



The Family Circle.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"I don't think, Grumio, that you ought to call me lambs and pigeon pies just now," remarked the Princess, judiciously. "Do you think it's respectful? they don't in Shakespeare, I'm sure."

"I won't do it again, Honey—I mean Madam," said the Captain, bowing with great humility. "I beg your honorable majesty's pardon, and I won't never presume to—"

"Yes, you will!" cried the Princess, flinging herself across the table at him, and nearly choking him with the sudden violence of her embrace. "You shall call me pigeon pie, and anything else you like. You shall call me rye porridge, though I hate it, and it's always full of lumps. And don't ever look that way again; it kills me!"

The Captain quietly removed the clinging arms, and kissed them, and sat the half-weeping child back in her place. "There, there, there!" he said soothingly. "What a little tempest it is!"

"Say 'delicate Ariel,'" sobbed Star. "You haven't said it to-day, and you always say it when you love me."

"Cream Cheese from the dairy of Heaven," replied the Captain; "if I always said it when I loved you, I should be saying it every minute of time, as well you know. But you are my delicate Ariel, so you are, and there ain't nothin' in the hull book as suits you better. So!" and his supper ended, the good man turned his chair again to the fire, and took the child, once more smiling, upon his knee.

"And now, Ariel, what have you been doing all the time I was away? Tell Daddy all about it."

Star pondered a moment, with her head on one side, and a finger hooked confidentially through the Captain's buttonhole. "Well," she said, "I've had a very interesting time, Daddy Captain. First I cleaned the lamps, of course, and filled and trimmed them. And then I played Samson a good while; and—"

"And how might you play Samson?" inquired the captain.

"With flies!" replied Star, promptly. "Heaps upon heaps, you know; 'With the jaw-bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men.' The flies were the Philistines, and I took a clam-shell for the jaw-bone; it did just as well. And I made a song out of it, to one of the tunes you whistle; 'With the jaw-bone! with the jaw-bone! with the jaw-bone of an ass!' It was very exciting."

"Must ha' been," said the Captain, dryly. "Well, Honeysuckle, what did you do then?"

"Oh, that took some time!" said the child. "And afterward I fished a little,

but I didn't catch anything, 'cept an old flounder, and he winked at me so, I put him back. And then I thought a long time—oh! a very long time, sitting like Patience on the doorstep. And suddenly, Daddy Captain, I thought about those boxes of clothes, and how you said they would be mine when I was big. And I measured myself against the doorpost, and found that I was very big. I thought I must be almost as big as you, but I s'pose I'd forgotten how big you were. So I went up, and opened one box, and I was just putting the dress on when you came in. You knew where it came from, of course, Daddy, the moment you saw it."

The Captain nodded gravely, and pulled his long moustache.

"Do you suppose my poor mamma wore it often?" the child went on eagerly. "Do you think she looked like me when she wore it? Do I look as she did when you saw her?"

"Wal," began the Captain, meditatively; but Star ran on without waiting for an answer.

"Of course, though, she looked very different, because she was dead. You are quite very positively sure my poor mamma was dead, Daddy Captain?"

"She were," replied the Captain, with emphasis. "She were that, Pigeon Pie! You couldn't find nobody deader, not if you'd searched for a week. Why, door nails, and Julius Caesar, and things o' that description, would ha' been lively compared with your poor ma when I see her. Lively! that's what they'd ha' been."

The child nodded with an air of familiar interest, wholly untinged with sadness. "I think," she said, laying her head against the old man's shoulder, and curling one arm about his neck, "I think I should like to hear about it again, please, Daddy. It's a long, long time since you told me the whole of it."

"Much as a month, I should think it must be," assented the Captain. "Why, Snowdrop, you know the story by heart, better'n I do, I believe. 'Pears to me I've told it reg'lar, once a month or so, ever since you were old enough to understand it."

"Never mind!" said the Princess, with an imperious gesture. "That makes no difference. I want it now!"

"Wal, wal!" said the Captain, smoothing back the golden hair. "If you want it, why of course you must have it, Blossom! But first I must light up, ye know. One star inside the old house, and the other atop of it; that's what makes Light Island the lightest spot in the natural world. Sit ye here, Star Bright, and play princess till Daddy comes back!"

