

## BY THE DEEP, SAD SEA.

BY ALMA E. MCKEE.

Down by the deep, sad sea  
The foam-capp'd waves now lash the shore,  
Bearing a sweet, fond dirge to me  
Of my sailor-boy of yore.

The soft wind kisses my tear-wet cheek,  
With my wind-tossed hair plays hide and seek,  
While I mourn for the sailor-lad, dear to me,  
Down by the deep, sad sea.

Down 'neath the deep, blue sea  
He hath gone to sleep—to rest for aye!  
He hears not, needs not, storms of woe,  
Or billows rough with spray.

The coral reefs around him rise;  
The seaweeds pillow his golden head;  
The blue eyes are closed forever to me—  
Down by the deep, sad sea.

Down by the deep, sad sea  
A heart is breaking, by fond hopes crushed,  
The sad sea murmur a requiem sweet—  
In sympathy the winds are hushed.

Hope on, fond heart! In the vista of years,  
When the earth and sea shall give up their dead,  
Thy sailor-boy will awake to thee  
In heaven, from his tomb 'neath the sea.

## MARGARET.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

He might have been very comfortable, sitting there by the window; the sunlight had slipped away, leaving only a mild reflection, and the sea breeze swam up with a pleasant, salty odor. He might have been very comfortable but for one thing, a twinge-giving conscience. The afternoon light fired the great diamond of his finger-ring, and so diverted his thoughts for a moment; then they returned to the subject of his uneasiness.

If only he had not come to this place! And yet how pleasant it had been, here on the peaceful New England coast, in the old sea-captain's house. How thoroughly he had enjoyed the bay, the sailing, the fishing with line and reel! How many splendid bluefish he had landed! Margaret, too—ah! Margaret! His conscience was at him again.

He stood up restlessly and looked at himself in the glass. He was growing stronger every day; the long illness, from which he had come here to recuperate, was a shadow of the past. His friends, which was to say his mother and Elinor, would be delighted at the transformation. It was Elinor's last letter that had brought him to his senses, reminded him of his obligations, namely to get away from this place at once and join his mother and his betrothed at a fashionable summer resort.

He took his straw hat and went down into the piazza. Margaret was sitting there, slim and pretty in her white afternoon dress. It seemed to him she flushed at his approach; and he felt still guiltier. He sat down on the steps at her feet, and sighed faintly. She stopped the motion of her rocking-chair and asked:

"What's the matter?"  
"Nothing; only I feel sad at going away."

"Going away?" she repeated slowly. "Are you going away sooner than—than you thought?"

"I'm afraid I shall have to. I've received a letter—I've heard from my mother, and really think I must go to-morrow."

Margaret began to rock again, not speaking for some moments. Then she said quietly:

"We shall miss you very much—mother and I."

"You have both been very good to me."

"Perhaps we shall hear from you sometimes," she suggested. "You won't forget us, quite."

There was always a plaintive note in her voice, a voice that one might more easily be enamored of than of its possessor. For she was not a beauty, this Margaret. She was too brown, too agile, too sparrow-like.

"Indeed, I shall never forget you," he answered, soberly. "I have written much about you to my mother and Miss Hastings."

"Miss Hastings?"

"Yes." For the moment he fairly hated himself; but he was determined to brave it out. "Miss Elinor Hastings. We are to be married in the autumn."

Then neither spoke. Glancing up into her face presently, he found it passive, a trifle pale, perhaps, besides. Maybe it was only his fancy; maybe she did not care for him. He hoped so. Then he rose uneasily.

"I am going to row out to the 'Ledge,'" he said.

But Margaret did not offer to accompany him. And so he turned away and left her there.

"It is done," he said to himself. "Well, I hope she doesn't mind. Poor little girl! How fond one might be of her! One thing, I'll never board again with a widow and a young lady daughter. I only hope she won't think me too contemptible. I haven't meant to faint—only a few soft speeches, a pressure of the hand at times—wrong, of course."

The tide was out and the skiff clung to the sand. He pushed off slowly into deeper water.

He had been out to the "Ledge" a number of times ere this, but always Margaret went with him to remind him when they must leave the rocks. To-day he must remember for himself; there was no plaintive voice to warn him:

"The rocks are covered at high water."

