laid with pebbles that glisten in the sunshine like a bed of diamonds; its rows of flowers and shrubbery—the one always breathing semi-tropical aroma, and the other always green and tastefully trimmed; its luxuriant grass, whereon hundreds of children are permitted to make themselves happy in play; its cosy seats and shady recesses, always suggestive of the gay companionship at hand—all these are charms within themselves; but the great attraction of the place—the Koh-i-noor that gives value to this setting of art and Nature—is the fountain, a faithful sketch of which precedes this article. It is constructed after the model of that in the Place de la Concorde in Paris; but, in the foliage which surrounds it, the water-lilies that peep from its basin, the carefully-cultivated undergrowth that encircles it like a great fringe, and the indigenous flowers and plants that are shadowed in the clear depths, it possesses charms that are peculiarly its own.

MARGARET MORRIS.

"WHAT is the name of this place, captain?" asked Margaret Morris.

"Rand's Point, miss."

"How long do we stay?"

"Three or four hours, miss."

It was the first boat of the season, and the passage through Huron had been cold and stormy; off Saginaw Bay, the west wind, cutting the water into froth, had keeled the old Chippewa well over as she floundered along, and, off Thunder-Bay Islands, a norther came down from Superior, howling over the flat water, and sweeping it back into great, inky waves as it sped on toward the south. Past Presqu' Isle, and through the eastern gateway into the straits, slowly the steamer advanced, and the ice gave way sullenly as the floes drifted across the channel and came crunching against the bows of the boat, or dove under and pounded the keel; the shore, outlined in bare forests black against the sky, and lifeless islands buried in snow, stood threateningly on either side, and the few passengers shivered and went back into the close cabin to resume the book, the knitting, and the nap, according to their various inclinations.

The limestone fortress on the heights of Mackinac shone white as a battlement of ice, and the slow-moving inhabitants of the village under the cliff crept down to the wharf, and gazed torpidly up at the intruder whose whistle had roused them from their winter sleep, and then crept slowly back again through the snow, each one to his lair, with monotonous contentment.

Through the narrows of St. Ignace, by the solitary tower of Waugoschance Light, out among the Fox, the Beavers, and the Manitous, past the Sleeping Bear and the Point-aux-Bec Scies of the early *voyageurs*, changed into commonplace Point Betsy by the Yankee pruning-knife, and then the Chippewa veered toward the shore, slackening her speed and sounding her dissonant double whistle, as if to waken the inhabitants of Rand's Point, unvisited by stranger-face for five long months.

A wharf stretched out from the land far into the shallow water, loose boards covered the beams, and formed an unsteady bridge over which loaded wood-carts were hastening with rattle, creak, and cracking whip, in response to the hissing steam and hoarse voice of the mate, as, poised on the deck-rail, he shouted out his orders and sent the capstan whirling like a merry-go-round.

At length the unwieldy craft was moored to the logs, and out swarmed a motley crew, deck-hands to work and passengers to look about, meeting as motley an assemblage on shore; woodmen to heave the logs, slatternly women standing in the door-ways, and wild-eyed children peeping from behind the stump fences.

Margaret Morris, with high-poised head, walked down the wharf, avoiding with calm disfavor the ragged deck-hands, glancing at the wood-choppers with distant pity, withdrawing her skirts from possible contact with tow-headed children, and utterly ignoring the very existence of her fellow-travellers, the missionary and his fat wife, a wiry woman in black with four unkempt children, two rosy-cheeked Ohio girls, and several men in rough clothes, whose hard hands told of toil.

Distancing the loiterers with rapid step, Miss Morris reached the low shore, and, turning aside from the group of log-houses, walked up the western beach, the thin, rotten ice crushing under her feet, and letting them down on to the pebbles with sharp abruptness. Two or three logs, the remains of a wharf, extended out into the floating ice, and, tired of the yielding footing, she stepped up on to the bark, and, steadying herself, began to walk out to the crossbeam.

"Stop! that is not safe. The log is slippery, and the water there deep enough to drown you," called a peremptory voice behind.

The lady turned her head, slipped, swayed, struggled, lost her balance, and would have fallen, had not two hands caught her by the shoulders and lifted her back to the beach.

With haughty surprise she confronted the intruder, a tall young man, with clear-gray eyes, whom she had noticed among the common herd of passengers on account of his loud laugh and fraternizing manners.

"A common working-man," she thought, scornfully.

"You'd better come back to the town; it's dangerous walking along here; can't tell where the beach ends and lake begins. Ice rotten, too; come right along back now, this way," said the stranger.

"Sir, you are kind; but I prefer to walk here."

"Prefer to walk to your death, do you mean? You might do it easily here. Come back with me, miss."

"I prefer to be alone, sir."

"Not on this beach, if I know myself. I couldn't leave you here with a clear conscience nohow;" and the heavy boots tramped along by Margaret's side.

Turning her back upon the man, she left the beach, and, ascending the slope, walked down a wagon-track leading along the rear of the houses; when the road turned at the edge of the clearing, she saw that she was alone, and, slackening her pace, wound slowly in and out among the stumps until the border of the forest stopped her progress.

"That impertinent person! How dared he speak to me? But I suppose he knew no better, poor soul! I felt that the journey would be disagreeable, but there was no other way of reaching Lucia;" and Margaret's thoughts turned toward the elder sister whose summons had brought her from an Eastern home out over the stormy lakes.

Walking back and forth among the stumps, a chill crept over her frame, the half-melted snow clung to her feet, and the raw wind roughened her pale cheeks.

