

"No, I didn't, but—"

"The Weather Bureau is so unreliable, Thomas," cut in Mrs. Rugby, noting the rising spirit of assertiveness in her husband. "Don't you remember that we looked in the Boston papers the day before we planned to drive up to Newburyport, and—?"

"Yes, I know, Sarah; but I never said anything about a weather report. I was thinking of what Mr. Hollis was saying about—"

"Dear," impertinent Harold began to murmur:

"Granny Hollis came to tea. Told wild tales of a stormy sea; Said sweet Nel-lie to Mister Fussy"

Go right home, tell that to 'Pussy!'"

Mildred laughed and supplied a second stanza, descriptive of Pussy's alarm at hearing the sea tale. Mrs. Rugby and Mrs. McIntosh, after mildly chiding the irreverent young people, turned once more to the discussion of the Baxters of Marblehead Neck. Miss Baxter was to have all the money, it was reported, of that curious old Mr. Baxter, the uncle, who made 60,000 a year out of a Boston spa! Really? That was news to Mrs. McIntosh.

Thomas Weatherford Rugby saw another ray of light in the almost cloudless northwest; he glanced anxiously towards Capt. Wicklin, who steered in a dogged, injured silence. The little boat was driving magnificently before the breeze. Mr. Rugby wished for his own selfish joy in the sail that he had not seen those lightning flashes. But he had seen them, and they had signalled to him a warning. What was the good though of speaking again? He would be met only by ridicule—and that treatment had not quite lost all its bitterness. Mr. Rugby muttered an impious oath as he twisted round to face the northwest.

The little rags of clouds, out of which the lightning was occasionally flashing, drove straight on for all Gloucester harbor. Mr. Rugby's anxious, watchful eye seemed to detect among the distant trees and housetops an unusual commotion, in fancy he could see the whipping of the branches, hear the wild shriek of the gale under the draughty eaves of the Restful View, and in the edge of the harbor he actually noted that the limp mainsail on Capt. Stewart's tug of a boat—The Bird—had suddenly come down. He touched Skipper Wicklin's arm and told him these things.

"Stewart takes in sail when he sees the shadow of a gull on the harbor!" What was expressed underneath the words was the firm determination of Capt. Wicklin to take exactly the contrary course.

As Mr. Rugby looked up again the two familiar lines of beeches that were silhouetted against the sky at the "neck" of the Eastern Point were writhing in the wind. They were perhaps, three miles away, and the question in the watcher's mind was, how soon would that gale traverse the distance. Mr. Rugby had a vague notion that sixty miles an hour was not an unusual rate for gales to travel—and, if he had seen the wind's first attack on the trees, they might still have three minutes to haul down the sail and come about in the wind.

"Captain," began Mr. Rugby sternly, "we must pull down the sails—the blow's going to strike us in less than three minutes."

"Thomas, dear, you are really spoiling the sail for Mrs. McIntosh and the children," Mrs. Rugby spoke calmly, but no one would have said she spoke dispassionately. There was something in the tone that made the words seem final. Mildred, ignoring Harold's flippant warning to "ware your Pop," added her rebuke.

"Papa, I wish you would not insist upon having a storm. Think how troublesome one might be!"

"The blow is almost upon us now—"Mr. Rugby turned square towards the Curlew's skipper as he spoke—"will you pull down those jibs and the topsails?" His voice rang out threateningly. Into his eyes there crept the light of battle, the rekindling spark of a youthful fire that should have died long ago. Under the fire the Captain quailed just a little. He blustered, to cover his weakness:

"I'll put the Curlew about, sir, and run back to the landing, if that's what you want; but to take in sail on a day like this is a fool thing that I won't do!"

Mr. Rugby sprang to his feet, his ruddy face flaming, and his eyes snapping with the spirit that had sent old Gen. Weatherford Rugby, his father, into the fiercest charge at Gettysburg, the beloved Confederate emblem fluttering in his own hand after the color bearer had fallen. Pointing dramatically towards a fishing-boat inside the breakwater, he shouted:

"Look there!" On the black craft swift work was going forward. Even as he spoke the last jib tumbled limp on the boom, and one of the two great mainsails fluttered a moment and then crashed towards the deck like a huge bird hard hit.

