FROM O'ER THE SEA.

I've waited long my ship to see,
The ship that comes from o'er the sea.
They tell me that she's on her way,
(The ones whose barks like mine are out)
I eager scan the Gotham bay
All full of hope and fear and doubt.
Oh! when she comes from o'er the sea,
What presents, love, I'll give to thee!

My ship is full of yellow gold
And fabrics rare and gems of old;
The wealth that swift is borne to me
Is greater far than Sheba's gift;
As rich as Cresus I shall be,
With more than "Genii" could lift!
Within a palace we shall dwell,
Myself and she who loves me well.

Through cold and heat I patient wait,
As do the rest (the heirs of fate).
Oh! why can I not sight my sail,
As others daily, hourly do?
O guiding star, thy face unveil,
And thick with wealth my pathway strew!
It is not true, my ship's no more—
Is wrecked upon a desert shore!

My locks to silver swiftly turn,
But still the spark of hope doth burn,
The one I lov'd has left my side,
The horseman pale her form did clasp;
But still I gaze across the tide
And long, ere death, my wealth to grasp.
Yes, when that cargo comes to me,
Indeed, I then shall happy be.

My failing eyes I feeble raise
And strive once more to pierce the haze—
Ah! what is that? My bark is here
From far across the waters blue.
"O ship, delay'd, my end is near;
To thee, my life, I bid adieu."
A fortune won at what a price—
A wasted life, the sacrifice!

—Ohio Farmer.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, I know now!" The light of intelligence broke suddenly over the puzzled baby face. "Mother Goose!"

"Precisely," said Ida, accommodating herself to the tender little feet and rhythmically supplying the context:

"There was an old woman,
Tossed up in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
What she did there
I cannot tell you,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman,
Old woman, said I,
Oh, whither, oh, whither, oh, whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be back again by and by."

It was so deliciously easy to be nonsensical that day!

"But you'll come back, auntie, by and by?" There was a touch of anxiety in the ignorant little voice.

"I will never get so very far away from you, my darling, my little sunbeam, my salvation!"

They had reached the front door of their own home by this time. Ida handed the child promptly over to old Dido, who was her abject serf. Then she turned towards the stairway alone.

"I have found out all I want to know, Dido."

Dido looked into the illumined young face before her with a new respect. She had lifted the veil heavy with the dust of half a century.

"Well, my chil'?"

"Rubbish!" Ida snapped her fingers airily. "I'm disgusted to think how much veneration I have wasted on it all these years. And, Dido, I am going to have a plain talk with father to-day. I wanted to know the whole truth first. After to-day you sha'n't hide our dear little girl away in that gloomy old wing any longer. I'm going to sweep the cobwebs out of father's brain next."

"Not much hardship in the wing," said old Dido, not altogether relishing the iconoclastic spirit that was invading Glenburnie. Things that had remained solid so long must have some inherent strength in them—the vendetta among them. She was almost too old to adjust herself to a livelier order of things.

"I tell you what it is, missy—"

But Ida's skirts were just disappearing around the last curve in the spiral staircase. She had gone to sweep the cobwebs from her father's brain, to flutter her new wings defiantly in his presence. She found him impatiently arranging the chess-men on the board. He consulted his watch before acknowledging her cheerful greeting:

"You are outgrowing the old-fashioned virtue of punctuality, Ida, I am sorry to see."

"I am outgrowing a great many other things, father, I am glad to say, but I hope I will always retain due respect for that old-fashioned virtue, as you call it."

She took her place opposite him, but made no motion towards availing herself of the accorded privilege of taking the first move:

"I think our game will have to wait a little while this morning, father. I want to have a long and a plain talk with you—must have, in fact."

The sybarite leaned back in his chair with a groan:

"Spare me! Are the mules dying with epizootic? Send for a veterinary. Are the gin-saws in need of sharpening? Send for a gin-wright."

Ida held up her hand imperiously:

"Father, I am in no mood for your cynical jests. I have just come from White Cliffs. Mrs. Lorimer is very ill, but I do not think she will die. Her sons do."

