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"SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING."

Oh! sleepless nights, waiting on days of pain! Oh, heart, so rent!
Can these send forth a cry of thankfulness—more than content?
Can the pale cheeks and lips yet wear a smile?—the feverish eye
Shed healing tears of joy, not burning drops of agony?

Does not the Savior stand beside her bed, and ease each throe?
His presence just as real and comforting as when below,
Here on this earth, He moved, and soothed the smart of anguish sore
In those who touched with trembling faith the hem of robes he wore.

And our dear Master's gracious presence near; His love our own;
How should we fret at earth's hard chastiseme s—how make our moan
O'er troubles which are "blessings in disguise," ruled by His hand?
His followers calmly face the fiercest storm, if He command.

And she who lies upon her bed of pain is far more blest
Than hundreds walking heedless, midst life's joys, of His behest.
Those joys, as flow'rs, fade quickly 'neath the touch; hers feed like fire
On all God sends of good or seeming ill, and never shall expire.

—*The Argosy.*

LEAVE ME NOT!

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my star;
Without thee my life would be dark;
I fly to thy bosom when sorrow-clouds lower,
As the dove to the sheltering ark.

Leave me not! leave me not! others are kind,
But the light in their eyes is less true;
The heaven of their love is o'ercloaded by storms,
While thine's ever sunny and blue.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my joy;
I have poured all my heart's garnered store,
In one measureless flood of deep love, at thy feet,
And the angel's could give thee no more.

Leave me not! leave me not! mournful thy bird
Would fold her bright wings, didst thou go;
And her songs, gushing sadly, would tell but the tale
Of an o'erburdened heart in their flow.

Leave me not! leave me not! shadows and clouds,
And a lone, weary pathway were mine;
The flowers droop and die when their light turns away—
Like a flower I have lived but in thine.

Leave me not! leave me not! by the days that are past,
Though the world is both weary and wide,
The dreariest lot, and the saddest of homes,
Were the sweetest, if shared by thy side.

THE LION-TAMER.

"That lioness will be the death of you yet, Joe."

"Pshaw!" said Joe Amberly, "the Lion-Tamer" of a large traveling circus laughing at the predictions of his assistant.

"You may laugh as much as you please, but some day you will find I am right, and that to your sorrow, though then it will be to late."

"I have performed with all the animals for some years, and never had any difficulty."

"You forget the one at Longtown."

"That didn't amount to much. I soon brought them to subjection."

"But the trouble commenced with this same lioness."

"Yes; though it wouldn't have been so bad if those cats of hunting leopards had not set up a yell and drawn the black tiger into the affray."

"She has a devil of a temper when it is up—is the most treacherous beast I ever fed or had anything to do with. I have been watching her close for a couple of days," continued the assistant, "and know she is mighty cross-grained. So, depend upon it, you are going to have trouble."

"I don't see why, more than at any other time."

"There are times—and you know it, if you will only reflect—and this is one of them. If I was in your place I wouldn't try to show off to-day with any extras, but just give a common performance and get out of the cage as quick as I could."

"You know what we advertise, and what a crowd has gathered."

"Yes," with a laugh; "and I know we never have or do one-half there is on the bills. Paper is cheap, Joe, but human life is precious. Think how poorly off you would leave your wife and child if anything should happen to you, and what would become of your wife if any thing should happen to the child?"

"Do not mention it."

The man who had handled and tamed and toyed with the savage beasts as if they had been harmless kittens groaned aloud at the thought. A man of the most ardent, even passionate nature, he bowed down in worship to his wife and little girl. And that day it had been advertised that he would take his child and a pail of blood into the cage with him.

It was a very daring, foolhardy project at the best; but how much more so when the beasts were doubly savage and out of temper—when the slightest thing might arouse them to all their prestine fury, and the fierce blood of the wilderness assert itself in all its tempestuous wrath.

But the husbandly and fatherly emotion was soon conquered. The habit of years and his natural strength gave him self-reliance; and it would take more than the idle words to turn him from his purpose no matter how dangerous it might appear to others. To this must be added the *esprit de corps* that would make him take the most desperate chances before having even the shadow of cowardice attached to his name.

Still, he could not help thinking more deeply, perhaps, than ever before. Was there in reality any danger? He could not convince himself of it, argue the matter as he would.

