AMERIC[illegible]N SENTINEL.

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A [illegible]EW YEAR'S [illegible]SSAGE.

Within your somber gaze,
[illegible] dark, and still as [illegible] streams
[illegible] hidden mountain ways
Sweet eyes that hold a world of dreams,
[illegible]ok up to where the winter stars
[illegible]eir New Year's vigil hold,
A[illegible]d this message that I send
Of l[illegible]e so long untold.

A [illegible]ar—just one short year ago—
I [illegible]w you stand alone
With[illegible] the wav'ring dusk and glow
[illegible] winter firelight thrown;
[illegible]d all my heart went out to you,
And all my life has known
[illegible] joy or pain, or bliss or woe,
[illegible]ce then has been your own.

[illegible] ago—ah, sweet, that year!
[illegible]h it tells to me!
[illegible] heart throbs fast with fear,
[illegible] answered be;
[illegible] year dies away,
[illegible] it brought,
[illegible] you it seemed to stay
[illegible] very thou[illegible]

I may no[illegible]
Nor hear y[illegible]
Nor watch th[illegible] light,
If love be but [illegible]
For love, indeed, is [illegible]
A heart that beats for you,
And will so beat while life shall last,
And love in life be true.

So ere the year's last hour is gone,
I send my message sweet,
And lay this love and longing down
Before your gentle feet;
And when the stars are in the sky,
And glad bells chime anew,
O, take my message with their own,
And take—its sender too!

Select Story.

A STRANGE NEW YEAR.

All was darkness. The air was full of fine snow, who[illegible]y flakes, hardening in the increas[illegible]old into icy pellets, struck against the car-windows almost as sharply as hail. The wind, which had risen, instead of falling as twilight gathered, blew from every direction, and whirled the snow-flakes hither and thither.

The storm has lasted now for a day and night, and the progress of the western-bound express on the Northern Pacific Railroad was getting slower and slower as the snow piled itself on tracks and froze there. Suddenly the train stopped altogether.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the conductor, opening the car-door as little as possible, and thrusting his head inside, "guess we'll have to stop yer, for awhile at any rate. I'm goin' to reconnoitre and see what kin be done. By the way, any ladies here?"

"Yes, one," somebody answered; at which the conductor, giving his head a shake, withdrew it, and the passengers, left to themselves, began to exchange remarks concerning their agreeable situation.

"I don't know exactly where we are," said the man who had replied to the question just asked. "We are [illegible] Deer Lodge by eight o'clock [illegible], but we've gone so slowly, [illegible] near there."

"[illegible] jedge," spoke up a rather [illegible]ooking individual in the cor[illegible]r, "that we were in the heart of the Rockies."

"In the heart of the Rockies!"

This sounded cheerful to the shivering listeners, who eyed each other in silent consternation.

"Think I'll go and investigate things, too," said another man, rising. "I can't sit here quiet."

Two passengers followed him, and the rest waited in dreary silence, too anxious to talk. Now and then they glanced, with respectful curiosity, and even with solicitude, toward a solitary woman's figure, hardly visible in the gathering gloom. It seemed to the little party an interminable interval, until the door was pushed open and the conductor's face appeared.

"Wal, I reckon we're in for it," he announced, cheerfully. Can't get no further to-night—the track is packed hard, and the snow's still comin' down."

His hearers looked at him in dull despair.

"What are we going to do?" an anxious-looking individual asked, rather sharply.

"Wal," responded the conductor, "I've been lookin' about. There's a minin' [illegible] a little ways off—guess we'll have to go to it. Pretty rough lot, but it's better than spendin' the night here, an' we'll get somethin' to eat. Sorry about the lady, though, but it can't be helped. Won't be able to move along for several days, specially if this storm keeps on. Have to make the best of Rumsey's—how'll [illegible] her over?"

"[illegible]ank you, but I am not afraid," [illegible] a soft voice, but in determined [illegible] from a shadowy corner, and a [illegible] from the lamp, just [illegible] by the conductor, showed a gi[illegible] face as the speaker leaned forward. It was a sad but beautiful [illegible] one trace of fear showing, and the look of perfect con[illegible] which the eyes expressed as [illegible] them toward her companion [illegible] man's heart there.