"White Cliffs! You have been to White Cliffs, and have the temerity to acknowledge it to me?" His face was purple with rage.

"I have."

"And you are not afraid of my curse?"

"Not in the least."

There was such cool assurance, such indomitable courage, in her face and voice that her father felt suddenly self-convicted of foolish bluster. He shifted his position restlessly, but remained silent.

"Father," she said, in a sweet, grave voice, utterly devoid of disrespect, "I want you to listen to me quietly. When I get through, then will be time enough for any vaporing you may feel inclined to. But things must be altered."

"You take advantage of my helpless old age to insult me with impunity, girl. It is the common lot of parents to experience the ingratitude of children. But go on; go on. I am listening."

It was poor old Lear's lament minus its dignity and its provocation.

She let it pass without comment.

"One hears a great deal of what children owe to their parents in this world, father, but remarkably little of what parents owe to their children. Among other fixed moral laws of creation is the one that compels a child to believe every word its parent utters, for no better reason than that it is uttered by a parent.

"For twenty-one years, father, or, at least, ever since I have had sense enough to imbibe hatred, I have been told that it was my duty to hate anybody, everybody, rather, and everything, connected with White Cliffs. And I honestly tried to do my duty in that respect. I owed it to my father.

"When I met Dennis Lorimer at the Pass that summer on my one free holiday and fell in love with him, I felt like the worst of criminals and a traitor to you. There was some mysterious thing between him and me, between me and my happiness, that I bowed before with the blindness of fetichism. I drove my lover away from me, with more resolution, perhaps, than I would have exercised if he had committed a crime in his own person. I owed it to my father.

"When he came to me and told me that he was going into exile for my sake, that his mother's vindictive determination to separate us had carried her to the extent of telling him that he must either vow never to try to see me, or leave her presence then and there, never to return again, I helped him to bow to the fiat which bore equally upon us both. I told him we owed it to our parents. And when you, hearing through Cato's treachery that he was in the summer house that day, sent him your insulting message, I almost despised him for the promptness and meekness with which he obeyed it. He went away, and in my heart I called him a coward. I began to cultivate hatred in my own person. Your leaven was at work, you see, father. I owed it to you to learn how to hate.

"Dennis came back to see me six months ago, father. He told me then that he had been looking for Sibley. He could not wring this rusty old secret from his mother. You would not admit him to your presence, but if he could find Sibley he would face him, man to man, and demand to know what it was that stood between the houses of White Cliffs and Glenburnie."

The old sybarite leaned forward in his chair in an eager attitude of attention:

"Well? and Sibley—did he find him?"

"It was not a difficult thing to do, father. Sibley is in New Orleans—has been in a good business there for some time now. You knew that?" He dropped his eyes silently.

"It is pitiable, father," she went on impetuously, "to see a parent drop his eyes before a child—a helpless girl at that! But was it right, father, to leave me in ignorance all this time that Sibley had written to you, telling you if you would relinquish your absurd vow, and take your proper place at home, he would come back and help you?"

"Sibley is an unruly, tempestuous fellow—troublesome. I did not want him."

"Not so easily trodden under foot as a girl. But he is coming back, father. He and Dennis are good friends. Dennis faced him like a man, and Sibley had to confess that he was as ignorant as the rest of us. But out there in the breezy, fresh current of life that those two move in this poor, ragged old scarecrow that you and the older Lorimers have been shaking at each other all these years tumbled all to pieces. It had no substance of its own. I found that out for myself to-day, father."

"How?" the old man asked, doggedly.

"By kneeling at the bedside of a sick woman and asking her to tell me if, as her vision grew larger and clearer, the fret and the worry of this whole miserable business did not grow infinitesimally small. She said it did. And she told me all that I wanted to know. I told her, father, that I had promised Dennis to marry him and go away with him, to make a home for ourselves, if he would find Sibley and bring him back here to take this unjust burden from my shoulders. I told her I should not feel comfortable at the thought that we had kept it all from her. She had a right to know that we were going to be married in spite of her, in spite of you, in spite of the miserable old threadbare vendetta. And I came in here to tell you the same, father."