The old lion in the cage, though a monster in size, was inoffensive, tame and obedient. In the language of the keepers, he was "good for nothing but to make a show and set back in the corner, grind his teeth and growl." Besides, he was a friend, and upon more than one occasion had acted the part of a peace-maker. The leopards—a pair of spotted cheetahs—were scarcely to be taken into consideration.

The black tiger, the most rare and strikingly beautiful animal in any collection, was ordinarily quiet, though when fully aroused not to be trifled with.

But the lioness was the especial one to be dreaded and watched. She was a beast of uncommon power, with massive arms, long, curving claws, tail lithe and nervous as a serpent, teeth sharp as needles, flexile, treacherous, smooth, tawny skin and yellow eyes that ever flashed fiercely. Never, even in her best moods, had she been submissive, and her mildest play was rough in the extreme.

The lion-tamer turned from his companion to go and dress for his attractive but dangerous performance; but before doing so he visited the double cage, and made a critical examination of the beasts, who any instant might be to him as fate. There was nothing to especially awaken fear; and, half vexed with himself for having been needlessly disturbed, he passed from the great canvas into a smaller compartment, and found his wife and child waiting for him—the one a young and beautiful woman, and the other a very fairy of a child, whose hair hung down upon her back, as the brightest and finest of spun silk.

"I am sorry, Joe," said the wife and mother, as her husband entered, "that you have consented to so foolish a performance as the one advertised for to-day."

"Why, May?" and he looked more earnestly at her.

"Because the ordinary performance is hazardous enough."

"Then you think this more so!"

"I don't know that it is," she replied, having the utmost confidence in her husband's ability; "but somehow I don't altogether fancy having Inez taken into the cage."

"You know my reason for consenting, and that it would never have been given had your assent not first been obtained."

"Certainly, and it was very good of you, Joe."

"That it was promised on account of my salary being raised."

"Yes."

"And that it was to secure the rise of salary, so as the sooner to accumulate enough to buy a little home against the rainy days that may come."

"Yes, my dear Joe; but," with a smile, "had not pride something to do with it? That's the curse of the profession. Each one is always trying to outdo the other, running risks on that account they will not otherwise attempt."

"Well, May, I only gave my promise to do the act once, but even now will give it up if you say the word. I had rather disappoint all the managers and be called a coward by all the rabble in the world than cause your heart to beat with fear, or to bring tears into your eyes."

"No, no, Joe. Don't think I have lost confidence and pride in you. No, don't think of giving it up. I suppose I am foolishly nervous. But you will be careful, and not run any unnecessary risk?"

"My own heart would have to be torn out before anything should happen to our darling;" and he stooped, raised the child, tossed her up, caught, kissed her and hugged her to his bosom.

"But yourself, Joe?"

"Oh, I'll look out for number one."

The conversation did not tend to ease his mind, and before dressing he went out and held another conversation with his particular attendant, and took another look into the performing cage.

The animals were more quiet than when he had seen them previously; the lioness especially appeared in a playful mood, and, with something of a load lifted from his heart, he returned, with but little time remaining before he would be called upon to prove his right to the proud title of lion-tamer.

And every inch he looked one, as he stepped in view of the densely-crowded assembly. Gorgeous in his new costume, and with a look of calmness and determination upon his face, he looked, with his tall and sinewy form, fit to grapple with and overcome the fiercest beasts that ever prowled amid the jungles of Asia and Africa, and made night terrible with their roaring.

A burst of applause—a perfect tempest of huzzas and clapping of hands—greeted him as he swung his little girl, dressed in silver tissue, and with the gossamer wings and tiara of sparkling jewels around her golden curls that represent the traditional fairy, upon his shoulders. While looking at his stalwart proportions, the men thought what a dangerous antagonist he would be, and the young mothers shuddered at so beautiful a child being taken into a den of savage animals.

With a graceful bow and the dignity of a Roman conqueror, the lion tamer strode through the circle, disappeared behind the cage, and with such rapidity as to astonish the audience, stood within the compartment where the huge lion was lying and the agile leopards leaping about, and had placed his child between the claws of the greater brute, and she was playfully toying with its shaggy mane.

For a time he made the leopards leap about him as kittens, jumping from corner to corner, resting upon his shoulders, bounding lightly over the extending whip. Then he prepared to throw the two cages into one.

"Let Inez out now," whispered the attendant, uneasily. "You have done enough already to keep your promise, and the audience won't know the difference."