Passing around a barn, she turned into the main street of Rand's Point, where the log-houses stood in two rows, side by side, each with its lean-to shed, its pig-sty, its chicken-house of twigs, and its thatched wood-pile behind. Out in the road-way heedless of the cold, nondescript children ran about, or gathered around the loitering passengers; the wiry woman with the four children had made acquaintance with the Irish wife of a wood-cutter, and proceeded in triumph to the kitchen, near whose window a convenient stump had tempted Miss Morris to rest a moment.

The interior was plainly visible, roughly-plastered walls, home-made benches and tables, and an old stove, comprising the whole; the wiry woman sat on a bench with her four in a row, all stretching their poorly-shod feet toward the friendly fire, while the hostess, in a faded gown, stood with bare arms a-kimbo, and did the honors.

One by one native children came awkwardly in, and, hanging upon their mothers' limp skirts, stared at the visitors. Dirty were they all, undeniably ill-kept and coarse, and Miss Morris turned her eyes away, with a shudder of repulsion over all her fastidious nerves, as the two mothers, deeply interested, bent to compare notes upon a white-faced boy, whose curved back and swollen joints were evidently the subject of conversation.

"Dirt and disease, inseparable companions!" she thought, as she walked on; "how sad is the sight of human nature at its worst!"

At the door of another dwelling, the two Ohio girls were playing with a chubby baby sitting independently alone on the threshold; presently an awkward elder sister appeared, caught up the truant, and retreated, with the bashful invitation, "Ye kin come in, if ye likes."

Nothing loath, the two girls entered, and, accepting seats, began a conversation, monosyllabic at first, but soon increasing in syllables and animation, the loud, downright voices and plentiful interjections reaching the ear of Margaret Morris as she walked up and down on a treasure-trove of plank laid across the wet road-way.

Suddenly the predatory baby appeared again on the threshold, bound for a passing pig.

"Goo-ah-goo!"—he reached the step—"ga-ga!"—he stretched out his fat arms and leaned over.

Impatiently picking up the navigator, and holding him at arm's length, the lady pushed

open the half-closed door to restore him to his full-blown mamma, who, in company with two daughters, stood lost in admiration over the highly-colored hats of the visitors.

"As I was a-saying, they cost four dollars apiece down to Miss Higgins's store, and 'twarn't dear nuther."

"No, indeed," replied the hostess, warmly; "how I wish Cerinthy had one like 'em!"

Here Miss Morris interposed.

"I found this child on the step; is it yours, madam?"

"You naughty Gustavus John!" exclaimed the mother, shaking the infant wanderer vigorously.—"I'm obleeged to you, miss. Take a cheer."

But Margaret had disappeared, and, resuming her promenade upon the plank, she saw the refractory infant tied to the table-leg, and, after some further conversation, bits of ribbon and faded finery appeared, wherewith one of the good-natured visitors set about creating a hat for Cerinthy, who, long and lank, leaned over the table on awkward elbows, and glowed with silent delight.

"Wretched, tawdry vanity," thought Miss Morris, wrapping her plain cloak closely about her slight form; "how it sickens one to see such miserable imitations of city frivolity!"

Continuing her exercise until she felt warm, Margaret turned toward the wharf, and, passing down the road, noticed the presuming young man of the beach episode sitting in the rude saw-mill in close conversation with the red-haired proprietor, whose muscular arms, bare to the shoulders, evidently served as important aids in the daily battle with the logs.

"My impertinent friend has found congenial company," thought Margaret; and she smiled as the giant's words reached her ear.

"Dollars is dollars, and cents is cents. I don't get druv off this yere spot ontil I've made them trees pay me, high, low, jack, and the game."

"Mercenary as well as ignorant," thought Margaret as she passed on. "The pitiful greed of a paltry gain! That red-haired savage would sell his soul for a few dollars, and spend them in whiskey, tobacco, or cards. What a place!"

The weather-beaten captain, a sailor grown old on the fresh-water seas, sat on a wood-pile, and watched the men carrying their hand-barrows to and fro, throwing on the great logs, and sliding down the inclined plank into the bowels of the boat.

Captain Hibbard's face was bronzed by the lake sunshine; his eyes looked afar off as though peering through an August fog, and his tightly-closed lips seemed to let out their few words in the teeth of an easterly gale, so short and sharply they came. In his official capacity Miss Morris recognized him; his laconic answers pleased her, and she seldom passed him without a few feminine questions.

"How much longer do we stop, captain?"

"Hour and a half."

"This is a desolate place. How long has it been settled?"

"Four years."

"It seems strange that pioneers should select such a sandy, uninteresting shore. Is the wood about here especially good for your purpose?"

"No."

"Then why do you stop?"

"Big Bill."

"Who is he?"

"Owner."

"Of the boat?"

"No; woods."

"Then he sells at lower prices?" said Margaret, profoundly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Settle his town."

"He lives here, then?"

"Yes."

"It is such a dismal place; how can he stay here?"

"Likes it."

"Is there any school here?"

"No."

"Any church?"

"No."

"Who keeps order in such a community?"

"Big Bill."

"I suppose there is communication by land with the interior?"

"No—swamps."

"What can induce the people to stay?" said Margaret, gazing back at the stumps, the half-burnt trees, the half-melted snow, and the half-built houses of the wholly desolate scene.

"I can," said a voice, and, turning, she saw the proprietor of the saw-mill, and behind him her presuming acquaintance, in whose gray eyes lurked a gleam of merriment.