"What did she say?" He ignored the closing sentence.

"She put her arms around my neck. She kissed me, father, and she called me daughter. She told me to tell you that there would soon be no one left for you to hate—to let the old, worn-out feud be buried in her grave."

"No one left for me to hate! And—I have loved her all my life—her, and no other woman, ever!"

"Father!"

His gray head had fallen forward on his breast. His lids were closed and impurpled. He stretched out his hands blindly, gropingly. He was trying to say something. Ida knelt close by the side of his chair.

"My brave, brave child! I am glad it has ended so! Give Sibley my love—and Dennis."

It was so sudden, so utterly incomprehensible, that even when the family physician told her that he had known for years that her father must eventually go in just that sudden fashion from heart-failure, she found it hard to believe that he was no longer there at Glenburnie, wasting his manhood, ignoring his responsibilities, demanding daily tribute of her, bodily, mentally and morally.

"Thank God, he died with a blessing on his lips for a Lorimer," she wrote to Sibley, and sealed the letter with a black impress of a martlet.

"I am sorry he did not know about Sibley's child, Dido," she said that night, reaching out her hand for a touch of the hard faithful one that had never yet failed her. "I meant to have told him. But—"

"You done it all for the best. It ain't all cleared up yet. And he had a mighty turn for pesterin' about things. It would have just given him a lot of questions to ask which nobody but your brother could answer."

"Sibley will be here in a day or two."

"Thank the Lord for all His mercies!"

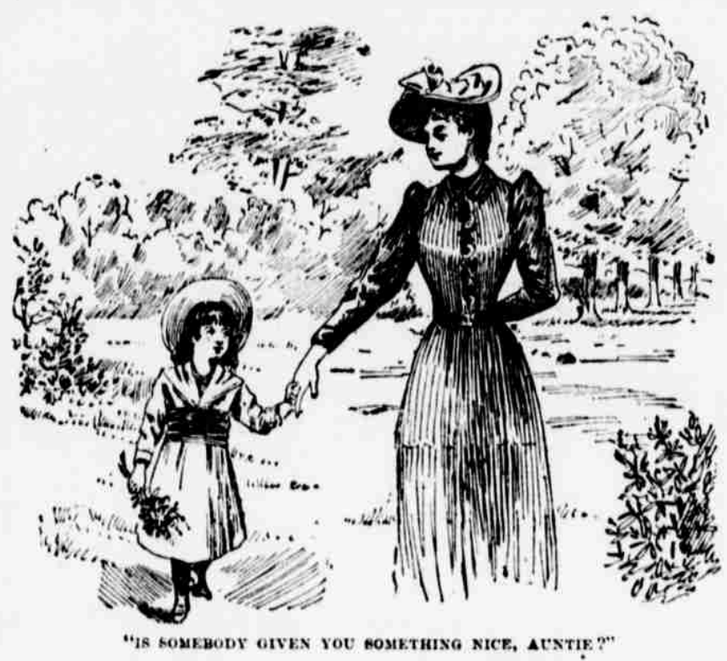
"And Dennis too."

A wan smile flitted over her white face, and, closing her tired eyes, she fell asleep with her lover's name on her lips and her hand lying like a snow-flake in black Dido's clasp.

CHAPTER XIV.

Why should not one derive all the satisfaction that could possibly be extracted from grumbling to one's heart's content, when there was ready to one's hand a patient, equable hospital nurse, into whose discreet bosom one might empty "cart loads" of family secrets without the slightest danger of their ever being hauled up again?

Dick Lorimer, aching and bruised, disappointed and disgusted, feeling that he had made a thorough mess of a very important mission, immediately resolved to avail himself of that privilege the very next time his particular "white-cap" took her seat by his cot.



"IS SOMEBODY GIVEN YOU SOMETHING NICE, AUNTIE?"

He would like to have some sort of name to call her by. "Nurse" was simply "beastly." She had such a soft little hand, such great serious eyes, such a tender way about her when she asked a "fellow" how he "felt now," that it was almost (not quite) enough to reconcile "a fellow to a broken leg."