"No; I will go through. Mind what I told you, and have things ready in case there should be trouble, though I don't fancy any." Then he continued aloud, so as to be plainly heard by every one, "Hand me the pail of blood."

A cold shiver, a supernatural awe, appeared to pass through the frame of all, as the vessel, dripping with crimson drops, was given to him, and more than one asked themselves if the man was mad to thus not only risk his own life, but that of his beautiful child. And when he loosened and thrust aside the partition, and the fierce lioness and sleek tiger came bounding in, their breath was absolutely suspended, and their hearts momentarily ceased to beat.

"Down!"

The tiger obeyed, and the foot of the lion-tamer was upon his neck.

"Up!"

And the leopards were purring like great cats upon her shoulders, while the lioness lay crouched with her tawny paws thrust through the bars and growling severely.

"For mercy's sake, let her alone," whispered his attendant; "and mind not kick over that pail. If the blood should be spilled, it would be all over with you both. All the men in the world couldn't save you."

"Stand ready, but keep still. The brute shall mind."

His child was sitting on the back of the lion, and smiling in that den of horrors. Her confidence in her father was sublime—was as perfect as her love. She never dreamt of fear when he was near to protect, and while the lookers-on shuddered, she innocently deemed it a pleasant pastime.

"Down!"

The leopards leaped to either corner, and crouched down.

"Come!"

The lioness grumblingly arose, crawled suddenly to his feet, rose and laid her great claws upon his shoulders, making him swerve with her weight, and raised her terrible head upon level with her own. Slowly and slowly they turned round as if waltzing, the low mutterings of the beasts becoming more plainly audible every moment, and her yellow, feline eyes snapped with hidden fires.

With an amazing exhibition of strength he wrestled with, tripped and threw her from him, and the canvas tent rang again. But instantly she was upon her feet, lashing her sides with her prehensile tail, drawing back her lips so as to show her teeth, and uttering the deepest and fiercest of howls.

"For the love of mercy, hand out your child Joe," said his attendant.

"Wait a moment. I shall be done very quickly."

The crowning feat was yet to come. It was one upon which he had bestowed much time, and upon which he had prided himself—was a tableau of wild beasts, with manhood and childish beauty for the central attraction.

He stepped to the corner, led the monster lion forth into the centre of the cage, made him lie down, placed the little girl upon him and strode astride. Then a shrill whistle brought the cheetah leopards bounding upon his shoulders and standing up with paws crossed above his head, the black tiger erect upon his left, and throttled with his hand. But the lioness failed to do her bidding and take her place upon his right. She lay in the act of springing, and at but a little distance.

"Come."

There was a movement, and the whip was raised and fell heavily upon her head. That was all that was needed to awaken her latent ire, and, with a roar like that given in her native forest, she sprang with almost resistless force toward him. A sharp, stinging blow on the bridge of the nose for a moment cowed her, and she might have been conquered had she not partially fell upon and upset the pail and deluged the floor of the cage in blood!

Then all became the wildest commotion—the most terrible and savage sounds. Every beast sprang down, lapped the blood, and then turned upon him. Even the veteran lion appeared to forget the long years of training, and something of his young forest life blazed forth.

Amberly comprehended all in an instant, and the father triumphed over the actor. He snatched the now terrified and screaming child, sprang with her to the door, thrust her into the hands of the watchful attendant, and would have followed, had not the lioness grappled and drawn him back, rending his shoulder with his sharp claws, and causing the blood to stream over his rich dress.

He was fighting against the most desperate odds, knew it, backed into the corner, and called for his irons. One, red hot at the end, was handed to him, but at the first stroke the lioness sent it whirling, and her sharp teeth almost met for a moment in his thigh.

"Hand me something sharp with which I can brain the brute!"

Every thing upon which hands could be laid was thrust to him, but he failed to reach them, and the danger was becoming more and more imminent. The blood had been lapped up clean—all were mad with desire, the tiger and the leopards crouching upon him. Then the majesty of command asserted itself.

"Come, Samson."

The old lion came forward at the words, seemed to comprehend that something was wrong, thrust himself between his master and his raging mate, and, when she turned upon him, sent her rolling with a blow of his great paw.