"Hallo, Bill!" said the captain, as he shook hands with the giant. Miss Morris walked away, and, ascending the plank placed against the deck-railing, disappeared within the cabin.

It was late in the afternoon; clouds covered the sinking sun, and the wind whistled among the leafless trees on shore.

Margaret gazed from the narrow window of her state-room, listlessly noting the thin sides of the horses on the wharf below, the coarse faces of the woodmen, and the wild appearance of the barefooted children. "Wretched little animals," she thought, "growing up like savages, with all the added vices of the white man. What mothers they have, and, oh, what fathers!"

As the day declined, she saw the wiry woman coming down the wharf with her four, but they were not unaccompanied; the wood-cutter's wife, in limp skirts, walked beside her new acquaintance, and the Rand's Point children fraternized with the Chippewa band, to the extent of locked arms and joint slices of bread-and-sugar. The crippled boy limped along behind, and in his hand he held a treasure—a red-handled whip, broken but precious, the gift of the wiry woman's eldest-born, Andrew Jackson.

After watching the procession come on board, Margaret closed the window, and seated herself on the backless stool to finish the "Epic of Sonoyta Cañon;" but the sulphurous rhymes could not harmonize with the chilly air, and the gorgeous word opulence sent a contrasting shiver through the reader's veins as the floating ice came grinding against the steamer's sides.

A fire had been kindled in the cabin, and the clanging bell's announcement of supper brought the passengers together around the narrow table, where Margaret's neighbors were the missionary and his wife, breathless with their labors among the inhabitants of Rand's Point. Pork-and-beans formed the foundation of the meal; and, as Margaret sipped her tea, she watched the supplies disappearing down the ministerial throats with alarming rapidity.

"Another dish of tea, young man," said Sister Smith, wiping her glowing face, and she smiled complacently upon the company as she added, "the flesh needs supportin' after sich an afternoon of labor in the vineyard."

Brother Smith reposed in the shadow of his helpmate, a little man with astonished eyes and meek voice.

"Did you find much zeal among the townspeople?" asked the wiry woman, leaning forward, and looking around the buxom rampart to fix the question with her sharp eye.

"A goodly warmth, marm—enough to start the seed," began the missionary, but his wife interrupted him with her loud voice, and, while she poised the next mouthful of beans upon her knife-blade, replied:

"A blessed zeal, marm; a promising field. You'll see the right kind of fire, marm, at the meeting which we propose to hold here after supper, in which we hope all the passengers will join."

"Can't," thought Margaret, as she left the table; "that stupid little man is bad enough, but his coarse-preaching wife is unendurable."

Retreating to her state-room, Miss Morris tried to read by the fading light, but the shadows darkened the verses, and she went out on deck to watch the night drop down over the water. A few lights twinkled in the houses on shore, and the long waves dashed on the beach with a sullen roar; the sky was dark with a lurid gleam in the west, and out at sea a mist rose in the air, and concealed the outlying islands. It was a dreary scene, and its dreariness cast a gloom over the gazer's mind; vague visions of arctic darkness rose before her; haunting pictures of chaos before light was—more terrible in its blank inertness than the infernal regions. Her life had known no terrors of its own, but unknown terrors thronged around her, and she feared she knew not what, she wept she knew not why. "I am cold and nervous," she said to herself at last. "This lonely Rand's Point has infected me with its miasma; I should grow mad with melancholy if Fate drove me here for an abode. Heaven be thanked, I shall soon be far from these dismal shores! I shall soon turn my back upon this hateful, God-forsaken town forever."

Returning to the cabin, Margaret seated herself near the stove, and made another effort to understand the epic. The little congregation had already assembled—the wiry woman and her four, the two Ohio girls, sev-

eral men from among the passengers, and the presuming young man with gray eyes, who sat beside Brother Smith, turning the pages of a hymn-book. All this Margaret saw, nor could she help seeing the arrival of the wood-cutter's wife with her straggling brood, red-handled whip and all, and the matron in calico, with her blushing Cerinthy, adorned with the new hat. Two or three half-grown youths elbowed each other at the door, and last of all appeared Big Bill, who, after a leisurely survey of the company, drew a chair to the stove, and sat placidly down by Margaret's side to dry his huge boots. Withdrawing from such close proximity, the young lady seated herself at the dining-table and continued her reading, although Brother Smith rose to open the meeting by announcing a hymn, whose verses he read in sing-song cadence, while his wife distributed the hymn-books. Then a full tenor voice began a time-honored melody, and the others joined as best they could, in tune and out of tune, men, women, and children, the two Ohio girls carrying the air with voices of untrained sweetness.

At the close of the first verse, a hand offered Miss Morris an open hymn-book. It was the presuming young man. "Thank you; no," she said, coldly, and resumed her reading. On went the singing, verse after verse, and gradually the discordant elements merged into harmony:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

So sang the little band, and Margaret listened in spite of herself; but when the missionary knelt in prayer, the urgent, half-familiar petition and ungrammatical phrases shocked her city-bred taste. She retreated to her state-room, and stood at the window until the service was over and the congregation dispersed.

Soon the last log was thrown on board, the rope cast off, and, with the usual accompaniments of shouting and whistling, the Chippewa sailed out into the misty lake, leaving Rand's Point alone with the forest and the night.

