

Threnody.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.

NO RELATIONS;

A Story of To-day.

"Cap'n," whispered Stephen hoarsely,
"what the blazes does this mean?"
"It means," replied Captain Ramsay,
"that there are more ways than one for a man to get what he wants. If it suits me to sing small and pretty—hymn book is the word."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE COMMODORE.

"If that is what you mean," said Stephen blankly, "hang me if I know how you are going to do it. First, you tell the girl you are very sorry and you wish you hadn't spoke. Next, you send your love to her spark. After tellin' her, straight, that you don't want her no more, and you're sorry you spoke, you tell me—hang me if I know what you mean."

"Never a man in all the world his equal for devilment and craft! Who'd ha' thought of that, now?"
"Not you, Steve, certainly. Is this better than turning the gal out-o'-doors, and driving her into the arms of her chap? I guess Steve, you don't quite know my sort of stuff yet."

went on, "that you are going to London to-morrow?"
"Yes, for a few days only. I have," said Jack, with an expressive blush, "a few preparations to make."

"And Stephen, does he sail with you to-morrow?"
"No; he joins us later on; we are going for a trial cruise first." The lies dropped out of this mariner's mouth as easily as out of Stephen's. "He comes aboard her later on; three weeks or a month."

"A happy thought, old friend? Will you do me so much honor as to steer me on board my own ship?"
"I was pleased to be of a little service, and we all walked away to the quay, where the boat was lying ready for the trip."