The lion-tamer might have escaped, but, bleeding, wounded as he was, he would not retreat, and turned his attention to separating the now tangled mass of fighting animals. Picking up one leopard after another he drew them into a further corner of the cage, dragging the tiger, with the lioness clinging to it and tearing its glossy hide, thither, tore open its paws by main strength, hurled it back and shut the partition, turned, reeled to the door, fell upon it and was dragged through to safety, even with the lioness rattling behind him as it was closing.

A few steps taken, and the lion-tamer fell fainting by the side of his already insensible wife, who lay with his affrighted child hugged closely to her scarcely-beating heart.

Then the silence that had been as death was broken by the most tumultuous shouts, and breath was drawn again, and half-fainting women and fear-palsied men felt as if a mountain had been lifted from their hearts.

Lame, torn and weak, the lion-tamer entered the cage the next day before the most unprecedented crowd, it having been advertised that he would do so in his bloody clothes, but never again could he be tempted to take the child or pail of blood behind the bars.

WILD STRAWBERRIES.

"More Strawberries?" said Mrs. Wylde, with a perplexed contraction of her brows.

"Yes," said old Phillis, the cook. "I've made two short-cakes an' a pie, an' dar ain't nigh enough left to fill de big glass dish for tea."

"Dear me!" said Mrs Wylde, "what *shall* we do?" Lisette is dressing, and Maude never could endure the sun. Barbara"—to a slender young girl who was curled up in one of the deep window-seats, reading—"*you'll* have to go."

Barbara Wylde rousedherself out of an Arcadian dream of Dicken's Little Nell, and fixed a pair of big blue eyes on her mother's troubled face.

"Go where, mamma?"

"Down to the south pasture lot for wild strawberries. The ground is crimson with them there, and—"

Barbara Wylde scrambled down out of her high perch.

"Mamma," said she, "what a nuisance all this is! I don't believe Captain Ellwood Severn is worth all this trouble. I don't believe he'll fall in love with either Maude or Lisette. And I think preserved gooseberries are quite good enough for him."

"Hold your tongue, child!" said Mrs. Wylde, sharply. "Take the basket and go for the strawberries at once."

"But it is so hot, mamma!"

"Put on your broad-brimmed straw hat."

"And I haven't finished my novel," pleaded Barbara, with her mind reverting longingly to Little Nell.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Wylde. "You read too many novels, a deal, for a child of your age."

And Barbara disappeared, unwillingly enough, into the apple orchard, across which a sinuous path, bordered with buttercups and red clover, led direct to the velvet slopes of the "south pasture," where the ripening fruit of the wild strawberry shown like tiny rubies along the course of a musical little brook, all fringed with reeds and alders and tall-growing ferns.

"Strawberries, indeed!" said Barbara to herself. "It's dreadful to be the youngest of a family of girls, and have to pick strawberries for one's elder sisters' beaux."

And she pushed the yellow curls out of her eyes, and went to work in lugubrious earnest, popping the largest and sweetest of the berries into her little round rose-bud of a mouth, staining her dress as she knelt down to seek the shy treasures under the clustering green leaves, and crimsoning her hands with the haste she made,

"I wonder which of 'em he'll marry?" said Barbara to herself, as she paused a minute to listen to a robin which, perched on the boughs of a feathery elm beyond the brook, trilled out his barcarolle of glad music. "Lisette is the prettiest, of course, and he can't know what a dreadful temper she's got. But Maude is literary, and has read all the new books, and can talk so well. Gentlemen like intellectual ladies. I wish"—with a sigh—"that *I* was intellectual."

And our little maid fell to work at the strawberries again for full five minutes. And then she shook her basket, and peered down into its depths with eyes of azure despair.

"Not half full," said she to herself; "not a *quarter* full." Oh, dear me! how I wish some one would come to help me! And there *is* some one stretched provokingly in the shade under Squire Dallas's big oak by the stone wall where the sweet briers grow. People have no business to lie in the shade when other people have to be working hard in the sun? And I do believe its Squire Dallas's new hired man, and he ought to be at work in the hay-field instead of lying there under the trees with a book. And," Barbara added, surveying the distant *fainéant* with resolute blue eyes from beneath her uplifted hand, "he *shall* work; he shall help me?"

"Young man?" she called out. The robin trilled on, the brook made a cool, tumultuous splashing over the mossy stones that formed its bed, and no answer came back to Barbara save the flutter of the leaves in the hazel copse under the hill.

