

A kedge might be useful on a quiet day to warp a ship in or out of a harbor, but of what avail would it be in a Levantine gale? Nevertheless the Captain felt a strange impulse to make the experiment of its little powers. He ordered a hawser quickly bent on, and in a twinkling the frail kedge was, almost in a hopeless desperation, hoisted overboard.

But now occurred the marvel of the whole experience. No sooner had the cable been paid out sufficiently and the end on board secured than it tautened quickly, and to the wonder of the ship's company, who could scarcely believe the testimony of their eyes the while, the big vessel bowed obediently to the tension of that single strand, and while one neighboring craft after another drifted by to destruction, the noble ship of which we are speaking, triumphantly and securely rode out the gale. The little kedge had accomplished what the big sheet-anchors were powerless to effect. It had held tenaciously while they had dragged.

The storm over in due time, the energetic skipper bestirred himself to get his ship under way, and bid adieu to the inhospitable haven where his experience had been so fraught with peril. "Ship the capstan bars!" came the sharp order. Merrily the men ran around the capstan to the music of a sailor's song.

The big anchors came aboard all right; but when they tackled the kedge, with its cable, an unforeseen difficulty was encountered. There was no running around the capstan then! The kedge would not budge. In vain the crew of the ship tried by this and the other device to "break" the little anchor "out."

Despairing of accomplishing the task by their unaided strength they finally besought the help of the ship's companies of two or three neighboring vessels; and as a result of their united endeavors the little anchor was at length lifted away from its firm position in the harbor's bed. But how heavy that little kedge had become! With much toil and exertion it was finally gotten to the surface of the water, when the mystery of its tenacious holding was explained.

The kedge had brought along with it a huge old Spanish anchor, through the ring-bolt of which one of its tiny flukes had providentially been made to pass; and thus it had not been the kedge so much as its grip upon the strength and immovability of the old anchor (lost overboard from some ship that a century or so previous had floated on the waters of that harbor) which had saved the storm-driven clipper.

The big Spanish anchor with its heavy weight of valuable metal proved a small bonanza to the sailor-men who had the good

fortune to fish it up from the submarine depths, and for whose benefit it was shortly afterward sold at Malta.

It is safe to say, however, that the Captain refused to part with the little anchor, but doubtless treasured it for years as the rude but precious token and memorial of a deliverance wrought in answer to prayer, and in conjunction, too, with the use of proper means.—*Ex.*

ONE KIND OF A BOY.

"Watch that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding-house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place.

First, he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments, he had hunted out a large easy-chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There, he's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp near it," said Phil.

"And—well, if I ever! if he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mamma, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair, and settled the stool to her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mamma, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*The Watchman.*