[illegible] answer to this [illegible] with sil[illegible] and said, [illegible] brave, my [illegible] we can [illegible] again, [illegible] and [illegible] than a [illegible] at [illegible] fol[illegible] young lady accepted the arm of her elderly protector, and in spite of brave efforts to keep up, was glad of its support. They struggled forward in the darkness and snow some little distance before they saw the gleam of lights.

"There's the hotel," said, or rather shouted the conductor, in order that all might hear him, indicating, with a gesture, visible only to those nearest, the brightest light, and at the welcome sound of these words, his followers hurried on, and were soon under shelter.

"The hotel," as the conductor and the inhabitants of Rumsey's called it, with the largeness of ideas which belongs to primitive civilization, was a rough, wooden structure in a most undeveloped stage of hostelry, where the miners congregated for drinks. Its one superiority over the surrounding dwellings was its possession of a second story.

The conductor had explained matters to "mine host," a rather hard-featured Irishman, who received his new guests very politely, while the occupants of the bar-room slunk into the corner so as to leave the room for the new arrivals.

The young lady clung closer to her companion, shrinking from the curious glances which fell upon her as she stood under the glare of the lamp; but she was not long exposed to this unwelcome gaze, for the landlord at once addressed the old gentleman with: "Shure and there's no provision here for a lady. The last one—the ingineer's wife—went home in September, but we'll do the best we kin. Jist come this way."

To the comparative privacy of the upper floor the young girl and her protector were escorted by their host, with many apologies for the insufficiency of the accommodations.

When, at last, the lady and gentleman were left to themselves, the latter introduced himself.

"My name is Barstow—Dr. Barstow," he said.

"And mine is Hazel Dean. I teach school in St. Paul," his companion responded, sinking wearily upon the one chair which the room afforded. "No doubt you think it strange I should be here alone at this time, but my mother is ill—dying, perhaps—in Portland. She went with a friend—I could not afford to accompany her. I hope to get there by New Years. They wrote me she was worse—perhaps it will be the last——" The girl's voice broke, and her lips quivered.

The doctor looked down at her sympathizingly, as he stood in his great-coat, hat in hand, by the window.

"I'm afraid you'll not reach there before New Years. Let me see, to-night's the 30th. I am very sorry, but I fear we shall have to remain here several days. However, we'll do the best we can to make you comfortable. Is your father living?"

"I—I do not know," came the hesitating answer, while the anxious look of the beautiful, tired face deepened into a cloud of sadness. "I have not seen him for years."

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, hastily, "I did not mean to be curious."

"I know you did not," Hazel hastened to say. "It is a long story, and a sad one."

"I beg of you, do not distress yourself thinking about it," interrupted the doctor. "I am going to be practical, and see what we can find to eat;" and, as he finished speaking, he descended the ladder and proceeded to carry his idea into effect.

Left alone in the candle-light, the girl gazed about the cheerless room with sinking heart. The walls and roof were of bare shingle, the floor was of planks destitute of covering, and the only furniture was a mattress covered with a buffalo-robe, the pine chair on which she sat, and a wooden box holding her solitary candle, with [illegible] basin of water. What dreary fate, Hazel wondered, had stranded her in this desolate place, when she should have been by the bedside of her dying mother, the only human being in the world for whom, at two-and-twenty, she could really care? Love winged itself with fears, and [illegible] to the spot where she fancied she could see her dear one's pale face. She was startled out of her sad dreams by the appearance of the doctor with supper.

It was hard work to choke down the not very inviting food, but Hazel did her best, and soon afterward her kind friend bade her good night.

Once more alone, the girl's thoughts turned again to her mother—her despair strengthened by her cheerless surroundings. Tired out at last, she lay down and toward dawn slept heavily.

