

THE United States government, in several of its light-houses, has the lanterns arranged so as to emit long and short flashes of light, which form certain letters of the telegraphic code. This is a method of distinguishing the beacon which is easily understood by a little practice. There happened to be an operator on board of a small coasting schooner which was cast on a Florida reef in such a position that escape from the ship and aid from the shore were both out of the question during the night of the wreck. Throughout the long hours of suspense he kept up communication with another operator on shore by means of a lantern, and words of hope, of sympathy and encouragement passed back and forth until day dawned and made rescue possible.

WHEN we were as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left, spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless marble, and on each is written in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out on every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of the way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good Nature, and last of all Polite Behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with