

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows, While proudly riding o'er the azure realm In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes, Youth on the prow, Pleasure at the helm: Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, That hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

HE sea was as smooth as glass. Not a billow disturbed the even surface of the water, and not a breath of wind ruffled the oppressive stillness of the atmosphere. An ominous quietude had settled over the land and water as a dense fog drifted in from the ocean and enwrapped San Francisco and its surroundings in a mantle of darkness. The scenes on the wharves of the soon-to-be great city of the Golden West, as men and horses felt their way through the fog, were of a weird and often grotesque character. Husbands separated from wives, parents from children, and lovers from their sweethearts, all groping their way or calling to each other in the dim and uncertain light which, as the fog lifted and fell, hid or disclosed familiar faces and objects on that memorable day, the 14th of April, 1866.

The Labouchere was a paddle-wheel steamer of about 700 tons. She was a beautiful craft, and the marine engines which drove her took the first prize at the London Exposition of 1851. She was quite fast for a steamer in those days, making some 12 miles an hour, which was deemed marvelous at that time, when the regular boats that plied between San Francisco and Victoria were often from four to six days in making the run.

The Labouchere had been employed for a few years collecting the company's furs at the depots on the Northwest coast and bringing them to Victoria for shipment to London. She had performed excellent service and had made much money for her owners. On one occasion the captain permitted too many savages of the Kitimaat tribe to come aboard at once, and they took possession of the ship and looted much of the cargo. They were induced to relinquish control by strategy, and ever afterwards only two natives were allowed aboard at once. The steamer had been commanded at times by Capt. Dodd, Captain Swanson, Capt. McNeil, and Capt. Lewis. Old Billy Mitchell had taken his "trick at the wheel" on one voyage; but when the vessel was awarded the contract for carrying the mails between Victoria and San Francisco she was placed in the hands of Capt. Monat, an experienced naviga-tor of gentlemanly bearing-just the man to command a passenger steamer, as was remarked when his appointment was announced. Under the terms of the contract the Labouchere was required to have accommodations for 50 cabin and an indefinite number of steerage passengers. Everyone who was in the least interested in British Columbia was anxious to patronize the trim and comparatively speedy British boat. Her hold was stuffed full of freight and her passenger accommodation was exhausted when the time came for casting off the lines. The fittings, being costly and beautiful, were generally admired. An additional deck had been built and a section of commodious staterooms provided. These rooms were handsomely furnished, a bridal chamber not having been omitted. This last, which had been secured early, was the object towards which interested glances were directed and various speculations were indulged inas to the names of the happy couple. Those who were early on the dock saw two huge trunks, bearing the initials "L. M.," placed in the chamber. They had been brought down early in the day by a teamster who, although questioned, could give no account of the parties who had engaged him. A few minutes before seven o'clock, the last whistle of the Labouchere was sounded and the gangplank was about to be hauled in, when out of the thick fog there loomed up a carriage and pair. The horses were driven cautiously along the dock until the steamer was reached, when the driver dismounted and, opening the door, directed his fares to the place where they could safely get on board. The fares were a gentleman and lady. Both were closely enveloped in wraps, but their faces were plainly seen. They were young, and the lady was very pretty. Some little time was occupied in placing the pair with their handbaggage and wraps on board, but at last they were safely embarked, a parting "toot" was given, and the gallant ship swung from the dock and threaded her way cautiously toward the ocean.

was only known by the soundings that she was outside the harbor, and, as was believed, standing well out to sea. Breakers could be heard, but they sounded afar off on the starboard side, and no fear of striking a rock was felt. The sea was rolling shoreward in long,

lazy billows as if Mother Ocean was looking for a place where she might lie down and rest awhile from her labors. The captain and all the officers remained on deck, anxiously scanning the fog for an opening through which they might gain a knowledge of their position. About nine o'clock, while the occupant of one of the staterooms was preparing for rest,

he was surprised to see enter the room a person whom he recognized as the bridegroom. The intruder doffed his coat and vest and was about to take off his boots when his roommate, who had been imbibing rather freely, said: "I guess you've made a mistake, Mister." "A mistake," echoed the other, "what do

vou mean?" "Ain't you the man that hired the bridal

chamber The man nodded and continued to undress.

