A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE.

Round us in one friendship bound,
Oh, heart of mine! do you not feel
Some who claim a very close kind
Are to us as strangers yet and cold
From the face known whose entire smile
Its loving greetings to her brother,
Not half so warm as this stranger smile I see,
The sweet voice sounds as the rain
From sunflowers dark But to the soul,
From fellow souls comes a kindred tone,
From fellows whose close events flow
Into common remembrance and love,
Just like one drop of water to the flow
Blended in days of childhood events,
Perhaps, with wonderful affinities
Who gives the entry as we had invented,
Who through so many years have to seem
Our dark, lone sorrow and our joy?
Who shares therefore in all we
Who sympathize with our failures
Our dark, lone sorrow and our joy?
They not only that want have made to me
The night seem as one day
The sunshine "gone so wisely" seem
Are with the aged rather than that near
Strangers from the world of cold
The world walks with my million feet,
Or follows after where I go.
Sometimes he turns to me and frowns,
To pass and there on my cheek,
Or look as I cower frightened around,
In times where I have to see my home
And sometimes to my sister room.
The sunlight falls where I stand the gloom,
I smile, because all eternity
A friend lives to and smiles at me.

SYDNEY T. SYLVIA.

A DUEL UNDER WATER.

"You didn't finish the widow, did you, Tom, when you paid the bill off? We've been on a pretty long cruise this time, and like enough she'll be in need of some more things than the boy's wages will pay for her."

"Oh, no, Bill, I didn't forget Nancy. I put two his dollar bills in an envelope, was from you, and one from me, and have them to the young chap for her mother. But I say, Bill, I think that on the next job we'll better 'throw the log,' and let Jim make a 'lay' alongside of Tom and us, while the other 'hooks' him. My word for it, he will make a good diver after a little practice, with such men as you and I to teach him the business."

"I guess you're right, mate," assented Bill. "If Noddy has a liking for the work, and the widow don't object, the lad might as well continue now as any time. I'll take a walk up to the cottage tonight, and see what Nancy has to say about it. The poor thing's so scared that the dangerous business for her only boy, but Lor', Tom, ain't you and I spent half our lives under water and are none the worse for it now?"

"That's true, Bill. Why, a diver in his armor, with a good 'tender' at the surface, is just as safe as a parson in his pulpit. Yes, you'd better go and see Nancy, and, trimmed Tom reflectively, "and have a talk with her. And say, mate, see if she wants anything, so that we can get it for her after we go away."

"All right, old man. So long!" and with that the one who had been addressed as Bill turned and walked away, leaving his companion, Tom, seated himself upon a drum's pumpkin and watched his friend out of sight.

The foregoing conversation took place on the deck of a small working schooner which was lying alongside of one of the wharves in San Francisco, having just arrived at that port from a trip down the coast, where her crew had succeeded in securing all the valuable materials of a sunken vessel that had been lay some hundred and fifty miles to the southward of Cape St. Lucas.

The two characters introduced were the divers, and their friends they were, having worked together continuously for years, in fact, neither one would accept a "position" unless the other was included within its terms.

Bill had just disappeared, when the captain of the schooner emerged from the cabin and approached the solitary figure on deck.

"Ah, Tom," he began, jocosely, "counting the stars, or thinking over your pass ahead?"

"No, cap, you're wrong about the stars, for I haven't cast an eye aloft for the last half hour, but as for the pass—you's beginning to think over that a little. I often think over it. Sometimes I'm pleased with the consideration, and then again I wish it had been somebody else that had gone through what Bill and I have, and not us."

"Why, man, what is it that you and your mate have done that you dislike to speak to mind. I've known you both for nearly twenty years, and, though I say it myself, I never saw better or bolder men on salt water in my whole life."

"Well, cap'n, I think we have done pretty near what is right since you sailed in our company, not shortly after you fell in with us there was something that happened which both Bill and I would give all we are worth, if it hadn't. Although I'm beginning to feel that it might have been for the best, as it brought Nancy what little there was of gold in the shamrock of her veins."

