By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

They struck a gale at Georges', and another coming home. It snowed a great deal, and the rigging froze. The crew were uncommonly cold. They kept the steward cooking briskly, and four and five hot meals a day were not crough to keep one's course as a day were not crough to keep one's course as a day were not crough to keep one's course as a day were not crough to keep one's course as a day were a more than the course as a day were not crouse to the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were a more than the course as a day were almost home.

It was remembered afterward that Jack was badly frostbitten upon that voyage; he looked badly; he had strange ways; the men did not know the course of the course enough to keep one's courage up. They were particular about their cookas fishermen are, and the steward of the Daredevil was famous in his again, But it was conceded to be unusually cold even for March, at Georges'. One must keep the blood racing, somehow, for life's sake. Whisky flowed fast between meals.

B1

Is

Jack was observed not to limit him-self. "It was for luck," he said. Take it through, it was a hard trip. The sober men-there were somegrim and pinched; the drinkers ugly.

"It's a hound's life," said a mate of Jack's one day. His name was Rowe-Rowe Salt; he was a halfbrother of Jim's. But Jim was at home. And Teen, of course, was at home. Jack had not spoken of her; he had thought of her—he had thought of nothing else. God knows what those thoughts had been. When Rowe spoke to him in this fashion, Jack

looked hard at him.
"I've been thinkin' ef it disobligated a feller," he said. "Hey?" asked Rowe.

"If you was treated like folks; but you ain't. You're froze, You're soaked. You're wrecked. Your nets is stole. You're drove off in the fog. You're drownded, and you lose your trawls. If you swear off you miss your luck. It's dirty aboard. Folk's don't like the looks of you. There's alwers a hanker in the pit o' your stomick. When you get upon a tear you don't know what you-do to-folks.

Jack stopped himself abruptly, and leaned upon his oar; they were trawling, and the weather grew thick.

'Rowe," he said, staring off into the fog, "did ye ever think we was like fishes, us Fairbarbor tolks?"

"I don't know's I hev," said the

dory-mate, staring too.
"Well, we be, I think. We live in it and we're drownded in it, and we can't get out on 't-we can't get out. We look like 'em, too. I've thought of that. Some of us look like haddock. You've got the halibut look yourself Skipper, he's got the jib of a monk -you can see it for yourself. There's a man I messed with once, reminded me of a sculpin. I guess I'd pass for a lobster, myself—for color, anyhow. We take it out someways, each on us. Don't you know the look the women folks have when they get old and have gone hungry? You can tell by the build of a boy which way he'll turn out—halibut way, or hake, or mebbe mackerel if he's sleek and little. It's a kind of a birth-mark, I shouldn't wonder. There's no gettin' out on 'it, no more'n it out of you. Sometimes I used to think-

"Good Lord!" cried Jack. He laid down his oar again, and the dory wheeled to starboard sharply. "Rowe Salt, you look there! You

tell me if yon see a woman yonder, on the water !' "You've got the jim-jams, Jack.

Women folks don't walk at Georges'.

I can't see nothin' nowhere, but it's

"It's thick as hell," interrupted Jack,
"and there's a woman walkin' on the
water—Lord! don't you see her?
Lord! her hair is yeller hair, and its
"I thought you would ha' told me,
Rowe," said Jack with a smile—his old streaming over her—don't you see her? winning smile, that had captivated his She's walkin' on this devilish fog tothe dory -- Teen?

wards us, us sittin' in this dory—Hi-i-gh! I'll swear off when I get home. I'll tell her so. I hate to see such things. "You see, Rowe," Jack added pres

ently—for he had not spoken after that, but had tallen grimly to work. It was ten below, and the wind was taking the backward spring for a bitter blow; both men, tugging at their trawls through the high and icy sea, were suffering too much to talk-"ye see we had some words before I came aboard, and she warn't right smart. The baby can't be very old. I don't know how old it is. I was oncommon drunk; I don't remember what I did to her. wished I was at home. She won't tell nobody. She never does. But I'm set to be home and tell her I've sworn off. I've got money for her this trip, too; I'm atraid she's in a hurry for it." After this outburst of confidence

Tack seemed to cling to his dory-mate he followed him about deck, and looked wistfully at him. Jack had begun to take on the haggard look of the abstainer once again. The crew thought he did not seem like himself. He had stopped drinking, abruptly, after that day in the fog, and suffered heavily from the weather and ex-

posure.
"I say, Rowe," he asked one day "if anything was to happen, would you jest step it and tell my wife I didn't believe that yarn about her? She'il

Now it befell, that when they were round Eastern Point, and not till then. they bespoke the Destiny, which was outward bound, and signaled them. She drew to speaking distance, and her skipper had a word with the master of the Daredevil, but he spoke none too loud, and made his errand him and ruined him buried him as if quickly, and veered to his own course, and the two boats parted company,

exactly how to take him. He was overheard to say:
"I ain't agoin' to go to George's

Rowe Salt overheard this, after the

skipper of the Destiny had signaled and tacked. Jack was sitting aft alone, when he said it, looking seaward. He had paid little or no attention to the incident of the Destiny, but sat staring, plunged in some mood of his own, which seemed as solitary, as removed from his kind and from their comprehension, as the moods of mental disorder are from the sane.

