

# A SUFFICIENT REPARATION.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

'Abner Wilcox, what have you done with my husband?'

The voice was stern and menacing. She stood in the center of the small, plain, carefully kept room. A shapely forefinger was shaken at the drooping figure that stood, hat in hand, in the doorway. A shaded lamp was on the small table at the side of the room; a few framed photographs and prints on the walls; a carpet with red figures on the floor; a shining cooking stove at the chimney; above it the small mantel shelf with a few ornaments. He saw it all, and yet it was as if he saw nothing. His face was turned to the floor. Signs of uncontrollable emotion were on him and his frame shook and his hands trembled in the agony of his soul.

He saw the picture before him, and yet his mind was full of another picture that seemed as if it would possess him for evermore. He saw a small fishing schooner heaving in for Pollock Rip on the Massachusetts shore. The night was dark and squally. The tide was sweeping out to sea, and until it should turn the progress was slow. The skipper was at the wheel. The small standing staysail had been taken in, and the husband of the woman, James Hallett, had gone aloft in the dark to furl it. The skipper threw the schooner in stays while he was coming down the fore rigging. Just as he reached the rail, 'Draw away!' came from aft, and then a rush of the great jib as it flew to leeward on the traveler. The block of the sheet struck him fairly and hurled him into the gloom overboard. Then Abner Wilcox knew that when he had let go the tail of the sheets he had made this woman a widow.

Movable articles were thrown overboard; boats were in the water almost instantly, three or four of them, the handy dories of the fishing service, and search was made everywhere, but in vain; James Hallett was gone. When the boats returned from their fruitless search Abner Wilcox was found insensible on deck. He came out of this swoon only to rave of what he had done and to rehearse the scene in his delirium. The skipper ran his vessel for Boston, and the delirious man was sent to the hospital, and rough but feeling hearts broke the sad news to the bereaved wife.

Abner Wilcox and James Hallett had been boys together on the sandy shores of Cape Cod. They swam, fished, boated, dug for clams and followed all the occupations peculiar to their class and surroundings, and both fell in love with the same girl. Abner was a silent, reserved, rather awkward young man. He loved Mary Crowell with all his heart, yet before he could must courage to tell his love, James, bright, gay and light hearted, had sought and won the prize. She knew how it was with him. She had seen his shy, ardent looks, the faint flush that had tinged his cheeks in her presence, his awkward embarrassment when she spoke to him, and her woman's soul delighted to torment him and she did so.

When James Hallett married Mary Crowell, Wilcox had a terrible despairing time with his own soul. Out upon the sandy beach, alone in a terrible storm, he fought and conquered, and a new nature came upon him and a man was born again. He loved Mary Hallett still, but with a purified love that was devotion. Her two little girls he idolized. He was their abject slave. He wrought and toiled for them, saved and kept for them and he loved them well. Now, what had he done? His hand had, although unwittingly, bereaved those whom he loved so well, robbed them of husband and father, made their house desolate indeed unto them. After a wasting illness he regained his senses and some strength. He would gladly have died, but his life was not his own. It must be devoted to those whom he had so injured, and in his heart of hearts he so devoted it.

When sufficiently recovered he went to the sandy Cape again. He could not muster courage to approach the house until after night fell, and so it came to pass that he stood in the door at eventide and looked for a moment upon the young widow. And she—in the violence of her pain and bereavement, her passion broke forth in uncontrollable fury.

'You enemy, you murderer, you false friend, how dare you come into my presence? Did you think that after you had killed my husband I might smile at you? Do you suppose, Abner Wilcox, that I will ever believe that you did not let that jib sheet fly on purpose? Did you think that I might ever love you? You were never fit to clean the shoes of the man you killed that night, you false wretch!'

This was more than he had anticipated. He writhed and trembled under the fierce invective. He shuddered and felt as if his

heart would break; but the very fire of the vindictive passion of the young woman, as well as the utter injustice of the attack, calmed him somewhat and he answered at last: 'Mary, God knows my heart, and it is very sore, but your husband or any one dear to you would never knowingly receive harm from me. Your husband's death was an utter accident, although it came from me.'

'Abner Wilcox,' she answered, 'if an angel from Heaven came to tell me that you were innocent I would not believe him. You stand in that door, wretch that you are, where my husband ought to be. Living or dead I will never forgive you for the wrong you have done me.' She paused a moment, almost breathless with her wrath. Then, with impious passion, she continued: 'Go down to the bottom of the sea where my darling is lying and bring him back to me again alive and well; then I will forgive you and not before.'