"Then this ain't your room." "Oh, yes, it is-it's all right."

"No, it ain't. It's all wrong. What's the matter? Have you quarreled with your young woman already?"

"She's all right," said the other testily, as he lay down. "Don't bother about a matter that doesn't concern you." "Oh, but it does concern me-it concerns

every man and woman on this ship. We are all interested in the pretty bride and I have a right to ask why you have deserted her?" The man in the berth gave a grunt of dis-

approval, which seemed to excite the other"s

"See here, stranger," he said, "this is the blimedest honeymoon I ever heard of. Don't you know that the ship's in great danger and you've left that poor girl all alone in her room when she wants you to put your arms about her and comfort and protect her? It's downright mean-it's contemptible, I say. When me and my wife were first married we-" The story of the man's wedding experience

was lost to the world, for the bridegroom sent forth a great snore, and the other, muttering an oath, fell' asleep himself.

One passenger remained on deck. He was tall, and young and fair. He leaned on the rail of the steamer and gazed pensively over the side. At times he sighed heavily. An Ulster overcoat was buttoned closely about him and the collar was turned up, partly concealing his features. He was evidently in great trouble and had no apparent desire for Presently a strange thing happened. The

door of the bridal chamber was cautiously opened a little way. Then a head appeared in the opening and was followed by a slim, girlish figure, fully dressed. The figure walked slowly and silently through the gloom toward the passenger, who, unaware of the presence, continued to sigh and gaze pensively into the fog that obscured the water.

"Will you-can you tell me where we are, sir? · I'm dreadfully nervous. Besides," she added, with a sudden burst of earnestness, "I want to go home to my mother."

The young man averted his face and replied in a deep voice, "I have not the slightest idea where we

are, and I want to go home, too !"

"Oh!" said the girl, with clasped hands, "I was never at sea before in all my life. Do you think the captain would stop the ship and put us off? Oh! ask him, please do! I'll be so much obliged. Tell him we're both homesick and want to see our mothers." "No," replied the man, "I am sure he would not stop, certainly not under present circumstances, when he hasn't the remotest idea of, where we are or where the land is."

The girl began to cry softly. "Oh," she said, amid her tears, "if my mother were only here! I've been a wicked, disobedient girl."

"Where's your husband?" asked the passenger, "He should be here to console you in this hour of peril. I'll call him"—and he made a movement to walk toward the bridal cham-

"Please, please don't-he's not in there, and he's not-not my husband, either. Oh! sir, have pity on me and stop the ship, or I'll jump overboard!"

Are you not married?" asked the voice out of the gloom.

"No, no! I've been foolish, and I ran away from home, but I'm not married and I don't intend to be-not to him, at any rate.

The passenger turned quickly and peered into the girl's face. Then he almost shouted, "Laura-Miss Morris, what does all this, mean?

"It means, Mr. Wentworth," replied the girl between her sobs, "it means that I am a very silly girl., I have been foolish, but I am not bad, as I fear you think me."

"No, Laura," returned the man, "I cannot imagine that you would do anything wrong. But the situation compromises you fearfully and needs to be explained."

The girl was silent for a few moments and then replied in a low voice. "I did it all for love of you!" and she

burst into a flood of hysterical tears. "Of me?"

"Yes, of you! When we last parted we parted in anger. As the days went by I wanted to see you, oh, so much! It seemed as if I would die if I did not see you soon! Then I heard that you had accepted a situa-tion at Vancouver Island and would sail in the Labouchere today. I was almost crazy, Well, all the time Mr. Griffiths kept urging me to have him, and at last. I told him I would marry him if he secured separate rooms on

the Labouchere and ran off with me, and that we could be married at Victoria. 'I wanted to be near you, and I never intended to marry Mr. Griffiths. I locked myself in that room and Mr. Griffiths has a berth elsewhere. When all was still except the whistles I stole out. hoping to find you, and the very first man I met turned out to be you! I knew you all the time, and you didn't know me, did you, Mr. Wentworth!"