He said as much to the surgeon on his rounds, adding: "I would like to know what you all call her, doctor."

"Mrs. Hamilton" is what we call her. Yes, all the sick folks fall in love with her. You are only obeying an inexorable law of your nature. Here she comes now."

Adown the long spotlessly white room, whose colorless polished cleanliness was in itself an aggravation to Dick, who loved life in all its warm tints, its vivid phases, came the nurse towards them. The surgeon greeted her with: "You are to let this damaged young man talk as much as ever he pleases, Nurse Hamilton. We want him kept quiet, but he is more apt to keep his leg still while his tongue wags. Doubtless there is a letter to be written to somebody. There always is in these cases."

"Yes. And I want you to write it."

Dick fired his answer to the surgeon's suggestion point-blank at the nurse. He had turned his head sidewise to look into the clear steadfast eyes that had such a strange fascination for him. If he was not mistaken, that was the very thing she was trying to prevent.

"You will write it for me, will you not, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Of course I will. See, I will be back presently with writing-materials."

When she returned with her portfolio she had on blue glasses.

"What did you do that for?" Dick asked, with a flash of decidedly impertinent resentment. "Those goggles, I mean."

"To make myself comfortable." She opened the portfolio and selected a sheet of paper. "I am ready."

"But I am not," he answered, petulantly; "and if you don't mean to let me look at you while I am dictating, I'll make a mess of it. That's about all I'm fit for, anyway."

"For what?"

"For making a mess of things."

"You mean your leg? You should not have tried to jump on the car while it was in motion. There is enough time for all our needs, if we would only take it."

"This looks like it, don't it?" He indicated his helpless leg by an angry touch of his long brown hand. "I needed just ten more minutes yesterday than I could manage to procure. I would have been steaming up the river toward White Cliffs, instead of lying here with a broken leg, if I could have found it."

"But you have plenty of time to get well in," said Nurse Hamilton, with a smile which Dick mentally pronounced twice as sad as tears. "So my theory holds good, after all. Now, then, won't you please begin?"

"Oh, I say, please sit where I can look at you without making a corkscrew of my neck."

Thus directly importuned, Mrs. Hamilton moved a fraction more directly in his line of vision.

"I wish you hadn't put those blinkers on, and I wish I could see you without that cap; it's a regular disfigurement. And you don't belong to them, nor they to you."

The clear white of Nurse Hamilton's smooth cheeks was suddenly stained a vivid red. She did not look at him as she administered her rebuke:

"You must not talk to me so. You are a silly, impertinent boy, and I shall send another nurse to you. I will not stay."

She raised her hand with a quick gesture. She was too late. Her white frilled cap was swaying triumphantly on the apex of Dick's daring fingers.

"Yes, you will, Norrie. I knew I could not be mistaken. I knew your voice. You couldn't put it in a mob-cap and blue goggles. Now then"—he flung the cap upon the foot of his bed—"I have not made such an infernal mess of things after all; for I have found you."

She was looking at him with wide eyes through a mist. He had called her "Norrie," and the ice crust that had been forming over her chilled and lonely heart suddenly broke up under the warmth of the boy's caressing tones.

In the six short months of her life at White Cliffs Dick had been her most attached squire. This, the youngest of all the Lorimer boys, had been a special favorite of hers, and she of his. His "little sister," his "Madame John," and his "Princess Norrie" had been pleasant to remember. She had no grievance here. She leaned toward him with dewy eyes.

"And having found me, what then, Dick? Have you missed me?"

"Have I missed you? We have all missed you, sister Nora," he said seriously. "John! poor old Johnnie! he has aged under it tremendously. Lord, how old and feeble he does look! He can't seem to get used to it. He never speaks of you, though. That's what hurts us all so bad. He goes about the house like some dumb brute that has got its death wound."

"Hush! for dear pity's sake, hush! He gave a death wound before he received one."

It came from her in broken sobbing gasps.

"To you?" Dick's incredulous eyes were upon her face.

"To me."