Lake Michigan is the play-ground of the mists. They gather in the northern hollow, where the unbroken forests come down to the water's edge, and steal southward in silent bands, now playing hide-and-seek between Death's Door and the Beavers; now hanging over the limestone cliffs of the western shore, and now gliding across the shifting sand-hills of Michigan with ghostly rapidity. The Chippewa's head was turned westward, and the mists came down to meet her, borne on the rising wind; the waves dashed against the bows, and the rigging rattled with an ugly sound that penetrated within the warm cabin, and roused a slight feeling of uneasiness among the passengers. But the *nonchalant* American confidence soon resumed its sway, and within an hour the state-rooms were filled with sleepers, to whom the rocking motion and noise of the waves were but a drowsy lullaby. Margaret Morris could not sleep; the sound of the wind excited her nerves, and, wrapped in a cloak, she stood at the window, peering out into the darkness with strained attention. The boat labored in the heavy sea, and steadying herself by the casement, she listened to the voices of the storm, the shriek of the wind, the low roar of the waves, and the straining and creaking of the mast and cordage. Now and then she heard a tramping of feet overhead or a hoarse call; but, although separated only a few feet from the water, she could see nothing, so blackly did the night and the mist fill the air. Watching there alone with excited attention, it seemed to her that the storm was increasing in violence; a feeling of awe crept over her, and with a vague longing for human companionship, she passed through the empty cabin, and, drawing back the bolt, stepped out on deck. It was the sheltered side, but the wind whirled her cloak over her head, and seemed about to hurl her overboard. Clinging to the door, she gazed out over the water; and, although its rage was unseen, the dash of the waves sounded fiercely in her ears, and the shriek of the gale swept by like the cry of a living creature. A man passed, holding by the railing.

"Is there any danger, sir?" cried Margaret, catching his arm.

The man paused. "A woman—and out here!" he exclaimed; "you'd better go inside. This is no place for you."

"Is there any danger?" repeated Margaret.

"There's always danger in a storm like this, but I hope we shall weather it out yet. But you'd better go inside."

"In a moment," said Margaret, submissively; "but tell me, please, what is the greatest danger?"

"Well, if the old boat is sound, there isn't much, excepting, perhaps, a collision, as the night is uncommon thick. But it's so early in the season that few craft have got out of harbor, so I'm in hopes we shall get through safely. And now, miss, you must go in," continued the man, opening the cabin, and steadying the lady's steps. As the light fell upon his face, Margaret recognized her presuming acquaintance.

"Thank you," she said, but somewhat slowly, and the man was gone before the words were uttered.

The lustres on the chandelier tinkled with every roll of the boat, and the door of an empty state-room swung backward and forward; the dishes in the steward's pantry rattled and clinked together, and the mirror reflected the pale face of the watcher as she reclined on the firmly-fastened sofa and tried to sleep. But, as she lay with closed eyes, she noted the increasing fury of the sea, and felt the creeping cold. Presently a step roused her, and, turning, she saw the wiry woman with her youngest child in her arms.

"Do you think there's any danger, marm?" asked the woman, anxiously.

"I do not know," replied Margaret; "let us hope for the best."

"At any rate, I guess I'll just dress the children, if you'll hold the baby, marm, a few minutes."

The mother disappeared, and Miss Morris lifted the child, with an odd sense of comfort, as its warm little body filled her arms; a shawl concealed all deficiencies, and the sleeping face had a peaceful beauty in its round outlines as she bent over it in the dim light. As the boat lurched violently, another door opened, and the face of Sister Smith, surrounded by a frilled nightcap, appeared through the crack.

"Is the storm pretty bad?" she asked.

"I think it is," replied Margaret, gently.

The door closed, and, after a short delay, both husband and wife appeared; and soon the wiry woman joined the group, with her three sturdy boys in hastily-buttoned clothes, and, taking the baby from Margaret's arms, sat down on the opposite sofa. No one seemed inclined to speak, and the noise of the storm drowned the few attempted sentences. At length the suspense grew unendurable to Margaret, and, fastening the hood of her cloak over her head, she ventured out upon the deck again. The darkness was more intense, the wind more fierce, and the noise of the waves more terrific than ever; feeling her way, and clinging to the side of the cabin, she reached the high bows, where a dark group kept watch, below and above, in the wheel-house, with double strength at the wheel, and the strongest eyes and glasses doing their best. Bracing herself behind the ladder, Margaret felt the boat plunge onward, careering fearfully at every blast, righting herself with difficulty, and groaning in every timber. Keeping her footing with some effort, she stood unnoticed in the darkness until some one climbing down the ladder felt her clasping hands, and spoke:

"You again, miss? This biting wind will freeze your hands. You'd better stay inside."

"Let me stay—let me stay!" pleaded Margaret; "that dim cabin is like a tomb. I am not in the way, and, if there is any danger, I would rather face it here."

The man said no more, but, taking his station to the windward of Margaret, partly protected her from the fury of the gale; no other words passed between the two, and, with waiting eyes and ears, the little group on the bows of the Chippewa rode onward through the darkness.

