

IN ONE SHORT YEAR.

Dick and I were standing in a deep, brackengrown hollow at the end of my father's great park. In our passionate young grief we had eyes and ears for no one but ourselves. I had, however, chosen the very quiet hour of sunset on a May evening to meet my poor lover, and only a few inquisitive but timid rabbits stared with dark eyes at us from the safe vantage of their own round doors, gently moving their soft brown ears with sympathetic interest.

"My pretty Nancy, my dearest girl, it is quite impossible for me not to see the force of your father's reasons. He is perfectly kind and just to you. He wants to make you happy. He calls me a fortune hunter, therefore I will not accept one penny of his money with you, and I cannot be so selfish as to deprive you of all those comforts you have been accustomed to."

"You are the only comfort I care about, Dick," I sobbed out. "And what good will other comforts do me if I die? For I shall die if I am never to see you again. Father says, if I persist in marrying you he will cut me out of his will and leave everything to Aunt Betty and her six ugly daughters. Well, dearest, let him do it. It won't make them one bit prettier; and money won't buy them a sweetheart like mine. Do you really believe, Dick, that if I were sitting in a room full of gold with a sack of sovereigns in my hands and saw you outside, that I wouldn't throw the nasty stuff down and rush through the window into your arms? Dick, you don't know much about women. You'll have to take me as I am and begin the study at once."

"My love clasped me a little closer, but he sighed profoundly at the same time. "I can offer you no little," he said sadly, "nothing but my love and a share of my poverty. But I can work for you. I will work. My Uncle Richard has promised to help me to a berth in one of the Oriental mail ships, from which I can work my way up. But, Nancy, there is no rank in the merchant service that would meet with your father's approval."

"I am twenty-one!" I cried defiantly, "and if my father chooses to call you names and threaten me with the loss of a horrid lot of money—which only makes us into mean worldly wretches—I shall run away from him and it. I shall certainly run away, Dick, quite soon. You may please yourself whether you help me or leave me to do it alone."

After this bold speech I was forced to hide my shamed face on the breast of Dick's blue uniform; and there I heard his honest heart beating true love's answer to my words. His scruples all vanished, and in the next two hours he had settled the details of my flight. He was to return to Edinburgh, where he lodged with a dear old Scotch lady, of whom he had often spoken to me. I was to follow in a few days. We could be married quietly, and await Dick's appointment in blissful poverty.

I fear I thought very little of my lonely father that evening as I stole home across the wide park, scattering shadowy deer and flurried rabbits from the grassy paths.

My father had always been absorbed in business till he made his fortune, and had taken little notice of his motherless girl. I believe he was fond of her in a certain way, but wanted to keep me in leading-strings all my life. I was only a piece of the very handsome furniture in his splendid house, and had no more right to have an opinion on my own destiny than his easy chair had to say where it should stand. I left him, therefore, without thinking that it could cause him much grief, but I knew that intense anger, and wounded pride would make him very bitter against me and my almost penniless lover.

I seemed to live in a dream for the next two or three days, till I got Dick's final letter to say all was ready for me at Mrs. Nicholl's. His bright manly face, the ardent look in his gray eyes as we parted that last evening were ever before me. I went on, however, making very practical preparations, such as packing my plainest gowns, and leaving my finest garments in my huge wardrobe. I knew that the simple little lodgings—up three flights of stairs—would not fit in with "Liberty Art Silk" dinner dresses. It was more likely I should be cooking our dinner than dressing for it. In view of such a charming novelty I packed up some painting aprons with very smart pockets and bibs—which I knew Dick would think becoming.

I announced my intention of going to visit a school friend in Edinburgh, and my father, who never denied me small pleasures, kissed me at the door as he said good-by, told me to be a good girl and then, as the carriage drove rapidly off, turned to enter his study with an obvious air of relief.

His utter want of suspicion touched me with remorse for the first time. I half started up, and called faintly, "Father." But the cry was lost amid the roll of the wheels, and I was fain to drown my remorse in a flood of tears, which only ceased at the end of my long drive to the station.

For a last time a tall footman got my ticket for me, looked after my luggage and stood respectfully at the door of the compartment which he had secured for my exclusive use. I had recovered my spirits now, and laughed when I thought that the next journey I made would probably be by third-class, but with Dick—my husband—to protect me.