Margaret sat looking after him as he went down the road.

"The end of it all," she said to herself in a hopeless way. "The end of it all!"

And when he was out of sight, she went into the house and up to her own chamber, where she threw herself down by the bed and buried her face in hands. She did not sob or shed a tear; she only knelt there and suffered.

"I might have known!" she moaned. "I might have known! What am I that he should care for me? Oh, Richard, Richard!"

Meanwhile Richard Lester found it rather pleasant out upon the "Ledge." Now, that the "murder" was out, he could breathe more easily. He fastened the rope of his boat around a rock, and went up higher. He sat down where the sun had dried away the dampness, and contemplated. He presumed he should be happy as Elinor's husband. Elinor was considered handsome; she was wealthy, refined, accomplished; she dressed in excellent taste

and moved in the best society. His mother worshipped her. She, Elinor, was twenty-three years old; six years his junior. Poor little Margaret could not be over eighteen, he supposed. Poor little brown bird!

Then his thoughts took a wider range. He forgot where he was; he grew utterly oblivious to the fading sunlight or the water rising slowly about the rocks. The lapping, limpid, lingering water, musical and incessant.

There was no Margaret present to remind him.

"The rocks are covered at high water."

Margaret had been kneeling by her bed for a long, long time—hours, perhaps—when she heard her mother calling.

"Coming directly," she answered, and went down to the sitting-room. There were no tear-marks on her face; only a new pallor.

"Where is Mr. Lester, Margaret?"

"I don't know, mother. Is it near supper-time?"

"Yes; it is getting late. I thought surely you would know where he was."

The words hurt Margaret, innocently as they had been spoken; but she only replied quietly:

"He went away a long while ago. He was going out to the 'Ledge'."

"Then he has returned before this; the tide is coming in."

Margaret felt a sudden, inexplicable fear. She could not tell why she should feel thus. She turned and went out of the house, and off in the direction of the beach. Perhaps it was habit; she had grown accustomed to think of him as in need of looking after.

Richard Lester had finally come to his senses. He remembered now that the tide was coming in, and that he must return. Rowing would be easy and delightful. He arose, rubbed his eyes, and made his way down to the boat. But to his unspeakable astonishment and discomfiture, the boat was gone.

"Gone!" he said to himself, in a faint, confused tone. "What shall I do?" He looked off shoreward, and fancied he saw his empty skiff tossing, drifting lightly on the waters that had wood him. He kept on looking until his eyes were dim. There was no one to see or hear him. And still the water rising about the rocks!

He buried his face in his hands.

"A punishment!" he groaned. "A just punishment for my actions!" Then he wished that he could only see Margaret once more and ask her to forgive him. Perhaps she had cared; perhaps she would be sorry. He would never see her again, or any other living creature.

For he could never reach the land. He would wait until the last moment, then attempt to swim it. But he had no hope.

It was getting on toward dusk and the water still rose, and would continue to rise until the rocks were covered.

He tried to think, to be calm; he wondered if Elinor would grieve terribly. His mother—something choked him as he thought of his mother.

"O, heaven! I must reach land!" he cried, with a sob.

Then—then, what was that? The sound of oars?

He turned swiftly, uncovering his face.

A boat! Thank God! A boat was creeping steadily against the tide, and something white glimmered through the twilight. And all at once he felt that it must be she.

"Margaret!" he cried out her name, as if it were his dearest hope. And then her clear, sweet voice rang back to him.

"Yes, it's I. I must pull carefully just here." And slowly she drew close to the "ledge." "Now," she said. And he voice shook perceptibly.

"You could not have managed to swim it," she answered.

"I suppose not. But I should have tried."

He shivered.

"Thank heaven, I remembered where you were," she said.

He took the oars from her hands.

"I will pull ashore," he said.

In silence she gave him her seat and took the tiller rope. She was thankful for the growing dusk which hid her pallor.

"Margaret, I owe you my life."

She was looking out as if for the point at which to steer the boat.

"I am glad I knew," she said.

He waited a little; then he spoke awkwardly.

"What can I do to repay you?"

"Mr. Temple," shouted Wellington to his secretary, "tell the sentry outside to load with ball cartridge, and come in here to test this cuirass. Quick, now!"