"Not at first, but when you began to speak, recognized you at once. Now, like a good girl, let me take you back to your room."

The girl made a movement as if to allow herself to be led back, and then she suddenly threw herself into the young man's outstretched arms. He clasped the slight form closely to his bosom and rained kiss after kiss upon her hair, her brow, her cheeks and her red, pouting lips. Between the kisses he called her his precious darling, his own Laura, his queen. He declared that he had a glimpse of heaven with the angels flying about, and he thanked God that he had been reconciled to the only woman on earth he loved.

The girl slowly disengaged herself from her lover's embrace, and, smoothing her tousled hair, said:

"Now that you have forgiven me, may I call your Charlie once more? And won't you, dear, ask the captain to stop the ship? Tell him I have decided not to go to Victoria and that I want to go ashore. You'll come too, won't you, Charlie?

"The captain would never stop the ship for that purpose. We'll have to go on to the end of our voyage.'

"Mercy," she wailed, "what will people at . home say, if I do not come back from Victoria a married woman?".

"Laura," said Charlie, solemnly, "if you on't have Mr. Griffiths will you have me? If you say yes I'll marry you at Victoria. I have a letter to Dean Cridge, of the Episcopal Church there, who is an old friend of my father. What do you say-yes or no?" Just as the girl's lips were forming to give an answer, there came a great crash, and the

man and woman were hurled from their feet and fell in heap upon the deck. "Heavens!" cried the girl, as they with dif-

ficulty scrambled to their feet, "what does this mean?

"It means," said Wentworth, with an at-tempt at irony, "that the vessel has been stopped, and that you will go home tomorrow if we get ashore alive."

All was darkness and confusion on board when the ship struck. There were loud cries for life preservers and "help." Half-clad men and women, rudely awakened from their slumbers, raced up and down the decks. The calm demeanor of Capt. Mowat, his mates, and such passengers as had not lost their heads. had the effect of tranquilizing the excited mass. The steamer had struck on a reef off

Point Reyes, 23 miles north of San Francisco, and about 10 miles from land. The engines were reversed, and the vessel floated off.

The pumps showed that she was making very little water, and the captain decided to stand off and on until daylight, when it was hoped that the vessel might return to San Francisco under her own steam. When day. light came the fog had disappeared, but all hope of saving the ship was dashed by the discovery of another leak through which the water came in faster than the pumps could handle it. The steamer gradually began to sink and the boats were ordered out. The captain directed that the women and children should be saved first, but a number of men made a dash for a boat and seized it, leaving the women and children to perish.

-Among these cowards was Mr. Griffiths, the prospective bridegroom. During the excitement incident to the striking of the ship he had shown abject fear. He approached Miss Morris several times, but he was in such a state of nervousness that he could scarcely articulate, and she at last bade him begone. All this time he was unaware of the presence on board of Wentworth, who prudently kept out of sight.

As the boat pushed off it was seen that there was ample room in her for several more passengers.

Griffiths called to Miss Morris, begging her to jump overboard and he would pick her up. You'll be drowned if you stay," he shouted

"I'd rather be drowned than go with you," she replied.

Captain Mowat called to the men to return, and upon their refusing fired a shot from a revolver at them. His example was followed by a passenger, but the shots did not take effect, and the boat was rowed rapidly toward the land

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When the last available boat left the ship there were still twenty-four passengers on board. Miss Morris had been prevailed upon to enter a boat with other ladies, and had been rowed ashore. Wentworth was among those who remained on board. The steamer was slowly sinking beneath their feet when a fishing boat came alongside and took them all off. Capt. Mowat was the last man to leave his vessel. He had to be forced to enter the fishing boat by the passengers, who declared that he was determined to perish with his ship they would perish with him. There were many instances of heroism on this occasion, several of the ladies by their coolness and bravery putting to shame some specimens of the sterner sex.

