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### The Tragic Romance of "Waving Annie" Now Becomes Heroic, But Her Sailor Boy May Never Come Over the Sea.



tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work and women must weep.

weep,
Though storm be sudden and waters And the harbor bar be moaning!

--Charles Kingsley.

### HERE IS THE STORY OF "WAVING ANNIE"-A STORY THAT HAS A BEGINNING, BUT DOES

CHAPTER I.

Is about Waving Annie, before she was "Waving" Annie, when she was simply Annie Martus, the beautiful sister of the keeper of Tybee Light, off the Georgia coast. It's about this seabred girl and the sea-faring lad who loved her. There's not much to be said about it-only that the seafaring lad used to come to the Tybee Light to see the keeper's sister, and that he loved the keeper's sister and she loved him.

him.

Then the sea-faring lad went to sea, as sea-faring men must, and Annie waved goodbye to him from the light-

waved goodbye to him from the lighthouse.

This part of the story has an end, all right.

CHAPTER II.

Is about "Waving Annie" selse. For the ship that bore Annie's sall or a plume of smoke on the house of the deep and shore to bespeak hed passings. She all or a plume of smoke on the horself or the ship or a plume of smoke on the horself or the ship of the burning of United States

ANNIE MARTUS AND THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Annie shows never that she goes out on the balcony still, day and night, with her kerchief or her lather, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a ship that or a speaking. Annie's story does not end. If just drags on again. She was never reported any only in the light Annie's story does not end. If just drags on again she was never reported any on the light day and a latent, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a ship that of the story speaking. Annie's story does not end. If just drags on again shore, each only on the light and night, with her kerchief or her latent, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a ship that over comes—day upon day and a latent ever comes—day upon day and inght, with her kerchief or her latent, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a ship that over comes—day upon day and inght upon night, till the days on the light and night, with her kerchief or her latent, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a ship that or a ship that or a ship that or a ship that one on special story go be not end. If just of the weep's house, waving a ship that never comes—day upon day and institute on the light and night, with her kerchief or her latent, to wate the ships and night, with her kerchief or her light Annie's goor on the light Annie's goor on the light and nigh

steam dredge No. 15, and without waiting for her brother to get out of bed she went down to the ship, turned over the little engine, and steered for the fiare from the doomed dredge.

All but two of the crew of the burning craft had crowded upon a little pontoon that floated beside the dredge. Two men were burned with the ship. The helpless pontoon drifted out toward the open sea.

Then came "Waving Annie" with her little open launch to throw a line to the drifting raft and tow it with its human freight to a place of safety in the salt marshes.

human freight to a place of safety in the sait marshes.
So now the story of "Waving Annie" becomes something more than merely a sad romance. It becomes a romance not only tragic but heroic. Before, it was merely pathetic. Now the pathos has assumed a certain quality of dignity, almost of grandeur, that always goes with any deed of signal heroism such as that to which the men of Dredge No. 15 owe their lives.

CHAPTER IV. tere really is no Chapter IV. Un it can be considered a chapter to that Annie still keeps her vigil-



ANNIE MARTUS AND THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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Ladre Riv, Ward

Ladre Riv, Ward

Service and Service a

in the speech of the previous evening.

Parnell and Blackie.

There is very little gossip—we should have welcomed more—about the other seat figures whom Mr. Stuart observed and was acquainted with in the House (Commons in the eighties and nineties ine of the most interesting memories in this part of the book concerns G. F. Watts' desire to paint a portrait of Parnell in 1887. Parnell consented grough Mr. Stuart to sit to Watts, but that was the end of the matter. It was in the pre-Parliamentary Cambridge days—Cambridge, where Mr. Stuart was the first professor of incehanism and applied mechanics in the university—that he caught.

glimpse of one of the most strikingly picturesque British figures of the nineteenth century. This was a strangelooking man in a plaid, who got into the same south-bound train at Edinbursh one day.

A little girl had come to see him off, and when he bade her goodbye I was surprised to hear him address her in Greek. When we started (it was a r.ght journey) he took out from his pocket a Greek book, and read it with great gesticulation, in a loud voice, perfectly regardless of my presence in the carriage. I passed a most uncomfortable night, being pretty well convinced that the old gentleman was insane. I left him at Hitchin, and he went on in the carriage to London. About a week after I was dining in the hall of Trinity College as usual, and, on going to the combination room, I found that Mr. W. G. Clark, then the public orator, had with him as a guest the very same old gentleman who had been my fellow traveller. It was Professor John Stuart Blackie.