Holding his hand before his face as if to ward off a threatened blow, Abner Wilcox turned away, softly closed the door and went out in the gloom of the night and came back no more. And Mary Hallett, her fury spent, sank sobbing on her knees before her chair and prayed God to pardon her for her burst of impious wrath.

The sloop-of-war Pilgrim had sailed from Boston for South America, and was running out the south channel with a brisk north-west wind and a smooth sea. It was the morning watch. The lookouts had been called in, the running lights extinguished, a man sent to the masthead, and Lieutenant Parker, the officer of the deck, brisk, alert and commanding, was issuing his orders, trimming sail and preparing to give the ship her morning bath and toilet. Suddenly from the masthead came the hail:

'On deck there!'  
'What is it?' from the officer.  
'Something in the water off the star-board bow, sir.'

'Can you make it out?'  
'Not yet, sir.'  
'Quartermaster, aloft with a glass.'

And soon the petty officer was on the foreyard, gazing intently into the sea with his binocular. 'Man on a ladder, sir,' hailed the quartermaster.  
'Watch, shorten sail,' shouted the officer.  
'Lifeboat's crew away. Orderly, call the captain. Royal clew lines—flying jib down haul—lively, my lads!—in light sails—clew garnets and buntlines—up courses—lee afterbraces—brace up aft—head yards square—fly the jib sheets—down helm!' and the Pilgrim lay to with her head yards aback, and the boat was soon in the water pulling for a white object on the lee bow. Returning quickly a man was passed up the side and down to the sick bay, where the surgeon was ready for him.

Apparently dead, yet all means of resuscitation were applied, and at last faint signs of life showed; yet when fully restored his mind seemed wandering, and Dr. Turner was puzzled for the time, but waited for more developments. Under opiates the patient slept.

The Pilgrim filled away on her course, and under all sail made a strait wake for the north-east trades. The able physician could not make out the case of his patient. A severe bruise was on the side of his head and face, but there seemed a mental aberration and an inability to answer questions intelligently. When asked his name he answered 'Mary Crowell.' Asked how he came in the water, he replied 'Staysail.' To the question where he lived he said 'Tack ship.' His bodily strength returned somewhat, but his mind was weak and wavering and his memory too dim to be of any use.

In due time the Pilgrim arrived at Rio Janeiro. The unknown waif picked up at sea was turned over to the care of the American consul and by him placed in the hospital. He was quiet and harmless, gave very little trouble, but his reason seemed lost. The charming climate and surroundings had a good effect upon the bodily health of the young man. From the windows of the hospital he could see the magnificent harbor and the ships lying at anchor there. These seemed to interest him, but he always appeared to be searching for something among them that he could not find. A tawny silky beard grew upon his face, his form filled out, and but for the vacant expression in his eyes he was all that manly beauty and symmetry of form could express.

One day a beautiful little schooner came in from sea. Her snowy sails would have revealed her nationality at once, even if the stary flag had not flown from her peak. She seemed to interest the hapless patient greatly. When just in front of the hospital she gracefully tacked, and at the proper moment he shouted 'Draw away,' and as

the jib swung across the deck he was greatly excited and seemed to be struggling with some memory, but could not concentrate his mind upon it. He watched the little vessel until she anchored, and would look at her for hours while she remained in the harbor, but at last she went away and he saw her no more.

Abner Wilcox grew pale and thin. He visited a grave lawyer in the city and told him his sad story. He made his will, leaving his little belongings to Mary and the children, and then he went to sea with a great sadness in his heart and a desire for death and rest. The bark Pursuit, outward bound for San Francisco, was struck by a pampéro off the Rio de la Plata and dismasted. When the gale abated jury masts were rigged, and the captain was able to get his ship into Rio Janeiro for repairs. One of the crew had been severely injured in the disaster and was sent to the hospital upon the arrival of the ship. On the succeeding Sunday Abner Wilcox, seaman on this vessel, asked permission to visit his shipmate at the hospital, and receiving it, went on shore. He wandered about the beautiful city, visiting the objects of interest and viewing the splendid scenery of the vicinity, and when the visiting hour arrived presented himself at the entrance and was admitted.

The injured shipmate was rapidly improving under the skilful care of the surgeon in charge, and Abner contributed to his comfort as he could, and was about to leave the place, when turning, he encountered a face and form that would never be effaced from his memory. Pressing his hands to his heart, struggling for breath, he murmured 'James Hallett,' and fell fainting on the floor. When he recovered kind people were about him and were ministering to him. He was bewildered for a moment, but standing near was a form that brought back recollection, and he covered his face with his hands and thankful tears fell from his eyes and grateful prayers rose from his heart. James Hallett's face wore a troubled and perplexed look. His hand was pressed to his head. He watched Abner closely and refused to leave the room. The latter slowly rose and approached him.