As the fishing boat was leaving the wreck it was perceived that she was overloaded. Capt. Mowat proposed to return on board and take his chance of being saved by another boat, but a colored man named Wilcox, a passenger, leaped into the water and declaring that he could swim, said he would hold on to the boat's and so get ashore. They had gone but a few rods when the brave fellow released his hold upon the boat and saying, "Go ahead, captain, I'll be there as soon as you are," sank slowly beneath the surface. The water was very cold and clear, and he was watched for some moments going slowly to his doom, his hands outstretched above his head, but making no motion or effort. He was not seen again. Wilcox and another colored man were the only persons who were lost by the sinking of the Labouchere, but the mails, the passengers' luggage, including Laura Morris' two big trunks, and the cargo went down with the ship, which foundered soon after the last boat left her side. When Wentworth reached the shore he found his precious girl, to whom he had been so strangely reunited, awaiting him. Griffiths was there, too, but having been rebuffed by the girl and cuffed by the indignant passengers whom he had deserted, made no demonstration when Wentworth and Miss Morris met and embraced. The path up the side of the bluff which stands prominently above Point Reyes was long and arduous. Most of the women and children had to be assisted up the side; but Miss Morris, who was something of an athlete, and Mr. Wentworth, who was strong and nimble, ascended together and experienced little difficulty. On the bluff there was a farmhouse where the hungry passengers were regaled with eggs and other farm produce. Their demands nearly caused a famine. A dispatch was sent to San Francisco and relief boats were dispatched to the scene of the wreck. Many of the people went overland to San Francisco from San Rafael, a small country town. Wentworth and Miss Morris took that route. Before leaving the girl sent this dispatch to her mother:

As the vessel proceeded the fog grew denser. It was impossible to discern an object a few feet away, and the whistle never ceased to warn approaching vessels of the presence of the Labouchere. On two or three occasions there were narrow shaves and the steamer was frequently stopped to avoid a collision. No rift was observable in the fog, and at nine

President Fallieres in London

ONCERNING President Fallieres, In 1882 he became minister of the interior. In who has recently been visiting King Edward, John W. Raphael in the London Express says: I have traveled many hundred miles in his company, and I have

been close to him on many occasions, official and unofficial. But I have only once seen him really interested. It was at the colonial exhibition at Marseilles, where, tucked away in a corner, were some agricultural exhibits.

M. Fallieres ceased to be the first bourgeois of France at once. He forgot that he was president of the third republic, that he was in full evening dress and surrounded by official personages in the same absurd costume at two o'clock on a hot afternoon; he forgot that he was wearing a couple of yards of broad red ribbon across his shirt front, and became "M. Armand" of Le Loupillon-the farmer.

He munched corn, he punched a fat cow in the ribs, he tickled a pig behind the ear, he pushed his top-hat to the back of his head, thrust his two hands deep into his trouser pockets, then suddenly remembered himself, and, with a sonorous southern expletive, put his hat straight again and marched off with the official troop in hot pursuit.

Good At Speaking

The official Fallieres, the president of the third republic, the man in the unvarying evening dress, is something of an automaton. He is expressionless, and rather heavy, and has a way of listening to official speeches that makes one sure that he does not hear a word of them. But like all Southerners, he wakes up when he speaks, and he speaks well.

It was his talent for oratory which gave him his first step on the political ladder 28 years ago. Clement Armand Fallieres was born 67 years ago at Mezin, and as soon as he was old enough to be called a man, began to make speeches. He has never stopped doing so. Soon after he was 21 he became a lawyer in the little town of Nerac, near the place where he was born, and at the age of 35 (in 1876, that is) he was elected to the chamber of deputies.

His irrepressible habit served him well in the chamber, and as he not only spoke often but spoke well, four years after his election he beo'clock none could tell where the ship was. It came under secretary of state for home affairs.

1883 he was for a few months prime minister. In M. Jules Ferry's cabinet he was minister of public instruction, then took the home office again for two years, then became minister of justice, and after another year as minister of public instruction was minister of justice again for two years under M. de Freycinet.