Suddenly they seemed to see a light; it was gone in less than an instant, and the steam-whistle was sounded at regular intervals—a dismal, muffled cry over the waters—to warn off the approaching vessel, if vessel it was, whose light they had seen. But, as the minutes passed, and the ear grew accustomed to the doleful sound, the instant fear calmed down, and the light was attributed to excited imagination. Suddenly there came a something looming over them, a rushing as of mighty wings, a shock, and the crash of splintering timbers; then followed the grinding of the hull, the hiss of escaping steam, and a strange pounding against some unknown object; then the clank of chains and shiver of glass, the shouts of the sailors, and hurried tramping of feet on the upper deck. In another moment screams seemed coming from every direction, women's voices wild with fear, the cries of children lost in the darkness, names called to which no one answered, and, under all, an ominous settling of the hull, more fearful than all else. Paralyzed with fear, Margaret remained clinging

to the ladder. It seemed to her that hours had passed when an arm grasped her shoulder, and she felt herself hurried along toward the stern, the deck swaying under her feet, and giving her a singular sense of falling over a bottomless precipice, like the vivid dreams of delirium. A lantern hung from the railing, and cast a gleam down upon the black waves; shouts came from the left, and a form, rushing by, leaped over into the water. The horror of this sight roused Margaret from her torpor, and she recognized her companion, who, after fastening a rope securely about her person, was hurriedly lashing some planks together from a pile of life-preservers, such as are in use on the Western lakes. Before she had time to speak the work was done, and she was lifted to the railing.

"Jump, with me," said the man.

"I cannot!" cried Margaret, recoiling in mortal terror.

"It is your only hope; the boat is sinking. Come," and, holding the fainting girl, the man plunged forward, and the dark water opened to receive them. Five minutes more and the Chippewa went down, while the three-masted bark, whose prow had cut deeply into the steamer's side, was already far away, driving down before the gale, a dismantled hull, toward the sand-hills of the Michigan shore.

When, after some time, Margaret recovered her senses, she felt that she was dead, floating in the unknown realm of souls. The events of her past life rushed through her memory, every fault, every sin standing out in red light as if written by the finger of Remorse, and they were instantly recognized by her shrinking soul as it gazed helplessly on the long procession. A sensation of cold, and moisture falling upon her forehead, brought the knowledge that she was still in the body, and opening her eyes, she saw the water on a level with her face, and the outline of a form by her side. A wave brushing her feet with its crest, and a plunge of the planks beneath her, recalled a clearer memory, with a sudden cry she realized her position, and the love of life awoke.

"Do not scream; save your strength; when the waves come, hold your breath," said a voice.

"Oh, save me, save me!" cried Margaret, wildly.

"I cannot save you unless you do as I say; save your strength. You will need it before morning."

"Is there any hope? I will do as you say if you will only save me."

"I will tell you the exact truth, and then you must be silent; pray, if you can. You are lashed to some planks, and I have fastened some broken spars so as to support us both; the storm is not so violent now, and, if you can stand the cold, there is a chance of reaching shore, as the wind blows us directly that way. In about four hours it will be daylight, and we may be picked up by some vessel. I was shipwrecked once on Lake Superior, and floated two days on a broken mast, so I don't give up hope this time. I have fastened you securely, and your head is well up; don't waste your strength in talking."

Margaret stretched out one hand and grasped the arm of her companion; his shirt-sleeve was drenched with water, but the sense of companionship seemed to warm her chilled blood and inspire a new courage. So, they floated, poised on the crest of a wave, plunged headlong into dark depths, wet with icy water, and every now and then submerged for so long a time that the pains of death by drowning were repeated and lengthened out to the limit of human endurance. But the love of life is strong, and they were both young, and their veins filled with red young blood; the courage, and above all the experience of the man, subdued the unreasoning terror of the woman, and, for the first two hours, hope battled bravely with despair. Then the woman's heart began to fail, and prayers and cries filled the air. Face to face with Death, she besought him to spare her:

"I am too young to die. I know I have wasted my life so far, but give me a few years more and I will atone—I will learn humility—I will do better," she moaned in half delirium.

Her companion did not interrupt her, and the broken words burst forth at intervals as the long minutes dragged themselves on; but when at length her hand relaxed its grasp upon his arm, and her cries ceased, then, poising himself on one side, he leaned over, and shook her shoulders roughly.

"See, it is almost daylight," he cried, in loud tones; "don't be childish, but rouse up. We shall soon reach the shore. Don't you want to be saved, girl?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Margaret, faintly.

"Then turn this way and listen to what I'm saying. Here, give me your hand. Now, then; have you got a father or mother you want to see?"

"I have no father," answered the girl, faintly.

"Where do you live? Speak up, can't you? Don't be so stupid."

"In Salem."

"Salem, Ohio, or Salem, Massachusetts?"

"Massachusetts."

"Dull, dead, old town, isn't it?"

"No, indeed," said Margaret, with a spark of animation.

"And your mother, too; one of those puritanical old fogies, I suppose?"

"The best mother in the world," replied the girl, angrily.

"Well, you see, I only judged her by your own manners. Everybody on the boat was talking about your silly pride, and laughing at you all the time."

"A matter of perfect indifference to me, sir."

"When we are all together again, maybe you'll come down a bit."

"Do you think the others are safe?" asked Margaret, anxiously.

"Safe? I'll warrant that every man, woman, and child is alive and well at this very minute. They'd be ashamed to give up for such a trifling matter as floating a few hours on a plank, when daylight was sure to bring help. I don't know what possessed me to look out for *you*, but I suppose it was because you were such a poor, helpless creature. What brought you out West, anyway?"

Thus, the pride and high temper of Margaret Morris, lashed into vigor by the sharp questions of the stranger, saved the life of her exhausted body, and the two were still talking when the cold dawn rose slowly into sight, revealing the gray surface of the stormy lake and a blue line of distant shore. The daylight brought new courage, and the forced conversation was no longer needed to keep away a deadly lethargy.

"Do you see any thing of the other passengers?" asked Margaret, as the light increased.