"Then he is a whelp, and I'll tell him so to his face as soon as I get home, if he gives me a death-wound for it. I will, by heavens, if he was forty times my brother!"

"Hush, Dick! You are a dear, hot-headed boy! Have you yet to learn that some sores cannot be healed by fresh blows?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PUZZLED CLERK.

He Gets All Mixed Up by a Mathematical Young Lady.

She was a bright mathematical scholar and pretty, and when she rattled at the stamp window and laid down a dollar bill the handsome young clerk in a blue necktie on the inside was all attention.

"There's a dollar," she said; "give me four times as many twos as ones and the rest in three's."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. She repeated her request.

"Certainly," he said, and began to lay out the stamps.

He worked at it ten minutes without success, she waiting patiently the meanwhile.

He wasn't busy with anyone else and she didn't seem to mind watching him calculate, so she gave him another five minutes.

Then a customer came in.

"Just keep the dollar," she said sweetly, "and I'll come around in the morning and get the stamps in the proper proportions."

He thought she was becoming sarcastic and turned to wait on the next comer, but when he looked again for the girl of the mathematical turn she was gone.

That evening he visited the newspaper offices for counsel and advice, and the next day when she called he swore there wasn't a three-cent stamp in the office.

Now why did the clerk lie?—Detroit Free Press.

Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

Ther ain't nothin' brittler than a politishan's promis.

It makes most folks sassy to hold offis.

Every now and then you find a congrisman with a fer sale notis pinned onto his generl stile.

Nobody ever questions the orthodoxy ov the stars and stripes.

It's a good thing fer George Washington's recsord he didn't live nowadays.

Ain't ther more shuger in this Sanwitch Ilans bizness than groes on the ilans?

Some statesmen live on poker and perquizets.

Politicks ain't even kin to patriotism.

A public econnermist these times seems to be a man that gits five thousand dollars a yeer fer tryin' to spend all the government money in his own deestrick.—Detroit Free Press.

Commendable Forethought.

"Have you noticed that Herr Grashuber has two dogs with him when he goes hunting in the morning, but has only one dog when he comes back in the evening?"

"Yes; but the other dog comes back with him all the same—in the hunting bag—so that the neighbors may think Grashuber has killed a lot of game."—Fliegende Blatter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The wise individual who said "an ounce of action is worth a pound of talk" evidently weighed his words.

—"Did your son take gymnastics in his college course?" "Yes, yes; but he never speaks any of those foreign languages here at home."

—Mrs. Snipp—"Young man, will this ticket take me to Chicago? Ticket Agent—"No, ma'am; but that train outside will."—Raymond's Monthly.

—It is said that oleomargine can be detected by boiling a tablespoonful of it. Boiling butter will foam without much noise, while the sham butter sputters and hisses like lard, but does not foam as decidedly as genuine butter.

—"I don't see how the washing or ironing could be improved." He—"Confound it all, that's not the trouble; it's because she brings home the very same collars and cuffs until I'm tired of them."—Inter Ocean.

—Some men who were digging a well at Live Oak, Fla., found about ten feet below the surface of the ground a tree that was petrified only on the outside. The trunk was split open and the inside was found to be filled with honey, which had been shut up in the tree for many years.

—Out of Sight.—Judge—"What did you arrest this man for, Mr. Officer?" Officer—"For guying me." Judge—"Why, the man is blind." Officer—"I know it, your honor. He had some lead pencils for sale, and I asked him how business was, and he replied that it was out of sight."—Arkansas Farmer.

—Col. Goodfello—"Well, Mose, how are you getting along in the place I got for you?" Mose Yallerby—"Nicely, Kunnel, thank 'ee. I's de foreman now." Col. Goodfello—"Foreman?" Mose Yallerby—"Yassir; no one kin come in till I fust open up, an' dust things!"—Truth.

—It has been suggested to the police commissioners of Superior, Wis., that the police should be equipped with bicycles, and in this way one policeman could cover a much larger beat and with greater ease, which would permit of a curtailment of the force. The plan is a good one and will probably be adopted.

