar in their expression and color, but Anderson only thought of it indifferently; he was too much absorbed in other thoughts.

"I am sorry you don't remember the name. I hoped to learn something about her; perhaps they may know," Anderson said, glancing at the men in the boat, who were just in shore.

"Then she didn't tell you anything?"

Something—a faint shadow of exultation, it seemed, in the man's tone made Anderson look up quickly. But there was nothing but the kindest interest, with perhaps a touch of serious regret, in the quiet, handsome face.

"Well, she had better not have said anything; she only said their name was not Mallard, but she left off before telling what it was. Perhaps it was only an insane vagary, but the child—she's an odd, fiery little thing—insists on knowing who she is. There was a trunk on board the vessel, belonging to the woman, and she said it was all in there—all the story. But it's very doubtful about the trunk being found, and it will be likely to be broken up if it is."

"I should suppose so. I am very sorry I am unable to give you any information concerning her. I will introduce you to the mate, Mr. La Noir; perhaps he can do so."

Mr. Anderson thanked him warmly; he was very kind and gentlemanly, and he showed his goodness of heart by the strong interest he evinced in this poor, unknown woman.

The mate of the Le Brun knew nothing whatever of the unfortunate woman; but he had seen the child, often, and once she had told him that her name was Viola Mallard. The man who was with him—Dorrance, one of the Le Brun's crew—also remembered the child, but never saw the woman but once, and that the day before the storm, when she had come on deck for a few moments. He had an impression that she was ill, for she was very pale when he noticed her, and trembled so that the Captain gave her his arm to assist her below. He believed there was no one but himself and Mr. DeVries on the deck at the time, as probably the gentleman would remember. He glanced up as he said this, and Mr. DeVries—for that was the name of the very gentlemanly passenger—replied to the look by saying:

"Yes, Dorrance, I remember perfectly. I think I mentioned to you that I saw the lady and thought her ill, or delicate," he added, turning to Mr. Anderson.

Again that faint chord of exultation in the smooth tone struck Anderson, but he forgot it a moment after, or only thought of it as a peculiarity of the man's speech.

After a little more inquiry concerning the wrecked vessel, the parties separated; Mr. DeVries going back to town, as he wished to take an early train to proceed to his destination, which, however, he forgot to mention; and LaNoir and Dorrance waiting a little longer to make arrangements for the burial of their three fellow-voyagers.

The Le Brun was a merchant vessel, laden with laces and millinery goods principally, carrying besides such passengers as desired such accommodations and fares as she offered. If the trip was not as speedy or comfortable as one could make on the steamers, it had at least one merit, viz: economy. One

could hardly suppose, however, that the elegantly-dressed Mr. DeVries came in the Le Brun for that reason, if others did.

"Father," said Ralph, in a low tone, "I wish you would come down towards the Point with me. There is a black hair trunk there, and I think it is the one we want to find."

"How came you to find it so quickly?"

"Quickly! It's more than an hour since we came down. I searched the shore for nearly a mile before I found this, and, besides, I wasn't looking for the trunk when I found it. You saw that tall, handsome looking man who went up in the first team? Well, it's queer, anyway!" and a perplexed look clouded the eager, flushed face.

"What is queer? I saw nothing strange; and as for the gentleman—De Vries is his name—he evinced a warm interest in the unknown lady, and was very sorry he could give us no further information concerning her name, or history, or friends."

"Perhaps, yes, of course," Ralph said, absently, the puzzled look still on his face.

They walked on in silence till they came to a little ledge of broken rock and sand, half covered with glistening windrows of kelp and sea-weed. Ralph sprang up the slight acclivity, and kneeling on the shelly sands, pushed away the wet mass with swift, eager fingers.

"See there!" he cried. "I should not have found it if it had not been for him! I was looking lower down, and among the heaps of broken rubbish, and boxes of lace, and flowers and ribbons. I noticed this Dev—what is it you call him?—when Ned Bradlee first pointed him out. I looked up once in a while to see where he was, and by and by I saw him here, kneeling down just as I am now. He was here so long that I got curious about it, and when he went past me up where you were, I made up my mind to see what he had found that kept him so. There, there are the brass nails around the top and up the sides, and there is the M. on the cover."

Ben Anderson leaned over and lifted it out and set it on the clean sand of the beach.

"I suppose it's locked," he said, lifting the little fall of wet leather. To his surprise the lid lifted, the lock was broken short off. "Ah, I wouldn't have thought it would have kept together like this, with the lock broken," he said, glancing inside and seeing a confused mass of clothing in a half wet and very mixed condition. "I think you must be mistaken about the exact place the gentleman was," he added, "there is nothing in a trunk of child's clothing, tumbled and wet like this, to attract a man's attention particularly."

"But it did, anyway. Why, father, don't I know every inch of the beach by heart? and I saw him every time I looked up, and always in this one spot," he said, positively.

"I presume your 'every time,' all came within less than five minutes," Mr. Anderson said, smiling at his earnestness. "The gentleman did not hurt the trunk by looking at it, even if it was for the length of time you fancy. Now let us take it up to the house."

The child stood on the doorstep as they came up the sandy, grass-bordered path, her great eyes shining like stars, and her coral lips parted and eager.

"O, I am so glad!" she cried, clapping her hands, and then growing suddenly grave as she remembered about her mother—her pale, beautiful mother, lying so fearfully straight and still in the darkened "front room."

She followed them in and knelt down on the floor by the trunk, while Mrs. Anderson took out the garments one by one and shook and folded them. There was a few articles of woman's under-clothing, a book of engravings, and a small volume of Scott's Poems, with "Genevieve" pencilled in a clear, elegant, masculine hand, on the fly leaf. The remainder of the contents consisted of a child's clothing, which Viola readily recognized. The book of poems, too, she said her mother had told her once to be hers some day, because her papa had bought it.