The dull gray of a snowy morning penetrated boldly through the unshuttered windows of Hazel's room, [illegible] not noticed [illegible] night. Slowly rising, she looked at the water in the basin; a thin film of ice had gathered over it. With another shiver, Hazel broke through this, and tried the difficult task of bathing. After a little there came a knock on the trap door, and a voice—evidently Dr. Barstow's—said:

"Breakfast is ready, Miss Dean. There is nobody in the bar-room but the landlord and our party. Will you come down?"

"Certainly," she answered, and not without assistance, descended the rickety ladder.

In the room below, she found her fellow-passengers, seeming now almost like old friends, gathered over breakfast. She felt hungrier than the night before, and was glad to eat a little.

"I have found a job," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he drank his coffee. "There's a man in camp dying for want of a physician—indeed, for want of good care, I fancy. I am going over after breakfast."

"Take keer ye don't finish him altogether," laughed the conductor, who, on the young lady's entrance, had retired respectfully into the background.

"Doctor," whispered Hazel, as that gentleman got into his great-coat, "if there is anything I can do, send for me, please. I am used to nursing, I have taken care of my mother for years. I should be glad of something to divert my mind, and a woman's help may be useful. Will you do so?"

Dr. Barstow looked into the pale, troubled face, and answered, promptly:

"Indeed, I will. Good-by."

Then he was gone, and Hazel felt more alone than ever. One of the other men, a Mr. Stone,—a clergyman, somebody volunteered the information—accompanied him, while some of the passengers started out, in spite of the storm, to explore, though their obliging host warned them not to go too far.

Hazel sat at the window, gazing out upon the eddying snow-flakes which the whirling winds drove against the pane. She could see little else. The other inmates of the room laughed or joked, or grumbled as their tastes inclined, restrained somewhat, in both amusements, by the presence of the slender figure in the plain dark-cloth dress. There was a fire down-stairs, and Hazel did not need hat or ulster here.

More than an hour wore away, when the door opened, and Mr. Stone appeared.

"Miss Dean, the doctor wants you," he said, and the girl rose at the summons with a positive sense of relief.

"I am so glad," she exclaimed, speaking almost unconsciously, aloud.

The messenger smiled quietly. He had heard the young lady's story, and knew that the doctor, divining the anxiety on that young heart, had sent for his nurse as much out of charity to her as to the patient.

It was only a short distance to the miserable shanty which the sick man called home, and Hazel was not sorry therefor. Through the blinding storm progress was very difficult, but they reached their destination at last.

A man of about fifty, looking, in spite of his wretched surroundings and unkempt appearance, like one who at least had been a gentleman, lay on straw, quite unconscious of any one's presence.

The doctor glanced up, with a smile, when Hazel entered. He perceived almost immediately that his new assistant belonged to the helpful order among her sex, and felt that he had found a valuable ally.

"I sent away the miner who was taking care of him—a rough fellow, but good-natured. It seems a young man in the camp—'a rale gintleman,' the Irishman described him—had been living with the sick man, whom they call Carlton, before his illness. He took care of him until day before yesterday, when he got frightened and went for the doctor who lives at ——. They tried here to persuade him not to go, but he would [illegible] think we shall be able [illegible] patient through, Miss [illegible]

"I hope so," was the [illegible] answer.

With words to d[illegible] all the girl's native courage came to the rescue.

"The young man can't get back for a day or two now," continued the doctor. "It was a good thing I turned up—the sick man needed a physician—and a nurse," he added with a smile.

The day went by quickly enough to Hazel and Dr. Barstow, for they had plenty to do. Mr. Stone brought [illegible] cluded, [illegible] time is growing sho[illegible]

Night gathered about the little shanty. It was New Year's eve. Hazel thought of her mother anxiously awaiting her—then she thought of the girl expecting her bridegroom. Never mind! It was all for the best now—she was helping some one. If only her mother grew no worse. The fear choked her. But no! that could not happen—God could not be so cruel!

"It will be the first New Year my mother and I have ever spent apart," she said, speaking her thoughts aloud. "And it may be her last one," she whispered, but could say no more. Dr. Barstow looked the sympathy which he had no words to express, but just then the sick man's eyes caught Hazel's keen glance. "See doctor!" she exclaimed.

