

THE CALLING OF THE SEA.

BY C. C. HARRIS.

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 roll upon the shore
With your billows calm and deep;
But when the calm is over
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 you roll in splendor,
With long majestic sweep,
When 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, Senor. 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 persons. That which I will tell you I have said reason to know is true, for the lovely woman was my uncle's wife."

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"At the base of the Sandoval mountains lies a level mesa of several hundred 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 fountains, 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 wealthiest 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 discernible in the rich carvings and splendid furnishings, but many a dreary year has passed since human feet have tread the moth-eaten carpets or looked from the dust-grimed windows. The hand of the destroyer has touched it, and ruin is imprinted everywhere.

Perfects Salazar, my father's youngest 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 dandled 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 commands. 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 sacredly the vows taken at the altar, and did, so far as it was in her nature so 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 somewhat 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 Christmas eve, the anniversary of her wedding, 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 trinket glowed with a lurid fire that seemed

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

Dolores was arrayed in magnificent attire when my uncle entered the dressing-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 rudy 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 stars 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 glistened and winked in all its barbaric hideousness the gold and ruby serpent.

My uncle feasted his eyes on the rarely 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 question she made some evasive answer, which roused his jealous nature, 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 hurried 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 occasioned 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 Senor Salazar returns, he can break it."

"Senor Perfecto was in a terrible passion when he rode away. His face was like death, and Diablo had 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, Senora. The heaven is black now. Will you want the carriage to-night. Jose is waiting for orders."

"No, unless Senor Salazar returns, I will remain at home. Come with me; perhaps we can hear if he is coming." Throwing a rebozo 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 Senor Salazar take?" asked Dolores as they turned from their fruitless errand to descend the stairway.

"The north one toward the canon, Senora."

"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 fireplace 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 unheard through the thick walls was bellowing and tearing over the mountain in mad frenzy, and snow was piled in great drifts about the statuary in the placita.

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

Christmas morning dawned as fair as though a 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 canon, 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.

"How mother save us," ejaculated one of the party, as he brushed the snow from the dead face. "It's Senor 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 Christmas 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."

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, celebrated 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 employed by the defense, "you cannot hold this man. There is no law under which he can be punished."

"Wall, arter studyin' 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 'case petit means little, an' de lady whut wuz stole is er little 'oman, so we'll jes' hol' de thief ter wait de action o' de gran' jury."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Not Old Enough.

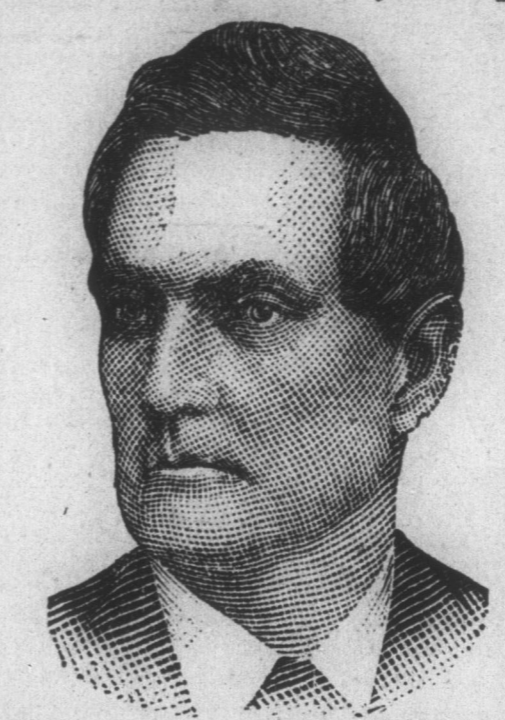
Father (to daughter)—"Have you accepted the addresses of Mr. Moneybags?" Daughter—"Yes, papa." "Well, isn't he very old, my dear?" "Yes, papa, but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he was."—*New York Sun.*

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

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

Brief Biographical Sketch and Portrait of the Deceased Statesman.

Hon. William A. Wheeler, ex-Vice President 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 preceeding his death he was conscious and rational only at intervals. His death was painless.

Biographical.

William Almon Wheeler was born in Malone, N. Y., June 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 institution at the end of his sophomore year. Upon retirement from college the future Vice President studied law in his native town, and at the age of 25 was admitted to the bar. His first office of trust was Town Clerk of Malone, to which position he was elected while preparing for the bar. He was, during the same period, elected School Commissioner and Inspector of Schools by the Whigs of the county.

Soon after the adoption of the State Constitution of 1858 Mr. Wheeler was nominated by the Whigs for the office of District Attorney of the county and elected. In 1849, and again in 1850, he was sent to the Legislature as a Whig to represent the county in the lower House. On returning from the Legislature Mr. Wheeler gave up the practice of law and accepted the position of cashier of the Malone Bank. This position he held from 1851 to 1855. In 1859 and 1860 he served as a member of the State Senate and as chosen President pro tem. of that body. In 1860, upon his retirement from the State Senate, he was chosen to represent in Congress, as a Republican, Silas Wright's old district. After serving one term he again retired to private life. In 1867 he was again called into the public service, this time as the Representative of his district in the State Constitutional Convention held in that year.

In 1868 Mr. Wheeler was returned to Congress by his old district, and was thrice re-elected, practically without opposition. During these eight years of Congressional life he served upon the important Committees of Appropriations, Southern Affairs, Pacific Railroads, and Commerce, being Chairman of the two last named.

In the Cincinnati Convention of 1876 Mr. Wheeler received the ballots of the Massachusetts delegation for the nomination to the Presidency. After the nomination of Hayes he was put in nomination for the Vice Presidency.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The Brave Irish Editor Who Has Been "Stirring Up the Animals" in Canada.

