

### SOMETIME!

BY BELLA E. BARRY.

It may be when the forest trees  
Are called upon to say farewell,  
To autumn tints, and winter seas  
His dazzling white. I cannot tell;  
But Hope bids me stay,  
While my thoughts fly away  
To the meeting that may  
Be sometime!

It may be when spring's wondrous dreams  
Wrap soul in sweet romance's spell,  
And earth one bright elysium seems—  
I cannot tell! I cannot tell!  
But Hope bids me stay,  
While my thoughts fly away  
To that glorious day  
In the sometime!

It may be in proud summer's hours,  
When vague and dreamy heart hopes swell,  
And bloom the fragrant dazzling flowers—  
I cannot tell! Oh, cannot tell!  
But Hope bids me stay,  
While my thoughts fly away,  
And a soft voice doth say,  
Yes—sometime!

It may not be till earth is done,  
And like a star above we dwell,  
In the high, the high, the sun have won—  
I cannot tell! I cannot tell!  
But Hope says to me  
His face shall that see  
In sweet bliss that shall be  
In that sometime!

### A TERRIBLE FIX.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

"By Jove, I'm in for it this time. What a crazy loon I must have been. How can I get out of the difficulty?"

Handsome Bertie Raymond paced up and down the floor of his law office in Broadway, like a caged lion anxious to get loose. He was in a fix, for "Handsome Bertie," as he was called, was the pet of society, the idol of the ladies, and the beloved of at least two of the fair sex.

And the fix, unpleasant enough to cause the perspiration to pour from every pore of his body, was in relation to those two ladies. He had compromised himself with each. There was charming Polly Glynn, whose winsome ways had so won on Bertie's affections that he had all but popped the question. "We say 'all but,'" for Polly's young brother rushed into the room just as Bertie was about to ask the charming Polly to share all his wealth, which was about twenty dollars, and glad-den his life.

Polly Glynn was in love with Bertie, and as he was handsome and a lawyer, albeit without practice, and she was rich, the match was a desirable one. So at least thought Polly.

Bertie thought he had luckily escaped, for there was the stately queen of society, Maud Travers, who was "desperately in love with him, and who owned a brown stone mansion on Madison avenue, and had a private banking account, independent of her mother's millions, for Maud was the daughter of a millionaire widow."

Bertie had made love to Polly and Maud, but if the truth be told, it was merely lip service. "He liked the girls rarely," he told himself, "and could be comfortable with either, but as for love, why—no, not exactly."

The attraction was the money, and as Maud possessed the biggest amount, she was to be the chosen one in his own good time.

Bertie Baymond's fix was occasioned by his own carelessness.

Usually he was so very precise and careful that no mistake could occur. But on this particular morning, he had a call from an old lady who wished him to attend to her law business. This put Raymond all in a flutter, for clients were very rare visitors.

He had written three letters and mailed two of them, the third lay in his desk and was the cause of his excitement.

He had written one letter to "Dearest Maud," in which he had poured forth his soul, and told his love in impassioned strains.

Things were getting desperate, and so he had determined to end the suspense and get married to the wealthy beauty. A second letter was to Polly, and to her he also told his love, how he regretted the intrusion just at an awful moment, and wound up his letter with expressions of endearment, but without directly proposing. The third letter we will read. It read as follows:

"DEAR DAN—I am in a devil of a fix. Will you lend me five hundred for a month? Those cursed sharpers are after me, and I shall go into Ludlow Street unless I can pay up. It looks black for me. If you can do so, I will repay at the specified time, for I shall bag the heiress within a month. It will be like living with an iceberg, but her gold will help to warm life elsewhere, so, as I cannot have all, I must not complain. She is dying with love for me, and brown stone, carriages, and at least a hundred thousand will drop into my mouth all at one bite. Yours ever, BERTIE."

The letters were sealed, and the office boy sent out to mail those to the ladies; the other was kept for further deliberation.

"By Jove! I'll ask Dan to dinner, and talk over the heiress, and I'll be sure to get the loan," he said, as soon as his client had left.

Taking up the envelope he opened it to add a postscript to the letter, when, to his astonishment, he read:

"My dearest Polly—"

He had sent the letter intended for Dan O'Brien to one of the ladies.