"He is conscious."

They watched all night together, Hazel on the straw once occupied by the absent man, her companions on the floor. At last the girl's tired eyes closed in sleep; when she opened them, she met the doctor's smiling brightly at her.

"A happy New Year!" he whispered.

"Our patient is better—he is asleep."

What a strange New year! Hazel can never forget it, she can never have another like it.

The storm had ceased, and the sun shone brilliantly over a landscape so enwrapped in dazzling whiteness that hardly an object was distinguishable.

"They are working at the railroad—soon they will be able to establish communication." These joyful tidings were brought to the doctor and his assistant later in the morning. Hope renewed itself in Hazel's breast.

"If we could only get to a telegraph station!" she told the doctor. "I am so afraid my mother will be anxious."

"I will ride over to-morrow if the road is passable," said the clergyman.

Their patient slept the greater part of the day, but when awake he was, though weak, still perfectly conscious. When dusk came on, the physician insisted that Hazel should go to "the hotel" and sleep; so she wrapped herself up, and stood waiting for her escort, Mr. Stone, to do the same, when the door was pushed hastily open, and a young gentleman entered, followed by an older man. Both were well muffled in furs. As the two arrivals stepped into the room, the lamp-light fell full on their faces, and Hazel gave a low, sudden cry. Before any one could speak, the younger of the new-comers sprang forward.

"Hazel!" he exclaimed, in eager, tense tones; and the next instant, regardless of the others, he had folded her to his heart. A moment later, he as suddenly released her, and holding her still, but at arm's-length, asked, impressively: "Have I still the right?"

"Yes," she whispered, and again was clasped close, but only for a second; suddenly recollecting the spectators who stood amazedly regarding the scene, the girl quickly withdrew herself from the inclosing arms.

Then the young man remembered for the first time that they were not alone, and still holding Hazel's hand, faced them all.

"I suppose you don't understand—at least you don't seem to—fellows. Shall I explain, Hazel?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Well, you see——" began the young stranger, a slight touch of shyness creeping into his tones, which had still an accent of pride in them. "Perhaps I can best explain matters, and in the fewest words, by saying that Miss Dean is my promised wife, and that I haven't seen her for three years."

"Say, old boy, I congratulate you," came in a feeble voice from the figure beneath the buffalo-robe. "But what did you say her name was?"

Then everyone remembered the sick man. He had been forgotten in this new drama, and he had been asleep when the two men arrived.

Hazel's lover at once stepped to the bed, and bending over his comrade, said, almost tenderly: "Forgive me, Carlton; I had forgotten all about you; but this is the girl I promised to marry, three years ago. We parted in anger—a lovers' quarrel—and I came West. I wrote to her afterward, but my letter was returned. She had gone away nobody knew where. We love each other still, and shall be happy yet!"

"Arthur," Hazel spoke very softly, but distinctly, "I wrote to you, dear, [illegible]

"[illegible] never staid in one place long [illegible]ough to get your letters, dear, I [illegible]pose," he interrupted.

"[illegible] what did you say her name [illegible]?" began the sick man, [illegible]intly, trying to raise himself on the [illegible], [illegible] sinking back [illegible] by the effort.

"Dean," answered Arthur, bending anxiously over his friend; but the two doctors—for the elder stranger, Dr. Barstow had before this discovered, belonged to the medical fraternity—pushed him aside, and would have sent everybody away, had not their patient opened his eyes, and addressed Arthur.

"And what did you [illegible] her [illegible]?" he managed to articulate, and [illegible] the young man answered, "Hazel," he tried to raise himself again, saying distinctly: "My wife's name was Hazel, and mine is Dean. Carlton was only an assumed name. Let me look at—" The words died on the speaker's lips, and he sank back unconscious.

Arthur pushed the pale and trembling girl on the only seat the place contained, while the two physicians worked with their patient until he slowly came back to life, and opening his eyes, gazed about him. The stimulants which the sick man eagerly swallowed revived him, and once more he tried to lift his head and look at Hazel.