It is only a journey of a few hours to Edinburgh from my home. There, on the platform, stood my handsome, eager young lover, and by his side a plain but most benevolent-looking little old lady. She had two grey curls on each side of her round cheeks, and she nodded and smiled at me in the most friendly way as soon as Dick identified me by rushing forward as if to take my lonely compartment by storm.

Conducted "home" by these two enthusiastic creatures, I was shown into a charmingly clean, bright little flat perched like a bird's nest high above the picturesque town. An honest faced middle aged Scotch servant opened the door and said gravely,

"Ye'r welcome, meen."

"This is my Christie," explained Mrs. Nicholl, "and Mr. Gordon's great admirer." I smiled at her kind though rugged face. Were not all Dick's friends to be my friends now? She afterwards confided to Mrs. Nicholl that Miss Bell was "as bonnie a bride as she could ha' waled for him herself." Which was considered high praise.

Then came the happy days of preparation; the quiet "house" wedding, with only Mrs. Nicholl and Christie as witnesses, and the blissful fortnight in the small cottage in Arran, where Dick and I spent our honeymoon. I abjured wealth and luxury with a light heart. Late dinners and footmen, silk gowns

and ladies' maids, hothouse flowers and soft rolling carriages, all counted as nothing when I stepped lightly over the heather with my tall, brave husband beside me.

I did not think much about my father. I had sent him a letter from Edinburgh announcing my marriage; but he had taken no notice of it.

What did we care? We were absorbed in each other and in day dreams of the future. How foolish and how happy we were! We talked much of Dick's prospect and advancement. He called me "Mrs. Capt. Gordon," and dressed me in all the imaginable embroidery and jewels that a young sailor might find in India for his sweetheart. At last we left Elysium (in the form of a very uncomfortable but most romantic hut in the depths of a glen), and found ourselves one June evening being welcomed back to our rooms in Edinburgh by Mrs. Nicholl, whose grey curls fairly bristled with importance and pleasure, as she showed us into our part of the tiny house. Christie, in a gown that crackled with starch, hovered in the doorway to share in the pride of her mistress as we exclaimed and praised and wondered over everything. These two devoted women must have spent our honeymoon in a grand cleaning and super-polishing, for the furniture almost blinded us by its brilliancy. They had bought yards of white muslin and blue ribbons to convert Dick's bachelor room into a bower for his bride.

That very evening Dick wrote to his uncle about the promised appointment, giving his reasons (me) for desiring to increase his income as quickly as possible.

Our favorite recreation during the summer was to stroll in the evening on the outskirts of Edinburgh. We studied the exterior of small houses, furnishing them from our large stock of imagination, and placing ourselves as a finishing touch, now in the bow window of that little drawing room, now sitting on that green bench in the small garden. But always together, my darling—always together!

At last Dick heard that in a month he would be called upon to make the voyage to Bombay as first officer on board one of the splendid ships with which his uncle's firm was connected. He must go alone, and my heart drooped within me as I thought of the separation from my dearest and the perils of his journey. He only thought of me.

"Ah, how can I leave you, my pretty Nancy!" he cried, "you will grow pale and ill, and I shall not be there to comfort you. What a selfish brute I was to take you from your home and bring all this trouble upon you!"

I soothed him with brave words and told him how happy I should be with Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. I promised to take care of my health for his sake, and assured him that all would go well with me. He might be back early in April, he said, and this was December.

He was terribly moved at our parting, and as he strained me to his heart in a last embrace, he murmured: "God help me! I will come back to you, my pretty; I will come back to my Nancy!"

Then gently unclasping his hands from his neck, he placed me in Mrs. Nicholl's motherly arms and rushed from the house. Christie followed to bless him on the staircase, and I struggled up to the window in a last attempt to smile on his pale, upturned face and his troubled gray eyes, as he looked his final farewell. Then I slid quietly to the floor in my first fainting fit.

More than three months had passed since my dear husband so remorsefully and anxiously left me. Three months which held loneliness, much suffering, and in the end much joy.

I was inordinately proud of my baby boy; but my pride was as nothing compared to that of Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. They worshipped him, and often Christie would be caught, duster in hand, hanging over the cradle in speechless admiration when she was supposed to be polishing an already shining room. Mrs. Nicholl "understood babies," and was invaluable to me in my ignorance, and happy in imparting motherly advice.