'James,' said he, 'don't you know me?' Still the strange look of perplexity was in the troubled eyes.  
The surgeon then gave Abner a short history of this case that had perplexed them so much, and with a look of intense pity in his eyes Abner Wilcox vowed in his heart that his should be the task to restore his old friend to life and light and love again. He told the surgeon the strange story, and that intelligent officer saw at once the best hope for the afflicted and bewildered man.

'James Hallett,' said Abner, slowly and distinctly, 'I am your old friend Abner Wilcox. Don't you remember me?'

The vacant eyes brightened a little, but the look of trouble remained.  
'James,' continued his friend, 'have you forgotten Mary and the children and the little home in Wellfleet? Have you no recollection of the schooner Matchless in which we were fishing together? Do you not remember one dark night we were beating up from Pollock Rip and you went aloft to furl the staysail, and as you were coming down we tacked ship?'

Here the drooping head was raised, the vacant eyes flashed fire and James shouted 'Hold on that jib sheet, Abner; my foot is caught,' and throwing up his arms and shrieking as though fearful of a blow, he fell heavily on the floor.

They raised him, applied restoratives and shortly after he slowly opened his eyes. All stood back but Abner Wilcox.

'Hello, Abner!' said he, raising himself on his elbow, 'have I been asleep long? Is it my watch? Why, how is this? What place is this? How did I get here? Where is the schooner and the skipper?'

'Gently, Jimmy,' said his friend, 'we will talk it over some other time. You have been sick for a while.'

'Nonsense, boy!' said James. 'I am all right. Why, I feel splendid. I will get up and look around a little, and you shall tell me all about it.'

And then the whole story was told James.

'And the wife and the children?'

'They were well, but mourning him as dead, and no way of getting the news to them.'

His impatience knew no bounds. He must fly to them at once.  
A light twinkled in a little cottage off Cape Cod. A sad eyed widow held her children to her heart and wept as she told them of the father that was no more, and then more calmly of the glorious hope that the season gave of a blessed meeting with him beyond the stars.

Toward the feeble light two men hastened. One pressed impatiently on in advance of the other, who toiled along with quick, gasping breath, and his hand pressed to his heart. A look of pain was on his face, but he made no sign and hurried on in the footsteps of him who had gone before. It was a glorious night. No cloud obscured the brilliancy of the northern constella-

tions. A light fall of snow had covered the earth out of sight and added a luminous glow to the scene.

'James,' said the rear-most man, 'do not linger for me. Press on, to give them the glad surprise that your coming will be. I have no place there. I will come in later.'

'Nonsense, Abner,' said James; 'the truest and most faithful friend I ever had shall share my joy this night. Come with me.'

'I will follow, James; go you on at once.'

'Mamma,' said little Minnie, 'is God glad to-night that people are so happy?'

'My child, we must be certain that He is, and also that He grieves with those who are sorrowful.'

'Will my dear papa know in Heaven that we miss him to-night, mamma?'

'We must believe so, my darling.'

'Yes,' said a strong voice from the door, 'but you will mourn no more, my darlings, for the dead is alive again and I am here.'

To picture the scene that followed, with its precious emotions, is not for my pen. It was a Christmas eve full of sacred joy and perfect love.

After a time Jimmie said: 'Why, where is Abner?'

A cloud came over the brow of the happy wife and she asked: 'Why, my dear husband, what do we want of him? We are happy enough without strangers to-night?'

'Mary, you do not know,' said he, 'You would never have had me back if it were not for him. I must seek for him.'

They had not far to look, for, having finished the task that had been marked out for him by the bereaved wife, having found the one who was lost and restored him to the arms of those who loved him best, he was lying peacefully on the snow, with a smile on his worn face, for Abner Wilcox, seaman, fisherman and gentleman, was dead.

—Harper's Weekly.

## WALL PAPERING.

Suggestions to Any Courageous Amateur About to try a Hand at it.

The cost of papering lies nowadays largely in the labor employed. So a sight of the many pretty papers that can be cheaply bought is apt to inspire a housewife with a desire to try her own hand at wall papering. To such an ambitious soul the following hints may be helpful:

Select from the household one patient, sympathetic helper and banish all the rest. Two pair of hands make the work easier, one person being required to stand on the steps and lay the paper even with the cornice, the second remaining on the floor to unfold the double up strip and place it evenly with the hung piece all down the edge.

A beginner should select a paper neither too thin nor too thick, and which has a distinct mark on the pattern, repeating itself at short intervals so that the strips should match exactly.

First, the wall should be well cleaned, the old paper or whitewash removed, and all cracks and holes filled with plaster of paris and allowed to dry.

