

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

They built the ship with cunning art,
Distinct 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 the bark in fond embrace;
And bore her on her breast 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 flood they went and came,
Borne by the vessel's name and fame.

Till moaned the jealous Sea, at length—
"Men must not mate with mine 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 forty 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 whirled her with a fatal shock!

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

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

And not the sea the ship betrayed,
They clapt 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 unavailing sleep!

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

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

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 ecstasies 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-
licitude, 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
"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 exer-
cised 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 darning stock-
ings.

"Paul is worried with business mat-
ters, I suppose," she said, apologetical-
ly. "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 poltroon 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 golden tide of opportunity slip away
from me.

I drew Bessie Armitage's vacant, doll-
like face from its envelope, and com-
pared the two with a thrill of triumph in
my heart.

"Colorless water beside crimson,
sparkling champagne! a pale violet in
the shadow of a royal rose! pearls
eclipsed by the fiery flash of diamonds!"
I exclaimed. "Henry Wallis' taste may
be correct and classical, but give me my
radiant brunette! These bleached-out
beauties don't correspond with my ideal
of perfection."

It was a lovely spring evening as I
entered the white graveled 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-humored-
ly. "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 blush-
ing 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, burst-
ing 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!

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
caught up my hat to rush back to her,
but at that moment the clock struck
eleven!

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, expen-
ditious 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. Ce-
cilia 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
back, as well as the front, must be pro-
tected.

THE most famous as well as the most
gigantic corporation of the age is about
to be dissolved—namely, the East India
Company. Steps have been taken to
give notice officially through the British
House of Commons that its hour has
come. It has had a history identified
with the reign of England in the East,
and its mission for good or evil having
been accomplished, it is about to pass
away among the things that were. Its
story written by Macaulay or Froude
would be one of the most interesting
and instructive in the annals of time.

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 be
the casual observer, and certainly have
another interpretation besides the one
assigned by Mr. Young in his recent dis-
patch to the New York Herald. Hither-
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 clapping 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. Un-
less the burns are deep, no other ap-
plications are needed. The dry flour for
burns is the most admirable remedy ever
proposed, and the information ought to
be imparted to all. The principle of its
action is, that like the water, it causes
instant and perfect relief from pain by
totally excluding the air from the in-
jured parts.—Scientific American.

REMEDY FOR CORNS.

When a young man, says a corre-
spondent of the Country Gentleman, I
used to be very much annoyed by those
painful excrescences called "corns," on
the toes and feet, until I was told of a
very simple but effectual remedy for
them by some person. It was to bathe
the feet in tepid water, to soften them;
then pare them off very closely with a
sharp knife; then rub on well green
peach-tree leaves; when, after continu-
ing the rubbing once or twice a day, the
corns will entirely disappear, and not
return, without the cause which first oc-
casioned them. I have often tried the
remedy, and never yet found it to fail.
It seems to be the prussic acid in the
peach-tree leaves that takes them away.

A good corn salve could no doubt be
made for winter use, by bruising the
peach-leaves when green; then boil
them in water until the strength is ex-
tracted; then take out the leaves, strain
the water off the sediment, and add a
sufficient quantity of resin, beeswax,
tallow and lard oil to make it soft
enough, and simmer down, without burn-
ing, until the water is evaporated.
Soften and pare the corn, as before di-
rected, spread it on a small piece of
cambric or linen, and apply, putting on
the sock or stocking carefully, so as not
to rub it off. Keep applying until the
corn disappears.

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 un-
derstood. Starch and sugar are very nearly
the same in composition; sugar only
contains a little more water, chemically
united, not simply mixed with it.

MARY'S Calf.

BY JESSY JUSTICE.

Mary had a little lamb,
It died a long time ago;
And with its wool she bought a calf,
As I'm about to show,
The calf it was of Jersey breed,
And it was sick and nice;
And Mary thought to feed it well
"Twould bring her a good price,
(But that was on a sly),
And show it to the Congressmen,
To see if they would buy.
She told them when it was a cow
"Twould be so very nice,
The milk would be so good and nice
"Twould bring them a good price.
Some of them thought 'twas very fine,
And bought a share or two,
And when they thought they were all right,
The cow began to loo,
It scared them all so terribly
They all began to shout,
And said they did not know what 'twas,
And hollered turn her out.
Some swore, some cried, and all grew pale,
Said Mary was to blame;
But Mary said she'd tell the truth
And put them all to shame!
So Mary had a little book,
And there she said she thought
Would be recorded all the names
That in the calf had bought,
They said they never saw the cow,
But yet her milk they drank;
They said 'twas freely given them
Without so much as thank.
Some then tried to pick a fuss,
But soon they gave it o'er;
They said if they should search that out
They'd find a hundred more!
For M. C.'s, now hang down your heads
And blush for very shame,<
For in buying Mary's calf
You've lost all your good name!
Then take advice ye wise men all,
Let truth your motto be,
Do nothing that would make you blush
To have the whole world see!

VARIETIES.

THE poor man's story—The garret.

COUNTER-FITS—Ready-made clothing.
To protect the chest—Put a lock
on it.

NEVER reveals secrets to a relation, for
blood will tell.

WHEN is a baby like March? When it
brings squalls.

WHEN is it right to take any one in?
When it rains.

New reading of an old proverb—
Man proposes, and woman seldom re-
fuses.

If you let the cat out of the bag never
try to cram it back again; it only makes
matters worse.

MANUFACTURING is said to be the poor-
est business, because it takes ten mills
to make one cent.

LITTLE fish have a good notion as to
the commencing of life—they always be-
gin on a small scale.

TALK about the modern falling off of
home affections! Our wives are becom-
ing dearer every day.

THE boy who took a seat in our paste-
pot has been engaged in the postoffice to
sit down on unsealed letters.

A SCHOOLBOY remarks that when his
teacher undertakes to "show him what
is what," he only finds out which is
swich.

BOXES, it is said, govern the world—
the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the
jury-box, and last, though not least, the
bonnet-box.

OF a miserly man who died of soften-
ing of the brain, a local paper said:
"His head gave way, but his hand
never did; his brain softened, but his
heart couldn't."

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said
Smith; but I must say that you are an
infamous scoundrel!" Pardon this bit
of irony," was replied, as a poker de-
scended on Smith's head.

DEATH OF THE INVENTOR OF SPOOL THREAD.

The English papers by a late steamer
announce the death at a ripe old age of
Mr. Andrew Clark, the celebrated manu-
facturer, whose name has been associ-
ated both in the New World and the
Old with the famous thread which is in
universal use. He was virtually born
to the business of thread manufacture,
his father having been engaged in that
line in Paisley, Scotland. But the
young inventor soon effected im-
provements which revolutionized the
trade. He brought the process of manu-
facture to its present perfection, and
was the inventor of the process of wind-
ing it on the spools for consumers. Like
all inventors, Mr. Clark was a self-made
man. He commenced business in a
small room, but his improvements were
so valuable that his business seemed
only limited by the capacity to supply
the demands of consumers, and for
years before his death he was at the
head of the largest and most celebrated
factory in the world. He was the means
of converting his native village of Pais-
ley into a great and prosperous manu-
facturing center. Mr. Clark, a few
years ago, associated his son in the busi-
ness, which is now continued under the
name of Clark & Co., and its agencies
are established all over the world—in
Russia, Germany, France and other
parts of Europe, and in South America
and the United States.