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ed, his bald head shining in the sun. The men carried their burden to the rail, and still Curzon did not appear. Yes, he came now. He, too, was bare-headed, and some strange whim having seized him, on one arm he bore a tiny bundle. In his free hand he held a Prayer-Book, and when he came to the rail he opened it, looked about him, saw the respectful faces of his crew, their down-bent heads.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." The strong voice faltered a little, gathered confidence, faltered again. With a hopeless gesture Captain Curzon handed the Prayer-Book to Steadman, who stood behind him, and the mate read aloud the service, his voice halting at the solemn words: "We therefore commit her body to the deep—when the sea shall give up her dead—to subdue all things to Himself."

Fraser drew the "Jack" back gently, the sailors lifted the grating, something white flashed momentarily against the grey-green tumult of the sea. Curzon staggered forward to the rail blindly, the child in his arms. A gust of wind swept back the blankets from the mate's soft face, a kiss of salt sea spray rested on his cheek. Alleen smiled queerly, her eyes sparkled. For her was no knowledge of that last act in the tragedy of her mother's life. But she had smiled at the storm, and smiled fearlessly.

"Bring the stoop along, men," grunted Steadman, and he turned away with suspicious swiftness. Sweet-faced woman; drink-soddened domestic—they were both buried in the one vast grave, the same solemn words were spoken over their downward falling bodies, for the sea is a leveller, before whom all kings and powers are but as the things that perish. The sun broke through a cloud-bank and suffused the flying ship with a warm glow, a million drops of water shone like jewels on rail and rigging.

"All hands, make sail!" roared Steadman. "Up aloft and loose the main-upper-topsail!"

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Merrilees Comes Aboard.

"We've got to forget the dead and remember the living," said Mr. Steadman. "Rouse yourself, sir."

Willie Rites on Klass Pins

PURTY SOON sisters Klass is going to gradewate into high skule an believe me that's all we here around over hows. Its no chint to gradewate. Not wile the herd of edukation is



watchin yewer step an yew hav to hav a klass pin. Wen ower klass gradewates we our goin to hav ower klass kolers on 't an everybody has a vote on wot kind of a pin even the girls kin vote altho I dont beleev in votes for

wimmin. I am goin to vote 4 a couplin pin as ower klass emblem becaws wen I grow up Im goin to be a brakeman on a pasenjer traine beakwa Heine Blotzes brother is a brakeman an gits made wuns a month an steaks Heine to a 1/4 every pay day. Paw ses he never saw the bette hed gatter dig down in his jeans 4 two dollers 4 a klass pin an thay had no such nonsense wen he went to skule. Yew wuz lucky if yew didnt hav to gradewate in yewer faturs pants pinned up with safety pins. Well enny way mebbe I went git permited an poy wuzt hav to by me a klass pin an he kin sav his two yards of Unkie Sams currensey. My sister is goin to bes the valleydoktorian of her class an its bet thay suthin awful an its sound terrable. wuzt than been the klass monitor to alkew on the hill. Sissy James is ower monitor an Dan Hick ses Im goin to pick a file with the monitor an hav confidence in me. It will be no case of the monitor an the Merrimac becaws this monitor is due for the betn of his life. So he soaked Sissy with a snowball that had a kiek in it an Sissy went for Dan an licked the front of his face. Sissy wuzt all presidents. The next day Dan brot Sissy a big red apple wich arfwa that the Monitor can still lick the Merry-mac. WILLIE JONES

No Vocabulary
"He seems to be a man of few words."
"He is. He could hardly write a report of what some other man did in gaining a naval battle."

Greatly Extended.
"He says that his tail always extends credit to him."
"Yes, he extended credit on one bill for eight years."

"Yes, I know, Steadman. But—we're two men, and what do we know about a child?"

"That's where I come in," said the mate. "I happened to be at home when my wife had her second, and I know a thing or two. First place, that drawer's no place for a baby. I'll get th esail-maker to make her a cot. Then there's the feeding. Suppose you ain't got a bottle by any chance, sir?"

"Not that I know of. I haven't looked through my—my wife's things since—since—"

"Better look now, then. Women think further ahead than men do, at times. Mrs. Curzon, poor lady, she wasn't one to neglect things."

They looked, Curzon's heart in his mouth as he came upon trinket after trinket, relics of happier times. Then they found what they sought, and drew it forth proudly.

"Condensed milk isn't as good as fresh," said the mate, handling the bottle deftly, "but we've got to make it do. A baby that can live through a gale like that won't kick at condensed

milk, sir," and he opened a tin of preserved stuff, sweet and sticky, ladled out a spoonful, whipped the pan of heated water off the spirit-stove, and mixed the two together with pursed lips.

"She's taking it," said Curzon, with the first smile that had crossed his lips in three days. "The child's hungry, Steadman."

"So would you be if you'd had naught for three solid days, sir." The mate was seated on the settee; in his arms as cunningly as any woman, he held the quivering mite, bending over her tenderly. Alleen had fastened on to the bottle like a leech, she drank with many splutterings and gurgles, but never once removed her lips until the food was gone to the last drop.

(To be continued.)

New occasions teach new duties; Times make ancient good uncouth; they must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth; Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be, launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea, nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.—Lowell.

A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER V.

The Child of the Gale.

(Continued)

For five minutes the two sailors stood there comparing notes, then the mate stamped away, singled out one of the men under the lee of the shart-house, and bade him arouse the sail-maker. Then he went below, paused outside the captain's room, and, removing his sou'-wester, entered. With hushed breathing, treading softly as a cat, he stole to the drawer and looked down on the little face. Then he smiled very gravely and withdrew. He had seen all he came to see—the child was well.

