

#### THE CALLING OF THE SEA.

BY C. C. HAHN.

They are calling me, calling me, calling me,  
The waters so deep and swift,  
And I long to plunge into their current  
And out on their bosom drift.

I stand by the rolling ocean  
And watch the billows beat,  
Or stand by the rushing river  
Swift flowing at my feet;  
And out of the sea come voices,  
And the river murmurs low,  
To draw me into their bosom  
Down to their depths below.

You may beat upon the rocks  
With a calm, majestic sweep,  
You may stand upon the sea  
With your billows calm and deep;  
But when calm or frantic  
I hear you calling low,  
In voice unheard by others,  
In words none others know.  
And you bid me come unto you,  
To calm rest down below.

When're you roll in splendor,  
With long majestic sweep,  
When're you dash with fury  
And up the high cliff leap,  
I know you want me, want me,  
And I long to be at rest,  
Beneath your storms far down below,  
In lasting calm to rest.

And I hope that my death will come to me  
On the river or on the sea;  
That the voice that is calling me ever  
Shall make my weary soul free.

They are calling me, calling me, calling me—  
The waters so deep and swift,  
That I long to plunge into the current  
And out on their bosom drift.

#### SISTER ANGELA.

BY MRS. BELL BALL.

"What exquisitely beautiful hands  
Does the face compare with them, Don  
Felipe?" The speaker turned to look  
after the retreating form of a black-  
robed nun, as his companion hesitated  
an instant, and then answered:

"Si, Señor. Her face was once the  
inspiration of a poet's pen and the  
artists' brush. She is yet very beautiful,  
but it is the loveliness of a nature  
from which the dross has been burned  
by the fiery ordeal of affliction."

"Ah, a romance!"

"A sad and bitter one."

"May I not hear it?"

Again Don Felipe hesitated. "The  
street is not the place to relate such a  
story."

"Well, we can leave the street. I  
am anxious to learn the history of a  
woman with hands like those; of course  
it is a love story."

"It is such an one that you need  
never wish to have a share in. If you  
must hear it, come with me to my  
house, and I will relate to you that  
which is now known to but few per-  
sons. That which I will tell you I  
have sad reason to know is true, for  
the lovely woman was my uncle's  
wife."

"At the base of the Sandoval moun-  
tains lies a level mesa of several hun-  
dred acres in extent, crossed by a  
mountain brook. In the center of the  
mesa is a rambling adobe building,  
with many placitas in which were once  
lovely statuary and sparkling foun-  
tains, overshadowed by noble trees.  
The cool waters of the brook rippled  
through the grounds and singing birds  
of brightest plumage dipped their  
wings in the sparkling depths. These  
wide acres belong to one of the wealth-  
iest families in New Mexico, and were  
given hundreds of years ago in an old  
Spanish grant to the first of the name  
Salazar who came to this territory.  
The house is old, very old, and much  
of its former magnificence is still dis-  
cernible in the rich carvings and  
splendid furnishings, but many a  
dreary year has passed since human  
feet have tread the moth-eaten car-  
pets or looked from the dust-grimed  
windows. The hand of the destroyer  
has touched it, and ruin is imprinted  
everywhere.

Perfected Salazar, my father's young-  
est brother, inherited this land as his  
share in my grandfather's estate. My  
uncle was a passionate, unreasoning  
man—a maniac when fairly roused.  
He was forty-five years old when he  
married, and took for his wife a wild  
young girl whom he had dangled on  
his knee when a baby. She did not  
love him, it was not in the nature of  
things that she should, but married  
him in obedience to her father's com-  
mands. She loved a man her equal in  
position and age; but to keep her from  
a marriage he did not approve, her  
father hurried on the marriage with  
my uncle.

I believe that Dolores Perea meant  
to keep secretly the vows taken at the  
altar, and did, so far as it was in her  
nature to do, but her giddy ways  
were wholly unsuited to the serious  
manhood of my uncle, who loved her  
with all the passionate ardor of a man  
who had never known but one love.  
He surrounded her with every luxury  
that money could buy, and her light  
nature was in a measure contented,  
but my uncle was so insanely jealous  
of her that his life was made miserable  
by Dolores, who often tormented him  
needlessly.