So then, with such dexterity as the gnorant man could muster, Salt got his friend down below, on some pretext, and stood looking at him helplessly.

"You don't look well, Rowe," Jack

suggested pleasantly.
"Jack," said the dory-mate, turning white enough. "I'll make no bones of it, nor mince nothin', for somebody' got to tell ye, and they said it must be There's a warrant after ye. The sheriff's on the tug betwixt us and the wharf. She's layin' off the island, him aboard of her."
"I never was in prison," taltered Jack. "The boys have always bailed

me."
"'Tain't a bailin' matter, Jack, this

"What did you say?" "I said it wasn't a bailin' business.

nebody's got to tell you." Jack gazed confidingly up into his What was it I done, old boy? Can't

ye tell me?"
"Let the sherift tell you. Ask the sheriff. I'd rather it was the sheriff

told you, Jack."
"Tell me what it is I done, Rowe Salt; I'd tell you,"
He looked puzzled.

"The sheriff knows more about it nor I do," begged the fisherman; don't make an old messmate tell you."
"All right," said Jack, turning away

He had now grown very quiet. He pleaded no more, only to mutter once: "I'd rather hear it from a mess

Rowe Salt took a step or two, turned, stopped, stirred, and turned "You killed somebody, then, if you

will know. "Killed somebody?" "Yes."

"I was drunk and killed some body?" "Lord help you, yes."

"I hope," hoarsely—Look here, alt. I hope Teen won't know.

Salt "I say, Rowe," after a long pause, who was it that I killed?" "Ask the sheriff."

"Who was it that I killed?"

"The skipper'll tell you, mebby, I on't. No, I vow I won't. Let me go. I've done my share of this. Let me up on the deck. I want the air!" "I won't let you up on deck—so eelp me!—till you tell!"

"Let me off, Jack, let me off!" "Tell me who it was, I say!"

"I will tell you!" cried Rowe Salt There! Lord save me, Rowe, if I with an oath of agony. "You killed didn't see my wife come walkin' to- your wife! You murdered her. She's

CHAPTER VI.

They made way for him at this side and at that, for he sprang up the gangway, and dashed among them. When he saw them all together, and how they looked at him, he stopped. A change seemed to strike his pur se, be it what it might.

"Boys," said Jack, looking all about, e won't have to go no bail for me, Il bide my own account, this time. He parted from them, for they let im do the thing he would, and got nimself alone into the bows, and there he sat down, crouching, and no one

The Daredevil rounded Eastern int, and down the shining harbor, all sails set, came gayly in. They were

Straightway there started out upon the winter sea a strong sweet tenor, like a cry. It was Jack's voice—everybody knew it. He stood by himself in the bows, back to them, singing like an angel or a madman—some said this; some said the other—

"Rock of Ages, eleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;

Thou must save, and thou alone When I soar to worlds unknown. See thee on thy judgment throne,"-

With the ceasing of his voice, they divined how it was by one instinct, and every man sprang to him. But he had

aped and gained on them. The waters of Fairharbor seemed themselves to leap to greet him as he and for the love of thy father, and of thy mother. Be thou their holy ghost."

As he sank, one bared arm, thrust above the crest of the long wave, lifted itself toward the sky. It was his right arm, on which the crucifix was stamped.

CHAPTER VII.

White and cold as the lips and heart of a lily, the day blossomed at Fairharbor one June Sunday, when these things were as a tale that is told.

It was a warm day, sweet and still.

There was no wind, no fog. The harbor wore her innocent face. She has one; who can help believing in it, to see it? The waves stretched them selves upon the beach as if they had been hands laid out in benediction: and the colors of the sky were like the expression of a strong and solemn countenance.
So thought Mother Mary, standing

by her husband's side that day, and looking off from the little creature in her arms to the faces of the fishermen gathered there about her for the service. It was an open-air service, held upon the beach, where the people she had served and loved could freely come to her-and would. They had sought the scene in large numbers. The summer people, too, strolled down, distant and different, and hung upon the edges of the group. They had a civil welcome, but no more. This was a fisherman's affair; nobody needed them; Mother Mary did not belong to them.
"The meetin's ours," said Rowe
Salt. "It's us she's after. The board-

ers ain't of no account to her." His brother Jim was there with Rowe, and Jim's wife, and some of the women neighbors. The skipper of the Daredevil were there, and so were many of Jack's old messmates. When was understood that Mother Mary had adopted Jack's baby, the news had run like rising tide, from wharf to wharf, from deck to deck-everybody knew it by this time. Almost every body was there to see the baptism. The Fairharbor fishermen were alert to the honor of their guild. They turned out in force to explain matters, sensi tive to show their best. They would have it understood that one may have one's faults, but one does not, therefore, murder one's wife.

