

"When days are bright and hope is high,  
When love and life are bright and gay,  
The little rippling waves of life,  
And gladness at my feet,  
And ships far off go sailing by,  
To the far-off, far-off seas.

My heart is light; I laugh and sing  
As by myself I go;  
My thoughts, like gulls on lazy wing,  
Move slowly by the shore,  
I leave the land for sailing,  
Which nature can bestow.

But fit, against that dimmed verge  
Which joins the sky and sea,  
Some dark, dark hand begins to urge  
The waters of the ocean,  
They sweep, in swiftly rising surges,  
Through my heart.—Chicago Ledger.

And yet, to him who comes to the sand  
The tide will wait no man,  
To-morrow will be warm and bland,  
Of wreaths of perfumed foam  
And the sun will rise to up to land,  
Will meet me as I come.

One soul of mine! thou dost not well  
To me, for I am but a shell,  
Only know by heart or shell  
The distant and the best,  
That after storm is rest.

## THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. CROSSE FARLEY.

"You hear that, do you, madam?"  
asked the old coast guard in a low tone,  
as he held his small stool over the rising  
water. "I am a man, and I have a  
man to lead it, and I must remain at ones."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, carelessly.  
"How superstitious you coast people  
are. I would not miss this sunset for  
anything. It is only the simple tolling  
of a bell somewhere near us that you  
hear."

The old man glanced uneasily off  
over the glittering waves. Far away,  
small clouds began to pile themselves  
up in a long black line against the  
horizon, and a flock of gulls, that had been  
easily floating in the air, now went cir-  
cling and wheeling and screaming over  
the broad expanse of troubled sea  
around us.

"For sixty years, madam," he re-  
torted, with a sort of nervous determina-  
tion. "I've lived on this coast, and I  
know by this time that when the toll of  
that bell is heard, there is sure to be  
trouble on the sea."

"Nonsense!" said I, laughing hearti-  
ly. "I'll risk it if you will."

"He shook his head.

"No, no. God forbid it!" he said,  
turning the last words over in his mind  
as he spoke. "Terrible things have  
happened here, and there was not a  
cloud in sight nor the ghost of a sigh  
in the breeze, yet if that bell tolled I  
should make for a safe haven. It means  
trouble, storm and shipwreck."

And the obstinate old man shook his  
grizzled head with a gravity that im-  
pressed me, in spite of my disappoint-  
ment. The wind, which had been gradu-  
ally rising as he spoke, now came in  
uneasy gusts upon the waters, piling  
the waves up higher and higher and  
making our frail boat rock as if it were  
bewitched, while above the tremendous  
roar of the sea and the wild scream of  
the gulls, as they swept in eddying  
circles over our heads, came the edgy-  
ing stroke of the mysterious bell.

"It is St. Quantyn's," said the old  
man, in an agitated tone, as if in reply  
to my mute query.

"Not St. Quantyn's-on-the-Point,"  
I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why,  
man, you're crazy. St. Quantyn's is  
only old ruin. I was there yesterday,  
and nothing much is left of it save the  
tower, and even that is crumbling down.  
The bell itself is covered with  
rust and lichen as if it had been rung  
in a century."

"The same, however," he per-  
sisted, as he sent the boat forward with  
long strokes.

"It is that which warns us. No man  
pulls the rope, indeed, there is no rope  
to pull; no one is ever seen about the  
ruin, yet, surely as a great storm comes  
up, you may hear that bell toll. It has  
been so through my time, and my  
father's time before me, and for years  
before that. St. Quantyn's bell is  
haunted, and when it rings, so the  
story goes, since the time of Wolfgang,  
the wrecker, a hundred years ago."

I laughed at this piece of news.  
Haunted things, I did not believe in,  
much less, a reputed "haunted bell." Still,  
I could not deny, that it was very  
singular of the old rust-covered bell at  
St. Quantyn's, which I had seen the day  
before swinging, high up in the ruined  
belfry of what once had been a mon-  
astery, should sound a note of warning  
to mariners upon the sea.

"You shall tell me the story," I said.  
"If we ever reach the shore again. It  
must be hard to be a wrecker, I do not  
quite believe its genuineness."

