

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

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Jerry Simpson and Jane Cape, a wholesome, rollicking, care-free pair, were married at Buffalo, New York, October 12, 1870, and for their bridal trip they went a-sailing on the "Summer Cloud."

Jane Cape had been well trained by her good English mother in all housewifely ways. She had been taught that idleness and unthrift were sinful. And so it seemed a fine and fitting thing to go as cook on the schooner, Summer Cloud, of which her husband was First Mate.

On those glorious nights when the young couple walked the deck encompassed by the witchery that comes not elsewhere than upon the waters it seemed to them as if there could

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be no misery or meanness, but only joy and kindness, in all God's blessed world.

The world of books in which Jerry had lived so delightedly was an unknown world to Jane. So for a time he closed the printed page and read the sweeter book of life with the blue eyed girl whose lot was cast with his.

With a rich burr, his legacy from Scottish forbears, he would recite, "A man's a man for a' that;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and numberless choice things which his fine memory placed at his command. And oftenest of all, like some refrain fitted to all tunes, he would say:

"——to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"I do not quite understand you," Jane would sometimes say in response to Jerry's

JERRY SIMPSON.

commentaries upon the times and ways of humankind.

"Never mind, Jane, you will some day," he would reply with smile so broad and with such perfect patience that the little wife did not feel chilled by any gap between them.

There was a flavor of chivalry—a deferential, old-school mannerism in Jerry Simpson's demeanor toward women. There was indescribable gentleness in his ways with little Jane as if he felt that his abounding health and strength were given him in trust to serve and shield the weaker one.

Days when the seas ran high poor little sea-sick Jane declared that she could tell, though groaning in her berth, just when Jerry took the wheel from another and steadied the boat with his more masterful hand.

Thus was begun their long journey on the buffeting sea of life and neither one had any care or sorrow.