

east side of Majuba Island. They pulled in there and ahoyed to the astonished Louie and Guiseppe who had their coats off and were working industriously—that is, Guiseppe was—shovelling sand into the yawl, now one-third full. Louie sat on a log and injected enthusiasm into the job by creating possible extravagances when they got the "gold" home and washed. Now and then he would poke the fire and put on any wood within reach.

"Hello, mate!" he called briskly as the other boat approached. "Get uneasy about us? We're all right—boat needed a little ballast, that's all."

"It did, did it?" rasped the mate, threateningly. He was not peacable at best and he irked under supplementary duties. "Here, you, Joe—drop that oar! Oars ain't made fer diggin'. Come on—git into this boat. And you, you big onion, you'll unload that sand yourself or row it home alone yourself, whichever you like, because row it home you will. You wouldn't stay alone on this island fer forty cargoes o' gold wid the ghost of that fellow that wuz murdered here forty years ago, I reckon."

At that, Louie's gusto vanished and he spoke with restraint:

"Aw, say, mate—ye ain't in earnest—here, oh! aw, I say, mate, that's raw sport. Come on back. Aw, mate—!"

Words failed him. They had already started off with his Italian friend. Louie glimpsed a picture of a night alone on that island, ghost or no ghost. He decided instantly what he would do. He called to Guiseppe something in Italian.

The effect on Guiseppe was magical. He sprang upon the sailor with the oar like a chimpanzee and wrung the oar away from him. In a moment Louie had it.

The sailor swung on Guiseppe and forced him violently into the cockpit. Guiseppe flamed up and ejected the much rehearsed Black Hand threat:

"You pay for treat me lak dot. Italian mans watch for you. Look out!"

Louie called out to them: "Let Guiseppe off and I'll give you the oar." He threw it back to them. They capitulated and landed Guiseppe.

"Now," said Louie in his most foremanly manner. "Go home. We stay till mornin'. We got a job here that ain't quite done."

"But the Cap wants his boat," countered the sailor.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll see the Cap to-morrow," said Louie, unconcernedly.

"What d'ye think you've got there?" quizzed the sailor.

"Oh, sand—maybe a little gold in it, not much." Louie was quite master of the situation and held it.

"Here," offered the sailor. "Get in here and we'll tow you home."

"Oh, all right," yawned Louie. "Better wait a few minutes. She'll hold a little more. Come, Guiseppe, throw in a little more. Watch out for that tin can—I'll take charge of that."

They were off in a few minutes. The sailor and his companions were full of curiosity now. The spokesman asked:

"Say, is that stuff genuine?"

"Genuwine?" exclaimed Louie. "I've had me eye on this for a long time. Genuwine! Well, maybe."

Louie was evidently trying to conceal its real value. This piqued the sailor's curiosity.

"How'd you like let us take a sample to Cleveland with us and prove it up?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't mind," offered Louie. "Take half if you like." Guiseppe frowned. "There's enough for everybody alive on that island, I guess."

Louie settled down comfortably and warded off further questioning with curt replies.

The sailors took turns paddling at the stern and then settled down to straight rowing. Guiseppe choked down a snore.

"Better put the stuff in bags," proposed Louie as they landed at the wharf. "Stow it away so's the others won't git wind of it. The man at Cleveland will say it's all right, you'll see. I'll get Willie Fitzgerald to organize the company to-morrow. I'll give you first chance on the shares."

Louie tucked the tin can he guarded so jealously under his arm and he and Guiseppe dragged themselves homeward.

On the way Louie took a handful of the contents of the can and bestowed them upon Guiseppe.

"They'll get the flakes. We've got the lumps. All's not gold that glitters—Willie told me. These must be what they call the nuggets. Funny how they got there. Must a been a rainbow dipped in there once. Buon giorno, Guiseppe."

Lost and Won---The Woman who did Care

By Wilfred G. Astle

JIM Barker walked out of his office with a dazed look in his eyes, and his hands groped vaguely as do those of a man not long blind, piloting himself along a busy street.

For the past week he had entered his office with doubt and distrust in his mind, and now that the crash had come and he was leaving it a ruined man, he wondered at the simple and trusting way that he had allowed his partner Moore to run the business. "Good God!" he muttered, "Moore must have thought him an unsophisticated infant to deal with," and he gave such a writhe of anguish at the thought that an impish newsboy called out jeeringly: "Git on to de swell—he's nutty." And old Judge Miller whom he

his old-fashioned parents would have chosen for their boy.

He had often wondered if it was a very wise engagement. He was domestic and cared little for society as weighed against a home of his own and all the charms with which his imagination pictured it. The possibility of a cozy table, with Rheta's black eyes shining at him over the coffee-urn, thrilled him with unspeakable happiness, but would Rheta's eyes shine at such a vision of home-life—she, whose life had been regulated entirely by the ceremony attending unending entertaining and being entertained. Many a time he had heard her express her contempt for women who marry only to drudge their lives away with large families and small salaries.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"What means this glory round our feet,
The Magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'
And angels answering overhead,
Sang 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
In our willing hearts incline
To that sweet life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is Born.'

