

### THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON.

They built the ship withunning art,  
Instinct with skill in every part;  
And—perfect as they deemed her form—  
They named her for the Sea of Storm.

The stormy Sea, with smiling face,  
Folded her bark fond embrase;  
And bore her on her broad with pride,  
In growing fame, from side to side.

Men said: "The sea has found her Queen—  
Such strength, such speed, was never seen!"  
And o'er the deep they went and came,  
Beguiled by the vessel's name and fame.

THE jealous Sea, at length—  
"Men must not mate with mine her strength!"  
Till raved the jealous, angry Sea—  
There shall not two Atlantics be!"

That hapless rivalry is o'er;  
The ship lies broken on the shore;  
And men will fear again to name  
A rival to the Sea's dread fame.

"Haply, the ship," with tears we say,  
Was the great ocean's lawful prey;  
At forged hundred souls then lost  
How shall she pay the countless cost?"

And more we said: "If but the Sea  
Had smote in fairer jealousy;  
Smote only with her tempest-hand,  
A hundred leagues or more from land;

"Smote the great ship with pitiless ire  
Where she could feed her strength with fire;  
Her giant strength, her fiery breath,  
Perchance had vanquished storm and death."

Oh, greedy, treacherous, vengeful sea!  
That smote her where no help could be!  
That hurried her on the ghastly rock,  
And whelmed her with a fatal shock!

From Prospect's wild, foam-tossed coast,  
The sea sends back no bitter groan;  
Only a moan from woman's lips,  
Of love and life in death's eclipse.

Only the echoes of their woes  
Who perished in the ship's fierce throe,  
And with their gurgling breath bemoaned  
A crime that cannot be atone.

And not the sea the ship betrayed,  
They slept on whom the trust was laid  
To guide her path where dangers stand,  
Near hostile outposts of the land.

Alas! for twice three hundred dead,  
Where Meagher's icy ramparts spread;  
Alas! for many eyes that weep  
For loved ones in unawaking sleep;

That dreadful sacrifice, O Sea,  
Our thought shall charge no more to thee;  
Nor jealous grudge of her that bore  
The name in pride from shore to shore.

The wall that, from her shatter'd form,  
Drowned the shrill clamor of the storm,  
Would burden not our dreams to-night  
Had men but kept their watch aight.

The Holy One, who rules the Sea,  
Knows all, and His judgment be.  
If grief's sharp sentence does them wrong,  
His justice will revise the song.

### THE WRONG PICTURE.

"A pretty face—a very pretty face,  
indeed!"

I turned the little photograph upside  
down, held it at arm's length, and  
scrutinized it closely with my eye-  
glasses.

Henry Wallis looked pleased; a man  
naturally likes to have his affianced duly  
admired and appreciated.

"So this is the Bessie Armitage I  
have heard so much of; really, Wallis,  
she does credit to your taste. A blonde,  
I suppose?"

"Fair as a lily, with blue eyes and  
the sunniest golden hair!"

"Ah! well, I must say I prefer the  
brunette style so far as my taste goes;  
but then, fancies differ, you know."

It was all very well for Henry Wallis  
to go into ecstacies about this pallid,  
fair-haired little Bessie Armitage; he  
had never met the glance of Cecilia  
Vernon's magnificent dark eyes. What  
did he know about the true type of fem-  
inine beauty?

"As you say, fancies differ," Wallis  
returned lightly. "But I wish you  
would select a handsome frame for it  
when you go to town next—blue velvet,  
with a gold rim on the margin, or some  
such tasteful arrangement."

"I'll see to it," I said, depositing the  
picture in the envelope, and returning it  
to my inside breast-pocket.

"You'll be very careful of it?"

"Careful? Of course I shall!"

I smiled a little loftily at Wallis' so-  
litude, and we parted.

After all, Henry Wallis was better off  
than I was, for he was securely engaged  
to the dimpled, yellow-tressed little ob-  
ject of his affections; while I was yet,  
as it were, in outer darkness, uncertain  
whether my peerless Cecilia returned  
my devotion, or whether she secretly in-  
clined toward that fellow, Fitzhugh Tre-  
foil. A score of times I had resolved to  
settle the question; a score of times I  
had gone to the Vernons' house with  
the very formula of declaration on my  
lips, and as often had the words die  
away unspoken.

If fate had only gifted me with one  
thousandth part of Fitzhugh Trefoil's  
off-hand audacity! I don't think any  
thing short of the deluge could check  
that fellow's cool self-possession; an  
earthquake would not.

However, love inspires the feeblest  
heart with a sort of courage, and I was  
a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled  
upon me. What was the use of doubt-  
ing? Why not decide my fate at once?

Henry Wallis' serene content ex-  
ercised a stimulating influence upon me.  
I would fain have been even as he was.

"There is no sense in procrastinat-

ing matters any further," I said half  
aloud, as I walked up and down the  
limited domains of my law office. "I  
have been a doubting fool quite long  
enough."

I'm afraid I wasn't a very amiable  
member of the domestic circle that af-  
ternoon.

"I think Paul is growing crosser  
every day," said my sister, shrugging  
her plump little shoulders. "Mamma,  
I wish you'd speak to him."