It is just twenty years this very  
night since they were married, and  
nineteen years since Dolores looked  
for the last time on my uncle's face.  
She had among her jewels a bracelet,  
one of that peculiarly hideous pattern  
so much in vogue in those days. It  
was a present from her father on her  
fourteenth birthday, and being some-  
what antique in style, it had been laid  
aside for a number of years, and her  
husband had never chanced to see it.  
Searching in her jewel case for gems  
to wear to a grand ball on that Christ-  
mas eve, the anniversary of her wed-  
ding, she found the birthday bauble  
and in a spirit of mischief fastened it  
on her arm. Its golden scales sparkled  
and scintillated as it twisted its coils  
about the soft, white flesh, and the  
great ruby eyes of the serpentine trink-  
et glowed with a lurid fire that seemed

to herald the gathering storm; from  
its mouth depended a tiny locket in  
which was Señor Perea's picture;  
painted on ivory so many years before,  
it bore slight resemblance to the Señor  
of that day.

Dolores was arrayed in magnificent  
attire when my uncle entered the dress-  
ing-room at her request, to see if she  
was robed to suit his over-fastidious  
taste. Her dress of filmy black lace  
was worn over crimson velvet, and  
swept in ruddy billows about her pretty  
feet. A heavy band of ruby-studded  
gold gleamed in her black hair. About  
her beautiful bare throat was clasped  
a wide collar of rubies, and ruby stones  
sparkled in her ears, shone in the  
rosette on her tiny slippers and caught  
up the soft folds of her lace. No rings  
save her marriage circlet of virgin  
gold were on her dainty hands, and on  
one arm glinted and winked in all its  
barbaric hideousness the gold and ruby  
bracelet.

My uncle feasted his eyes on the  
really lovely picture she made as she  
stood in the soft glow of the wax tapers,  
till a movement of her rounded  
arm brought to view the fatal bracelet.  
He thought it some trinket she  
had lately bought, but to his idle ques-  
tion she made some evasive answer,  
which roused his jealousy, and he  
pounced on the ugly thing and was  
about to tear it from her arm when the  
locket flew open and a man's face  
looked up at him. In his blind fury  
he struck her from him and rushed  
cursing from her room.

Dolores was so panic stricken at the  
absurd turn her expected fun had  
taken that she was unable to move,  
but crouching among the curtains  
where her husband had hurled her, she  
heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and  
knew that he had gone off in a rage  
and she would see him no more for  
hours—such was his habit—and it oc-  
casioned her no uneasiness, but  
strange consistency, she was growing  
to love him, and dropping down before  
the crucifix on her dressing table she  
cried bitterly, and vowed by the holy  
virgin never to torment him so again.  
A stinging sensation in her arm  
claimed her attention and an examination  
showed that her husband, in his  
anger, had crushed the rough gold of  
her bracelet into the tender flesh, till  
her wrist bore a wide mark of blood;  
it had dried into the scales of the  
snake, and dripped down among her  
laces. With a shrill scream she tried  
to unclasp it, but the catch was bent  
and would not give way. Her cry of  
terror brought her maid to the room,  
but their united efforts could not undo  
the clasp. Finally Dolores said: "Let  
it be until Señor Salazar returns, he  
can break it."

"Senor Perfecto was in a terrible  
passion when he rode away. His face  
was like death, and Diablo has not  
been ridden for weeks. I'm afraid  
there will be mischief done to-night."

Dolores did not reprove the talkative  
maid, but walking to the window  
peered anxiously out. Her vision was  
bounded by four walls above which  
she could see but little blue sky. She  
turned back with a dreadful fear at  
her heart.

"How strange! it has clouded up  
since Sunday. It will storm before  
daybreak, I fear."

"Indeed it will, Señora. The heaven  
is black now. Will you want the car-  
riage to-night. Jose is waiting for  
orders."

"No, unless Señor Salazar returns, I  
will remain at home. Come with me;  
perhaps we can hear if he is coming."

Throwing a rebosa over her head and  
shoulders, she caught up her trailing  
draperies, and together they passed  
out into the gathering darkness, and  
ascended to the roof.

The outlook was forbidding indeed.  
Above the Sandoval mountains the  
snow clouds were drifting their soft  
covering, while over the mesa and  
plain the bleak winds from Hell canon  
were roaring in mad fury.

"Which road did Señor Salazar take?"  
asked Dolores as they turned from  
their fruitless errand to descend the  
stairway.

"The north one toward the canon,  
Señora."

"I feared so much," shivered Dolores,  
"but it cannot now be helped," and  
entering her own room again, she laid  
aside her jewels and laces, and slipping  
into a soft crimson robe, she crouched  
down on a pile of furs before the fire-  
place and waited.