CHAPTER II.—THE STORY.

The lamps were lighted, and the long, level rays flashed their golden warning over the murmuring darkness of the summer sea, giving cheer to many hearts on in-bound barque or schooner. Bright indeed was the star on the top of the old light-house; but no less radiant was the face of little Star, as she turned it eagerly toward Captain January, and waited for the beginning of the well-known and well-loved story.

"Wal," said the Captain, when his pipe was refilled and drawing bravely. "Let me see now! where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning!" said Star, promptly. "Jes' so!" assented the old man. "Ten year ago this—"

"No! No!" cried the child. "That isn't the beginning, Daddy! That's almost half-way to the middle. 'When I was a young lad.' That's the beginning."

"Bound to have it all, are ye, Honeysuckle?" said the obedient Captain. "Wal! wal! when I were a young lad, I was a wild un, ye see, Treasure. My father, he 'prenticed me to a blacksmith, being big and strong for my years; but I hadn't no heart for the work. All I cared about was the sea, and boats, and sailors, and sea talk. I ran away down to the wharf whenever I could get a chance, and left my work. Why, even when I went to meetin' 'stead o' listenin' to the minister, I was lookin' out the places about them as go down to the sea in ships, ye know, and 'that leviathan whom thou hast made,' and all that. And there was Hiram, King of Tyre, and his ships! How I used to think about them ships, and wonder how they was rigged, and how many tons they

were, and all about it. Yes; I was a wild un, and no mistake; and after a while I got so roused up—after my mother died, it was, and my father married again—that I just run away, and shipped aboard of a whaler, bound for the north seas. Wal, Honey, 'twould take me a week to tell ye about all my voyages. Long and short of it, 'twas the life I was meant for, and I done well in it. Had tumbles and toss-ups, here and there, same as everybody has in any kind o' life; but I done well, and by the time I was forty years old I was captain of the "Bonito," East Indian, sailin' from New York to Calcutta."

The Captain paused, and puffed gravely at his pipe for a few minutes.

"Well, Rosebud," he continued presently, "you know what comes next. The "Bonito" was cast away, in a cyclone, on a desert island, and all hands lost, except me and one other."

"Dear Daddy! poor Daddy!" cried the child, putting her little hands up to the weather-beaten face, and drawing it down to hers. "Don't talk about that dreadful part. Go on to the next!"

"No, I won't talk about it, Star Bright!" said the old man, very gravely. "Fust place I can't, and second place it ain't fit for little maids to hear of. But I lived on that island fifteen years,—five years with my good mate Job Hotham, and ten years alone, after Job died. When a ship kem by, after that, and took me off, I'd forgot most everything, and was partly like the beasts that perish; but it kem back to me. Slow, like, and by fits, as you may say; but it kem back, all there was before, and maybe a good bit more!"

"Poor Daddy!" murmured the child again, pressing her soft cheek against the white beard. "It's all over now! Don't think of it! I am here, Daddy, loving you; loving you all to pieces, you know!"

The old man was silent for a few minutes, caressing the little white hands which lay like twin snowflakes in his broad, brown palm. Then he resumed cheerfully:—

"And so, Cream Cheese from the dairy of Heaven, I kem home. Your old Daddy kem home, and landed on the same wharf he'd sailed from twenty-five years before. Not direct, you understand, but takin' steamer from New York, and so on! Wal, there wa'n't nobody that knew me, or cared for me. Father was dead, and his wife; and their children, as weren't born when I sailed from home, were growed up and gone away. No, there wa'n't nobody, Wal, I tried for a spell to settle down and live like other folks, but 'twan't no use. I wasn't used to the life, and I couldn't stand it. For ten years I hadn't heard the sound of a human voice, and now they was buzz, buzzin' all the time; it seemed as if there was a swarm of wasps round my ears the everlastin' day. Buzz! buzz! and then clack! clack! like an everlastin' mill-clapper; and folks starin' at my brown face and white hair, and askin' me foolish questions. I couldn't stand it, that was all. I heard that a light-keeper was wanted here, and I asked for the place, and got it. And that's all of the fust part, Peach Blossom."