Her companion loosened his hold upon her, and slightly changed his position.

"I've had to keep life in both of us for the last hour, Margaret," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I thought your temper would carry you through, and I wasn't mistaken. I hope you are not vexed; I had to make you angry, you know. It was your only chance."

"Was I near death, then?"

"Another ten minutes and no mortal power could have saved you. You were sinking into a stupor. But all's well now."

Lifting himself cautiously upon his elbow, the young man looked out over the water, and suddenly raised a great cry.

"Hallo, hallo!—here we are! hallo!"

"What is it?" cried Margaret in great excitement.

"A part of the hurricane deck with a number of persons on it.—Hallo! hallo!—Yes, they see us. Hurrah! but it's good to see a man's face again."

Two of the sailors on the wreck had fragments of timber with which they managed to guide their raft toward the floating planks, and as the two parties neared each other, Margaret recognized the captain and mate, the missionary and his wife, the wiry woman with her baby, and a number of boat-hands, all pale and exhausted from the sufferings of the long night. With the dawn the gale had subsided, and the violence of the waves had calmed into the long roll which follows a storm. In a few moments, Margaret was lifted on to the raft, and as the ropes were unbound, and a few drops of brandy poured into her mouth, she felt as though all danger was over, and bowed her head in a long self-communion of gratitude and joy. In time the sun broke through the clouds and shone cheerfully upon the little group, the wind had carried them nearer the shore, and the captain recognized the nearest headland.

"Squirrel's Back," he exclaimed, joyfully; "not very far from Rand's Point. I've been afraid we'd come ashore on the sand-hills, where we'd had our choice between starving and drowning. But, now, if the sea keeps down, we may hope to see our homes again."

"Let us pray," said the missionary, and a prayer went up from the wreck whose heart-felt eloquence brought the tears to Margaret's eyes; "and for those who are missing from among us, we ask Thy aid. If alive, preserve them from the deep waters; and if dead, they are with Thee—help us to say, Thy will be done."

"My boys, my boys!" cried the desolate mother, bowing her head in agony. The baby's hand hung down, and, in her sympathy, Margaret took the little fingers in hers. They

were icy cold. Speechless with alarm, she turned her inquiring eyes toward the missionary's wife, who leaned forward and touched the little hand.

"Dead," she whispered; "but don't tell the mother."

A silence fell upon the group, and Margaret tenderly held the cold little hand, which she remembered so warm against her cheek the evening before, and the tears dropped from her tired eyes.

Another hour, and the cry was raised, "A boat, a boat!" Trembling hands raised handkerchiefs aloft, and the men united in a shout, repeated again and again, until a faint "Hallo!" came back in answer. Soon a large Mackinac boat scudded by at a little distance, tacked, and came down on the other side.

"Big Bill," cried Margaret's preserver; "boys, give him a cheer." A shout rose from the wreck which seemed to fill the sky; they forgot cold, they forgot wet, they forgot fatigue; they remembered only that they were saved, and, wild with joy, they shouted again and again.

"I seed some spars floatin' ashore this mornin', and I was fearful somethin'd happened to yer, it wur sech an oncommon bad night. So I jest come out to look around a bit," said Big Bill, modestly, as he helped the last man from the floating deck; "an' I jest threw in a few little things in case yer might need 'em. Help yerselves."

The little things were bread, meat, and whiskey, which kept the life in the weary group during the long sail home.

"Come right along with me, honey," said a tall woman, clasping Margaret's arm, as, cold and exhausted, she stepped on the wharf of Rand's Point. "Come with me, my dear, and I'll soon make you comfortable."

Reaching with difficulty the door of a log-house near the saw-mill, Margaret fell fainting to the floor, but her companion lifted her easily in her strong arms, and carrying her into an inner room, laid her upon the bed. When Margaret recovered her senses, her new-found friend, Nancy, Big Bill's wife, was bending over the pillow anxiously.

"That's right," she said, with an encouraging smile, "now, drink this;" and the tea seemed a heavenly elixir, although sweetened with dark sugar, and served in a tin cup. With careful hands Nancy changed the wet clothes for dry garments of her own, and, pinning a shawl before the window, left her patient to repose. "Try to sleep, dear," she said, as she smoothed back the girl's long hair with the gentle touch of a rough hand.

Margaret burst into tears.

"You are so good," she sobbed.

"There, there, child; go to sleep. You're clean tired out," said Nancy, with a motherly kiss, and soon the strained nerves grew calm, and the tired eyes closed in slumber.

When Margaret awoke the sinking sun was peering under the shawl, and a fragrant odor filled the room. As she moved, Nancy appeared.

"Awake, eh? That's right. Now jest lay still till I fetch yer something to eat."

In another moment Miss Morris was devouring fried pork and potatoes, and drinking great draughts from a bowl of coffee.

"I never tasted any thing half so good," she said, at intervals; and she spoke the truth, although the food was coarse, and the drink guiltless of coffee, save its bare name. Refreshed and sanguine, she rose, and donning Nancy's best attire, laid out for the purpose, went into the kitchen, where she shared the warmth with her own wet clothing in martial array on the other side. The cabin was empty, but presently she heard the noise of footsteps, and Big Bill entered, accompanied by her gray-eyed preserver.

"As you say, Brown," the host continued, "we'd best have our suppers before we go out ag'in."

"So his name is Brown," thought Margaret.

Here the captain joined the others, and came first to the fire. "Glad to see you up, Miss Morris," he said, cordially.