Knowing it would be useless to refuse, Dr. Barstow drew her to the bedside. A strange excitement lent unwonted strength to the sufferer, and supported by the two men, he leaned forward, and gazed intently into the beautiful face befor him.

"She is the image—of—my wife," came gaspingly, from the anxious gazer, and again he sank back on his pillow, unable to say more.

Dr. Barstow at once poured some whiskey down the exhausted man's throat, and this gave him strength to continue.

"Arthur," he said weakly, "tell them my story. You know it all but my name. Perhaps then she may recognize me. She has not seen me for eighteen years."

This man, whom they called Carlton, spoke with such certainty! A sense of conviction began to steal over Hazel, who was trembling so that the thoughtful docter forced her to take some stimulant.

"Not here," began Arthur, hesitatingly. "Perhaps it would be better to let her recover from the shock;" but his comrade interrupted him with an urgent "Now," and a pleading glance of his hollow eyes, while Hazel spoke almost imperatively:

"Tell me at once. I am quite able to hear it."

Then in a few words Arthur told his betrothed how Carlton had lived, eighteen years before, in Boston—how he quarreled with his wife, and leaving her and his four-year-old girl to shift for them[illegible]es, had started for South Ameri[illegible] He related, as briefly and tend[illegible] as he could, Carlton's career o[illegible]issipation there, as the culprit hi[illegible]elf had told it, and then spoke of the years of wandering in the West, the last ten of them spent in a struggle toward a new life.

"And he has succeeded in his brave efforts," Arthur ended, triumphantly, "for we have been together nearly two years, and I can testify. My friend has tried, too, to find his wife and child."

Conquering her emotion, Hazel rose and bent over the sick-bed. Surely there were some traces on the face she looked into, of a picture which her mother kept among her treasures—a picture of her husband, taken just before his desertion.

Then Dean spoke.

"I think I can convince you, Hazel," he said. "Open that little box, Winthrop," beckoning to Arthur; "the one I gave you to take care of when I was first taken ill."

Slowly, and with shaking fingers the sick man drew from the tiny casket handed him a daguerreotype which he placed in Hazel's palm. The moment she looked at it she knew it was her mother.

"Father," she whispered, falling on her knees beside the bed.

There was silence for awhile, broken at last by Dean, who looked around, with [illegible] his sunken eyes, [illegible]:

"Come here, Winthrop; I am so glad; there is only one thing, old boy—I should die happy if I should see her your wife."

Dr. Barstow glanced at the lovers. "He may not live long," he whispered; then at Mr. Stone: "Here is a minister," he suggested, softly; and looking up, Hazel read in Arthur's eyes the question which his lips dared not speak.

"If you—if my father wishes it," she murmured, half [illegible] what was happening, she clung to her lover.

Five minutes later a strange solemn ceremony was performed at the bedside of Hazel's new found parent, and when it was over Arthur took his bride back to the hotel.

The day after New Year, young Winthrop telegraphed to Mrs. Dean that her daughter was safe, and the following morning the trains began to run. Dr. Barstow staid with Mr. Dean while the newly made husband and wife went on to the mother, and Mr. Stone joined his betrothed in time for the wedding, as they afterward heard. As Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop [illegible] the train, the conductor shook [illegible] with them, saying: "Arter all, [illegible] sech a bad New Year fur ye;" and a year later, when the long-parted husband and wife, forgiven and forgiving, were together again, and began life with the new year, her mother's lost health came back, Hazel happy in Arthur's love, could indeed echo the words.

She is richer, too, in the friendship of the old doctor, as her children will doubtless be by his wealth, and will always bless her strange "New Year's" in the Rockies."

FOUGHT IT OVER.

Early in the spring of 1814 the beautiful harbor of Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chili, was the scene of several stirring events. Capt. Porter, afterward admiral, on returning from his famous cruise in the southern seas, repaired to the Chilian seaport before beginning his long voyage to the United States. During his trip among the warm seas he had won great glory for the American navy by capturing nearly every English whale ship known to be off the coast of Peru and Chili, and by taking from the enemy property valued at over two million dollars. Besides relieving the American whalers of all danger he had inspired the Peruvian and Chilian authorities with respect for the power of the United States.

