



The Family Circle.

NOW.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

When our dead are taken
From our sight,
All their faults and follies
Vanish quite.
All the little discords,
All the fret,
All the moods and puzzles,
We forget.
Nothing but their sweetness
We recall,—
How they served us, pleased us,
That is all!
Only tender memories
Come to mind,
Love's dear recognitions
Sure and kind;
Fair as are the angels
Unto men
Shine those vanished faces
To us then.

When our dead have left us
What avails?
Can they hear our voices?—
Thick the veils
Drawn 'twixt sense and spirit.
Who can know
If our love may follow
Where they go?
All our bitter yearning
Is in vain,
Though to pierce the darkness
We are vain.
Love has but its minute,
Its brief day,
Nor for any grieving
Will delay.
Ere the cruel spoiler
Disallow,
If you love your loved ones,
Love them now.

—S. S. Times.

THE STUPID COUPLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE ATLANTIC.

(Concluded.)

The men in the boat rowed fiercely. The passengers could see the coxswain and the bowman standing up, trying to distinguish something where the waves lifted, but even with glasses they could see nothing of the swimmer.

A famous general, who had marched with a great army to victory, came up now to Mrs. Pierrepoint, and, holding his hat in his hand, said:

"Madam, your brave husband has done a noble act. It is grand to see such pluck and dash. I trust you will have him back soon. Will you come up on the bridge beside the captain, where you can have a much better outlook over the sea? And perhaps you will make use of my binocular?"

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I shall be glad to have your glass and to go on the bridge—if the captain allows me," she added, smiling. "But I don't think my husband is in danger. He has often been a long time in the water, and can swim well in his clothes. There is still plenty of light for the boat to find him. I only hope he may catch that dear little child in time. The boat should reach them soon."

The general led Mrs. Pierrepoint up to the bridge and said a word to the captain. The captain at once came over, saying, "The boat is close to them now. I saw them less than a minute ago through my glass on the top of a wave."

"Do you see them? Are they together?" asked Mrs. Pierrepoint.

"Yes," replied the captain, "I believe they are." But his voice was now broken, and he took hold of Mrs. Pierrepoint's hand. "I watched my child from here with my glass till at last he floated so low that I could scarcely see him, and just as he seemed sinking your husband dashed across the spot where he was, and I saw by a wave of his hand towards the ship that he had caught him. He is now waiting for the boat. What a splendid swimmer he is."

"Oh, yes, he is a good swimmer. I am so glad he was near," said Mrs. Pierrepoint. "I believe, captain, he will bring back your little boy safe."

When Pierrepoint sprang over he had been so quick that he was not very far from the child; but he knew that all depended on reaching him soon, and he could only see him now and then when the waves lifted them both at the same time, but those glimpses gave him the direction; and without minding in the least the fact that the steamer was receding from him at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and that he was left alone in the middle of the great Atlantic with no one near him but a little sinking child, he swam on as quickly as possible, saw the child on the side of a wave, made a dash at him, and caught him by the arm as he was sinking. Jack's fears had got the better of him. He had given up hope, but now he roused up and with a cry caught John Pierrepoint's beard. Pierrepoint raised the child's head as far as he dared, and placed his little cheek against his own while passing his left arm around Jack's waist. Jack began to recover from his fright, and as he had often bathed in colder water than this he did not mind the sea so much now that he had something to hold on to.

"Well, Jacky, how are you now, and what made you jump into the water?" asked Pierrepoint.

"Oh, take me back to papa, take me back to the steamer. Where is the steamer?"

"Now you must keep quiet and not fret," said Pierrepoint. "We are just to wait here till we are sent for. Your father is sending a boat for us. Are you cold, Jacky?"

"No, not very cold; but show me where the steamer is."

"Well," said Pierrepoint, "rub the salt water out of your eyes against my cheek and I'll turn round till we face the steamer; then, when we rise on the top of a wave, you must look quick."

They looked, and there was the great steamer with her four masts and low red funnels, with clouds of white steam rushing out of her escape-pipes, as she lay almost stationary on the water about a quarter of a mile away.