For some time my heart had been strangely stirred toward my own father. I used to sit sewing, after Dick left home, pondering on the wonderful feelings that move a father's and mother's love toward their helpless little ones. Had my father felt thus toward me? Had my lovely mother—who portrait hung in my room in my old never-loved living face I had alas! never looked upon—felt those yearnings to clasp me in her arms which, for her, were never gratified? Ah! how cruel and heartless it must seem, when your baby grows up, for it to desert you as I had deserted my father.

Influenced by these things, I wrote to him a letter, begging him to come and see me, or even send me a word of forgiveness, but my letter was returned to me unopened. Some mutual friends of ours in Edinburgh told me that my father never mentioned my name; that he secluded himself in his house and grounds, never paid or received visits, and snubbed persistently the many gallant attempts of Aunt Betty to plant one, or all, of her ugly daughters upon his hearth. They told me also that he was changed—looked old and gray—and took life with a listless indifference strange in such an active man. After an interval of some months I wrote again to him, telling him with all a young mother's pride of my baby. The boy was remarkably like my father, having great dark eyes and a stubble of black hair that looked odd on his tiny baby head. My letter was not returned this time but no answer came.

Dick had written to me from every port they touched at on his way out. We had telegraphed our good news from Edinburgh, and now he was on his way home. Any hour I might get a telegram to say the ship had arrived. Then, I knew, no train could bring him fast enough to my side. My heart beat fast and my color rose as I thought of his joy when he should clasp "us" in his arms. I ran to the mirror to see if my "pretty Nancy" had lost any of her good looks. I cared only for his sake—he was so proud of my beauty. My face looked thinner, but my dark eyes shone bright with mother love; and certainly a fine color adorned my cheeks as Mrs. Nicholl came into the room in time to catch me smiling at my own reflection.

She had come to advise me "to look over Mr. Gordon's clothes and air them a bit at the fire; for no doubt the sea air would have spoilt all his things, and he would want a change" when he came home.

The delightful task I set myself with alacrity, hanging various blue flannel garments with brass buttons on a row of chairs

near the fire. As I turned out dear Dick's coats and neckties, which I had not had the heart to look at since he left, I felt as if his presence were very near to me now. One great pilot coat looked so like Dick himself that, after hugging it warmly, I consigned the brilliant idea of spreading it on the bed and laying my baby in it—just to see how he looked. The boy fought with me manfully, and refused to have his fat, mottled hand thrust under the rough sleeve, but catching sight of the bright gold buttons he laughed and cooed charmingly to them.

As I hung in admiration over his enchanting picture, Christie entered the room. She held in her hand a wonderful pair of socks, at which she had been working for many evenings to present to "the capt'n," as she would insist upon calling Dick. They were knitted in woolen lozenges and checks and stripes, till they looked like cribbage boards or anything but socks. She laid them with pride beside the slippers, and then noticed the baby, now falling asleep in Dick's coat.

"Eh! mem, Gu'd bless the innocent wee lamb! His father'll be the proud man to see sic a sight—I wish he would step ben."

My heart echoed the wish. Christie left the room hurriedly, saying: "I must look after yon lassie—she's breakin' every dish in the hoose!"

"Yon lassie" was a little red-haired girl, whom I had engaged to help me with my baby; but Christie threatened her with such awful punishment if she ever "dared to lay a finger on him," that she had turned into a small nondescript kind of general helper, only permitted to worship the baby at a distance in leisure moments. I heard her now stamping up the passage to open the front door in answer to a ring that had made my heart leap. Every ring might mean a telegram from Dick.

My bedroom opened off our small sitting-room, and as I heard the door softly open and close again, I looked up with my lap full of Dick's stockings, and saw—what made my heart bound once with incredible joy, and then seem to cease beating entirely.

I saw a man's tall, slim figure, clad in naval blue, exactly like my husband's—but the face was not Dick's face, and though young and kind, was very, very grave.

"Are you—are you—oh! who are you?" I asked in an agony of suspense. He looked like one tongue-tied with ill news.

"I—I am Dick Gordon's friend," he stammered, "and I have come—to—to call upon Mrs. Gordon."

Then, as his dismayed glance lighted upon the blue uniform coat, the baby asleep inside of it, and my questioning eyes, this strange young man muttered "Oh, Lord!" and turned as if to escape from the room.