But to whom?

That was the dilemma.

Whichever got the letter would think she was the insulted one.

"What can I do?" he asked again.

"I have it," he cried out, loud enough to make the clerks in a near-by office think their neighbor must have taken leave of his senses.

Bertie put on his hat and rushed breathlessly to the nearest Western Union Office. To each of the fair ones he telegraphed: "Burn my letter unopened, will explain."

"Both ladies are honorable" he thought, "and will at once destroy the letter; but what if my telegram be too late?"

The cold perspiration broke out again, and Bertie Raymond cursed his carelessness.

Ill-luck attended him, for some repairs were being executed and the telegraph operator delayed the messages for two hours. Early in the evening he called at the palatial home of Maud Travers.

She received him with stateliness. For some time he conversed with her on general topics, not daring to refer to the letter. At last he mustered up courage and asked:

"Did you receive my telegram?"

"No, did you send one?"

His heart palpitated rapidly, what could have become of it?

"Yes!" he answered.

"One came for mamma about two hours ago."

"Might I see it?"

"You can see the envelope. Mamma was out, and so it has not been opened."

Bertie looked at the envelope and saw it was addressed to Mrs. Travers.

The stupid operator had sent it to Mrs. instead of Miss.

"Did you get a letter from me?"

"Yes!" coldly.

"It was all a mistake," he commenced.

"Yes, I thought so."

Nothing more could he get from her, so he hastened his departure. It was yet early, and he would risk all by calling on Polly Glynn.

No sooner had Bertie left Miss Travers than she burst into tears.

"Oh, why was I so cold to him? Poor fellow, he loves me so much that he gets confused. What right had I to be cold when it was his love which caused him to send me a law document instead of a letter? Perhaps that telegram would explain. I will open it. Yes, there it is: 'Burn my letter unopened.' Poor fellow, I will write him a nice letter and inclose him the document he sent me."

Polly Glynn was pleased to see handsome Bertie.

"Oh, Bertie," she said, with a freedom which betokened possession, "I did not understand your telegram."

"Why?" he asked again, quivering with excitement.

"I had read your letter and I was so happy."

"The deuce!" he murmured.

"You are not sorry, are you?" she asked naively.

"Sorry?" he repeated, quite perplexed.

"Yes, Bertie, you don't regret? Oh, don't break my heart—" And Polly hid her face on his shoulder and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Handsome Bertie was quite overcome, and he whispered in her ear the words that would bind him to her for life.

Later in the evening she rather surprised him by remarking:

"It was a funny conceit calling me your darling Maud!"

"'Whew!' he whistled to himself, "I see it. She got Maud's letter and thinks it intended for her."

The time passed pleasantly, and Bertie Raymond and Polly Glynn had pledged their trust, and even fixed a day for the wedding before they parted that night.

"I'm not sorry," he thought on his way home, "for Polly is a lively, jolly creature, and I sha'n't freeze, that's one consolation." Next morning Raymond was mortified to find that the letter he had written to Dan O'Brien had been slipped into his drawer, and so hadn't been sent to either of the ladies.

"What, in the name of fortune, did I send to Maud, then?"

That query was soon answered, for he recognized among his letters one in the stately Maud's writing.

Breaking the seal, he read words of loving endearment, and apologies for her coldness the preceding evening. He had sent her some penciled notes on a law case, which of course she could not understand. Her coldness was assumed, in order to teach him a lesson not to be so careless in future.

"Well, I'm a bigger idiot than I thought," he said, as he read the letter, and knew that it was now too late.

He managed by some means to gently undeceive Maud, and told her he loved her with a brother's affection.

Polly Glynn became Polly Raymond in two weeks, and, under her gentle guidance, handsome Bertie is as happy and prosperous as anyone could wish to be.

Not until he danced his first-born on his knee did he tell her that she became his wife through that "awful dilemma."

He has never regretted his carelessness, but whenever Maud visits Polly, as she does sometimes, Bertie thanks his stars that he was once in a terrible fix.