Pierrepoint could see that the upper decks and bulwarks and the lower rigging were swarming with people; every one on board seemed to have come up. When they rose on the next wave, a great change had taken place for them—the sun had set. Pierrepoint saw it disappear as the wave lifted them, and the surface of the water became a dark gray, but the strong light still shone for a few seconds longer on the funnels and masts of the steamer.

Pierrepoint, with his little burden, floated so low that the men in the boat had not yet seen him, but he had seen the boat just as the sun disappeared and now knew where to look for it. He pulled a white handkerchief out of his coat-pocket, and when they were on the top of a sea he gave a shout and waved. But the call was unheeded. The sea sank from under them and they were in the hollow before the boat had risen. The next time he succeeded. As the boat rose the coxswain heard a call and saw the swimmers on a wave. The boat's course was slightly altered, and in a few minutes the boat had them alongside.

All this time Pierrepoint had been treading water quietly, only keeping a lookout and encouraging Jacky to keep up his heart, but Jacky could not have kept up much longer. The fright and cold were telling upon him, and as the boat came up his big eyes closed and his cheek dropped heavily against Pierrepoint's.

The coxswain now took charge of the situation.

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," he called.

"How is the boy?"

"Oh, I think he is all right," said Pierrepoint; "he was quite lively a minute ago."

The coxswain then called, "Be careful now; steady, lads, there; be very careful. One of you catch the child by the arm; another of you lay hold of the gentleman."

Pierrepoint had laid his hand lightly on the boat's gunwale and still held Jacky firmly. Micky, the fireman, fastened his toes among the bottom boards of the boat and, stretching down till his face almost touched the water, caught little Jacky first

by one arm and then by both, and with a dexterous twist raised him quietly from the water and laid him in the bottom of the boat. Two of the sailors then caught Pierrepoint by the shoulders and pulled him in; then they patted him on the breast and back, a way that sailors have of expressing sympathy and approval; and then they cheered and waved their caps towards the ship. The rowers again took their places, and the men rowed back towards the steamer.

Mr. Pierrepoint and Micky attended to the child. His color now returned and his eyes opened and he sat up, the water running out of his linen clothes. Pierrepoint's eye now caught sight of his plaid lying in the boat and he asked the coxswain to pass it to him.

"A lady threw it in as we were leaving," the steersman said.

"Oh, yes; I know very well who the lady was," Pierrepoint replied. "I wish I had her here just now to take care of the boy." Then seeing in what a womanly, gentle way Micky was handling the child, he said, "My black friend, I'll appoint you nurse, if Jacky does not mind the soot."

Jacky looked up, and recognizing the fireman as one of his friends, put his arms round his grimy neck.

"Sure, sir," said Micky, "Master Jacky knows me quite well."

"Then," said Pierrepoint, "pull off his wet clothes and roll him up in the plaid."

This was done, and Jacky felt quite warm and dry. Micky kept him on his knee, rolled up like a mummy.

One of the sailors handed Pierrepoint an old, rough jacket, which he pulled on over his wet clothes.

The steamer had drifted round till her broadside was towards the boat and therefore, as she could do nothing to lessen the distance, the men in the boat had to do the more rowing, and they got on but slowly, for the sea was a little rougher and the light was going. The captain still stood on the "Shasta's" bridge, watching the boat through his binocular. He saw Pierrepoint and the boy pulled in, and then he could only see that the men seemed busy about something in the bottom of the boat; after that he saw Pierrepoint sitting up and a brown bundle in the fireman's arms. He knew this was his boy, rolled up in something; but he could not help questioning within himself whether his boy was coming back to him alive or dead.

Mrs. Pierrepoint was still beside Capt. Hood and felt that she knew what was passing in his mind. The boat was now much nearer; they were both watching it intently, but the light was failing. At the same moment they both saw Mr. Pierrepoint stand up and wave his right hand in a peculiar way.

"That was a signal, madam; what does it mean?" asked the captain.

"Wait a minute till he repeats. Yes; I see it plainly this time. He says, 'All well,'" replied Mrs. Pierrepoint.

These words were heard by some of the ship's officers and passengers who stood near, and they raised a cheer, which was taken up all over the deck and passed across the water to the boat which was getting near.