"Young man, I say!" she called out again, this time with a certain accent of the imperious in her voice. The recumbent figure under the oak tree straightened itself up at once, and made haste toward the stone wall that separated Squire Dallas's domains from Deacon Wylde's south pasture lot.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "but—did you call?"

"Of course I called," said Barbara, thinking within herself how tall and straight and darkly handsome Squire Dallas's new hired man was. Don't you think young man, you ought to be at work?"

"At work?" repeated the Spanish-browed stranger. "Well, perhaps I ought."

"There's no 'perhaps' about it,' said Barbara, brusquely. "Of course you ought. And since you don't choose to work for your master, you may as well be working for *me*."

"My—master?"

"Squire Dallas, of course," said Barbara. "Dear me, how stupid you are!"

"And how, may I venture to ask, did you know who I was?" he questioned, in an amused sort of way.

"Oh, it didn't require any great exercise of brilliance for *that*," responded Barbara, with a wise little nod of her head. "I know Squire Dallas has got a new hired man; and if you're not he who *are* you?"

"That is the question," said the stranger, gravely.

"But we mustn't stand talking here," went on Barbara, in a business-like way. "Take the basket and go to picking strawberries just as fast as ever you can, because we're to have company at our house—I'm Barbara Wylde, you know, young man—and I must get back with the berries for dessert as quickly as possible."

"All right," said the stranger; "I'm tolerable quick at this sort of thing, I believe."

"I hope you are," said Barbara—intent on extricating a tiny rose-pricker from the point of her stained forefinger—"and a other things too. Because, if you're not, Squire Dallas won't keep you."

"He won't, eh?"

Barbara shook her head. "The last man went away because he couldn't endure the squire's driving ways," said she. "Oh, I was *so* sorry! He was nice. He used to lend me books and things over the fence, and he taught the district school in the winters. I used often to come here and talk with him over the stone wall, because, you see, it's lonesome up at the house if I *do* have two grown sisters. Lissette is cross with me if I ask to borrow any of her books—she has a dreadful temper, has our Lisette—and Maude is too intellectual to trouble herself about a slip of a girl like me. Grown sisters are dreadful," with a solemn shake of the head.

"And I supose *you* are not grown," said Squire Dallas's hired man, with a curious gleam of amusement around the corners of his mouth.

"No," said Barbara, "I am only sixteen, and I haven't got trains to my dresses yet. But perhaps when the girls get married, and one of them is sure to marry this Captain Severn— Oh, take care, you're tipping all the berries out upon the grass! Squire Dallas won't keep you a week if you're as clumsy as *that*."

But the hired man luckily succeeded in righting the basket before its crimson contents were irretrievably lost.

"It's all right," said he. "See how rapidly it is filling up. But suppose this Captain—I forget what you said his name was?"

"You mustn't forget things," said Barbara. "Squire Dallas will never be suited with *that*. He's a very particular old gentleman. I mention these things, you know"—with an air of mild patronage—"because you seem like a nice, respectable young man, and I should like you to keep the place."

"I am much obliged to you," said the stranger, hurriedly putting a strawberry into his mouth."

"Now you are eating the strawberries," said Barbara, severely. "You shouldn't do *that*."

"One or two is of no consequence," apologized Squire Dallas's hired man. "But I was going to say, suppose this company gentleman—"

"Captain Severn, his name is," interposed Barbara.

"Yes,—suppose that Captain Severn shouldn't fall in love with either of your grown sisters?"

"Then he'd be a very great disappointment," cried out Barbara, "because Lisette is six-and-twenty, and Maude says she'll cut her throat sooner than be an old old maid."

"He might fall in love with *you*," suggested the young man, regarding his pretty companion with a sidelong glance from beneath his long lashes.

"With *me!*" repeated Barbara. "Me!—a little girl that wears dresses without trains, and isn't out of her scales yet! That's a likely thing, isn't it? Now, I tell you what, young man, you are talking a great deal too much and working a great deal too little. Perhaps, if you're *very* smart with the berries, I'll bring you one of Phillis's tarts, and put it on the stone fence to-night. Phillis does make the deliciousest strawberry tarts!"

"That would be delightful," said the stranger, promptly.

Barbara gave a scrutinizing glance into the berry basket.

"I begin to think we've got almost enough," said she.

"Not yet," pleaded her companion.

"Yes," nodded Barbara. "And mamma will be in a hurry, and Maude will scold dreadfully if I am not there in time to do her back hair."

