

AN ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

I found her deep in the forest,
The beeches and elms between,
A delicate amber plane tree,

LITTLE WASP.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you think a coquette can ever be true?"
This remark was addressed to me by an old schoolfellow with whom I kept up a friendship.

"Do I think a coquette can be true? No; but Little Wasp can!"
I cried, "But a greater flirt never lived!"

"I don't think Little Wasp a coquette, in a real true sense," I observed. "She talks to every fellow, I know, but she behaves all the time as if unconscious that she's doing anything out of the way."

"There again," said Jack, facing round and looking at me as if I were his bitterest enemy instead of the most forbearing friend in the world, and indeed I had proved myself this; for had I not listened to his meandering talk about Little Wasp for hours together and never pronounced myself bored?

"It will be judged from this that I was not one of the young lady's favored gentlemen, and indeed I was not. I got none of her smiles and a great many of her short answers which had gained her her nickname, answers which, coming through less beautiful lips, might have exasperated a man. But her innocent air and exquisite loveliness made everything she did or said appear right at the moment."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. "Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on. 'I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner.'"

"Sinners!" cried Jack, knocking down my cigar-case from a cupboard near his elbow with magnificent indifference. "I like that! She who is as stainless as—"

"Here I interrupted him. I had no particular ancestors to trace my descent from, and now by heart all Jack's ancestors as far back as Adam, I did not want to hear any more of them, which Little Wasp would have said directly was jealousy."

"All right, old fellow," said Jack. "I'm not going to give you the tree this time, and you come of a better stock than I do or you wouldn't be what you are."

"I was considerably mollified by this remark, and, relaxing the severity of my countenance, said: 'You were about to observe—'"

"Yes," said Jack. "I was about to observe that I am ready to die for that girl." "In which respect," I replied, "you are not so distinguished from your fellows as by your tree."

"Very likely," he answered, mournfully. "But, after all, the question at issue is, which of us is ready to die for?"

I was disappointed of this piece of diplomacy, for Jack came up to my lodging very late in the evening, and he looked so buoyant and happy that I knew it was all settled; and why shouldn't it be? (that later a little admonition delivered internally, to some part of me that would sigh in thinking of it.)

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his fist was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

"The deuce she has," I said, sticking a knife into a loaf of bread in front of me, for I had been eating my supper.

"He looked a little surprised at my expression, but he was too full of his own happiness to notice me much, and rattled on, seating himself upon the table in a manner which would have alarmed my landlady could she have seen him, for that article of furniture was none of the newest nor the most modern. It was round, and had stood upon a center pedestal, and a d d stood upon a center pedestal, and I had discovered three different catalogue numbers of sales upon it underneath. But I am digressing."

"I want but one thing to complete my happiness," Jack said; and the table creaked under him, and caused the cheese to run a race with the knife along the dish. "If only you could get your appointment and go out with us."

"Now was my time. I looked up with an injured air. 'I got the notice that I was appointed this morning.'"

"Why in the name of all the gods didn't you tell a fellow?"

"I should like to know what chance I had," I replied. "For the last six months there has been only one subject of conversation between us, and Little Wasp has—"

"Here he interrupted me. 'Look here, old fellow,' he said; 'we must drop that absurd nickname. Her real name is Ellen.'"

"Absurd!" I ejaculated. "Little Wasp is Little Wasp, and can be nothing else to any of us who have known her. But of course," I added with some dignity, "she will have a new name to be called by soon, and I shall use that."

"Nonsense, old fellow," replied my friend, "we are not going to make a stranger of you, and you are welcome to call her Ellen like me."

"I thanked him with a little of a sneer in my tone, I am afraid, and respectfully declined."

"As you like," said Jack, giving the table a fearful wrench. In fact, such was the danger I was compelled to remonstrate, and suggest that there were chairs in the room, even if not of the most desirable shape and softness."

"Ah, to be sure—I thought it was rickety," he said, descending from his perch and seating himself next upon my camp stool, which collapsed under him, resulting in bursts of laughter from both of us."

"It's only getting my hand in for the Bay of Biscay, and hang it if I care for anything," he said, seating himself with some care in my arm-chair, "now that angel has linked her lot with mine."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. "Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on. 'I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner.'"