### Harsh Judges.

I was taken frequently when a boy into the different criminal courts of the metropolis, and while there still exist great anomalies and many serious imperfections, there can be no doubt that the machinery is much improved since those days. Among the changes is that in cases of felony, involving as they did then in many, I might say most of them, the penalty of death, counsel were not permitted to address the jury, and a theory was in many quarters triumphantly enunciated that the judge was the prisoner's counsel. Such fact, however, was scarcely discoverable by an unscientific observer, and the demeanor of some judges certainly produced a different impression. Baron Gurney, whom I remember well, exhibited great harshness of manner and considerable impatience, but this probably arose from his own rapidity of perception, and certainly not from any innate cruelty of mind. He extended much kindly hospitality to the junior members of the bar, and he is the last of the old gentlemen that I remember who in his own house received his guests in knee-breeches and silk stockings.—*Sergt. Ballantyne, in Temple Bar.*

### Applied Electricity.

The applications of electricity are daily becoming more varied, and the remarkable growth of electrical industries is subject of interest to most observing people. It is difficult to realize that only ten years ago the commercial applications of electricity with which the public was familiar might have been summed up in the electric telegraph and its subsidiary systems, and yet such is the fact. Nevertheless the money value of the capital invested in electrical enterprises at the present time is only probably exceeded, in any single industry, by the amount invested in steam transportation and in municipal gas lighting. This rapid extension of the electrical arts is not largely due, however, to the discovery of new principles nor to inventions of a revolutionary character, but chiefly to the perfecting of details and practical modifications in old systems operated by well-known methods.—*President, in the Chautauquan.*

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"Yes!" he answered.

### CAPTAIN MURRAY'S TRUST.

BY R. A. RILEY.

Stories of shipwreck are common. The wide ocean swallows up many who venture upon its treacherous waters, and many who escape with their lives, after their vessel has gone down into the briny flood, can only look back with a shudder of horror at the perils and privations they have passed through.

In the days before steamships were in vogue, the well-built and seaworthy brig Tornado, commanded by Captain John Murray, used to make an occasional trip between the city of New Orleans and the city of New York, carrying such passengers as desired to make the voyage. On one of these occasions an unusually large number of passengers embarked on board the vessel at New Orleans. Among this number was a slender young girl, about seventeen years of age, of remarkable beauty, who had been placed in charge of the Captain by her relatives, with the request that she should be landed at Charleston, South Carolina, where the vessel expected to touch. This young girl was named Adelaide Bronson, who had been on a visit to her brother in New Orleans, and was now returning to her parents in Charleston. The passengers soon discovered that, in addition to being remarkably beautiful, Adelaide was very intelligent, and possessed all other qualities necessary to insure admiration. Captain John Murray felt his heart warm toward her from the first. The Captain was not, as one might suppose, a rough old "sea dog," who by years of command over his men had acquired a bluff air and a stern demeanor, but was young—only twenty-four—with a handsome, pleasant face and courteous air, yet the set of his mouth and the steady poise of his head showed that he possessed a will-power that would carry him through dangers and difficulties where a vast majority would fail. His men loved, respected, feared him.

Captain Murray was unmarried, and it was natural that his heart should warm toward the most lovable, the most beautiful female he had ever beheld, and he conducted himself toward her with his natural gallantry, and showed her those delicate attentions which a lady of her intelligence could duly appreciate. The voyage was commenced under favorable auspices. After having once cleared the Mississippi, a smacking breeze carried the brig swiftly forward upon her course.

"At this rate," said the Captain to his mate, "we shall be opposite to Havana in two days at the furthest." The vessel sped onward under the influence of the fine breeze, and in a little less than forty-eight hours had arrived at Key West City, on Key West Island, south of Florida, which is about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Havana. Stopping here for a few hours, the brig resumed her course, steering south of the Florida Reefs, upon which so many vessels are annually wrecked. For

five or six hours the vessel kept steadily on its way. All at once there burst upon the brig one of those sudden and furious storms so common in that latitude. It came up so quickly that they had not time to prepare the vessel before it was upon them.

Bronze-cheeked sailors turned pale who had never felt fear before, for in spite of all the efforts of the gallant crew, the furious tornado was bearing its namesake directly toward the fatal Florida Reefs.