"Stay!" I called in a voice that sounded to myself thin and weak. "Stay, and tell me what you mean. I am Mrs. Gordon. Where is my husband?"

"Oh! on board his ship of course. Isn't there any one else here but you? Can't I ring for some one?" he said, his eyes searching round the room for a bell and determinedly avoiding my face. Beads of perspiration started to his brow, and he seemed once more to be trying to get away. I grew sick, sick at heart.

"He is ill, or he would have been here before any one!" I cried.

Then, as he reluctantly caught my beseeching look, Dick's friend suddenly turned his back upon me. But not before I had seen his eyes—and they were full of tears.

"Dick is dead," I said in a curious voice that seemed to belong to some poor woman stricken cold with grief, but not to me.

Dick's friend had found the bell now, and was ringing so vigorously that Mrs. Nicholl, Christie and "yon lassie" all appeared at once, filling the little room with questions and agitations. Mrs. Nicholl gave one look at my face, and then ran to catch me in her arms. I pushed her back, and again said in that dull, cold voice:

"Dick is dead!"

She looked at the young man, and I saw him bend his head in mournful assent.

I did not lose consciousness, but all at once my life seemed to be ebbing away from my heart and limbs. When Mrs. Nicholl led me to the sofa, and sat with her kind arms pressing my head to her breast, I simply lay helpless—powerless to look or feel—but hearing every word.

Dick's friend, now reassured by the presence of the other women, stammered forth a broken narrative.

Dick had come on board at Bombay with the beginning of rheumatic fever upon him—had been very ill—had struggled back to life, nursed by this good friend—and then—and then—just as home was nearing, had been found dead in his sleep of heart disease.

Dick had talked much to his friend of his wife and child. He made him promise that "if anything happened" he would go to my father first, to implore his protection for me and my little one, and then come to break "it" gently to me.

"He thought of nothing but them all the voyage," said the young man huskily. "And he said I was to bring his watch for his little son."

I looked up at this and saw him, as Dick's old watch—that looked like a familiar face—softly upon the table. As he did so two great tears dropped beside it. How strange that he could cry! His tears must be warm, and I felt so cold—so cold that no warmth could ever come into my frozen veins again.

"Is there nothing for me?" I asked.

Dick's friend looked for a moment at me, and then said unweary:

"He told me—if he died—I was to give his love to his 'pretty Nancy.'"

The poor young fellow had turned his eyes to the door while speaking. He now rushed out—muttering that he would come again.

But though he wrote to me, I never saw him more.

Torpor took possession of me again. I thought this chill creeping through my veins must mean death; and I was glad in a dull way that it was so easy to join my Dick.

My gallant, handsome Dick! How thin and pale and cold he must be now! But I was coming to him—and surely he would unclove those pale lips and smile at his "pretty Nancy" still.

I could hear the faint rustle of the women busy about me; I could smell the brandy they were rubbing on my lips. But I did not want to be roused—I wanted to lie thus till I saw Dick's spirit meeting mine.

Suddenly a tiny cry—growing even louder and clearer—pierced through the stupor in my brain. I tried to shut it out; but it rang in my unwilling ears, and something—could it be my dead heart?—fluttered in answer. I staggered to my feet, and walked swiftly straight to the bed, where my baby lay, just waking from sleep and calling

for me. As his soft face touched mine the ice in my veins melted, and a rush of warm tears made me feel that I still lived—lived to suffer and be lonely, indeed, but to guard Dick's boy.

"Yon lassie" had stolen from the room to attend the door once more; but, warned by her late indiscretion, she called Christie out to interrogate some visitor.

In a second they were both pushed aside, and, with my baby in my arms, I looked up to meet my father's eyes.

He stood in the doorway—white-haired, thin, and strangely aged; but, with a look of love and pity in his dark eyes which I had never seen there before, he stretched out two eager, trembling hands toward me and Dick's child.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—Bless, we pray thee, the city in which we dwell. Grant that it may be favored of God. It has been favored of him; and it shall be. Come thou, then, to purge away all evil, to strengthen us in all that is good in the sight of God and of man; and abide with us, that it may be a city of the Most High. We pray that thou wilt bless our land. Bless those who in various ways and in various spheres are seeking its uplifting, its fuller development, its power, and its usefulness. All over the earth may its light be diffused throughout darkness; and though the darkness comprehend it not, may it be rolled back until on every island, in every continent, and around the whole world, men shall be found strong in reason, in conscience, and in love, as the children of God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Tuesday—The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean will leave a track behind for evermore. The lightest wave of influence, set in motion and extended widens to the eternal shore; We should be wary, then, who go before a myriad set to be; and we should take Our bearings carefully where breakers roar And fear'd tempests gather; one mistake May wreck unnumber'd barks that follow in our wake!—Anon.