"I have always believed that there was a page in your histories which would prove of deep interest, but one which you have hitherto carefully guarded. If it is not asking too much, I hope that you will make a confidant of me, and accept the avoid of a sailor that I will never reveal the secret."

At this Tom hesitated ere he began.

"Cap, although Bill and I never said that would happened that day we wouldn't talk about, yet we have mutually kept silent on the subject, now matters is such that prisoner for either of us to think of that business has been released we for the world know what unfortunate fools we made of ourselves. Yes, cap'n, I'll tell look. It was way back in '65, when Bill and I were working together on a wreck just inside of Chesapeake bay, between Cape Henry light and Hampton roads.

"We had come down from New York, and were pretty nearly cleaned out in those days. Now, it seemed, anybody neither one of us knew, that we were both fitting workmen in the same trade. We had been aboard of a working schooner, which she stood the run, for nearly two weeks, when one morning I was overhauling my things in the forecastle, and was just taking out a picture of the little one that I'd left my home. Bill came along and, looking over my shoulder, asked, "Hollo, shipmate, Who have you got there?"

"Says I, as brazen as could be, handing him the picture, "That's the woman I hope to be my wife some day."

"Your wife! says he, go to look the photograph. "My God! That's Nancy Rooney, and glancing at the picture he let fly at the phoenix with his face so white as a sow gut-tow! Then, throwing the picture back to me, he jerked, he leaned through his shoulder and said, "Tom Rooney! She will never be your wife! and, cursing, he sprang up the companion of the forecastle before I could stop him.

"As you may imagine, I was feeling mad, and surprised as well. I followed Bill on deck, and saw him sitting on a water cask with his face in his hands. I laid my protected hand and something sits on the shoulder I asked as gently as I could, for the sense of my feelings would let me.

"As he looked up to me the expression of his countenance was that of a person he thought was deserted with either more or regrets. I knew not which.

"Tom, cries, I said after a pause, this big watch my whole life's secret is at sea. Give me back the photograph."

"The answer I received was a blow and curse. I was somewhat stronger than he in those days, and was not get the best of the affair. I held Bill down on deck with one hand on his throat, and with the other pulled the picture from his pocket, but in doing so it was torn in two, and I only secured one half. At this instant our shipmates hauled us, not for the need of that we were another each other as much as you also.

"The Monday morning, as we were dressing, Bill said to me, "Tom, I'm sorry, really so sorrowful to want, I could hear Bill sobbing in his bunk, and just as he finished, my brother, and just as he finished, my brother, and just as he finished, I could see tears in his eyes. I felt sorry for him, but he offered no kindness ahead.

"My companion had scarcely reached the quarter-deck I was in the water and rapidly deteriorating. I felt made up my mind to give Bill no chance to locate as possible the place where I was lying, by simply, stepping off the entire from the wreck will all while he was standing.

"We had been down perhaps half an hour, and I was commencing to feel a little more at ease, when all at once I heard a thump, caused by my copper helmet and a much less sound than that shoulder. I just lost everything, but quickly rose to my feet and looking, saw Bill standing before me, with his arms up and his head very erect. He was advancing toward me a little, the blade of which he touched with his finger, and then pointed at my weapon, which I was doing to be shorter by half.

"I remembered his meaning. It was a challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for the duel to take place! I felt inclined, however, to suggest that after the brief time interval of suspense I begin to feel as if some more of a decisive and solemn nature, even though it was in a struggle to the death.

"On dropping the short iron bar with which I had been previously working, I gave my uncle to varia. On seeing this more Bill opened forth one hand but pulled mine, which he gave a convulsive squeeze, and then waved me back to prepare for action.

"Now begin the battle. The chronic, as I have said, were most favorable, impeded by the presence of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been sufficiently partial, for any one of us, which the other, beside him. My word for it, he will make a good diver after a little practice, with such men as you and I to teach him the business.

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