"Thank God!" said Capt. Hood; "we will soon have them on board again." He then left the bridge in charge of the first officer and went aft, accompanied by Mrs. Pierrepoint, to the place where the gig would be brought on board. Here the quartermaster made a clear space on deck, and in the centre of the space stood the captain, Mrs. Pierrepoint, and the stewardess. To her Mrs. Pierrepoint said, "Order a warm bath to be ready for the child;" and a steward was sent down to have this done.

The boat was now alongside under the davits; the oars were unshipped; the hooks of the lifting-tackle were fixed in the rings for raising the boat; all the hands but two climbed up the tackle ropes to lighten the boat, and then a number of willing hands hauled away upon the tackle. The boat left the water and mounted slowly high into the air till it was above the level of the ship's bulwarks, the davits were swung round, and the boat was gently lowered upon the deck. Then a mighty cheer burst out, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer upon cheer rang over the water.

Little Jack looked out of his plaid with a smile on his face, while Micky handed his precious bundle into Capt. Hood's arms; and in a few minutes more Jack was having a warm bath under the superintendence of his friend the stewardess, and a little later he was in the saloon with dry clothes on, as merry as if nothing whatever had happened.

When Pierrepoint stepped on the deck he took his wife's hand in his for a moment; and then a rush was made at him, and both his hands were shaken till he thought his arms would be pulled off. But the captain came on deck at once and bore him off to one of the bathrooms, where a warm bath awaited him. A steward brought him a supply of dry clothes, and in half an hour he was in the saloon and had to undergo another course of hand-shaking.

The captain said all he had to say in a very few words, and with a hand-grasp which said more than words.

The "stupid couple" were now the heroes of the ship; and when the "Shasta" arrived in New York harbor John Pierrepoint managed, by the captain's help, to escape being interviewed by the reporters. The reporters, however, heard the story in all its details from the passengers and officers, and the Pierrepoints found themselves famous.

Before the passengers separated such a number of invitations were offered to the Pierrepoints that, had they been able, they might have spent a year or two in America merely paying visits. Some of these invitations they were able to accept.

Capt. Hood carried them off at once to his house on the Hudson, where little Jack was the first to bring his mother an account of the event of the voyage.

The Pierrepoints returned to England for Christmas without any sea adventures; but before they had been two days in America John Pierrepoint wrote to his father to tell of their safe arrival in America, and he addressed the letter, "The Earl of Hurst, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, England." —Chambers' Journal.

"SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNG."

This is an old proverb which teaches us the folly of a false economy. It has been suggested to us by a circumstance. A certain man had been a hard worker, a careful and saving business man, all his life until he had amassed a fortune which yielded him many thousands annually. He had two sons. He did not bring them up to business or to any profession in life. He argued, with that foolish and sinful habit which often possesses otherwise wise men, that since he had in store a large fortune his sons had no need to toil and save as he toiled and saved. He gave to each, in the mean time, a large allowance. One of them is abroad, living among "gentlemen," outliving them in prodigality and showing his foreign associates "how rich Americans can do it." The other one has a yacht, and spends his time among the "sporting young gentlemen of leisure" on this side of the sea. At the same time these young idlers, who never earned a penny and never will, are squandering their father's substance, that father, from the force of early and long habit, will to-day walk a dozen blocks in a hot day rather than spend a nickel for car fare. All his lifetime he had been saving at the spigot of close economy and is doing so still, yet he encourages his sons to waste his savings at the bung-hole of their idle prodigality.

The case is typical of many in our cities to-day. The great fortunes which the fathers gather by careful economy and hard work will be, as they are now being, dissipated by the wanton idleness and sinfully extravagant living of their children. Many of these unwise fathers are too saving to give any portion of their accumulating fortunes to the thousand and one good causes which Providence sets before them as a means of sanctifying their wealth, preventing it from being a curse to them and their children, and saving it in permanent blessing to thousands. In withholding gifts they are saving at the spigot; and yet all this economy goes to the wind when they open the bung-hole of their unwise folly (falsely called parental affection) and pour out their thousands upon their idle children. —N. Y. Independent.