Wednesday—The well-spring of day, fresh and exuberant, as if new first from the holy will of the Father of lights, gushed into the basin of the world, and the world was more glad than tongue or pen can tell. The spiritual light alone, dawning upon the human heart, can exceed the marvel of such a sunrise. And shall life be less beautiful than one of its days? Do not believe it! In all the shadow thrown upon the universe where their own dusky souls come between it and the eternal sun—life; and then mourn that it should be less bright than the hopes of their childhood. Keep thou thy soul translucent, that thou mayest never see its shadows * * * or rather, would I say, become thou pure in heart, and thou shalt see God, whose vision alone is life.—George Macdonald.

Thursday—To-morrow, Lord is thine, Lodged in Thy sovereign hand; And if its sun arise and shine, It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies, And bears our life away; O, make Thy servants truly wise, That they may live to-day.

Since on this fleeting hour Eternity hangs, Awake, by Thine almighty power, The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care; O, be that still pursued, Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renewed.

—James Montgomery.

Friday—Imagine a man who disbelieves everything he cannot see with his naked eye. Suppose that it should come to pass tomorrow that everything shall be taken away that cannot be read by the naked eye; What will come? Shut up the heavens, for astronomy must go, and cover over the naked eye. All science, indeed, would be impoverished, insulted, degraded. Yet, the man who can not read his own mother's letter without the aid of an eye-glass insists upon reading the infinite and eternal God by his own unassisted powers. I charge him before God's face with insulting his own common sense and contradicting the highest experiences of mankind.—Joseph Parker.

Saturday— I can not tell the manner Thou fallest all to me, How every sunset banner Is blazoned out with Thee, And seems before the portals Of some diviner west, To marshal weary mortals, Oward into rest.

—Wade Robinson.

The China-Closet.

Sing a song of china, a closet deep and wide—
Rows and rows of dishes, setting side by side;
When the door is open, 'tis goodly to behold
Dainty shining crystal—the tea-set white and gold.
Grandma's blue-sprigged china on the upper shelf
(Grandma used to wash it and dry each piece herself),
Hoping, poor old lady, if living not to see,
That future generations might from the cups drink tea.

Sing a song of breakage—a closet deep and wide—
Cracked and broken dishes setting side by side;
When the door stands open 'tis awful to behold
Fragmentary crystals—the tea-set'—minus gold.
Grandma's blue-sprigged china—search well the upper shelf;
Not a piece to tell the tale of this shattered self;
Well is it for Grandma she has not lived to see!
Those quaintly fashioned teacups will never more hold tea.

Sing a song of Bridget—of Mary Ann—of Kate—
The coming, going, restless tide, who form the family fate.
Heaps of sea-washed wreckage strewn along the shore
Tell of devastating storms when the fury's o'er.
Softly close the closet-door—shattered treasures hide,
There's no balm to heal these wounds, though we search world-wide.
Balm will not heal china-ware, nor the sad heart rent;
Nothing now remains to do but to try cement!

PERSONALS.

The latest turnout of the German Emperor is an open carriage drawn by four white Hungarian stallions. Recently he set out to ride in it from Berlin to Potsdam, twenty miles, and it was expected that they would make it in about 100 minutes. They beat all expectations by doing it in 70.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is about to appoint woman commissioners to take testimony in the harems. They must possess a knowledge of law and of the Urdu, Persian, Arabic, and English languages. They will receive a handsome salary and a guarantee of employment for a term of years.

M. Gounod, best known to the public as composer of *Pastorals*, but the author as well of a whole library of music, is a man of intense religious feeling. He has gradually become more and more ascetic in his habits, until he now lives almost the life of a hermit, and it is feared that he may deny himself the delight of further musical composition, as too worldly and self-indulgent an employment.