While putting up for a short time in this South American port his ship, the Essex, was attacked by the English men-of-war Cherub and Phœbe. The gallant fight which followed was one of the bravest in naval history. Though the Essex was injured by a squall before the battle commenced, and the weight of men and metal was heavily in favor of the British, the American man-of-war had strong chances of victory until the hawser of the Essex parted and fire was discovered below decks.

The burning of the ship decided the fate of the conflict. The flames spread rapidly, driving the gunners from their places and terrifying the seamen. Efforts were made to subdue the flames, but under the heavy fire of the enemy's guns this was impossible. They crept nearer and nearer to the magazine, where several hundred kegs of powder were stored away. Appreciating the danger that awaited the ship and its gallant crew Capt. Porter called his men together and gave them liberty to make the attempt to swim ashore. Many made the attempt and succeeded, but others were drowned.

The flag of the Essex was finally hauled down and the surrender made. Among the seventy-five prisoners who were transferred to the decks of the Phœbe was a boy midshipman, who was not more than 13 years of age. He had been active in the battle, and now that all was lost he refused to leave the ship until his captain was ready to go. Dressed in his bright but battle worn uniform the young midshipman attracted no little attention from the English sailors. There was a manly, determined look on the youthful face, which betokened strength of character and will. When he stepped from the deck of the Essex to that of the Phœbe he cast a lingering glance at the burning ship, and seemed to be taking a long farewell of his old friend.

"See the little youngster," remarked one of the old sailors on the English ship. "He looks as if he was the captain."

"Captain of his mother's apron strings," volunteered another.

A general laugh followed these remarks, but the boy, without deigning to notice the jeers, stepped lightly from the bulwark of the ship to the deck. Taking his place among the prisoners he quietly waited for further developments. The English seamen were actively engaged in transferring everything of value from the burning vessel to the Phœbe. The magazine, storeroom, staterooms and even the captain's cabin were ransacked for valuables. The flames, meanwhile, were being put out gradually by the Englishmen.

As one thing after another was brought from the hold of the [illegible] ship and thrown recklessly across to the deck of the successful man-of-war, the American sailors closed their teeth with rage, and almost longed for a renewal of the conflict. Articles that had become dear and familiar to their gaze during their long journey in the southern seas were now passing before their eyes into the hands of the enemy. It was a sight sufficient to cause bitter feelings in any heart.

Finally one of the sailors came up from the hold of the Essex clasping a small pig in his arms. The pig was squealing from fright, while the sailor shouted out to his comrades in a loud voice:

"A prize, boys, a prize! By Jove! it's a fine grunter."

He leaped upon the deck of the English ship. There was a commotion for a moment among the prisoners. The young midshipman stepped up to the sailor with the pig, and claimed it as his own.

"It's my pet pig" said the midshipman, "and he doesn't belong to you. His name is 'Murphy,' and he has been with us ever since we left the island of Mocha. Will you give him up?"

"No; you are a prisoner and so is your pig," shouted the sailor, at which a general laugh was set up by the others.

The young midshipman, however, was not to be robbed so easily. His face flushed up with anger, and seizing the pig with both hands he said sharply:

"But we always respect private property, and this pig belongs to me."

The pig in question by this time began to feel uncomfortable in the hands of its two claimants, and its squealing was renewed and increased tenfold. The sailor clung to his prize, and the young midshipman kept his hold with equal determination.

The pig had been captured on the island of Mocha, off the shores of Araucania, when the Essex was cruising in the Pacific. Running short of provisions after leaving the Brazilian coast, Capt. Porter had landed at this island while his men enjoyed an exciting hunt inland. The island had been inhabited by Spaniards at one time, and fat wild swine were abundant. Among those captured was the small pig, which the sailors named "Murphy." During the rest of the journey the little porker of the midshipman's had become a great favorite, and now that its ownership was in dispute the American, as well as the English, seamen crowded around the two contestants.