"It strikes me," said the stranger, with a half smile, "that you're a good deal like Cinderella in the story-books."

Barbara considered the matter for a second or two.

"So I am," said she. "I never thought about it before; but I do believe I *am* a little like Cinderella. But dear me! there's no glass slipper for me. And as for you, young man," relapsing at once into the severe Mentor again, "you had better get back as fast as possible to your work; and don't let Squire Dallas catch you loitering again, if you have any regard for your place."

The stranger stood with doffed cap and attitude of chivalrous attention.

"But you'll not forget the strawberry tart?" said he.

"Certainly not; if once I can get old Phillis's back turned long enough to steal it out of the milk-room," said Barbara.

And off she tripped, with rosy stained lips, golden hair floating recklessly in the wind, and light elastic feet bowing down the buttercups and red clover as she went.

"Dear me, chile," said Phillis, as she came into the kitchen, rosy and breathless with the haste she had made, "what a time you s ben!"

"Not half an hour," cried Barbara, flinging away her hat, and splashing her face with cool water out of the bucket. "Has he come, Phillis?"

"De company young man, miss?" said Phillis. "No he ain't. An' Miss Lisette she's a-scoldin' 'cause you ain't ben to arrange de roses for de big bokay in de middle ob de table; an' Miss Maude she done can't fix her hair to suit her; an'—dar's de missus callin' now. Run, Miss Barby, run!"

"There, mamma, I told you so!" said Miss Maude Wylde, the "intellectual" member of the family. "It will be an inconvenient crowd if Barbara comes to the table."

"Let her wait," said Lisette, serenely.

"But I won't wait," flashed out Barbara, her blue eyes glittering with indignation. "I *will* come to the first table. After arranging the roses and gathering the wild strawberries, and—Mamma, *is* it right to keep me in the back kitchen all my days?"

"My dear! my dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Wylde, "you are forgetting yourself."

"And I do so want to see Captain Severn!" added Barbara, resolutely choking down a big sob which rose to her throat.

"What nonsense! said Lisette, the dove-eyed beauty with the rippling hair and the complexion of rose and snow. "As if Captain Severn would look at *you!*"

"But I may look at him, I suppose?" cried indignant Barbara. "And I'm sixteen years old, and you've no right to treat me like a baby."

"Children! children! don't get to quarrelling," said Mrs. Wylde. "And Barbara can sit just here behind the tea-urn, and I dare say we shall have plenty room."

"There!" said Barbara, with a triumphant grimace at her sister.

"Horrid little spoiled child!" said Maude.

"Barbara always gets her own way," commented Lisette.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Wylde, authoritatively. "Here comes your papa up the laurel walk with Captain Severn."

Lisette peeped from behind the fold of the fluted Swiss curtains, Maude ran to the Venetian blinds of the bay-window, and Barbara climbed with sixteen-year-old agility into a chair to peep over her sister's shoulder.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried she, dropping from her aerial perch with startling suddenness.

"What is it?" said Maude.

"It's Squire Dallas's hired man?" gasped Barbara.

"*What?*" said Lizette.

"I—I don't mind about the first table." said Barbara, turning pink and white, like a York-and-Lancaster rose; "I'd rather eat in the kitchen with Phillis." And away she darted like a scared young doe, before any one could stop her.

"Go away!" said Barbara, indignantly.

She had cried until her eyelashes were all glittering and her cheeks stained with tears, to say nothing of the crumpled state of her sash ribbons and white muslin dress, and now she sat crouched under the shadow of the great flowering almond bush, as if she would fain retreat utterly out of the world of sight and hearing.

Captain Severn stood immovable before her, with folded arms and questioning Spanish eyes.

"I shall not go away," said he, "until you have pardoned me."

"How can I ever pardon you?" flashed out Barbara. "You have imposed upon me, you have practiced upon my credulity."

"You asked me to gather strawberries—and I helped you."

"You allowed me to suppose that you were Squire Dallas's hired man."

"I claimed no identity one way or the other," pleaded Captain Severn. "I was trying to find my way by a short-cut across the fields to your father's house, and sat down under the oak tree to rest. And when you called me I came, like a true knight of old. Now if you can convict me of any serious offense in all this, I stand ready to abide the consequences."

"You never, *never*, will be able to forgive me," sobbed Barbara, again retiring behind the end of her blue sash.