Margaret rose, and stretched out her hand. "I want to thank you all," she began, "but how can I?" The tears filled her eyes, and the three men stood awkwardly by the stove, and tried to talk of other things.

When Nancy came in to prepare supper, Margaret wanted to help her. "You jest stay in your corner and keep warm; you couldn't help ef you was to try," said the woman, good-naturedly.

While the men were eating, Margaret slipped out the door and walked down a plank into the village street. Every house had its guest, and busy hospitality shone from the hot stoves. One door was closed, and upon its latch hung a bit of black ribbon; the wiry woman lay inside, a broken-hearted mother, and upon a bench was stretched the baby-form arrayed in clean robes from the poor stores of the other mother, who, weeping in sympathy, tended her friend of the previous evening, and hushed her own awe-struck brood.

A Mackinac boat lay in the offing, and another was starting from the wharf. Margaret walked down to the beach, and recognized among the sailors the coarse woodmen and awkward boys who had brought the logs down to the Chippewa the previous afternoon.

"Why do they go out so late?" she said to an old man standing near.

"They've been out all day, and some of 'em will be out all night, in hopes of finding the others," he replied; "after to-night, they'll give it up, and watch along-shore."

"What for?" asked Margaret.

"The bodies — the corpses — you know. They'll begin to wash up by to-morrow or next day."

The lady shuddered, and walked back toward the saw-mill; the rising wind whistled through the trees, and the chill of night filled the air. Reaching the cabin-door, she met the men coming out, and watched them go toward the wharf.

"Are they going out on the lake?" she asked, as Nancy joined her.

"Yes; maybe there's some of 'em afloat yet."

"Are you not afraid to have your husband go?" said Margaret, as she watched young Brown hoisting the sail.

"The Lord will take care of him?" ejaculated the wife, warmly.

"Amen," said Margaret.

The next morning, after a late awakening, Margaret went out to meet a sad procession. The two Ohio girls, rigid in death, had been found lashed to a spar, and trailing behind them, fastened by a rope, the body of the man, one of the passengers, who had tried to save them. Cerinthy's mother, and Cerinthy, her eyes swollen with weeping, came out to receive the silent guests, and, with tender care, bore them within.

At night, the sailors' work was over, and a watch set along the beach. The next day brought the little boys, one by one, and the cripple walked beside his dead friend, with the red-handled whip, like a guard of honor. Then came two of the passengers, and a sailor; the engineer had gone down at his post. On the third morning, the sun shone brightly, and, at ten o'clock, a procession formed in the single street of Rand's Point.

The ground was bare, a soft south wind rustled the naked boughs and told of coming leaves, and the blue lake was like a summer sea. Carefully laid in the wood-carts were a number of rude boxes, the missionary and his wife walked behind, and after them came the captain and mate, Margaret and Mr. Brown, the other passengers and sailors, together with the entire population of the village, except the wood-cutter's wife, who was tending the half-delirious mother. The cemetery was a clearing among the blackened stumps, and, after the bodies had been lowered to their last resting-place, the little group united in singing the hymn whose verses had now a strange significance:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

"We sing here below, while they who so lately sung with us are now with the heavenly choir," said the missionary, raising his eyes, with the rapt look of unquestioning faith, to the blue sky; "we have been so near the King of Terrors that his icy breath has left its mark; some he has taken, others he has left, we know not why. But we shall meet them again; and now let us pray that the lesson of the storm may not have been given in vain."

Another week, and the smoke of a steamer was seen in the offing; the sick woman, too ill to move, was tenderly cared for by her hostess, the captain and mate with the sailors had gone by sail-boat to Manitou Island, the missionary and his wife with Edward Brown had decided to wait for a steamer of the Western Line to which the ill-fated Chippewa had belonged, and Margaret Morris was to pursue her journey alone.

It was twilight, farewells had all been said, and she sat on the deck of the Mohawk, in her shrunken clothes, wrapped in a shawl which Nancy had forced upon her, looking back at the shore, and waiting for the final whistle.

A voice behind aroused her.

"I have brought you another shawl; Nancy was afraid you would be cold, Miss Morris."

"Call me Margaret," said the lady; and

her voice trembled as she gave her hand for another good-by.

"Well, it does come easy, because—perhaps you're not interested, but still I'd like to tell you before I go that—that I'm going to be married next month, and *her* name is Margaret.

The whistle sounded. Hastily drawing a ring from her finger, the only jewel she possessed, a diamond in an old-fashioned setting, Margaret thrust it into Edward's hand.

"Give it to *your* Margaret, with my love," she said, in a low, earnest tone.

Another minute and the boat was in motion, the lights twinkled on the darkening shore, and she had left Rand's Point behind her forever.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FLORRY AND AMICIA BOTH SUCCEED IN FINDING OUT SOMETHING.

"As soon as he comes in," said Florry, to Alice, "I'll make him write it down. He must be able to write."

This was in continuation of the conversation with her sister, of which we gave a scrap a little while ago.

"Perhaps he can only write in German characters," said Alice; "and then what he says will be like a fly that has dipped its legs in ink crawling over the paper, and you will be no wiser."

"I'd make them all write in Roman," said Florry.

"So would I," said Alice; "but then our woulds' don't go for much."

So, when Mr. Sonderling came into the room, Florry fastened on him at once, and said:

"Mr. Sonderling, I wish so much you would write that name down on paper."

"With the highest pleasure," said Mr. Sonderling. "I have here my *Bleistift*, what you call your pencil, in my pocket."