William O'Brien, the Irish editor to whom the Canadian mobs have lately been devoting themselves, is a man under forty years of age. He was born in the town of Mallow, and is the last of a family of which all the other members died of consumption. In person he is slight and delicate, with reddish hair and pale complexion. He received a college education,



and became a reporter on the *Freeman's Journal*. Attention was first drawn to him through his descriptions of scenes in the south and west of Ireland during the times of famine in 1880. Some of his journeying along the coast and among the islands was accomplished at considerable personal peril. His reports were sharply drawn, and obtained fame for their author. When Parnell and his associates established *United Ireland* they made Mr. O'Brien its editor. It has been said that the Irish leaders wanted a paper less conservative in the support of the home-rule cause than the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation*, and that they rightly judged that such a paper would be provided by Mr. O'Brien. He was aggressive, fierce, and denunciatory. This was in the time of the not-over-tolerant Forster, and it was not long before *United Ireland* was suppressed. Its presses were seized, its employees locked up, and Mr. O'Brien was imprisoned for six months in Kilmainham jail.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Detroit Still Leads in the Race for the League Base-Ball Championship.

Interesting News and Gossip About the Game—The Record of the Various Clubs.

[CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.]

Two weeks ago Detroit had the call as a permanent winning club so completely that many predicted a clear walk-away for the Wolverines, and a consequently flat and uninteresting race for the League pennant. This opinion was entertained by Detroiters not only, but by admirers of the game everywhere, and perhaps such an opinion was warranted to a considerable extent. Detroit has played a magnificent game from the outset, and if heavy batting will win, which is not improbable under the new rules, the belief that the Wolverines will fly the flag over their own beautifully located park next season may not be far out of the way. But the season is still young. There is a dark-horse element in the ranks which renders almost any condition of things possible before the League clubs shall have made their last spurt in the race. Boston, New York and Philadelphia are following Detroit's lead determinedly, and a little streak of bad luck upon the part of the Wolverines would be apt to give Mike Kelly's men a lead that would change the complexion of things materially. Reports of the two Decoration Day games show two splendidly contested games at Boston between these two leaders, and Detroit won one by a score of 2 to 1, while Boston captured the other by 4 to 3. The character of the games indicates the strength of the Boston Club to be dangerously near that of Detroit, notwithstanding the great hitting power of the latter organization. Pittsburgh and Chicago are neither of them out of the race as yet, while the Indianapolis club, with Jack Glasscock at its head and Denny as its lieutenant, may prove a stumbling block in the way of some ambitious would-be pennant winner that will ruin its chances in the end. During the past week Detroit fell back a trifle in its lead, having dropped a game to Washington and one to New York, but it still has an advance of three games won and four less lost than Boston, its nearest competitor. New York managed to win a couple of games, but nearly offset its gain by dropping a game to both Detroit and Pittsburgh, while the only stump the Phillies have run against has been Anson's men. With its winnings during the past seven days, Chicago has crowded ahead, until now it stands tied with the Smoky City lads for fifth place, both of these clubs being but three games each behind Philadelphia. The following table will show the work of the League clubs up to Monday, May 30:

THE LEAGUE.											
Clubs.		Detroit	Boston	Philadelphia	New York	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Washington	Indianapolis	St. Louis	Games won.
Detroit	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	31
Boston	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21
Philadelphia	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
New York	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	15
Pittsburgh	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	15
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	9
Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	9
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	9
Games lost	4	7	10	10	13	14	21

The Association race still shows St. Louis to be at the front with an increase of one game over its lead of last week.

Following is the statement of the work of the clubs up to Decoration Day.

ASSOCIATION.											
Clubs.		St. Louis	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Baltimore	Louisville	Athletic	Cleveland	Metropolitan	Games won.	Games lost.
St. Louis	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	35	5
Brooklyn	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	35	6
Cincinnati	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	31	16
Baltimore	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	31	16
Louisville	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	31	16
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	31	16
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	25	5
Metropolitan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	25	5
Games lost	5	10	15	11	14	14	22	21

THE CHICAGO CLUB.

As to the strength of the Chicago Club your correspondent has little if anything to say more than was said in his last letter. If only those new pitchers would come. That is what we want more than anything else, and until we secure a couple of good men to share the burden with Clarkson I, with many others in Chicago, shall not hope for anything remarkable from our team. I do not wish to overlook Baldwin by any means, but Baldwin as yet seems to have much to learn, and just at this stage of the game we want men who have learned it all.

A LAWN TENNIS CRAZE.

The meeting of the Western Lawn Tennis Association, held at the Tremont House in this city, was one of the most largely attended and enthusiastically conducted meetings ever held in the interests of this rapidly growing and popular outdoor sport. The special object of the meeting was the arrangement of an annual tournament that will give Western tennis players a chance to meet in friendly contest, similar to that enjoyed by Eastern players, who meet annually at Newport. The following clubs were represented by delegates or by proxy: Knickerbocker, St. Louis; Kenwood, Chicago; Chicago Club, Chicago; North End, Chicago; Riverside, Riverside, Ill.; Missouri Bicycle Club, St. Louis; Old Friends', St. Louis; Minnesota, St. Paul; Louisville, Louisville, Ky.; Toledo Outing Club, Toledo; Peoria, Peoria, Ill.; Park, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Des Moines, Des Moines, Iowa; Cheyenne, Cheyenne, W. T.; Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis.; Detroit, Detroit, Mich.; Dixon, Dixon, Ill.

It was decided to hold the first annual tournament in the grounds of the Kenwood Lawn Tennis grounds at Chicago, August 10, 11, 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Western Lawn Tennis Association. The tournament will be open to all comers.

There will be three prizes—first, second and third—in the singles and doubles. The first prizes in the singles and doubles will be gold medals. The second prizes will be gold medals, and the third prizes will be fancy inlaid tennis rackets.