"Little Barbara," said Captain Severn, falling on his knees, as if it were the most natural and conventional thing in the world to do, "will you forgive *me?*"

And what could Barbara say but "Yes."

Captain Severn insisted upon his strawberry tart that evening, according to agreement, and they ate it together, he and Barbara like two school children, out on the lawn, while Maude yawned behind a book, and Lisette acidly wondered "what on earth Captain Severn could find to amuse him in the chatter of a child like Barbara."

And when the red leaves of late October choked up the little stream beside which they had gathered wild strawberries, there was a wedding at the Wylde homestead, and the bride was, not Maude the intellectual, nor the lovely Lisette, but little Barbara.

"Dar's no accountin' for true love," said old Phillis, as she stirred the wedding cake.

SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKES.

TREMENDOUS VOLCANIC DISTURBANCES.

From *Colonies and India*, an English journal, we make the following extract:—

The past fifteen months have been fruitful of volcanic disturbances, scarcely any part of the earth having remained unvisited by these unwelcome phenomena on a more or less extensive scale; and the last month of 1877 and the first three months of the current year have been particularly productive of what Byron would call "young earthquakes." While this has been the case in those parts of the earth's surface which are inhabited, and where the phenomena can be noted, it is not to be expected that the much larger area which is covered by the sea should escape these visitations.

The appearance and disappearance of volcanic reefs and islands which are noted to have occurred from time to time are proofs that the vast unseen lands beneath the sea are the scenes of volcanic disturbance; but it is very seldom that these occurrences are actually seen by the crews of vessels happening to pass at the exact time. The reports of two such coincidences have reached us from two far distant quarters at the same time. The master of the British bark D. M'B. Park, which arrived at Cowes, Isle of Wight, some days ago, from Batavia, reports having seen several submarine volcanoes on January 29, at 7 A. M., in latitude 4° 20 N., and longitude 21° 45 W., about 900 miles S. W. of Sierra Leone. Large volumes of water were thrown about 100 feet into the air, and the whole sea in the neighborhood was in a state of violent commotion, with a strong undercurrent. The weather was calm, but with clouds and rain; sounds as of distant thunder accompanied the outburst.

The other report is from New Zealand. Captain Helander, of the steamer Go-Ahead, while on a voyage from Gisborne to Auckland, reports having witnessed a curious phenomenon on December 1st last, between 8 and 9 P. M., when about five miles from land, off Open Bay. The sea a short distance ahead of the vessel was observed to be a mass of seething form, travelling at a rapid rate towards the vessel. The course of the steamer was changed in order to avoid the disturbance, and though it cleared the outer edge of the agitated water, the influence was felt for some time, and the vessel pitched violently until long after the actual scene of the agitation was passed. There is no doubt that the phenomenon was due to volcanic forces, a slight shock of earthquake having been felt at Gisborne on the preceding evening. When we consider that the observed effects of volcanic force on the habitable globe occur on an average once in three days, it is easy, with such examples before us, to imagine that an incessant discharge of the pent-up forces of the interior of the earth is going on, and that not a day, perhaps hardly an hour, passes without some disturbance occurring in some portion of the oceans and continents which the earth comprises.

A BONANZA.

$110,000 AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

A correspondent, writing from Bismarck, says:

In the Missouri below this point is a bonanza amounting to $110,000 in gold. In 1864, opposite Bismarck, there was massacred a boatload of miners returning from Montana, They had in the bottom of their flat or mackinaw $110,000. There were eighteen miners, a woman and two girls. They stopped a short time at Fort Berthold and were there warned by F. F. Girard against going on at that time. Girard was the trader at Berthold.

The Indians down the river were bad and the prospect of trouble good. The miners, however, declined the advice and thought they would push out for the next landing. They had with them a little cannon and plenty of arms. An Indian afterward related to Girard the story of their fate.

When they were nearly opposite the present site of Bismarck they ran into an Indian trap. On the east bank of the river the Indians appeared and fired a volley into the boat. The miners steered over to the west side to escape the range. Up rose from behind a sandbank near the water's edge another and more numerous band. The first volley killed the whole crew, except one man wounded and the woman and girls. The cannon was fired once, and over went the boat, drowning the survivors. The Indians pulled the boat ashore, found little or nothing, and then pushed her into the stream to float on to her wreck.