But my mother, bless her wise old  
soul, knew better than that. She  
only looked at me over the rims of her  
spectacles, and went on clarning stock-  
ings.

"Paul is worried with business mat-  
ters, I suppose," she said, apologetically.  
"Paul will do well enough, if you  
only let him alone."

I went up to my room after dinner,  
and made an elaborate toilet; but all the  
pains I bestowed upon it served only to  
heighten the general effect of awkward-  
ness.

"I've two minds to wait till to-mor-  
row," quoth I to myself, abruptly stop-  
ping, with my cravat half tied.

No, I might be a coward, but I was  
not such a troolton as that. I had be-  
gun the enterprise, and I would carry it  
through. Moreover, I had had an in-  
spiration. An entirely new and original  
method of putting the momentous query  
had occurred to me.

"Hang Fitzhugh Trefoil!" I ex-  
claimed, gleefully, half aloud, though  
there was no ear to hear my ejaculation.  
"I'll win the dark-eyed treasure yet, in  
spite of him."

I opened my writing-case, and care-  
fully took out a little carte de visite  
wrapped in tissue paper, and tenderly  
laid it away with a pink silk perfumed  
satchel that Minnie had made for me  
once. It was Cecilia's picture; she had  
allowed me to steal it away from her,  
with scarcely a remonstrance, a week be-  
fore. Then was the time I ought to  
have proposed; but, like the timorous,  
doubting moon-calf that I was, I had let  
the lamp I had lighted with such high and  
bounding hopes!

I threw off my coat viciously; as I did  
so the forgotten carte de visite dropped  
from my pocket. I stooped to pick it  
up. It was the portrait of Bessie Ar-  
mitage! And there on the mantel,  
where in my heedless haste I had left it,  
was the divine countenance of my  
queen, Cecilia!

I had shown her the wrong photo-  
graph!

All was clear now! Her indignation  
and resentment—the whole tangled web  
of mystery—was unraveled now; I  
exclaimed. "Henry Wallis' taste may  
be correct and classical, but give me my  
radiant blonde! These bleached-out  
heauties don't correspond with my ideal  
of perfection."

It was a lovely spring evening as I  
entered the white graved path  
that led up to the broad porch  
of the old-fashioned Vernon mansion.  
Squire Vernon sat there smoking his  
meerschaum.

"Won't you sit down and have a  
smoke?" he demanded, hospitably.  
"It's a real luxury to be able to take  
a whiff out of doors, after being shut  
up in the house all the winter. Or  
may be you'd prefer going in to see  
Cecil?"

Sensible old gentleman! he had not  
forgotten his own young days. I inti-  
mated that the special object of my visit  
had been to "see Cecil."

"Well, she is in the parlor, all by  
herself," said the Squire, good-humoredly.  
"Walk in—walk in."

Cecilia Vernon was sitting in the par-  
lor alone, as her father had said, the  
bright center of a cheerful circle of  
lamplight. A bit of crochet work was  
lying in her lap, and an open volume of  
poems—poems I had sent her—was on  
the table.

Cecilia Vernon was always fair to  
look upon in my sight; to-night, how-  
ever, she seemed more than ordinarily  
beautiful.

I sat down, and began hesitatingly  
upon the never-failing topic of the  
weather. A proposal had seemed the  
easiest thing in the world as I walked  
along the dewy edges of the peaceful,  
star-lighted road, contemplating it from  
afar off; but now that I was facing it,  
Alps upon Alps of difficulty and per-  
plexity seemed to surround its ac-  
complishment. I would have given all  
that I was worth to postpone the  
evil day but twenty-four hours—all  
but my self-respect, and that was im-  
periled now.

Cecilia tried her best to keep the ball  
of conversation in motion; she intro-  
duced new subjects, asked leading  
questions, and feigned deep interest in  
the most abstruse of topics. But even  
Cecilia couldn't talk on forever, and  
presently, with a little sigh of despair,  
she subsided into silence.

Now was the eventful moment of my  
destiny.

"Cecilia!" I said, softly.  
She raised the liquid brown eyes to  
mine.

"I want to confide in you to-night—  
have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, Mr. Markham."

"I am very much in love, Cecilia;  
in fact, my heart has long ago gone  
out of my own possession into that  
of—"

I stopped with the fatal husky feel-  
ing in my throat. Cecilia was blushing  
divinely! I drew my chair close to  
her's, with the sensation of a man who  
has just pulled the string of a cold  
shower-bath.

"Who is the lady?" faltered Cecilia;  
as if she did not know perfectly well  
already.

"Shall I show you her picture, Ce-  
cilia?"

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost  
to the level of my shoulder, to look at  
the little carte de visite I drew from my  
pocket. I skillfully stole one arm round  
her waist.

"See, dearest!"

But, to my horror and dismay, she  
snatched her hand from my clasp, sprang  
up, and started away, like some fair  
avenging goddess!

"How dare you insult me thus, Mr.  
Markham?"

"Cecilia! how—what—"

"Don't presume to call me Cecilia,  
sir?" sobbed the indignant girl, bursting  
into tears, and sweeping from the  
room.

