WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I try wealth and venture my soul thereby
The Kismet Genie of fortune, whom men call Self,
Promises me riches, and I may buy
If I have the silver and have the gold,
Yes if I employ my soul and sell it for it,
Then comes a Friend, and tells me I do wrong
If I trade my soul for wealth, he will tell me
What do I gain, if I win the world and lose my soul?
—William Hume Hewitt, in Harper's.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

The Cunnardit Cattle had arrived in New York. The cabin passengers had gone ashore. The steerage people were being carried away by their friends or by the landlady boss boarders who always lie in wait for them. These put stranded for aid about the docks. Wistful eyes turned downward, anxious to see a familiar face and force among all those strange faces.

Pat Nolan had come aboard to all his bravery—a new blue coat flung upon that it might not conceal the shining watch chain dangling from his vest pocket, his hat tipped to one side in true Connaught fashion, with a border show of yellow silver and coffee and lime neckties, and his boots far once polished by an "Hyacinthus." He threw his shoulders back and tucked his head, for "Ellis's be gosh shaved to bring his ex-sweetheart, Annie O'Brien, home, and wasn't she the prettiest girl in the counties, and hadn't she crossed the ocean for his sake?"

Pat felt as though every one who saw him must know his business there.

Standing still he looked about him, expecting some his little Annie somewhere not far.

"Here, sir, wouldn't she be an anxious to make him so he would be the uncle here?" But attempt to say he could not see her.

He was a little late, for there had been a delay at the train in which he came down from the place where he was working as coachman and gardener. But surely Annie would never have gone ashore without him. He walked about for full ten minutes, looking everywhere, but still ordering the face he wanted.

Every now and then a gay ribbon or a bright coil of hair would make his heart leap, but it was never Annie's hair or Annie's bonnet. At last he made up his mind that she had gone ashore; but in that case she had left word for him, of course—word where she had broken herself.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, stopping up to a man who wore a gold band upon his cap, and was presumably an officer—"I beg pardon, sir, but I'm Pat Nolan. Is there a bit of a message left for me, do you know, sir?"

"Not that I am aware," the officer replied.

"It was Annie O'Brien," said Pat. "She came over on this steamer; she expected me to meet her. We're to be married, you know, sir, and she'd have word if she's gone—Annie O'Brien."

The officer turned a curious, startled gaze upon him.

"Annie O'Brien," he repeated. "A steerage passenger?"

"In course, sir," said Pat. "She's come over to marry me, and she's a workin' girl. We're neither br or rich."

The officer looked at him again.

"I know the name," he said.

"You couldn't help noticing the girl," said Pat, a little in a party crayther, is Annie, will eyes like the sky and golden hair, and a waist ye could span wid yer two hands—hearts' she wouldn't permit ye to do it—and a foot light as a bird's upon the floor. A little jewel is my Annie. You'd not fail to notice her."

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Nolan," said the officer, "I will make some inquiries. Will you have a cigar?"

"A mighty polite gentleman, though he's as solemn as a funeral," said Pat to himself. "I hope he'll not delay long. I'm wild to see Annie. Oh, the divil fly away with the man that kept me from her! I wonder is she cryin' her eyes out for not seein' me? It was wicked she had a right to expect—the first one aboard."

The officer was returning.

He looked more serious than ever.

"Mr. Nolan," he said gravely, "the captain would like to speak to you. I will take you to him. We have had a very stormy voyage, as winter voyages often are."

"But you've come into port on as pleasant a day as there is in the calendar," Pat said cheerfully. "A Christmas sunshine's be brighter."

"We have had a very unpleasant voyage," said the officer gravely.

He opened the door of the captain's cabin. Pat entered with his hat in his hand.

The captain, a grave, learned man, with true gray hair, sat at a table before an open book, on which his hand lay.

"Sit down," he said.

"Thank you, sir. It's so easy standin'," said Pat, with a bow.

"You feel better sit down," said the captain. "I may have to talk to you for some minutes. I have something very painful to say if you are the right man. You are Patrick Nolan?"

"Pat Nolan," said Pat, beginning to feel astonished, but that perhaps the captain, knowing that he was to be married that evening, wanted to congratulate him. "Is it a bride ye mean, sir, father, or perhaps it was the way of the captains of some steamers to be shy and solemn, not thinking how to kept people from their sweethearts, so Pat, let down, put his hat on the floor, and not knowing just what to do crossed all his branches one after the other as he waited.

"Your name is Patrick Nolan," said the captain again "and you come on board to bid a young woman—a friend of yours?"

"My sweetheart promised to me. We are to be married today," said Pat.

"If God will," said the captain.

"Ay, sir, we can do nothing without that. I will have," said Pat. "The priest like to and Father Dore will look and then I'll do the best I can to be kind to myself."

The captain looked down upon the leaves of the book open before him.

"And the name of the young girl you are waiting for?" he said.