Capt. Wicklin saw the first rush of the gale strike the fisherman, saw the career as the remaining mainsail belied suddenly and swung out with a jerk. But he was an obstinate man, and the fishermen often beat into the inner harbor under only one mainsail. He turned to the women to explain that they need not be alarmed, when Mr. Rugby seized him by the shoulder shouting:

"Pull down the jibs and topsail sir. I order you to do it." Skipper Wicklin retorted hotly:

"What do you know about sailing? I'd as soon think of taking orders from—"

"Then stand aside, sir, and I'll pull e'm down for you!" Mr. Rugby, thrusting the astonished mariner back to his seat beside the tiller from which he had risen, stumbled forward to the mast and began to pull frantically at the halyards clewed in an apparently hopeless tangle. Mildred, blushing with mortification, and angry beyond reason, left her seat to come up to her father.

"Papa, go back to your seat—you're making us all ridiculous!" Mr. Rugby turned from the ropes to seize his daughter's arm and thrust her towards the snickering Harold. "Keep her there, sir," he commanded sternly, and young McIntosh suddenly became sober. Mrs. Rugby was disentangling herself from the wraps that bound her, an ominous, commanding light in her eyes. But she said nothing. Mr. Rugby tugged at the ropes, expecting at every moment her firm grip on his arm.

Before the wife could interfere Capt. Wicklin had brought the Curlew about, the quick change dumping both Mr. and Mrs. Rugby into the pit.

"Come aft and steer, sir," called the Captain, alive at last to the danger. "Hold her steady as she runs." Mr. Rugby seized the tiller. The skipper had the topsail halyards loose in a jiffy. While he pulled at the jib fastenings the gale struck. The Curlew slewed half round, the tiller flying from Mr. Rugby's grip. Capt. Wicklin scrambled aft to recover it, deaf to the cries of the women, leaving the mainsail flapping wildly.

Seeing the tiller safe in the Captain's hands, Mr. Rugby floundered forward, hearing in passing his wife's hysterical command to sit down and not fall out of the boat. Grasping the pitching mast firmly with one arm, he tore at the ropes again, but the mystery of their arrangement baffled him. He looked up from his work to see the pale faced Harold scrambling into the cockpit, leaving Mildred hanging despairingly to the rail and in imminent danger of going overboard. With a daring lunge he seized his daughter and flung her in with the two women. Then he turned to Harold.

"Your knife, sir, quick!" he commanded. The young man fumbled awkwardly in his pockets, drawing forth a pretty, pearl-handled pen-knife.

"Open it, you fool!" roared Mr. Rugby.

With the knife, now thoroughly roused, and surprisingly agile, capable Mr. Rugby slashed at the halyards. But the knife was a toy, too light for the work. Flinging it from him, Mr. Rugby luckily released the ropes at a frantic pull, and the Curlew's canvas was dragging in the choppy sea. The sails down, Capt. Wicklin let the boat run before the wind, and, lashing

the tiller hurriedly, came forward to save the canvas.

The gale went as quickly as it came, and a soaking, chilling rain followed in its wake. Capt. Wicklin, bending on his mainsail for the run back to the landing, was very cordial in his talk to Mr. Rugby, who buzzed about in the belief that he was helping. In Mrs. Rugby's eyes appeared a new light—compounded of surprise at her husband's sudden effectiveness, of wonder at the foreknowledge he had shown of the storm's approach, and of a wholly womanly pride in his renescent manliness.

Mildred had seen and marvelled, and glowed too. When Harold McIntosh ventured the sotto voce comment, "Old Pop humped himself that time for fair!" Mildred turned upon him with the crushing rejoinder:

"My father saved your life, like a brave man. I'd like you to speak more respectfully of him if you got to say something." Going aft, she cuddled close to Mr. Rugby, who was beginning vaguely to fear that he might come out of this a hero. Harold trailed his fingers in the water all the way from Norman's Woe to the Laurel Tavern landing. Mrs. Rugby reflected upon the accident—once she turned away to whisper to herself: "It's been hard to remember sometimes, but I have got a man for a husband." Few at the hotel understood Mrs. Rugby's new devotion to her placid husband, but she was serenely, happily unconscious of their perplexity.—John M. Oskinson, in The New York Evening Post.