The scene in the annals and the legends of Fairharbor was memorable, and will be long. It was as strange to the seamen as a leaf thrown over from the pages of the Book of Life, inscribed in an unknown tongue, of which they only knew that it was the tongue of love. Whether it spoke as of men or angels, they would have been perplexed to say.

Into her childless life, its poverty,

its struggles, its sacrifices, and its blessed hope, Mother Mary's great heart took the baby as she took a man's own better nature for him; that which lay so puny and so orphaned those wild lives of theirs, an infant in

Jack's baby, Jack's baby and Teen's, as if it had been anybody's else baby, was to be baptized "like folks." Jack's baby, poor little devil, was to have his

The men talked it over gravely; it affected them with a respect one would not anticipate, who did not know them. They had their Sundny clothes They were all clean. They had on. a quiet look. One fellow who taken a little too much ventured down upon the beach; but he was hustled away from the christening, and ducked n the cove, and hung upon the rocks to dry. One must be sober who

elped to baptize that baby.

This was quite understood. They sang the hymn, Jack's hymn and Teen's: of course they sang the Rock of Ages; and Mother Mary's husband read "the chapter" to them, as he was used, and spoke to them; and it was so still among them that they could hear each wave of the placid sea beating of a near and mighty peaceful heart. Mother Mary spoke with them herself a little. She told them how she took the child, in despair of the past, in hope of the future; in vain and in pity, and in love; yearning over him, and his, and those who were of their inheritance, and fate, their chances, their sorrows, and their She told them of the child's and pure heart within us all, which needs only to be mothered to be saved; which needs only that we foster it, to form it; which needs that we treat it as we do other weak and helpless things, whether in ourselves or in another. What was noble in them all, she said, as she took the baby, here before their witnessing, to spare him from their miseries, if she might.

They were touched by this, or they seemed to be; for they listened from

"We'd oughter take off our hats," somebody whispered. So they stood uncovered before the minister, and Mother Mary and Jack's poor baby. The sacred drops flashed in the white air. Dreamily the fishermen heard the sacred words:

"In the name of the Father: And of the Son: And of the Holy Ghost.

But no one heard the other words said by Mother Mary close and low, when she received the child into her arms again, and bowed her face above

But the fishermen, used not to understand her, but only to her underthey loved him. He had pushed up understand her, but only to her under-his sleeves for the spring, hard to the standing them, perceiving that she was

shoulder, like a man who would wrestle at prayer, they knew not why, asking of from the floor, but what is not swept

Amen, Amen.

Hygienic Hints.

For Damp Houses. People who are unfortune enough to live in damp houses, particularly near undrained land, are apt to think that there is no help for them save in removal. They are mistaken. Successful experiments have shown that it is quite possible to materially improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods in a very simple manner—by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of ozone, while the "soulful eyed" sunis potent in destroying the malarial condition. These two. planted on the most restricted scale in garden close to the house, will be found to speedily increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere, and rheumatism, if it does not entirely become a memory of the past, will be

* Improving the Eyes.

largely alleviated.

It is satisfactory to be told by Mr. Ellis that blindness in England is "slowly declining," though Great Britain still stands in this respect behind two other European countries, and three more before Ireland. Shortsightedness, however, appears to be in creasing everywhere, Germany having a signal and sinister pre-eminence in

A French doctor has noted the re markable fact that wild beasts caught quite young or born in captivity become short-sighted, the conclusion being that the eye adapts itself to its pabitual sphere of vision, and unless 'educated," to use Mr. Ellis' term, to see objects at a distance, loses the capacity of so doing. Even in after ife the eye may be, to some extent, so educated, though probably only when the myopia is not considerable. It is thus within the experience of

the present writer that his sight greatly improved in days gone by, when he became a volunteer, by practice at the butts, so that while at first he could not see the target to shoot at without spectacles at the 300-yard range, after a twelvemonth or so he only needed to put on spectacles at 400 yards. beyond that range he was never able to dispense with them.

Country excursions are, therefore, extremely valuable as means of strengthening the sight of town-bred children; and the conductors of such excursions should take pains to direct the eyes of the children to distant objects—to the farthest hill, church tower, or other landmark, noting, if possible, any incapacity to discern the selected object, and then selecting some earer one for the weaker-sighted .-The Spectator.