Girard says he never sees anything in the Missouri that looks like a lost boat without thinking of the Montana mackinaw and her gold. He has always been on the lookout for the wreck, as he believes the gold was so securely boxed up that it is still intact, and if found, the treasure could be rescued. It is somewhere between Bismarck and the gulf, imbedded in the sand and mud. Some dredging boat or lucky fisherman may drop on it.

Girard still looks for it, and he's a sensible man. The probability is that the hidden bonanza is not far from Bismarck.

Varieties.

—Haste trips up our heels, fetters and stops itself.

—Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

—It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

—Drink does not drown care, but waters it and makes it grow faster.

—Envy makes us see what will serve to accuse others and not perceive what may justify.

—Decency is the lease of all laws, but yet it is the law which is the most strictly observed.

—The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

—Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador to Constantinople, has received the decoration of the Order of the Grand Cross of the Bath.

—Crown Point, N. Y., farmers are happy to discover potato bugs dead, with myriads of tiny lice clinging to them to show the cause.

—In Germany fish are not caught for sport, and the law fixes the size of those that need not be returned to the water. Thus, a salmon must be sixteen inches long, a perch five and an eel fourteen

—A newly wedded pair in Alexandria, Indiana, were being "serenaded," the other night, when the bride was killed by the wad fired from a musket in the hands of one of the party. "All for fun," you know.

—Life is a stream which continually flows down and never returns. We die daily, for each day takes away some portion of our lives; the days which are past are gone forever; the present moment only is our own.

—Among the curious exhibits at the Paris Exhibition are those of Norway. She presents various tanned fish skins for gloves; that of the eel prepared for harness, and machinery bands sixty feet long from that of the whale.

—The man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

—In the year 1800 there were but forty-nine libraries in the United States, containing in the aggregate 80,000 volumes. There are now in the country 3,682 libraries. All the libraries contain 13,000,000 volumes, not counting those in common and Sunday schools.

—Col. Wild, a Swiss artillery officer serving in the Russian army of the Caucasus, in a letter published in a Zurich paper, says that the Russians have lost more men by war typhus since the conclusion of peace than they lost by battle throughout the entire campaign in Asia Minor.

—If, when in Paris, a valet de place is anxious to have you visit one of the minor theatres, and you go with him and pay the admission for both, it is well to know that afterward the valet not only receives back the money you gave for his ticket, but also a percentage upon every franc you spend in the house.

—The milling industry of this country is said to rank next to that of iron. The number of mills is over 25,000; affording employment to over 60,000 men, whose annual wages are about $20,000,000 and turning out yearly about 50,000,000 barrels of flour, of which 4,000,000 are exported to foreign countries.

—A colossal statue of the French Republic—a woman wearing a hemlet and cuirass, resting her right hand on the tables of the law, and holding in her left an olive branch—has been finished by M. Clesinger and approved by the Fine Arts Commission. It will stand in the Champ de Mars, facing M. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty.

—Mr. Bryant's first collection of poems did not fill his youthful pocket. A gentleman who long ago purchased for five dollars a copy of this first edition, now very rare, took the book to the venerable poet, asking that he should write his autograph therein. Mr. Bryant complied, saying, "Five dollars is more than I received on that whole edition."

—Pope's villa at Twickenham, the place which he purchased in 1715, and where he resided until his death, in 1744, has just been offered for sale, and bought in for $70,000. The property included the whole of the grounds, five acres in extent, with the cedars and other valuable growing timber, together with the celebrated grotto which the poet formed, and which is said to remain intact to the present day.

—A number of butchers and provision dealers in Liverpool, England, have clubbed together for an experimental importation of live hogs from this country. They have purchased a steamer and had her fitted for the accommodation of 2,500 hogs between decks, besides a large number of cattle on the main deck. If the venture turns out well they propose to establish a full line of steamers for this business. Facilities have been provided for killing and dressing the hogs on board in case of necessity.

—Charles Dickens' "Vacant Chair" was lately sold in London for thirty-one guineas. Its original price was sixteen shillings. The sale was that of the effects of the late Edward Wilson, the well-known Australian newspaper proprietor. He purchased the "Vacant Chair," with several odds and ends, at the Dickens sale, Gadshill, for £200. Resold, the entire lot realized only £39. This does not imply that Dickens' literary popularity has decreased, but it does mean that the Foster biography has done its work, and that the personal prestige of the great novelist has greatly decreased.

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