—James Russell Lowell

passed without recognition, turned to look after him, remarking to his companion, "Tut, tut, I never knew young Barker drank."

Barker finally reached the handsome suite of rooms that he called "home," and flung himself into his favorite chair—one of the kind that holds out its arms and wraps you up in them. There he sat for hours, going over and over in his mind the wreckage of the firm of Moore and Barker.

How he had relied upon Moore, the smooth-tongued rascal, and now the villain had not only ruined him but with the genius of a magician had vanished from Toronto and left him to bear the brunt of indignation and curiosity of the public. He felt that Fate had been playing with him in a most cruel manner, since that time ten years ago, when he had left his country home and came to the city with the five thousand dollars his uncle had left him, to work up a fortune in Toronto. Many had been his ups and downs, but he was now able to sign his checks for six figures, or at least he could yesterday.

He had intended to take a few weeks vacation the next month to visit his old father and mother who still lived in the little village where he was born. Their letters constantly begged him to come, and then, too, he wanted to tell them about Rheta. Rheta was not a girl that one could satisfactorily write about, and he felt afraid that she was not the wife that

Rheta was queenly, aristocratic, scornful—sometimes he used to wonder if she fully returned his love, for she was so careful of showing any affection for him. Barker had held old-fashioned ideas of a woman giving up things for the man she loves, of tender secrets between them, of sweet, foolish little notes exchanged. Here he pulled out one that he had received that day from Rheta, and re-read it. "Dear Jim,—Many thanks for the violets which came to-day, but I prefer roses myself—they seem so much better bred. I was sorry to miss you last night, but the Denton's insisted on my going to see 'L'Aiglon' with them—you know Evelyn is quite mad over Coquelin, and I was really very bored by her rhapsodies. To-day I go to Hamilton to Cousin Pearl's wedding, returning to-morrow night, so I am afraid I cannot see you until Thursday night at the Princess. Till then believe me,
Affectionately yours,
Rheta Woodbridge."

It was typical of the girl, distant, self-contained, and still it exhaled the same elusive fragrance that he so loved about her.

Well it was all over now, all his dreams of a superb creature like Rheta for his wife. She was not one who could face life with a man who had just a few dollars left in the world, for capital, even if she loved him dearly, and sometimes he



doubted whether she had ever cared any more for him than as a good comrade, who allowed her to go her own way.

His head sunk down on his chest and a mighty sigh came from his drawn lips. A knock sounded at his door, but he was unconscious of it, and finally came the sound of a muttered curse and departing footsteps. The telephone rang and he wondered in a vague way who was at the other end.

The next morning he went down to the entrance of the building and bought the morning papers. It was all there, of course, and he was not spared in any way. Selecting the one with the most glaring head-lines, he mailed it to "Miss Rheta Woodbridge, Avenue Road Hill," with a hasty pencilled note saying that he would call that afternoon at four thirty. About twenty minutes after four he rang the bell of the imposing residence of the Woodbridge's and was shown into the reception room, while the butler took his card. If only Rheta would refuse to see him at all it would be so much easier, for even wounded feelings would not be so painful as an interview which must only result in one way. The butler returned with the announcement that Miss Woodbridge was engaged, but that she would see Mr. Barker for a few moments. Barker walked up to the fireplace, and stood there absorbing every detail of the handsome mantel, so that always after the sight of great slabs of onyx gave him a sense of being wretched.

He heard Rheta's firm step come down the hall and pause, probably to ascertain in the paneled mirror if her hair was just right. Then he heard her in the doorway and turned to meet her, only to stop and brush his hands over his eyes like a man who cannot grasp the actuality of what he sees. There stood Rheta, literally swallowed up in a huge apron, her cherished hair in unwonted disorder, her sleeves rolled up with a handkerchief bound around one white wrist, and a great dab of flour on her aristocratic nose.

Barker went up to her wondering, stupidly, asking with his eyes what it all meant, whereupon Miss Woodbridge, the haughty high-bred, unapproachable Miss Woodbridge, threw her arms around his neck with a delicious blush and said, "You dear old silly, can't you see, I am learning to cook."

Washing Pink Garments

When washing pink garments that have become faded, pour boiling water over a piece of red cheesecloth. Let it stand a few minutes until the color is all out of the cheesecloth, then pour the dye into a bucket of cold water. After washing and rinsing the garment put it into the dye water and allow it to remain an hour. This method gives a perfect, even coloring.

If You Smile

The man who will smile,
In the midst of trial
Will never suffer defeat;
He may fall many time,
As upward he climbs,
But he'll always fall on his feet.

The man who will smile
When he meets denial,
Will win in some other way;
He will press his suit
By some other route
Till he turns the "nay" to "yea."

The man who will smile
Will reconcile
Himself and his friend to fate;
If to-day he fail,
He does not quail,
He can smile and work and wait.

H. O. Spelman.