President of the Senate

In 1890 he became a senator, and in 1899. when M. Loubet became president of the republic, M. Fallieres became president of the senate in his place. This put some stoppage to his speech-making, but not for very long. For the same year he presided over the supreme court which tried Paul Deroplede and others for high freason, and a French judge is looked to for at least as many speeches as the lawyers.

With his election as president of the republic the constant speech-making began again. It is so strong a characteristic of President Fallieres that he has made a habit of it; or else it is sostrong a habit that it has become a characteristic of the man-I am not psychologist enough to know which. He speaks with a strong Southern roll, and with a quaint formality, which, if the language in which he speaks were not French, would make him pass for an American. He has a knack of giving to the many platitudes which official speech-making demands a curiously sincere ring of conviction.

I have heard him make four or five speeches in one day to different people and in different places. He began his first speech in evening dress at about seven in the morning. His fifth and last was one made at a banquet in the evening. In every speech he had to speak of Republican unity, of Republican indivisibility, of Republican equality, and the word Re-publican had to come into every sentence or the speech would not count.

Ringing the Changes

He did this, and he did it admirably. I have every reason to believe that President Fallieres' Republican feelings are staunch, but everybody would have forgiven him if they had weakened in expression at the third or fourth speech. They did not. They rolled out in his rich Meridional French with a conviction that carried conviction to every local mayor and every rustic of-

ficial who heard them. He hammered all the flowing periods with a pumphandle or sawing motion of the hand which did not hold his hat, and directly he had finished with the word France or republic (this he always does on a provincial tour), he wiped his head and face, and was quite ready to begin again.

I fully expect-all we who know President Fallieres expect-to find that he will be immensely popular in London. His popularity will be a different one to the popularity won by M. Loubet. His was the popularity of the man in power with kindliness and suave simplicity in his smile. President Fallieres never smiles on official occasions. A smile is a rarity with him altogether.

When he is at home at Le Loupillon, when he can get into the old clothes and the wooden sabots he loves, then "M. Armand," as the people of Nerac and Mezin call him, may be heard and seen to laugh. But in the dress-clothes of office there is something about him better almost than a smile. There is an expression of solid and stolid reliability and strength.

Londoners are quick to get the right impression, and I feel pretty certain that the visit of President Fallieres will leave behind it a feeling of more confidence in France and the French people, greater even than that which exists at present, and President Fallieres will inspire it.

I remember some years ago crossing the Channel with a Parisian friend who had never been in England before. The railway guard of our train at Dover made an impression on him. There is a man," he said, "who gives one confidence in all the English nation. One sees that he must have a wife and family, that he has money in the bank, and that he eats a hearty breakfast every morning. What a splendid bourgeois !"

And President Fallieres is bourgeois solidity, bourgeois reliability and bourgeois strength incarnate.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained his employer. "Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I

have to button up the ashes and shake down a shirtwaist and carry out the furnace every morning."-Kansas City Journal.

"Mrs. Ida Morris, "346 ______ Street, San Francisco: "Dear Mother_Am coming home. The steamer stopped and put me off at Point Reyas. "LAURA."

The dispatch conveyed the first intimation to the distracted mother of the whereabouts of her daughter. She had been missed, and it was given out that she had eloped with Grif-fiths, but the direction they had taken had not been learned when the dispatch that an-nounced her home-coming was received.

In less than twenty-four hours after the firl had left her home she was restored to her nother's arms, and on the following day Mr. Wentworth got his answer. It was "Yes"; but they were married at San Francisco, and not at Victoria.

Two steamships were to put to sea that night, and the wharves at which they lay taking in freight and embarking passengers were scenes of confusion and bustle. The largest of these vessels was a Pacific Mail boat, bound for Panama with a full complement of passengers, much freight and two millions in gold. After many delays and some minor accidents the mail boat swung from her moorings, and with much tooting of whistles and ringing of bells, to guard against collision, passed slowly out of the harbor and into the great sea that lay beyond. The other and small steamer was the Labouchere, named for a then director in the Hudson's Bay company...