Midnight came, but still no husband,  
and rising from her furs, chilled to the  
heart, the fire burned to white ashes. Dolores  
tried to pierce the blackness of the  
winter sky. No comfort there. The  
storm unheeded through the thick walls  
was bellowing and tearing over the  
mountain in mad frenzy, and snow was  
piled in great drifts about the statue  
in the placita.

"This is a terrible storm," Dolores  
uttered to herself. "I cannot re-  
member one like it. Perfecto must  
have sought refuge somewhere and I  
may as well retire."

Christmas morning dawned as fair  
as though storm had never blackened  
the face of the blue sky. The world  
looked pure and most lovely under the  
thick white mantle glistening in the  
sunlight, and told no tales of the wild  
night's doings.

Some miners far up the mountain  
side, concluding that winter was upon  
them, gathered up their scanty belongings  
and sought the lower level. They  
came upon a heap in the bottom of the  
conon, where the road ran between two  
walls of rocks which rose perpendicular  
200 feet. It proved to be a horse  
and rider, crushed beyond all hope of  
life remaining.

"Went over the cliff in the storm  
last night," was the terse comment, as  
they raised the mangled form of the

man and prepared to carry it down the  
mountain.

"Howly mother save us," ejaculated  
one of the party, as he brushed the  
snow from the dead face. "It's Señor  
Salazar."

And so it was. In his mad ride he  
had spurred his horse too close to the  
cliff, and went over the side into the  
canon, and it was this that Dolores had  
feared, when she asked the road he  
had taken. I need not dwell on the  
scene in his home when they carried  
his lifeless body and laid it in her  
room. Though her affection for him  
had been more like that of a child for  
a parent, she knew that she was the  
idol of his heart, and felt that she had  
driven him to death. She buried him  
in splendid pomp, and spent vast sums  
in masses for his soul. Then closing  
the doors in her home, she entered the  
convent of the Sacred Heart and has  
spent her life in supplication for pardon  
for her unintentional wrong.

Her hair, once the color of the raven's  
wing, is as white as the snow on  
yonder mountain peak. The sparkle  
and shine of her beautiful eyes have  
been quenched in tears, and her light,  
quick step has changed to the weary  
tread of the hopeless.

The ranch stands undisturbed year  
after year, moth, mold and rust holding  
high carnival among the priceless  
treasures of the deserted rooms. No one  
would enter those walls for twice  
the wealth to be found there, for the  
curse of God seems to rest on it all.

Sister Angela is a veritable saint in  
the eyes and the hearts of the lowly to  
whom she is a ministering angel at all  
times.

In the hands you so much admired  
she ever carries a silver crucifix, to  
which is attached a slender gold chain,  
the one my uncle always wore. Every  
Christmastide the scar on her wrist,  
made on that fatal night, is bruised  
afresh, and in fasting and agonizing  
prayer she passes the watches of the  
lonely hours. Dolores Salazar is dead  
to the world, but lives again in the  
hearts of the afflicted and downtrodden,  
and will forever live in the memory  
of the church as Sister Angela."

"But what became of the younger  
lover, did he never marry?"

"He sits beside you."

#### How to Train Pet Dogs.

"Lots of people who own dogs desire  
to train their pets, but they don't  
understand how," said a well-known  
dog fancier to a New York reporter.  
"Yes, there are some rules about it.  
For instance, the training should be  
begun, if possible, when the dog is a  
puppy, and about four months old, and  
the lessons should always be given in a  
quiet place with no one present but  
the teacher. In the training of your  
dog you should remember that you  
must endeavor to make him bend to  
your will by kindness, at the same  
time being firm and decided in all  
that you do. Use the whip sparingly,  
and never use it in anger. To teach  
him to lead place a string of about six  
or eight feet in length around his neck.  
The dog will endeavor to release himself,  
and you must stand still until he  
has ceased his struggles. This will  
teach him that he cannot get away,  
and then you can teach him to come  
to you. Stand off the length of the  
string, and say, 'Come,' or 'Come here,'  
using the same word or words every  
time, so as not to confuse him. When  
calling him at the same time  
pulling on the string gently. He will  
soon comprehend the meaning and  
obey whenever the words are used.  
When giving the lesson always pet and  
caress the dog whenever he does as  
you wish. It is also advisable to teach  
him at this time by some word or gesture,  
which will indicate that his  
study hour is over. To teach him to  
go or stop, place yourself in or near  
some place where you know he  
desires to go, and say 'Go,' urging him  
on by calling. When he has gone part  
of the distance, call, 'Stop,' at the  
same time pulling on the string and  
repeating the command. With patience  
and kindness you will very soon make  
him understand and be obedient. The  
time required in this training varies  
according to the sagacity of the dog,  
usually being from one to two weeks.  
Never let the lesson occupy more than  
half an hour, and when through have  
some choice morsel to give him.  
Whilst making him fear you by sternness,  
teach him to attach himself to you by  
kindness. To teach him to 'charge'  
or 'lie down,' put your hand on his  
back and command him to 'charge,'  
at the same time placing him in  
position with his head between his  
forepaws. A few lessons will make  
him understand."