As he said this he pulled out his pencil—a wondrous combination of knife, pen, pencil, and toothpick—and asked:

"Have you paper?"

"Plenty," said Florry, taking him to a little writing-table. "This is mamma's own table and writing-things, but we may take a sheet."

So on a sheet of note-paper, with the monogram of three C's interlaced for Constance Catherine Carlton, Mr. Sonderling began to write; but before he put pencil to paper, he said:

"It is not that I cannot that name pronounce, for I can if I am not bustled. Only hear. It is 'Smeess.'"

"Smeess!" said Florry; "I never heard of such a name. There's no such name as 'Smeess' in all England, I'm sure."

"It vonders me," said Mr. Sonderling, laying down the paper, "such words to hear. It is the most commonest name in all this land."

"Do write it, Mr. Sonderling," said Florry. "I shall think it so good of you if you will."

"Well, then," said Mr. Sonderling, "now for it; here goes. Behold!" and then, with something like an effort, for Florry had told him he must write in Roman, he wrote—Florry looking on all the while—"Amicia Smith."

"Smith!" said Florry. "Now I can understand you; but why did you not say Smith at once, not 'Smiess' or 'Smeess,' for it sounded much more like the last than the first?"

"Because the organ of the mouth fails me," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Oh, thank you!" said Florry. "So many thanks, Mr. Sonderling!" clutching the autograph in triumph, and running off to Alice.

"What do you think, dear?" she whispered; "her name was Smith before she married. What fun!"

"Now we shall find out all about her, no doubt," said Alice; "but, darling, you know that won't make her a bit less lovely than she undoubtedly is."

"Oh, it is plain she is some low-lived person," said Florry. "Harry shall know it all, and then he won't look at her, however lovely she is."

"We shall see," said Alice, who by this time had her pet lamb, Edward, at her side.

"There she is talking to Harry," said Florry. "I'll go and get something more out of my German friend."

"Mr. Sonderling," said Florry, for he was sitting just where she left him, lost in thought, "will you have some coffee?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Sonderling; "but I have already had him."

"Are you reflecting again?" asked Florry.

"Yes, miss, I reflect. Always I reflect after dinner."

"That's like cows chewing the cud," said Florry to herself; and then she went on out loud: "I wish, Mr. Sonderling, you would leave off reflecting, and tell me a little more about Miss Smith. What was she when you first knew her?"

"I did not know her first," said Mr. Sonderling, rather to Florry's amazement.

"Then I suppose she knew you first?"

"Not so," said Mr. Sonderling. "I did know her father first."

"Oh," said Florry, "I understand. And pray what was her father?"

"He was a doctor and teacher of tongues," said Mr. Sonderling, "and he dwelt at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs at Frankfort-on-the Main."

"A doctor and a teacher of tongues!" said Florry. "You mean a curer of tongues. He pickled them and sold them; but why should such a man, in such a trade, dwell, as you call it, at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs?"

"That was the very reason," said Mr. Sonderling, "and I thank you, miss, for putting the just word into my mouth. He was both a doctor, and a teacher, and a curer of tongues, and that was why the little deafs and dumbs were so fond of him."

"I can't follow you at all," said Florry, quite out of her depth; "I can't make out what you mean by a teacher and a curer of tongues. Did he teach the tongues after he cured them, and did the deafs and dumbs eat them?"

"By no means," said Mr. Sonderling, with a slow laugh; "for then the deafs and dumbs would have eaten their own tongues."

"What do you mean?" said Florry, in desperation.

"I mean that Dr. Smeess was an English chirurg, who dwelt at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs, and cured their tongues, and taught them to speak justly and righteously."

"Dear me," said Florry, "how dreadful! Now I begin to understand you."

"You should have understanded me earlier," said Mr. Sonderling, "for my words were very common."

"And so," said Florry, silently accepting the reproof, "Miss Amicia Smith was the daughter of Dr. Smith, who lived in the Deaf and Dumb College at Frankfort, and attended the inmates and tried to cure them."

"He did not only try," said Mr. Sonderling, "he did often heal their tongues."

"I dare say," said Florry, rather proud of having extracted so much from Mr. Sonderling; "but still he lived in the college as a doctor, and Miss Smith lived there with him."

"Oh, yes she lived there with him." It was a beauteous abode."

"Very, I am quite sure," said Florry. "And so you knew Dr. Smith first, and Miss Smith afterward?"

"Just so. I was a student then, home from Heidelberg for the *Ferien*, what they call the holidays at your educational institutes. I do well remember the first day that I beheld Amicia Smeess."

"Was she very good-looking *then?*" asked Florry, with an emphasis on the "then," as though she would not for the world admit that she was good-looking now.

"As fair as the dawn," said Mr. Sonderling; "as lovely then, in the spring-tide of her youth, as she is now in the summer of her prime."

"I do not think her at all good-looking," said Florry, taking the bit between her teeth again.

"I pity you, miss," said Mr. Sonderling, fetching a deep "*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" from his breast.

"Have you any thing more to tell me about her?" asked Florry.

"Much, very much," said Mr. Sonderling; "but see, she regards us, and it is a long story."

"Another time, then?" said Florry.

"Yes, another time," said Mr. Sonderling. "Meantime, I will reflect."

Then he sunk back into his dreamy state; and, if he had been alone in his little house at High Beech, we will bet any money that he would have had a pipe in his mouth in half a minute.

"Well," said Alice, looking up at Florry, "any thing more?"

"Only a doctor's daughter," said Florry, with a toss of her head.