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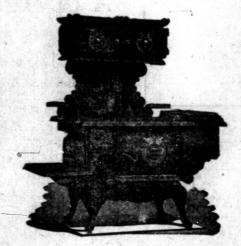
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LBERT SHELDRICK, ...

The wind comes riding down from heaven.
Ho, wind of heaven, what do you bring?
Ool for the morn, dow for the free,
And every sweetest thing.
The wind of even, from pink clouds driven
What do you bring to me?
The low call of thy love, who waits
Under the willow tree,
Those boat upon the water waits
For me—for size!

THE SKIPPER.

The last half hour of the steams

The last half hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pittless bay, cronching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew that she had but a short time to live.

She had had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east, and her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had assembled under the awnings to laugh, fiirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many violasitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black sea ports, sinking.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of 45 degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam enda. Every movable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have been immovable—the engine hatch—had also been smashed in. That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder. The engine room plates were awash, and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only been kept head to sea by means of a sea anchor made of the derricks and spars. A portion of every sea that came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine hatch, and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck, the only structure which had been strong

and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter at the bridge deck, the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas, clustered her crew, some 30 hands, hard faced sailors and grimy firemen, the former quiet, agathetic, almost careless; the others, save for a few, dead white with fear, spending their, last moments in cursing, with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in couning in her and the skipper for not making use of the two remaining boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away. On the bridge stood the skipper and the mate, bearded, elderly men both, straining their despairing eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and

ale.
At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the aloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail.
"We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith. She'll not last much longer!" he shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing them.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate, "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"
"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"
"They've been ready since morning,"

"They've been ready since morning,"
said the mate. "but can we get them in
the water unsmashed, and won't the
firemen rush them?"

fremen rush them?"
"I don't think so," replied the skipper. "There's time enough and room
enough for all to get away."
But his face took a grimmer look as
he led the way down from the bridge to
the charthouse, the mate following him.
Inside they could hear each other with
receaser case, and the skipper, while

the charthouse, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest. You will take charge of her, get your craw aboard and have every one in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If those patents act, you ought to be all right." The boats were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackies holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is water borne, so that there is no unbooking of blocks to be done while the boat is getting dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

"I shall be all right," said the mate, "but what about you? Who's going to lower the falls of the after boat? You can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck." said

can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper. "If they have a long painter made fast to the ship, they can sasily pull up again under the counter, and I'll make a jump for it."

"Mind you don't jump short. You'd have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on," said the mate.

"Oh, I'll manage," replied the skipper. "Call the men up."

The men came up in a body, and the skipper came out on the deck, revolver in hand.

"The ship's sinking," he said, "and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety if you obey my orders. You will remain standing where you are till I call your names; then the man whose name is called will take his place in the boat. Any man that starts for the boat before I tell him I shoot; understand all?"

There was a low murmur from the men, and the skipper continued:

"Mr. Smith will take charge of the boat."

The mate, with a look at the aktyper.

the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical maneuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and, a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of, "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boat.

"Steam heav!" "cried the skipper.

of, "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boat.

"Stand back!" cried the skipper.
Crack, and the leading fireman spread sut his bands and pitched on to his face, rolling in a limp bundle down on to the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped. They might as well be drowned as shot, they thought, and they huddled together, looking with horrified glances at their dead comrade. The skipper paused, lowered his revolver and then called the next name. They had learned their lesson and went quietly to the boat, which was got safely away and drifted out of sight in the mist of the gale.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on the deck, lowered her. She also got clear away and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked aft to wait for them to haul up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man, and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter and was getting close. The skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and with a cry of "Blast you, stop and drown with Bill!" out the painter.

The distance between the ship and

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and dispite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the cars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world after 40 years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas wind screen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month. On that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmasters' society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgings. Perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage. If not, well, if meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, ill used boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebee timber ship; of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use less coal, less paint, fewer provisions and to go with smaller crews than in the last. He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proverb rose to his lips, "To live hard, work hard, die hard- and go to hell after all would be too d——d hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indict him at the bar of the last judg ment, he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court, "In my judgment it was nocessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A wudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his fies the safety of the men in my charge." As wudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his f

Watson as a Captain.

Being conscientious and consistent always. Watson's religious scruples, combined with a stern sense of military duty, sometimes led up to peculiar incidents. At one time a seaman had been found guilty of overstaying his leave and coming on board intoricated. He fully expected to be sentenced the following morning, but was surprised to be called from his hammock at midnight. He confronted the captain on the quarterdeck.

"You are guilty of misconduct. That calls for punishment," said the captain earnestly. "You are probably in suspense and are worrying over it. I also have worried over your case, and my conscience will not allow me to inflict needless cruelty upon you by keeping your mind racked with uncertainty for sven another hour. You will be confined in the 'brig' on bread and water for five days."

The evident earnestness and sincerity.

The evident earnestness and sincerity of the captain so impressed the culprit that he clumsily thanked his commanding officer as he was being led away to prison.—New York Times.

Witestess Telegraphy.

During a recent visit to the Isle of Wight Lord Kelvin he ame so much interested in the apparatus there for wireless telegraphy that he sent off three messages, one to Sir George Stokes at Cambridge, a second to his own assistant at Glasgow and a third to Lord Rayleigh and Mr. Preece in London. These were transmitted by the Marconi system from the island to Bournemouth on the mainland, a distance of 15 ciles, and then were repeated to their escreat destinations by wire. Although the Marconi apparatus is being used only experimentally the distinguished scientist insisted on paying for these messages at the usual commercial rate.



THE WRITERS.

Quida recently refused to give facts for a biagraphy of her, saying: "My works are there for all to read. With me individ-ually they have nothing to do." "One man does not make a newspaper," nor, for that, does one man make a maga-time. But when James Payn wrote "Lost Sir Massigherd" for Chambers', Journal

week.

Count Tolstol, when he has a great werk in hand, writes nearly all day and sometimes far into the night. Even in the summer, during the children's holidays, he rarely leaves his deak to spend a few mements with them.

W. E. Henley, one of the most conspicuent journalists in London and also a poet of no mean quality, has been honored by Mr. Baifour with a pension of \$1,000 a year. A like sum was allotted to Tennyson in 1845, and the late laureate lived to draw it 47 times.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A chemist says that medicine stains usually yield very quickly to an application of alcohol. For the obstinate iodine stains ether is recommended.

To rejuvenate your leather covered chairs rub them frequently with a small, strong Turkish towel. Something in the fiber of this material gives to leather, when vigorously rubbed, quite a brilliant polish.

polish.

Upholstered furniture should be beaten with a rattan beater, then wiped with a thin cotton duster. All greats spots can be removed easily by using ether or chieroform for silk or the best turpentine for woolen stuffs.

Gilt frames for mirrors or pictures can be washed with white of an egg or with weak liquid ammonis and warm water, lightly applied with a pongs. The water in which a large onloun has been belied is also good for this purpose.

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