"Annie O'Brien," said Pat, beginning to think there was very much—"Annie O'Brien. She's the Widdy O'Brien's daughter—a beautiful woman is the widdy, and well respected. They are neighbors there at home in the west country."

The captain ran his fingers down a long column of names and stopped at last and looked at Pat again.

"Will—a very unpleasant voyage," he said dearly—"a very, very unpleasant voyage."

"The other gentleman was telling me that, sir," said Pat, wishing that this old gentleman would stop talking about the weather and tell him something about Annie. "Did nothing come to a friend on the sea," he said, in order to be polite. "And will all the passengers come to waking and tarry for—more than a mild fall of horses?"

"Yes," said the captain, "we try to carry the poor passengers, but the storm is a little unusual. They are often very sick."

"Yes, sir. I was that sick myself I thought I'd die," said Pat.

"Some are actually ill," said the captain.

This time Pat made no answer, but raised an idea with a Jack rising to his face.

"Unusual they are so very ill that they die," the captain went on. "Delicate women, you know—little children not delicate women."

Pat said nothing at him in silence.

"When I said that we had a very unpleasant voyage I meant," said the captain, "that we had serious illness—that we had death on board. Two strange passengers died. One was Williams O'Brien, an old man coming over to live with his son."

"Did not he come?" said Pat, crossing his forehead.

"The other, who was very ill, was a woman," said the captain, "a young woman, and very pretty. Mr. Nolan, we have to prepare for disaster in this life. We have to bear our lower fling as well as we can. They are very hard to bear. I have had a great many myself. At my age that gives without saying, but you are young and full of hope. I am very sorry to say that I am afraid you are about to suffer a terrible shock. It is a painful task to tell you. Brace up, my lad. The other passenger was a young woman, and her name, so we have it written down, was Annie O'Brien."

All the color had gone out of Pat's face by this time. It was white, lips and all. He dropped his arms on the table and laid his face on them, and great sobs shook his frame.

The captain wiped the tears from his own eyes.

"Life does not good," he said. "Time only can comfort you."

"In course so if I could not believe it, captain," Pat cried, lifting his tear-washed face. "Annie—my little Author Ave—you are it was Annie?"

"There was but one Annie O'Brien on our list," said the captain. "Our crew for name just before she breathed her last. The only steerage passenger of the name of O'Brien died on the voyage of a fever. The doctor could for her as well as he knew how. The women nursed her kindly. We buried her at sea, and the burial service was said by a Catholic clergyman who was on board. You might like to know that, so I tell you."

"My Annie—my Annie at the bottom of the sea!" moaned poor Nolan. "Ah! I'll never see her again, never kiss her red lips, never feel her two arms about me neck! Ah, Annie, I won't live after you—I won't live after you! Life is too hard to bear wid that to think of. It's turned me to a woman, sir. I'm thinkin', but it's the worst blow I ever had in me life."

There was a knock at the door just then. Pat hid his tear stained face again.

"No admittance just now," cried the captain.

"I didn't mean to come in, place, sir," said a sweet voice. "Your pardon, sir, I'm able to go, captain, if you'll let me. I'm waiting this long time till my friend comes ashore to bring me home, and I'm getting anxious, fearin' something has happened him. What will I do, sir? I know no one in America. Perhaps he might be in hospital or dead. I know he lived in Cork. Pat Nolan, that I'm promised to. Would ye?"

But the captain had flung wide the door, and Pat was on his feet, and with a roar like that of a buffalo had flung his arms about her.

"Mary be an fool and all the saints!" he cried. "You're not dead at all! You're alive! I've got you safe and sound! They've been telling me you were dead. God help the man that put the news on me, for I'll love not the bones av him!"

"Quiet, there!" shouted the captain. "Down with your fists, or I'll put you in irons! What did you mean by asking for Annie O'Brien, a steerage passenger, when you named Annie Bailey, a first cabin passenger? That is the girl that stands there. That is the name she gave us—Annie Bailey."

"Captain, dear," cried Annie, clutching her Pat by the coat tails, "captain, darlin', Pat never knew—he did not, mean writin' him, my mother—a widdy—married again wid Mr. Peter Bailey, that kept a wine tavern in our town. So long as I was good from her, and he was good to her, why wouldn't she? And he, bein' money in store, said I should come like a lady, and paid me passage in the finest place, and set it complete sent to him—being my mother's husband and so generous to me—I saved as Annie Bailey. That is the way it was, captain, and behold all the trouble arose from it—for I wanted Pat to find me and in the highest sense, and remained for the sake of him."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Pat, bowing low, "on account of what I've been through."

"All right, my man," the captain answered, and then he threw his arm round Annie and kissed her as away the happiest girl in alive.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Florida Companion.

Loss of Memory.

Blind Tom, the pianist, has earned $200,000 and is now, in his old age, an inmate of a poor house. He says he can't tell what has become of all the money, and if he ever to see one she probably will.—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking the News Gently.