FATHER CACCOLA.

A Pioneer Missionary of the Kootenay Country.

Rossland advises say that Rev. Nicolas Coccola, O.M.I., who is to be in charge of the Sacred Heart parish pending the appointment of a permanent successor to Father Welch, is one of the most interesting clerics in the Kootenays. In the early days of the country he was the owner of the St. Eugene mineral claim, that afterwards developed into a mine said to be the largest silver-lead proposition in America. Father Coccola learned the secret of the location of the claim from a converted Indian, and the substantial sum realized by him from the sale of the property has been devoted to the St. Eugene mission and industrial school, of which he is rector and principal.

Father Coccola was one of the pioneer evangelists of the Roman Catholic Church in the Kootenays and his work among the Indians of E. Kootenay was well established before the advent of the Crow's Nest railroad brought the resources of the country to the attention of the outside world. One of the Indians converted to the faith under the missionary's ministrations told Father Coccola of the big ledge outcropping near what is now called Moyie lake, and the claim was staked under the reverend gentleman's directions. While in its prospect stages, and when its magnitude was an unknown quantity, the St. Eugene claim was sold to its present owners, and several thousand dollars were realized for the missionary work inaugurated by Father Coccola. The funds thus forthcoming were applied to the carrying on of the evangelistic work at St. Eugene mission, seven miles up the St. Mary's river and five miles from Cranbrook. The industrial school is in a flourishing condition and the status of the Indians of the district has been entirely altered as the result of the educational work instituted.—Vancouver World.

EDUCATION BILL.

After long agitation and much animosity the Education Bill is law. Towards the last stage, the Catholic Episcopate addressed a petition to the House of Lords for the amendment of three clauses which would mostly aggrieve their flocks. Two were accepted and the third was mitigated by compromise. But when the final vote came in the House of Commons, all three would have been defeated and the fate of the Bill imperilled, if the Irish members had not rallied to its support. Urged by the Irish Bishops they had hastened to West-

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minster for the occasion, and by their full attendance and solid vote they secured the passage of the Bill as amended. This great victory marks the turn in the tide of secularism. One great nation, in some respects the most influential in the world, has proclaimed its belief that non-sectarian schools mean godless and irreligious schools and should not be forced upon the children of a Christian people. It is more than probable that this Bill will serve as a precedent and its principle be adopted in the school legislation of all English-speaking peoples of mixed creeds.—Canadian Messenger.

CHAPLAIN SMITH'S PROMPTNESS.

The Rev. William St. Elmo Smith, S.P.M., of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, West Twenty-third street, who is a chaplain in the Fire Department; in his buggy, was on his way to a fire in Madison street last Monday afternoon, when his attention was attracted by a crowd gathered about a prostrate woman at Twenty-third St. and Broadway. The woman was Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, of 205 East Twenty-ninth street. Mrs. Reynolds, who is well advanced in years, was at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue Monday afternoon during the crush hour. George D. Mumford, of 65 Central Park West, was coming north on the avenue in an electric hansom. His chauffeur was driving the machine at a slow rate, but Mrs. Reynolds seemed to be confused and ran directly in front of it. She was knocked down, and one wheel of the heavy machine passed over her.

Policeman Meyers, who is stationed on this corner, lifted her up and carried her to the curbing, when Fire Chaplain Smith came by in his runabout. Seeing that the woman was badly injured, he had her placed on the seat beside him, and, supporting her with his arm, drove at a fast pace to the New York Hospital. Dr. Judd found that she had received a compound fracture of the leg and was seriously injured internally.

It will be no trick for Capt. Bernier to bring that North Pole into camp after having endured all the frosts which have met him during his canvass for "the needful."

—Winnipeg Town Topics.

Bill—"Who was that girl you were walking up the avenue with yesterday?"

Jill—"You mean the one with the big muff?"

"Why, yes; I said the one you were with, didn't I?"—Montreal Star.

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