THE GENEALOGY OF BINGS.

THE GENEALOGY OF BINGS.

They've studied up the family tree of
Ebenezer Bings,
And proved that his descent is straight
from dukes and earls and kings.
He has a brand new coat-of-arms so
handsome and so gay,
A mixture of menagerie and patterns
in crochet.

Them fam'ly trees don't allus tell as much as they keep hid.

It wouldn't be a thing 'gainst Ecenezer if they did.

if they did.

He's generous an' he's kind and allus
pays his honest debts.

He doesn't drink, nor chew, nor smoke, not even cigarettes. But then it takes all kinds o' folks to

make a world, you see. There's a mighty wide assortment in 'most every family tree. Let's just admire the gilding an' the rimmings an' the floss An' be content to overlook the chap [From the Washington Star.]

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## Will Lift Your Store to

## the Main Street

To the merchant whose business place is on a side street, the Electric Sign performs invaluable service.

An Electric Sign secures the attention of the crowds in the main travelled highways-fixes the store in the mind of the public-dovetails with newspaper advertising, and brings trade.

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## CITY HYDRO-ELECTRIC

## AWESOME LIST OF NEGATIVES FOR ASPIRING YOUNG AUTHORS

Baby's Face Like Raw Beef
"My baby boy had a large pimple come
on his forchead. It burst and spread all
over his face which soon looked like a piece
of raw beef, all smothered with had pimples.
If was avful to look at. The poor little
thing used to scratch it and cry terribly.
I took him to a doctor but he only got
worse until I was quite frightened that he
would always be dissigured. Then I got two
tims of Cuticura Cintiment, together with
Cuticurs Soap, and in two months had quite
cured him. Now of course I use Cuticura
Soap for all my children (Signed) Mrs.
E. Ferry, 99, waterloo Bd., Aldershot, England, May 21, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Cintment are sold
throughout the world, but to those who
have suffered much, lost hope and are without faith in any treatment, a liberal sample
of each with a 32-p. booklet on the skin
and scalp will be mailed free, on application.
Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 59
Gelumbus Ave., Boston, U. S. &.

"We don't want smuggling tales.
"We don't want involved plots. We wait straightaway adventure."

Sweet Seventeen Again.

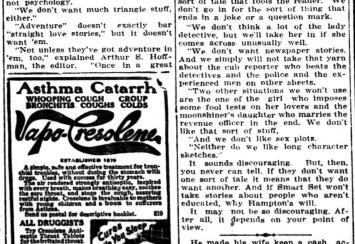
Apropos of the very young hero, the editor of Everybody's confesses that, for his part, he is tired of the middle-aged heroline. There has been a great fad lately, he explains, for the herolne of 30 or thereabouts. And the editors are getting tired of this mature maid. They want sweet 17 again.

McClure's does not want sad endings. Miss Murphy, the managing editor, confessed that sad endings were pretty bad for McClure's.

"We want cheerful stories," she added, "and we want real stories—not psychology.

"We don't want much triangle stuff, either."

"Adventure" doesn't exactly bar "Adventure" doesn't exactl



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a splendid knife sharpener, It's always there handy for you. You need waste no time hunting around for

the easily misplaced "steel."

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Every Pandora thermometer is carefully adjusted and undergoes a practical test by heat-is proven correct before being

The figures, which show the required degree of heat necessary for the successful baking of bread, cakes, pies, etc., are plainly inscribed in black on a white enamel surface, so that they are easily readable, even when the day is dull.

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He made his wife keep a cash account. Every week he would go over it, growling and grumbling, like this:
"Look here, Hannah; mustard plasters, a quarter: three teeth extracted, \$2 50. There's \$2 75 in one week spent for your grivate. plassing. Do you

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life of a little girl adding. She was very it and milk-foods, the perplexed about we get the proper that small child's oblem by demanding please." So Oxo it gradually increasing then later on I tried trange to say, the act wing and anxious the Doctor called it. very fat and bonny, very fat and bonny.

zen different appetite.

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