But quick though the secretary was, the inventor was quicker still. The moment he realized that he had been set up there on purpose to be fired at, and to be shot dead on the spot if his cuirass turned out to be not bullet-proof after all, he leaped headlong through the open window with a yell worthy of a Blackfoot Indian, and darting like a rocket across the court-yard, vanished through the outer gateway; nor did he the Duke of Wellington, from that day forth, ever see or hear of him again.—David Her, in *Editor's Drawer*, *Harper's Magazine*.

In Days of Old.

In days of old, when knights were bold and stole for a living, a serenade was a romantic little open-air concert, at which a gentleman dressed up like a fire-proof safe twangled a long-necked guitar under the windows of his love and told her all about it in eight lines and a chorus. It was a very pretty, romantic, poetic sort of a thing, although its starlit beauty was liable to be marred now and then by the entrance of a burglar with a lance and battle-ax, with which he picked the lock of the fire-proof casting and perforated a large hole in the person of the love-lorn knight, and married the girl him. In either case the young lady was married and so didn't have to waste her wedding toggiery.—Bob Burdette.

wildly. "I would not change places with any one on earth!"

"I am so glad," he said once more. "I—I was afraid—you won't be angry, Margaret? I want to tell you the truth. I think so much of you, dear child. I was afraid you might think I was trying to—trifle with you myself. God knows I had no thought of it. You won't be angry, Margaret?"

"No," she said, softly. "I am not angry. I never thought of you as a trifler."

"And we shall always be friends?"

"Always!" The old pathetic ring was in her voice.

They landed then and walked slowly homeward.

At the gate he paused, and with a sudden motion, drew from his finger the diamond that had sparkled there.

"Wear this for my sake?" he cried, "dear Margaret."

She snatched her hand away with a sharp cry:

"No, O no! Not that!"

But he, insisting, slipped it on. Then she broke away from him and ran up, to her own room.

"He does not dream!" she sobbed, flinging herself down as once before that day. "Thank heaven, he does not dream! And I love him. O, I love him! But he will be happy; that is the most I care. O yes, he will be happy!"

## The Duke of Wellington's Experiment.

In a ground-floor of one of the large public buildings of London a man sat writing at a table covered with papers. He was a short, strongly built figure, with a prominent nose, and a face hard and massive as a granite statue, wearing the set look peculiar to men who have surmounted great difficulties and confronted great perils. Few, indeed, had had more practice in both than this man, for he was no other than the Duke of Wellington, and his crowning victory at Waterloo was but a few years old.

There was the tinkle of a bell outside, and then a murmur of voices in the ante-room; but the Duke never raised his head from his writing, even when his Secretary entered and said:

"If it please your Grace, that man with the bullet-proof breastplate has called again, and I wish you would see him for a moment."

The Duke's face darkened, as well it might, for the man in question was the most pertinacious bore he had ever encountered. The bullet-proof cuirass was his own invention, and he never lost a chance of declaring that the safety of the whole British army depended upon its instant adoption of this "unparalleled discovery," which he carried about with him, and exhibited at all times and in all places.

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He had this been all he would soon have been disposed of; but, unluckily, he had contrived to interest in his invention one or two of the Duke's personal friends, and to get from them letters of recommendation which even Wellington could not easily disregard. Something must clearly be done, however; for although the fellow had hitherto been kept at bay, he was evidently determined to give the Duke no peace till the matter had been fully gone into.

For a moment Wellington looked so grim that the Secretary began to hope for the order which he would gladly have obeyed, viz., to kick the inventor into the street forthwith. But the next instant the iron face cleared again, and over it played the very ghost of a smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine upon a precipice.

"Show him in," said he, briefly. The observant secretary noted both the tone and smile that accompanied it; and he inwardly decided that it would have been better for that inventor if he had not insisted on seeing the Duke.

In came the great discoverer—a tall, slouching, shabby, slightly red-nosed man, with a would-be jaunty air, which gave way a little, however, before the Iron Duke's penetrating glance.

"I am glad to think that your Grace appreciates the merits of my invention," said he, in a patronizing tone. "They are, indeed, too important to be undervalued by any great commander. Your Grace can not fail to remember the havoc made by your gallant troops at Waterloo among the French cuirassiers, whose breastplates were not bullet-proof; whereas, if—"

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