Throughout the night Curzon kept at his vigil, and the work did him good. He revolved the amazing problems of life and death slowly, ruminating upon the Eternal Justice, of which the steward's death had given him such indubitable proof. Had he been questioned on his religious beliefs, Curzon would have stammered, been confused; but most sailors feel at times the workings of something that cannot be classified by any written rules. The vast majesty of the storm-torn sea is an ever-present message in their hearts; they cannot but believe, even though it be unconsciously. Towards two in the morning the storm gathered itself together for its final onslaught, and hurled down upon the Zoroaster with a fury beside which all that had gone before was as nothing. Men started to their feet, saying the end was come—they were flattened remorselessly upon the deck—they crouched there gasping, the

playthings of rushing water. But the old ship had come to her full fighting trim by this. She gave to the onslaught, she seemed to grow limber and elastic, she flashed forward with a free stride, like a noble race-horse, and the baffled storm raced after her, tagging and fuming as a disappointed demon.

Dawn came at last—grey and low. There had been a crashing along the decks during the hours of darkness, but none had ventured forward to ascertain the damage. With the grey glimmerings of day, however, they were able to see the main-atch stove in bodily, the weather doors of the forehouse washed from their hinges, the spare spars on deck washing about like toys in the cascades of water that still sluiced hungrily about the decks. But no material damage had been done aloft; the ship had weathered the awful onslaught of anger, and already the worst was over. The black cook was hauled out and sent into the galley; presently flames and smoke roared up the funnel, and an hour later great cans of steaming coffee were being carried towards the men on the poop.

The sail-maker next appeared; he carried in his arms a roll of soft white canvas, a skein of twine was about his neck. He looked inquiringly at Curzon, and the captain spoke quickly to Vigors, pointed to the foremast, then astern, and beckoned "Sails" to follow him below.

The men moved about on the poop like shadows, feeling an unconscious awe in their souls. There was nothing done meanwhile—the gale was still so violent as to forbid any setting of sail, and the damage could be repaired later. Seven bells tolled out solemnly on the ship's bell; still nothing occurred. It was a quarter to eight when Steadman appeared on deck, and beckoned to half a dozen of the sailors. Fraser followed the beckoning finger, and drew out a Union Jack from the flag-locker. Then all went below.

A shuffling tread of feet, a strange rasping sound, and Simms, once more at the wheel, steadied himself to keep the ship in quietude. Two men appeared from the companionway, they staggered as they walked. Two others, still two more, and on their shoulders a long white roll of canvas. The Union-Jack was resting on the roll, the mearers handled their burden deftly, but with a queer reverence. Behind them came Steadman, bare-headed,

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

If Common Sounds Annoy, Your Hearing Is Imperfect

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).
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THERE is no doubt that everybody is intensely concerned with his hearing. If a crust of wax, a particle of dirt, a bug bacteria, or a "noise" interferes with your sense of hearing, Old Nick is in a fair way to seize you for your evil thoughts.

The perceptions and impressions received through your ear differ from those received by your neighbor. No two people hear exactly alike, even when a clock tolls the hour.

Sweet is every sound, saith the poet. Sweeter the voice, but every sound is sweet, myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn, the moan of doves in immemorial elms and murmuring of innumerable bees.

Perhaps there is nothing that appeals and saddens more by night, as well as day, than an enormous silence. Without a sound to break the lifeless splendor of the whole, mirth and music depend for the cheer they give upon a clean auditory sense and perfect hearing. Even Orpheus, whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, make tigers tame and make huge Leviathans forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands, needs make no sweet music for the deaf.

In some persons the sense of hearing differs in one ear from that in the other. Dr. Holdmann of Vienna treated two musicians, one of whom always perceives in the affected ear, especially during damp weather, tones an octave lower than in the other ear. Other musicians under like conditions perceive tones an octave higher. Dr. Cheyne reported a patient whose veins, when he heard drums beaten, would spurt blood with great force.

Other physicians report sufferers with deafness who are relieved only when bass drums are banged.

There are instances of strange auditory idiosyncrasies, which resemble those of sight. Just as the sight of a mouse, a black cat, or a white-robed figure at night, sends some women into hysterical convulsions, so the rustling of oiled silk, the sharpening of pencils, squeaky wheels, shrieking infants and grate-like noises affect many.

A gentleman at the court of the German Emperor has some bleeding when- ever he hears a cat mew. La Motte Lezouard, according to Dr. George M. Gould, could not endure the bland sounds of music, although he experienced pleasurable sensations when he heard a clap of thunder or some of the passages in Tristan and Isolde.

When a certain chaplain in England hears the 33d chapter of Isaiah, as well as verses in the Kings, he always has a sensation of icy frigidity at the top of his head.

It is no unusual thing to find certain people aroused to violent behavior or the sound of a steady voice or a certain To these the filing of a saw or the scraping of a soap-stone slate pencil are harmonious.



Answers to Health Questions

S. W., Indianapolis—Several doctors say I have chronic indigestion. Am very gassy and nervous.

Suppose you eat your heaviest meal at breakfast. Go lightly at lunch and eat very little—absolutely no meats—at supper. Never eat at night, instead of tea and coffee or liquors, drink milk. Exercise out-doors several hours a day three times a week. Take tablets of lactic acid bacilli three a day.

Daily Reader—My 3-year-old boy has styes and eyelid inflammation. His eyes are bright, so, I think, is his vision.

Bright eyes do not mean good eyesight. Take him at once to some ophthalmologist. Meanwhile give him milk and better food and bathe his eyes with hot boracic acid water.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.