The outlook was forbidding indeed.  
Above the Sandoval mountains the  
snow clouds were drifting their soft  
covering, while over the mesa and  
plain the bleak winds from Hell canon  
were roaring in mad fury.

"Indeed it will, Señora. The heaven  
is black now. Will you want the car-  
riage to-night. Jose is waiting for  
orders."

"No, unless Señor Salazar returns, I  
will remain at home. Come with me;  
perhaps we can hear if he is coming."

Throwing a rebosa over her head and  
shoulders, she caught up her trailing  
draperies, and together they passed  
out into the gathering darkness, and  
ascended to the roof.

The north one toward the canon,  
Señora."

"I feared so much," shivered Dolores,  
"but it cannot now be helped," and  
entering her own room again, she laid  
aside her jewels and laces, and slipping  
into a soft crimson robe, she crouched  
down on a pile of furs before the fire-  
place and waited.

Midnight came, but still no husband,  
and rising from her furs, chilled to the  
heart, the fire burned to white ashes. Dolores  
tried to pierce the blackness of the  
winter sky. No comfort there. The  
storm unheeded through the thick walls  
was bellowing and tearing over the  
mountain in mad frenzy, and snow was  
piled in great drifts about the statue  
in the placita.

"This is a terrible storm," Dolores  
uttered to herself. "I cannot re-  
member one like it. Perfecto must  
have sought refuge somewhere and I  
may as well retire."

"Your Honor," said the lawyer em-  
ployed by the defense, "you cannot hold  
this man. There is no law under  
which he can be punished."

"Wall, arter studyn' de statutes I  
conclude dat I mus' hol' him on de  
charge o' petit larceny. De stealin' o'  
de lady wuz larceny, fur all theft is dat,  
an' is petit larceny 'cause petit means  
little, o'man, so we'll jes' hol' de thief  
wait de action o' de gran' jury."

#### Petit Larceny.

A man, charged with running away  
with his neighbor's wife, was arrested  
and arraigned before a negro justice of  
the peace, a great black fellow, cele-  
brated among the negroes on account  
of his extensive learning, having during  
many years, been a servant in the family  
of a college professor.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer em-  
ployed by the defense, "you cannot hold  
this man. There is no law under  
which he can be punished."

"Wall, arter studyn' de statutes I  
conclude dat I mus' hol' him on de  
charge o' petit larceny. De stealin' o'  
de lady wuz larceny, fur all theft is dat,  
an' is petit larceny 'cause petit means  
little, o'man, so we'll jes' hol' de thief  
wait de action o' de gran' jury."

#### Not Old Enough.

Father (to daughter)—"Have you ac-  
cepted the addresses of Mr. Money-  
bags?" Daughter—"Yes, papa." "Well,  
isn't he very old, my dear?" "Yes, papa;  
but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he  
was."—*New York Sun.*

#### WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

The Ex-Vice President Passes  
Away After a Protracted  
Illness.

Brief Biographical Sketch and Por-  
trait of the Deceased  
Statesman.

Hon. William A. Wheeler, ex-Vice Pres-  
ident of the United States, died at his home  
in Malone, N. Y., on Friday, the 3d day of  
June. Mr. Wheeler had been slowly failing  
through the last five or six years, until  
last winter, when the progress of the disease  
became more rapid, and his physician and  
friends began to fear the approach of the end. On the night of March 3 he was seized with chills, followed by a sinking

spell, and Dr. Gay, his physician, thought  
for hours that he would die. He afterward  
rallied, however, but never again regained  
his former vigor and strength. Mental  
weakness gradually became apparent, and  
increased until first there were indications  
of insanity and then of softening of the  
brain. For the last ten days preceding  
his death he was conscious and rational  
only at intervals. His death was painless.

#### Biographical.

William Almon Wheeler was born in Malone,  
N. Y., July 3, 1819. Fitting for college at the  
age of 19 he entered the University of Vermont  
at Burlington, but was unable for lack of means  
to complete his course, and left the