Onward the vessel rushed, scudding under bare poles, for every sail was split to ribbons. The chain of low islands called the Florida Reefs were not yet in view when the storm began to lull, and hope sprang up once more. A storm stay-sail was tried and found to bear. Other sails were being bent, when suddenly a crashing, grating noise was heard along the vessel's keel.

"Ah! we're done for now," exclaimed the Captain to his first mate; "we have rushed over one of the sunken reefs. Go below and see what is the damage, while I order the men to man the pumps so as to have them ready in case we can do any good with them."

"Ay! ay! sir," responded the mate, as he bounded down into the hold. He soon returned, with an ashen hue upon his face, and said: "I fear, sir, the pumps will be of little use; the water is rushing in at a dozen great rents faster than forty times the number of pumps we have could pump it out."

"How long do you suppose we can keep afloat?" asked the Captain calmly, though his face expressed the anxiety he felt.

"Twenty minutes, and not more than

the gurgling sound of the water rushing into the hold was now plainly to be heard. The passengers were collected around, holding on as best they could to keep the lurching of the vessel from throwing them overboard, and manifesting great distress, with the exception of a small group who had collected near the Captain, and among this group was Adelaide Bronson. Captain Murray gave one glance upon Adelaide clear of the water above him, and maintained his balance. The ring was near the forward end of the planking, and the weight of the Captain and Adelaide had submerged their frail support much more than it would otherwise have been. The Captain felt that he could not maintain his position long. As they arose to the top of the next wave he looked back and saw, as he expected, another ring at the back end of the planking.

He immediately rushed toward it, bearing Adelaide with him. His experience in walking upon the deck of his vessel when it was rolling and lurching so that a landsman would have fallen headlong, now enabled him to reach the other ring in safety, just as they went sweeping down into the trough of the next billow. The weight, now

so suddenly transferred to the back end, so raised the front of the planking, that when it dived into the next wave the water barely swept around the gallant Captain's ankles. He now felt much more secure and turned his attention to Adelaide, who was vomiting sea-water and gasping for breath. In a short time she had fully recovered, and the Captain placed her on her feet beside him, while he supported her with his right arm, his right foot being firmly braced in the ring. Occasionally they had to move from side to side to balance their frail craft and to keep it from turning end for end. In this way an hour passed, and the sea grew comparatively smooth, so that they could move about together upon their frail craft in safety. A few more hours, and the sea had resumed its natural placidity. The day wore away, and night came on. They passed the night in sitting side by side upon the planking, which still held together remarkably well.

Morning dawned at last. Ten o'clock came, and, to the joy of both, a sail was described bearing directly toward them.

They were both beginning to suffer from hunger and thirst, Adelaide very severely.

The advancing sail proved to be a very small schooner sailing from San Augustine to Havana. As it drew near, a boat was sent out, and the Captain and Adelaide were taken on board, where they received every courtesy from captain and crew.

At Havana, a vessel was found about to sail for Charleston, and, taking passage, they soon arrived at the latter place, where the gallant Captain had the satisfaction of delivering his charge safely into the hands of his parents; but as the price of his delivery he demanded his cargo, and his demand was complied with, and he and Adelaide in a few weeks were united in marriage.

Only one of the boats from the ill-starred brig escaped; the other three were swamped, and the occupants perished.

The gallant Captain tried the sea no more, but with his lovely bride settled down on a rice plantation back of Charleston, which his wealthy father-in-law had given them.

"I love you, I warrant, as much as you do me, and when you die I wish to die also."

The Captain clasped her in his arms, and amid the howling of the storm, and the lurching of the vessel, imprinted upon her lips a kiss of pure and holy love. The storm had now lulled considerably, yet the sea was violently rough. The last of the passengers and seamen were scrambling into the boats. Pete, the Captain's cook, was handing down into the yawl a little girl, the daughter of the mate who stood just behind anxiously looking on; when suddenly the vessel gave a great forward lurch.

"Cut loose," cried those in the boat, "she's going under." It was immediately done. Pete and the mate sprang over in the yawl, at the risk of maiming some one, and the boats all shot away from the doomed vessel, on whose deck alone was left Captain Murray and Adelaide, clasped in each other's arms, and thus they went down, down, down, with their ill-starred vessel to its watery grave. To Captain Murray, who held Adelaide clasped tightly in his arms, it seemed as if they would never begin