Once upon a time a dear woman of my acquaintance was prostrated by many sorrows, so that her physicians hated bear tidings. In order that she might be spared any sudden shock, the household was warned never to be silent at the commencement of any fatal good or bad. One day the new girl, who had been repeatedly admonished, entered the room where the invalid was sitting, and, approaching her in solemn step, whispered coyly in her ear, "Mary Jane, don't you be shocked now, but the house is on fire, and the whole blooder part is blazin'!"—Chicago Herald.

THE TWO GREAT MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so like to death,
The other, the awful calm, the clock that ceases to mark time and life.
The first we know not why it comes, though we may guess at its purpose.
The strange while politicians of power that seem to be.
We know not why it comes, dear, this sleep—this death—
The other, why we must wake to it day after day and week to week.
We know not why, where the sense wise
Not why we are to wonder still, nor why we
Not why we know—our mind and soul, at time
Little by little, we know not why, we know not how
Yet, O, we know, we do know, that this life was
This we know, that we must wake and toil, if God
Nor know we, but I believe that God is
And we know, we do know, that death is the
—Mary Hayes Dodge.

Mrs. Sherman's Memory.

Mrs. Sherman had a wonderful memory. This was illustrated by an incident that occurred in Philadelphia some years ago. He was visiting his daughter, and while sitting at the open window smoking one midsummer night he saw the policemen pass, and as the policemen halted a moment the general was pained to give him a keen glance and utter an exclamation.

The next morning he told some one that when the policemen on the beat passed again to say he wanted to speak to him. When the officer entered he straightened up and gave Gen. Sherman the regular military salute.

"Ah, he," said the general. "I thought so. Now, where was it I saw you before? Do you know me?"

"Oh, yes," said the honored patrolman, "I know you when you were a lieutenant. I was your drummer in California."

"H, ha! I thought so; and wait a bit. So you were that little drummer boy, and your name—your name's Hutchinson."

Sure enough, the general of the United States army, who had been thousands of drummers, had recognized in a passing policeman the drummer boy who was with his company in the Mexican war.—Philadelphia Times.

Business Is Business.

A lithographing establishment in Buffalo recently received from a western customer a circular note announcing the death of the head of the firm. It was given to the clerk with instructions to write a letter of condolence in reply, and this is what he supplied: "We are greatly pained to learn of the loss sustained by your firm and extend to you our heartfelt sympathy. We are informed the circular you send us announcing Mr. ——'s death is lithographed by Clinton printers. We regret that you did not see it in your way to let us have on this job. The next time there is a bereavement in your house we shall be glad to quote you on lithographed circulars, and are confident that we can give you better work at less cost than anybody else in the business. Trusting we may soon have an opportunity of quoting you prices, we remain with profound sympathy, yours truly."—Buffalo Courier.

What Do You—

This is going around town: A proud poor traveling man went to a new city, for him, and was stuck by the size the hotel clerk put on. He watched his manners toward several guests who precedent him, and after he had registered he turned to the clerk in an admiring sort of a way and said:

"Well, I'll swear, did any one ever tell you how much you were like Chip?"

The clerk straightened up, smiled and said:

"Oh, yes; you mean, of course, Henry Clay, the famous Kentucky statesman?"

"Oh, no; I don't," returned the traveler. "I mean just the plain, ordinary chap they make pottery of."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Where the Needles Go.

Tom beat the pin and needle combine that fat. As little ages, wondering what had become of the needles, I opened a needle and by the family and found 226—six more darning needles, the rest all sizes of common sewing needles.—Cor. Newburyport News.

The spiders found in England are small and quite harmless to man, but it is probable that some poisonous kind is unknown to the naturalists of all spiders. From the bite of the common house spider (Tegenaria domestica) is quickly fatal to flies and other insects on which it preys.

Jesse H. McCarthy, M. P., is 50 years old, and has published eleven books and seven plays, he is tall and thin, with a very small head; he has traveled much in Persia, and has an intimate acquaintance with the literature of that country.

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, lives at Lexington, where the scenes of some of his stories have been laid. He is a professor of Latin in Bethany college, and all earnest student of classic philology.

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"I can say from a good trade on Hood's Sarsaparilla sales, and those who use it know it has the best blood and liver remedy on the market." J. F. Hyde, Greensboro, Ala.

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I have been troubled many years with kidney complaint and have tried many different remedies and have actually had Bright's Disease diagnosed without relief. About the 20th of April I was confined to my bed a very serious attack that almost prostrated me so that I could not walk. When I was able to be up I commenced using Oregon Kidney Tea, and in two days I was able to walk out. I continued using the tea, for I had no other symptoms of the disease, and in the accomplishment of all the pounds of the kidney, in a few days, I felt entirely well. I am happy to say that I was cured. I will always recommend the tea to all sufferers.

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