And the child drew a long breath, and her face glowed with eager anticipation. "And now, Daddy Captain," she said, "now you may say, 'Ten years ago this fall!'"

"Ten years ago this fall," said the Captain, meekly acquiescing, "on the fourteenth day of September, as ever was, I looks out from the tower, bein' a-fillin' of the lamps, and says I, 'There's a storm comin'!' So I made all taut above and below, and fastened the door, and took my glass and went out on the rocks, to see how things looked. Wal, they looked pooty bad. There had been a heavy sea on for a couple o' days, and the clouds that was comin' up didn't look as if they was goin' to smooth it down any. There was a kind o' brassy look over everythin', and when the wind began to rise, it wa'n't with no nat'ral sound, but a kind of screech to it, on'arthy like. Wal, thar! the wind did rise, and it riz to stay. In half an hour it was blowin' half a gale; in an hour it blew a gale, and as tough a one (barrin' cyclones) as ever I see. 'T had like to ha' blown me off my pins, half a dozen times. Then nat'rally the sea kem up; and 'twas all creation on them rocks, now I tell ye. 'The sea mountin' to the welkin's choek'; ye remember, Pigeon Pie?"

The child nodded eagerly. "Tempest!" she said, Act I, Scene 2: "Enter Prosper! and Miranda." Go on, Daddy!"

"Wal, my Lily Flower," continued the old man. "And the storm went on. It roared, it bellowed, and it screeched; it thumped and it kerwhalloped. The great sea would come bunt up agin the rocks, as if they was bound to go right through to Jersey City, which they used to say was the end of the world. Then they'd go scoopin' back, as if they was callin' all their friends and neighbors to help; and then, bang! they'd come at it agin. The spray was flyin' in great white sheets, and whiles, it seemed as the hull island was goin' to be swallowed up then and thar. 'Taint nothin' but a little heap o' rocks, anyhow, to face the hull Atlantic Ocean gone mad; and on that heap o' rocks was Januarius Judkins, holdin' on for dear life, and feelin' like a hoppergrass that had got lost in Niag'ry Falls."

"Don't say that name, Daddy!" interrupted the child. "You know I don't like it. Say 'Captain January!'"

"I tell ye, Honeysuckle," said the old man. "I felt more like a sea-cook than a cap'n that night. A cap'n on a quarter deck's a good thing; but a cap'n on a pint o' rock, out to sea in a north-east gale, might just as well be a fo'c'sle hand and done with it. Wal, as I was holding on thar, I seed a flash to windward, as wasn't lightning; and the next minute kem a sound as wasn't thunder nor yet wind nor sea."

"The guns! the guns!" cried the child, in great excitement. "The guns of my poor mamma's ship. And then you heard them again, Daddy?"

"Then I heard them agin!" the old man assented. "And agin! a flash, and a boom!" and then in a minute agin, a flash and a boom! "Oh, Lord!" says I. "Take her by to the mainland, and put her ashore there!" I says; cause there's a life-saving station thar, ye know, Blossom, and there might be some chance for them as were in her. But the Lord had his views, my dear, the Lord had his views! Amen! so be it! In another minute there kem a break in the clouds, and thar she was, comin' full head on, straight for Light Island. Oh! my little Star, that was an awful thing to see. And I couldn't do nothin', you understand. Not a livin' airthly thing could I do, 'cept hide my face agin the rock I was clingin' to, and say, 'Dear Lord, take 'em easy! It's thy will as they should be took,' I says, 'and there ain't no one to hender, if so be as they could. But take 'em easy, good Lord, an' take 'em suddin!'"

"And he did!" cried the child. "The good Lord did take 'em sudden, didn't he, Daddy Captain?"

"He did, my child!" said the old man, solemnly. "They was all home, them that was goin', in ten minutes from the time I saw the ship. You know the Roarin' Bull, as sticks his horns out o' water just to windward of us? the cruellest rock on the coast, he is, and the treacherousest; and the ship struck him full and fair on the starboard quarter, and in ten minutes she was kindlin' wood, as ye may say. The Lord rest their souls as went down in her! Amen!"

"Amen!" said little Star, softly. But she added in an eager tone, "And now, Daddy, you are coming to me!"

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Take time; it is no use to fumble or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them in a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.—Selected.