The English sailors were fair minded and ready for any kind of sport. They enjoyed the scene hugely, and saw in it the germs of an exciting fight. One or two of them shouted out words of encouragement to the disputers. Then one of the English sailors cried out:

"Go it, my little Yankee; if you can thrash 'Shorty,' you shall have the pig."

This decided the matter. The young midshipman let go of his hold and said:

"Agreed. I'm ready to fight for 'Murphy.'"

A shout of approval greeted this brave remark. The sailors, ready for a lark, fell back and formed a ring. On one side stood the American sailors, who, for the time being, forgot the sting of their recent defeat and shouted and cheered their young champion. On the other side were the English, equally excited over the contest, and though prejudiced in favor of "Shorty," their own man, they could not help admiring the youthful gladiator.

The midshipman was slight in build, but his muscles were hard and well knit for one of his age. His quick, agile movements indicated an athletic training that would now stand him in good stead.

His opponent was an older man, thick and stocky. Long service in the English navy had hardened his muscles and made him somewhat callous to pain. The battle really seemed all one sided at the beginning; but the American sailors still had confidence in their champion. They had witnessed some of his bravery in the recent naval conflict.

The ring was finally formed, and certain simple rules regulating the fist fight were agreed upon. The two men then threw off their coats and began the encounter. For the first two or three rounds there was no evident advantage on either side. Shorty was the heavier of the two, and his blows powerful enough to knock his young antagonist down, but the wily midshipman avoided them well, and [illegible] in getting in a stroke now and then that fairly stupefied the Englishman. The fight [illegible] with [illegible]

Then the English sailor began to puff and blow. His efforts to knock his enemy down were all abortive, and his blows were parried so well that he had really punished the boy but very little. The spectators cheered and shouted.

"Go it, my little Yankee! Go it, Shorty! I'll bet on the man that gets the pig. Give it to him."

The fight was renewed, but the midshipman's pugilistic education now began to come to the front. He parried every blow of his antagonist with ease and sent in his own blows with unerring accuracy. Several times the Englishman was nearly knocked off his feet, but each time his comrades braced him up and set him at it again.

"Don't give in yet. Remember the pig. Give it to the young Yankee."

The shouts of the sailors were confusing, but they served to encourage the fighters. Finally a well directed blow, followed up by two or three others from the midshipman, settled the question. The Englishman acknowledged that he was whipped and surrendered the pig to its rightful owner.

The American sailors, prisoners though they were, felt that the second battle of Valparaiso had been fought, and with a cheer that was deafening they joined in a hearty hurra for their champion. The young champion, taking the pig under his arm, acknowledged the cheer and walked away to his place among the prisoners.

Thus did Admiral Farragut, the hero of Mobile and New Orleans and the first American upon whom the title of admiral was conferred, win his first fist fight and partially wipe out the disgrace of the naval defeat at Valparaiso.

Sound Work.

Carlyle's instinct was sound when it fixed upon honesty and veracity as the foundation of character, and exalted the Germanic races because they possessed these fundamental traits. Without honesty and veracity the superstructure of character, however ample and beautiful, rests on an insecure foundation. With honesty and veracity at the base, the widest opportunities, the greatest gifts, and the most ample fortune may be possessed and used without fear of deterioration. Carlyle's instinct was equally true when it fastened upon the soundness of old English workmanship as the best evidence of English veracity and honesty. To do the thing one has in his hand thoroughly and competently is to give the only convincing proof, to furnish the only overwhelming demonstration of the possession of honesty and veracity. No man can be thoroughly honest and true whose work is slipshod, careless and incompetent. Character expresses itself in work. As a man does with his brain or his hand, so is he in his heart, and there is nothing which reveals him so unmistakably as his work.

Good faith with himself and with his fellows demands of each man, that, whatever else he may fail to do, his work from day to day shall be done thoroughly and competently, not because this is the first duty, but because it is the expression of his character. No one can hope to gain the force and impulse of a strong life whose work does not bear the impress of an inward honesty, which is so much a part of the nature that every piece of work is done as if in the doing of it lay the whole duty of life. Longfellow has reminded us that in olden time builders fashioned every detail with the greatest care, because the gods see everywhere. An honest man does his whole work honestly, not because it is to be supervised and examined, but because he is incapable of doing it in any other way.