—There are occasionally bargains to be had of even the street fakirs. An honest hatter of an eastern town having vainly tried to please a customer with a straw hat of moderate price, as such go in the shops, said at length: "Why don't you buy of a street fakir? A large hat concern down east has just failed, and its hats are selling on the street at fifty cents apiece, the very same hat for which I get two dollars."

—"At Pleasure Bay, on the Shrewsbury river, New York, the other day," said a summer tourist, "I saw a watering cart of a style that I had never seen before and which was filled in a way that also was new to me. The cart had four wheels and its tank was a flat, square box, in shape something like the case of a square piano. This tank was suspended under the axles, and when it was desired to fill it the driver simply drove into the river until the tank was submerged."

—At a fancy-work sale a book cover held a quantity of blank leaves intended for notes for a jaunt. "This," said the glib young saleswoman, "is especially designed to give to your brother, lover or husband, as he starts on a fishing trip." When the cover was examined it was found to have painted on its black surface in brilliant red a bottomless well, whose intimation that truth had fallen out of it was accentuated by the legend across the top in glowing script, "Ye Lie Book."

—Where are the croakers who say that everything was all right in "the good old days?" Here comes along a diary written by a lady of fashion some fifty years ago, and among other complaints, which are like echoes of those we hear every day, are these: "Our streets are not wide enough for the carriages, nor the week long enough for one's engagements. There isn't enough money, nor enough time to spend it in. In short, such a mess!" Also, the writer of the diary, Lady Georgina de Ros, says: "No wonder girls are delicate if they eat mutton chops before dinner!"

—"I saw to-day," said a New York citizen, "a man sitting on a hydrant selling lemonade from a pail standing in front of him on the sidewalk. It was good lemonade, I know, for I tried it; but I couldn't help feeling that it was a mistake from a business point of view to sit on the hydrant. Of course he couldn't get into it, we knew that well enough, but it sort of looked as though he had the whole Croton river back of him. Suppose you should see a milkman sitting on a pump and offering milk from a can in front of him? It might be the sweetest, purest milk in the world and the pump might be dry and without a handle, but who would buy the milk?"

—Gertrude Petan, of Bull Creek, Dak., is a genuine female cowboy. She is only 18 years old, but she takes care of all the cattle on her father's ranch. This sometimes takes her thirty or forty miles from home. When the cattle become mired in the mud she must rescue them from their perilous position. This she does in true cowboy fashion by fastening a lariat to the horns of the animal, while she keeps the other end tied to her saddle. She and the pony together then pull the poor beast out. She wears a wide-brimmed felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, is provided with branding irons and rides the wildest broncho.

—The last development of the folding bed is the white enamel and brass. It necessarily lacks the cumbersome dimensions of the desk, the chiffonier and the wardrobe, but it has something far better—cleanliness and health. For small cottage homes, or for apartments where economy of space is sought, it is an admirable thing. For, although it has no shelf for books, bric-a-brac and the like, and is hung with a simple curtain that hides springs and mattress without attempting to disguise the presence of a bed, it occupies very little room, is really a sufficiently pretty object, and, above all things, avoids those pests to which the shut-up wooden sort are liable.

A Question of Probability.

"How are you getting along with your new novel?" he asked of a feminine genius. "Not so well," she answered, "as I have been. I came to a very troublesome point last week and I haven't done anything on it since." "What was the matter?" "I find my heroine all alone. She takes her hat and goes out into the darkness and loneliness in search of the village lawyer." "That sounds very good." "Yes, but it is improbable." "Why?" "She is all alone." "Of course." "And puts on her hat to go out." "Yes." "Whom is she going to ask whether it is on straight or not?"—Washington Star.

And It Went to the Jury.

Cross-examiner—Doctor, what was the first knowledge you had that the defendant was possessed of a suicidal mania?

Dr. Emdee—When he called and asked me to prescribe for him.

Cross-examiner (to judge)—That is our case.—Truth.

So Hospitable.

Fair Lady—Well, major, how did you enjoy your African trip? How did you like the savages?

Major—Oh, they are extremely kind-hearted—they wanted to keep me there for dinner.—Amusing Journal.