For a room requiring eight or nine rolls of paper, four pounds of flour should be heated to a stiff batter with clear, cold water. Then, having a vessel full of boiling water at hand and a vessel containing the batter, large enough to hold two pails full, pour the boiling water upon the batter, stirring it briskly, and the batter will swell and its white color change to a yellowish hue. When this occurs stop pouring in the boiling water, and a fine, smooth paste will be found.

It is usual to cut the strip of paper a little longer than is necessary, so that it can be cut off neatly at the base board, after it is put on, as the baseboard may not be straight nor parallel with the ceiling.

Take care to study the pattern of paper well before you cut it out; then unroll a piece from which the left hand unprinted margin has been evenly cut. Cut off the strip, and lay it face downward on the table, keeping the top of the strip always to your left hand; now paste over well and equally, beginning at the lower end. When about half done fold it over, pasted side to pasted side, while you draw the rest on to the board to finish it, and when one strip is prepared mount the steps, attach it gently to the wall overhead, while the assistant draws down the doubled up piece. When quite straight dab the edges with a clean cloth and sweep lightly with a clean cloth, or a soft, long haired brush, all wrinkles before you from left to right. Lastly, loosen up the bottom of the strip sufficiently to cut it off the right length, and press back in place again.

Begin your work away from the window, so that the joins may show less, and that the strongest light may not fall on your first efforts.

When a corner is reached, cut the strip if necessary; if the same strip is half on one wall and half on the other, the paper is more liable to crack in the corner of the room.

## AND MEN DECAY.

How Wealth Accumulates in the Hands of a Comparatively Few.

Resuming the subject of the profits of capital and labor, we are quite justified in saying that capital accumulates at the rate of 7 per cent. annually, and we have shown that labor accumulates at the rate of 4 per cent. annually. Let us see what the result of this unjust state of affairs will be during the present decade. As we stated before, very careful estimates show that on Jan. 1, 1890, \$36,250,000,000 worth of property of this nation was in the hands of 30,000 leading capitalists. We have shown that the average rates of profits on capital must be at least 7 per cent. In ten years at 7 per cent., compound interest, the profits of the 30,000 persons will be \$35,059,223,750 if the interest be payable annually. If payable semi-annually the interest will equal the principal.

It is not probable that the accumulative capacity of labor can be maintained at 4 per cent. during the present decade. The country is already well supplied with railroads. Mining operations will be much more costly than in the past. A great deal of the land that will be settled within the next few years will require irrigation. The home market is already overstocked with manufactured goods. It will thus be seen that during the present decade labor will be handicapped, and that unless the supply of money be greatly increased a given amount of work will not in many cases produce as good results as in the last decade—that is, it is not probable that under the present monetary system, labor will be capable of improving the country to the extent of 50 per cent. during the decade ending Jan. 1, 1890. We shall, however, assume that this can be done, and that the total wealth of the United States will increase from \$66,000,000,000 at the beginning of 1890 to \$99,000,000,000 at the beginning of 1900. The increase will be \$33,000,000,000.

As we showed before, the 30,000 leading capitalists will require \$35,059,223,750 to satisfy their demands. They will therefore take all the surplus, and the toilers who produce all the wealth will have to mortgage the little property they have to pay them the \$2,059,223,750 of difference between the surplus and the profits demanded.

Besides the 30,000 leading capitalists, there are numerous minor capitalists whose demands will also have to be satisfied. It can easily be seen, therefore, that the working people of this country will have to mortgage their property to the extent of several thousands of millions in order to eke out a miserable existence. Is it just that those who toil almost incessantly should be deprived of the fruits of their labor? By what right do the national banks take an average of 8.19 per cent. for the use of their money when labor has accumulative capacity of only 4 per cent.?  
—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Proof of the Earth's Motion.

Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of the room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycoodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used by ladies in making their toilet and which can be purchased of any drug gist. Next upon the surface of this coating of white powder make with powdered charcoal a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor close to the bowl a stick or some other straight object, so that it will lie exact parallel with the charcoal mark. If the floor happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor or with any stationary object in the room this will serve as well.

Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object which was parallel with it. It will be found to have moved about, and to have shifted its position from east to west—that is to say, that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth upon its axis. The earth is simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl with it, the powder upon the surface has been behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west which is perfectly good proof that everything else contained in the bowl has moved the other way.—St. Louis Republic.

Civil Service Examiner—Give me illustration of the difference between capital and labor. Applicant—Sitting, your arms around the shapely waist of a pretty girl—is capital. Married and wife chasing little flannel shirts up down a washboard is—labor.

Ives and Carter are again matched play 600 points 44-inch balk line bill for \$500 a side at Milwaukee within month.