Railroad Ties of Mahogany.

While in Mexico on my last journey I had my breath taken away when I saw the most magnificently constructed railroad in the world. I refer to the Mexican Gulf R[illegible] where the ties are made out of mahogany and the bridges [illegible] marble. The waste seems [illegible]inal, but the builders are actuated by motives of economy, as they find the mahogany and marble along the track side. The road hasn't really cost much to construct, but if the materials were appraised at St. Louis or New York standards of prices the total would mount up into millions.

Sage tea as a [illegible] has cured [illegible] when other remedies have [illegible]

[illegible] woman one day, "that [illegible] have a really wicked [illegible] house, if he would only be good-natured, than to live with the best one who was cross."

This was extreme, but anyone who has ever endured the society of an irritable companion for many days will feel a sympathy with even this strong statement. Such a companion is a species of torture.

It sometimes seems as though almost every duty were more forcibly impressed upon the young than the duty of amiability. In many quarters this virtue is absolutely at a disadvantage. The cross ones are likely to get a reputation for greater ability than the pleasant ones.

We plead for a reform and so pleads everybody who happened to be in a certain house in an inland town, where a handsome and fashionable young woman was stopping with an aunt who had every claim upon her tenderest consideration.

"Are you going out to the cliff?" the young woman would demand of her aunt.

"I don't know yet," the aunt would respond wearily.

"Oh, dear, I wish you could ever make up your mind?" the niece would fret.

"But I must wait and see how I feel after my dinner," the invalid would protest.

"If it wasn't that it would be something else," the niece would exclaim petulantly,—"You're always waiting, always undecided,—I get so sick of it!"

The aunt bore her young charge's vagaries almost too sweetly; but the hateful little niece was unendurable to all who witnessed her conduct toward her aunt. Yet this young girl was a member of a church. She would not have lifted her hand against her aunt, yet she gave he[illegible] worse insults than a [illegible]

It is to women tha[illegible] always giving praise for the[illegible]bility. It was a woman to whom belonged those

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

But it is doubtful whether women are really so amiable as men. Xantippe and poor Rip's wife are types of a very large class.

It is reasonable to expect that women should be less amiable than men, Emerson says. A woman's mode of dress, her indoor and monotonous life have all been against her.

We may not all be able to cultivate the highest virtues—generosity, magnanimity etc,—but we can all keep a civil tongue for those around us, and put on a pleasant face if we try. Amiability has been pooh-poohed at too long. It is the source of more comfort and pleasure in any home in which it is practiced than many a more vaunted virtue.

"The music that can deepest reach
And cure many ills, is cordial speech."

By all means let us have more of it in our homes.

The approach of a new year is a fitting time to begin the cultivation of this virtue, which is so essential to the comfort and happiness, not only of the home circle and society at large, but to the individual.

Character.

In order to show character in the face, one must be willing to have lines breaking the surface of the countenance. One cannot have a song or a story written on paper, and yet have the paper as free from marks as before. Yet there are persons who actually seek to obliterate from their faces the signs of the little character they [illegible]ss. They employ cosmetics for [illegible]rpose of making their countenances [illegible]ooth and fair at the cost of d[illegible] the proofs of any gain and gro[illegible] on their part in the direction of true and noble beings. And there are photographers who will finish up a negative by filling in the lines of character, so that the picture of a real man or a real woman is reduced to the semblance of a second-rate wax figure in a hair-dresser's window. A fair face is attractive in its way, but it is not to be compared with a fair fame. And when the lines of age or of care are in a face, the attempt to secure a fair face, or a picture of that face as if it were fair, must be at the cost of the fair name which character gives to one who has lived to a purpose, and [illegible] has gained the result of wor[illegible] living. Well marked lines in the face are as precious as [illegible] lines in manuscript. It [illegible] credit of any [illegible] said of him th[illegible] he writes i[illegible] writing [illegible]

A [illegible] appeared in [illegible] ing the gr[illegible] It is full of [illegible]