I set like one palsied. What had I  
done? Why was the gracious mood of  
my enchantress thus suddenly trans-  
formed to gall and bitterness? Surely  
she would presently return and apolo-  
gize for her capricious exit? But she  
did not return; and after waiting long  
in vain, I sneaked out of a side door,  
and crept dejectedly home, my heart  
burning with wonder and resentment.  
I had no mind to meet the assembled  
family group; so I admitted myself with  
the latch key, and stole noiselessly up  
stairs, where my lamp still burned—the  
lamp I had lighted with such high and  
bounding hopes!

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heauties don't correspond with my ideal  
of perfection."

It was too late now. All apology and  
explanation must be deferred until the  
morrow. And with a discontented spirit  
I sought my couch.

Early the next morning I walked over  
to the old Vernon mansion; but, ex-  
peditions as I was, Trefoil had been there  
before me. I met him coming whistling  
down the walk as self-possessed as ever.

"Good morning!" I said, briefly,  
endeavoring to pass him; but he de-  
tained me.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow!  
I am the happiest man in the world.  
Cecilia Vernon has just promised to be  
my wife!"

I stared blankly at him, and with one  
or two unintelligible murmurs, turned  
round short and walked home again.  
My rival had improved the propitious  
opportunity, and caught Cecilia's heart  
in the rebound!

Well—so goes the world, and I am a  
bachelor yet. There is but one Ce-  
cilia, and she, alas! is married to Fitz-  
hugh Trefoil!

**MIRRORS.**—The amalgam, or tin foil  
which is spread on plate glass to form  
mirrors is readily crystallized by the  
rays of the sun. A mirror where the  
sun can shine on it is usually spoiled.  
It takes a granulated appearance, familiar  
to housekeepers, though they may not  
be acquainted with its cause. In such  
a state the article is nearly worthless;  
the continuity of its surface is destroyed  
and it will not reflect outlines with any  
approach to precision. Care should  
therefore be exercised in hanging. If  
any of our readers have mirrors which  
appear to be spoiling, it would be well  
to ascertain whether the direct sunlight  
strikes them. If thus exposed, they can  
probably be saved from further injury  
by simply changing their position. The  
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**THE FLOW OF SAP.**—Prof. Collins  
says: The water of the sap comes from  
the ground, being imbibed by the roots.  
A considerable quantity of starch is  
stored up in the wood of the tree in the  
fall, and this in the spring is changed to  
sugar and dissolved in the water taken  
in by the roots. Why sap will flow at  
one time and not at another, according  
to the wind or weather, is not well under-  
stood. Starch and sugar are very near-  
ly the same in composition; sugar only  
contains a little more water, chemically  
united, not simply mixed with it.

### BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIGNATION.

The Salt Lake *Tribune*, referring to  
President Young's resignation, says:  
The recent moves of Mr. Young in re-  
signing the Presidency of the various  
gigantic mercantile operations of the  
Territory, which have heretofore had  
his entire ecclesiastical influence and  
the consequent support of the whole  
Mormon population, are really of greater  
significance than they first appear to the  
causal observer, and certainly have  
another interpretation besides the one  
assigned by Mr. Young in his recent dis-  
patch to the New York *Herald*. Hitherto  
to all these various speculations have  
been maintained and sustained chiefly  
through Mr. Young's personal financial  
standing abroad, which is well known to  
be A 1 everywhere, a fact we think no  
one will dispute, and the fact that he  
has been known as the President of Z.  
C. M. I. and other great enterprises has  
been sufficient to establish a credit  
abroad to almost an unlimited amount.  
Business relations with Mormon mer-  
chants will be governed hereafter by the  
same rules as are applied to the "Gen-  
tiles." In other words, Co-op and other  
church monopolies will stand on an en-  
tirely different basis, and be simply  
recognized as the speculations of a few  
Mormon capitalists, such as Hooper,  
Jennings, Eldridge, Sharp, Little, and  
a few others.

### CLOTHES ON FIRE.

Three persons out of four would push  
right up to the burning individual and  
begin to paw with their hands without  
any definite aim. It is useless to tell  
the victim to do this or that, or call for  
water. In fact, it is generally best not  
to say a word, but to seize a blanket  
or any woolen fabric—if none is at  
hand, take any woolen material—hold  
the corners as far apart as you can,  
stretch them out higher than your head,  
and running boldly to the person, make  
a motion of clasping in the arms, mostly  
about the shoulder. This instantly  
smothers the fire and saves the face.  
The next instant throw the person on  
the floor. This is an additional safety  
to the face and breath, and any remnant  
of flame can be put out more leisurely.  
The next instant immerse the burnt  
part in cold water, and all pain will  
cease with the rapidity of lightning.  
Next get some common flour, remove  
from the water, and cover the burnt  
parts with an inch in thickness of flour;  
if possible, put the patient to bed, and  
do all that is possible to soothe until  
the physician arrives. Let the flour re-  
main until it falls off of itself, when a  
beautiful new skin can be found. Unless  
the burns are deep, no other applica-  
tions are needed