But though they looked long and carefully, going over every article three or four times, there was not a scrap of paper or a line written anywhere among them all that they could find. And so the child's name remained still a secret for aught the little trunk revealed. Only one thing they found, beside, a bit of knife blade about an inch long, broken short off.

Viola cried bitterly and would not be comforted. What most children would scarcely have noticed was something dark and terrible to her; the more so, doubtless, from the circumstances under which it had been made known to her. Death, so fearful and repellant to every child, was made more dreadful still to her, for it had taken away at the same time her mother's life, and her own name, leaving her doubly orphaned. When Mr. Anderson told her of the man whom he had met on the shore, she stopped crying and looked up, her eyes flashing through her tears.

"If I had seen them they should have told me about my mother," she cried, vehemently.

"But they did not know, dear," Mrs. Anderson said, gently.

"They did!—he did, anyway. I know; because when we went out on deck, and she saw him she grew, O, so white! and Captain Waite led her back to our cabin again, and she said something about his being there, and then she cried and the pretty color never came into her cheeks again."

"But who was it that she saw?" persisted Ralph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—One reason why you don't see more bald-heads may be found in the fact that there are 850,000 wigs being worn in this country daily. —Detroit Free Press

Why a Kerosene Lamp Bursts.

Girls, as well as boys, need to understand about kerosene explosions. A great many fatal accidents happen from trying to pour a little kerosene on the fire to make it kinder better, also by pouring oil into a lamp while it is lighted. Most persons suppose that it is the kerosene itself which explodes, and that if they are very careful to keep the oil itself from being touched by the fire or the light there will be no danger. But this is not so. If a can or a lamp is left about half full of kerosene oil the oil will dry up—that is, "evaporate"—a little and will form, by mingling with the air in the upper part, a very explosive gas. You cannot see this gas any more than you can see air. But if it is disturbed and driven out, and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not touch the oil. There are several other liquids used in houses and workshops which will produce an explosive vapor in this way. Benzene is one; burning fluid is another; and naphtha, alcohol, ether, chloroform may do the same thing.

In a New York workshop lately, there was a can of benzene, or gasoline, standing on the floor. A boy sixteen years old lighted a cigarette, and threw the burning match on the floor close to the can. He did not dream there was any danger, because the liquid was corked up in the can. But there was a great explosion, and he was badly hurt. This seems very mysterious. The probability is that the can had been standing there a good while and a good deal of vapor had formed, some of which had leaked out around the stopper and was hanging in a sort of invisible cloud over and around the can; and this cloud, when the match struck it, exploded.

Suppose a girl tries to fill a kerosene lamp without first blowing it out. Of course the lamp is nearly empty or she would not care to fill it. This empty space is filled with a cloud of explosive vapor arising from the oil in the lamp. When she pushes the nozzle of the can into the lamp at the top, and begins to pour, the oil, running into the lamp, fills the empty space and pushes the cloud of explosive vapor up; the vapor is obliged to pour out over the edges of the lamp, at the top, into the room outside. Of course it strikes against the blazing wick which the girl is holding down by one side. The blaze of the wick sets the invisible cloud of vapor afire, and there is an explosion which ignites the oil and scatters it over her clothes and over the furniture of the room. This is the way in which a kerosene lamp bursts. The same thing may happen when a girl pours the oil over the fire in the range or stove, if there is a cloud of explosive vapor in the upper part of the can, or if the stove is hot enough to vaporize quickly some of the oil as it falls. Remember that it is not the oil but the invisible vapor which explodes. Taking care of the oil will not protect you. There is no safety except in the rule: Never pour oil on a lighted fire or into a lighted lamp. —Christian Union.

Harmony in Human Life.

Our surroundings should be harmonious with our life. It is not necessary to sound the same notes to produce harmony. The word implies blending, but it almost forbids repetition. Nature is the great teacher. Her means and ends are consistent with each other. Nature understands too well the art of harmony to attempt impossibilities. She is always up to the mark, but she does not overstep herself. Where the soil will not grow lilies and roses, she contents herself with daisies, but left to herself, she will always cover man's mistakes with a carefully spun shroud. It is to learn this lesson more perfectly that in later life we are drawn away from mankind to live with Nature. A fuller growth takes place when we feel ourselves in unison with all we see, and when intercourse with nature restores in us the balance that human conflict has destroyed. Life in great cities is inimical to harmony. The clash of interests is too fierce, and those who live much in great centers of human effort cannot sustain the sense of harmony, unless they come away for a time. The form and manner of modern society increase the difficulty. The multitude of acquaintances, and the little time given to each, make intercourse necessarily broken and unharmonious. Conversation takes the form of epigram, and each sentence must be cast into such a form as not necessarily to demand a second for its completion. By degrees, our thoughts follow our words, and each opinion becomes rounded and finished off to fit into each question that may arise. Nothing can be viewed as a whole—we are too near to its details. So near are we in great cities that it is almost impossible not to take each detail for the whole. Then arises irritation, from the sense of the unfitness of each separate opinion expressed to bear the structure of our whole line of thought. We have uttered an epigram, but we have not stated our judgment as it really is. To do that requires time and opportunity, which society, neglectful of the individual in its care for the whole, cannot afford to any one of its members. The utterance, unfathered and without offspring, must stand or fall by itself, while we may be thankful if we are not through it labeled and placed in a pigeon-hole to which we are as foreign as a dove to a hawk's nest. Then it is that we fall back for consolation upon ourselves as a whole. —London Spectator.

—At the funeral of Mrs. George C. Leidy in Philadelphia recently, the coffin was borne by the six adult sons of the dead woman. The spectacle profoundly touched those who witnessed it.