As the frail boat leaped on the crest  
of a wave, to safe landing on the grav-  
ed beach, a flash of lightning, follow-  
ed by a peal of thunder, told that the  
storm was indeed upon us.

A little later, with the thunder of the  
sea ringing in my ears, I listened to the  
story of St. Quantyn's-on-the-Point.

It was here, on this coast, more than  
a hundred years ago, that the wrecker  
group, a bold old coast-guard group,  
that Wyndert Wolfgang and his band  
of ravers established themselves and  
engaged in the wicked business of  
alluring ships to this beach, for the  
sake of plundering them. Many is the  
strong vessel that, attracted by the  
beacon fire, lighted on St. Quantyn's  
Point, has gone to pieces on the hidden  
rocks, and Wolfgang, and his free-  
booters, grew rich and powerful on the  
spoils. Well, after a time, there came  
along a Spanish galleon, driven out of  
her course by adverse winds, and with  
the doubleons and the mainmast, and  
the stern, and with the helm, and  
the rudder, was a greater treasure to the  
mind of the wrecker chief, than all  
else put together. The daughter of a  
rich old Spanish Don, was a passenger  
on the luckless ship, and fell a prey to  
the rapacious freebooter.

For the first time, he felt his bosom  
filled with the torturing fires of love,  
and he conducted his wooing in the  
bold, tempestuous fashion so natural to  
him.

At St. Quantyn's, then, lived a pious  
priest, and when the unhappy dams-  
ter discovered the fate in store for her, she  
fell upon her knees and prayed Wolfgang  
to send for him and have the mar-  
riage solemnized according to the  
terms of her church.

Nothing loth, he complied with her  
request; and so, clothed in costly ap-  
parel and sparkling with jewels, one fine  
morning the Spanish girl, adorned with  
honorably married to the sober-looking  
man.

In little more than a year, however,  
the old died, leaving a little daughter,  
and exacting with her last breath a vow  
from the chief that the little one should

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## PASSING EVENTS.

The Cholera in Europe—The Scott  
Law in Ohio.The Czar and the Vatican—"Assisted  
Emigration."

What you sitting there for half an  
hour, staring at vacancy?" said the  
grocery man to the bad boy, as he sat  
on a stool by the stove one of these  
foggy mornings, with his fingers clasped  
around his knee, looking as though he  
did not know enough to last him to  
bed. "What you thinking about any  
way?"

"I was wondering where you would  
have been to-day if Noah had run his  
ark into the sea at that time, and there  
had been no Noah here on Mount Ararat,  
and he had passed by with his exer-  
cise and not made a landing, and had  
floated around on the freshets until all  
the animals starved, and the ark had  
struck a snag and burst a hole in her  
bottom. I tell you, we can all congra-  
tulate ourselves that Noah happened to  
blunder on that high ground. If that  
ark had been lost, either by being  
founded, or being blown up by  
Fenians because Noah was an English-  
man; it would have been sold work  
trying to populate this world. In that  
case, and in that case, we would have  
been made out of dirt and water, and  
that might have gone wrong again, and  
failed to raise a family, and where would  
we have been. I tell you, when I think of the narrow escape we have had, it is  
a wonder to me that we have got along  
as well as we have."

"Well, when did you get out of the  
asylum?" said the grocery man, who had  
been standing back with open mouth  
looking at the boy as though he was  
crazy. "What you want is to have  
your head soaked. You are getting so  
you reach out to far with that small  
mind of yours. In about another year  
you will want to have your world  
yourself. I don't think you are of  
any use to argue about such things. Your  
folks better send you to college."

"What do I want to go to college for,  
and be a heartless hater and poor base-  
ball player. I can be bad enough at home.  
The more I read, the more I think.  
I don't believe I can ever be good  
enough to go to heaven, anyway,  
and I guess I will go into the newspaper  
business where they don't have to  
be good, and where they have passes  
everywhere. Do you know, I think  
when I was bad they left out a cog  
when I was running in my head, and  
I think like some boys. I get to thinking  
about Adam and Eve in the Garden  
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