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anything and went to their berths, and it became necessary for the passengers to take their places. Jack and I were strong, and we went to the pumps.

The storm continued with redoubled fury. The water was rising rapidly in the cabin, and there the stewardess helped the parents to place their children higher than the water, thus putting off by so little the inevitable.

It was now resolved that the pinnace should be lowered by means of the davits. But only three of the passengers were willing to enter it when launched. They had been terrified by the fate of the lifeboat. I was one of the passengers and I almost felt guilty in writing it, seeing that they were not the other two.

Few will believe how great a sacrifice I made for the old mother at home depending on me. To have died with her as he did would have seemed bliss to me. But my life belonged to my old mother at home.

"There is little chance for you in the boat," said the captain to the first mate; "here there is none. You have done your duty, God bless you. Do what you can for the little craft," and the two shook hands as for eternity.

The pumps had been abandoned, and Jack with his arm around his wife stood near and heard. "You will go, Tom," said Jack, "you have your mother. We," he said glancing with a kind of rapture at the wistful little face leaning against his pea jacket—"we will not be separated."

I still hoped, as I said "Good-bye," that they would join us, but the crew, finding the passengers held back, had come on to the boat and taken their places, at which the captain smiled grimly. He smiled even more as one of the other passengers went over the side of the vessel with a black bag carefully held, to think he should care for his possessions at a moment like this.

There was no time to lose, for the good ship was settling fast. We had some biscuits and a compass, but no water. "There is room for one more. Fetch a lady," said the mate as we were about to cut ourselves free of the ship.

I immediately regained the ship to look for Ellen and her husband. "There is room for one lady," I said hurriedly. "Go both of you and care for my mother for me."

MUSIC'S MASTERY OVER DEATH.

The Concord of Sweet Sounds Called Man Back from the Grave.
It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers, and forcing back the tears to greet his wandering looks with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, wan face.

"Jennie, dear wife, I am going."
"Oh, no, John; not yet, not yet."
"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes; "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels, sweet and sad."

"No, no, John dear, that isn't angels; that's the brass band on the corner."
"What?" said the dying man. "Have those soundrels dared to come around here when they know I'm dying? Give me my bootjack. I'll let 'em see."

And in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed, and before his wife could think he had opened the window and shied the bootjack at the band.
"I've hit that Dutch leader, anyway."
And he went back to bed and—got well.—Ex.

Hope.
A poet tells us, that all the miseries of mankind were included in a great box, and that Pandora took off the lid of it by which means all of them came abroad, and only hope remained at the bottom.

Hope is the great antidote which keeps our hearts from busting under the pressure of evils, and gives us all a prospect of some greater good. Hope is called a manna from heaven, that comforts us all in distresses.

When other things fail and desert us, hope stands by firm and fast. Hope begets courage for the battle of life; no oppression can crush it, no misfortune can destroy its great power. Hope is an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and he who lacks hope, is the poorest and most miserable man living. It is said that hope has many vines or branches to which the hopeful of earth cling. We find an army of the hopeful, often suffering from disease and pain.

It is said by one, "that circumstances and fortune permitted me to introduce into the world an endless variety of quack cures, nostrums and medicines, to test the endurance of hope. Hope, gentle grace, clung to many of them for a time, but afterwards, almost broken-hearted cast them off."

Then appeared on the scene another remedy, modestly and unostentatiously introduced by its great discoverer. Hope and faith combined, laid hold on the new panacea; and benedictions from all quarters of the land, and "Paine's Celery Compound" was awarded the anthem of praise. Hope everywhere clings to it in all circumstances, the overworked, the nervous, the weak. It restores the troubled nervous to quiet, and brightens, freshens, and tones up the whole system. Reader, let hope send you forth this day to lay hold of this never-failing remedy.—Advt.

Not a Beer Barrel.
Base Ball Crank (to manager)—Is Curves, your new man, a fellow who drinks?
Manager—No, sir; he never touched a drop of liquor in his life.
Crank—Ah, a water pitcher, eh?—N. Y. Press.

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