The German Emperor rises early, takes a light breakfast, and goes for a little exercise, after which he takes a second breakfast, this time of an omelette, ham and eggs, a mutton loin or broth, boiled meat with vegetables, followed by roast meat and pudding, and if there is company present an entree and an ice. His supper is of meat or fish and pudding. His favorite dishes are *poulets sautes*, with potatoes or baked fish, especially perch, pike, sole, or turbot.

Emperor William II. who has developed a mania for uniforms, has recently established a body guard to do duty before the apartments of the Empress in the palace, and to act as her escort on state occasions, whose uniforms consist, for palace duty, of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings, and huge silver knots in black, white, and silver; a white waistcoat coming down low, white trousers, and "jack" boots. There is also a black velvet three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather in the Prussian colors. The escort uniform has the hat replaced by a helmet of polished steel, crested with a golden eagle.

Prince Albert Victor, during his visit to the Maharajah of Jeypore, was entertained by a performance, some of the features of which are thus described: "The elephants, on entering the open space, chased away, it is said, the thirty or forty spearmen who incited them to the combat, and thereupon they charged each other. After fighting with equal success for some time, they were separated with charges of gunpowder smoke directed toward them. The royal party then went to another open court, where the fights were carried on in succession between pairs of quail, partridges, cocks, black hucks, hogs, deer, rams, sambruh, boars, and buffaloes. The animals were all in excellent condition and fought with great fury, especially the rams, sambruh, and boars."

Nothing daunted by the sad fate of his predecessors, the Rev. Mr. Tucker, a robust young curate of England, is about to start for the dark continent as Episcopal Bishop of Equatorial Africa. Two years ago, at a great Episcopal missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, a cablegram from Zanzibar was handed to the Chairman. It threw a gloom over the great audience, for it announced the death on the shores of Victoria Nyassa of Bishop Parker, whom Mr. Tucker will now succeed. Thus far these Bishops have held their office less than two years each, and the first of them, Bishop Hannington, was cruelly murdered by order of King Mwanga, whose Christian subjects have just restored him to the throne of Uganda; and yet, in spite of the sad history of this bishopric, there were nearly fifty volunteers for the service in which Hannington and Parker perished.

The Avaricious Deacon and His Son-in-Law's Remarkable Dream.

In a certain town lived an old deacon who was noted for his grasping, avaricious disposition. He had several grown-up sons and a son-in-law—Dave—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, whose chief delight was in "working" the old man. One day when all hands were at work in the hay-field, the deacon stopped and leaning on his rake told the "boys" a story of a wonderful dream he had had, wherein he was transported to the realms of bliss, and wonderful indeed were the sights he had seen there. Dave listened, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, until the old gentleman finished his story, and then proceeded (as was his habit) to tell a bigger one. He also had been transported to the heavenly land, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of that place discounted the old man's by long odds. But suddenly Dave found himself out of that glorious place and standing before a pair of massive stone gates, above which was written, in characters of fire, the word "Hades." He knocked and was admitted, and calling a little imp asked to be shown the sights. His guide showed him two cells with their tortured inmates. "All at once," said Dave, "as we were walking along, we came to where there was a monstrous kettle, filled with a sulphurous liquid, boiling at a terrific rate, in which I noticed a great many queer looking black lumps and inquired what they were. Well, you see," said the guide, "there are a lot of these fellows who come down here who have such small souls that if we should put them in a cell we could never find them again, and so we have fixed this arrangement, and taking a ladle he fished out one of the lumps, cooled it with his breath and handed it to me to look at. It was of iron about the size of a goose egg with a hinge on one side and a lock upon the other, and a name written in the iron. Is it possible, I inquired, that any human being could have a soul small enough to occupy the hole which you tell me is inside of this? 'Oh, yes,' said the imp, 'where did you come from?' I told him and he went around to the other side and began fishing up the lumps and reading the names on them, and to my surprise, the names of several whom I had known, and finally wound up with the name of Deacon, and the question: 'Did you know him?' 'Know him?' I replied; 'why, he was my father-in-law. I know he was small, but it isn't possible that he was small enough to go into one of those things, is it?' 'Yes,' said the imp. 'He is all in there,' and was about to throw the egg back into the kettle, when suddenly he stopped, held it up to his ear, shook it and exclaimed: 'Holy Moses! There's room enough in there for another.