"Father of Mercy!" I exclaimed. "Captain, look! look! what is that crouching away up near the top of the other?"

A shriek at this instant burst from both pinacles; the sea lashed furiously about their base, and seemed to lick upward with a greedy fury. The light of the northern fires spread white and lurid over the leaden vault that seemed a lid to a huge coffin, and as true as I am talking to you now, we saw distinctly two human beings on these desolate masses.

One stood stiff on the highest pinnacle of the berg to our left; and the other, with outstretched arm, crouched beneath a projecting ledge of ice on the other, to the right. They were dead—frozen dead, and frozen to the mass that bore them through the sea and the storm, and they were guiding their battle-steeds of tempest out from the northern pole to what goal God only knew.

Onward they went, and we could distinctly see their gaze turned towards the distant voids, while over their hair and beard clustered the hoar-frost of the hurricane, giving them the appearance of great age. Upon their mad chargers they stood transfixed, and all through that night of horror they kept us company, now and then drawing nearer to us; and as the one approached us on which sat the man with his arm outstretched, the wild night-wind blowing over the summit seemed to come from his open mouth, and warn us from the track. The other stood with his hands clenched, but separated, and he seemed to be intent upon the contest in which he was engaged; for his face, by some accident, was turned toward his corpse-companion, as if watching each movement that he made, that he might benefit by it.

Gradually the bergs drifted farther away from us, and when morning dawned they had driven out of sight."

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*A Bee Tree.*

Some few years ago a strong friendship existed between two youths of nearly the same age, one of whom lived in a city lying on the Pacific coast, while the other dwelt on what might be called a farm, lying several miles from the city. The place might rather be called a logging camp, for all the farming that was done was incidental. Though of very different temperaments, the boys showed a great similarity in their pursuits; neither was over fond of books, or the restraints necessary to civilization, while both possessed a great liking for the gun and the rod, and no distance was too great for them to walk, nor colt too wild to ride. Every Friday night, or the evening before a holiday, found the two friends together on the farm, planning an expedition for the morrow. While the cows were being milked, the calves attended to, and the wood chopped, the different regions most likely to bring success were thoroughly discussed and decided upon. As the evening stole on, and the work of the day was over, the guns or fishing-poles were inspected and made ready, while an inviting lunch was stowed away in the capacious game-bag, to tide them over the exertions of the following day. The cottage on the property was a cozy building of a story and a half, with its roof and corners overrun with ivy, one side of the house being hid by grapevines, which bore in their season large purple cones of tempting Isabellas. Behind the house was the orchard, and in front the garden lay, with its luxuriant growth of flowers, most conspicuous among which was a rhododendron, at least twelve feet in height, and covered during May and June with gorgeous clusters of pink blossoms. The gate opened into the corral, in whose center stood a great wooden pump, and the two troughs, fed by it, hewn from pine logs. On the farther side of the corral was the immense barn, the receptacle of almost everything, and shaded by a redwood-tree shaped much like an umbrella. The barn was approached on two sides by the calf-pasture, and at its lower end stood a stagnant pool,