A New Way to Avoid Colds.

For many years my occupation took me to crowded political and labor and labor meetings, generally held in rooms destitute of any means of ventilation. The heat was intense, the air fetid and oisonous. I have left such meetings athed in perspiration and plunged into he chill air of a winter's night, thereby nunning the risk of catching the severest cold. Yet, strange to say, I njoyed a singular immunity from such gravating ailments.

At the first touch of cold air I took deep inspiration and then held my reath for half a minute, in the meanme walking as fast as I could. Dur-ing that half-minute the pores of the cin were closed against the chilling atosphere, and by the time the lungs alled for reinvigoration the body had considerably cooled, and the risk of a

eakers, vocalists, entertainers those who are obliged to frequent unduly heated rooms. In my own case the practice never failed, and although I fully believed in its value I never understood the reason of it until a learned scientist came torward with the remarkable theory that while holding the breath the skin could be maintained impenetrable to the sting of the bee. [Jenness Miller Monthly.

Health Requires Cleanliness. Exquisite cleanliness in sleeping apartments and living-rooms is certainly conducive if not essential to

A place of residence may be filthy where there is no visible pile of dirt. Carpets loaded with dust and saturated with grease, neglected draperies that harbor miscellaneous germs of disease, upholstered furniture, greasy outside and dirty inside; old wallpapers, smoky and grimy, if not worse, are sources of danger as much to be suspected and feared as garbage cans or refuse heaps. They defile the atmosphere quite as much, and if they do not menace health they certainly develop disease.

The room occupied by a family as a sitting-room and those occupied by sick or ailing persons should really be without a carpet, or if there is one it should be so laid that it could be taken up every week and cleaned and aired. People with a tendency to throat troubles and all growing chil-dren are better for living in rooms with bare floors, undraped windows and doors and uncovered furniture.

Sweeping a carpeted room with a problems that no coroom certainly removes much dirt [Cardinal Manning.

Charles Carlotter Control of Cont

eaven they knew not what—the up is scattered through the air, making every breath inhaled unwholesome. After the dust settles the room is usu ally "dusted," which means practically whipping the deposit from one piece of furniture to another with a feather duster. It would be better to leave the dust alone once it settles, unless it can be removed. The only way to do

this is to wipe everything with a wet cloth and wash out the rag afterwards, just as a clean woman cleans a hardwood floor or oil-cloth. Few people have any idea of the ex-

quisite neatness that children and deliday even in the best of houses. It is in Church and State—are now on a the exception where the water-jug, soap-dish and brush-holders about the watsh-stand are cleaned every day, and vet the bad odors from them poison pure air and so disease the organs of respiration and poison the blood. It is to give the lungs a chance to throw off these loads of poisonous material that everybody who can move or be moved should go out into the open air daily, or, properly wrapped up, get an airing in an open door or window.

The Forward Movement. OIL SPRINGS .- A few evenings ago

a plebiscite mass meeting was held in the town hall, Oil Springs, to organize for the plebiscite vote. Mr. F. S. trate to you what you have read about, was a good attendance. Addresses were given by Mr. W. F. Yates, merchant, and Rev. W. H. Gane, Mathodiet with the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the Vandewater was the convener. Methodist minister. Quite a large number enrolled themselves as members of a plebiscite league, to work and vote, to pray and pay, for a large vote. Special committees were also appointed for each polling subdivision. For No. 1 John Hartley was chairman, and Mrs. Emma J. Wells, secretary. For No. 2 Quinn Zenimer was chairman, and B. A. Evoy was secretary. A good work will be done in the village.

GAINSBORO TOWNSHIP, LINCOLN COUNTY.—An organizing meeting has been held at Bismarck, and a township plebiscite association formed with John A. Dalrymple, president; William L. Folker and John Krick, vicepresidents; Walter Misner, secretary; Michael Ginter, treasurer, and a good executive committee. Each polling division will be canvassed.

Essex Center.—An organization was formed for the town of Essex on the 8th inst. President, C. E. Naylor, vice-president, M. J. Wigle; secretary, Miss I. J. Ernrick; treasurer, Miss D. Perkins. Speeches were made by J. E. Stone, and Revs. A. E. Beverley and M. P. Campbell. Essex Center was without a license for years, under the provisions of the Dunkin Act, and will, no doubt, give a good account of itself for the plebiscite.

Coddling Our Prejudices.

prejudices, but it is an extremely com-mon thing to find people who not only

refuse to give up their prejudices, but

take positive pleasure in fostering and expressing them. It is a great deal easier, in certain stages of development, to discover the faults than to recognize the virtues in other people. Dispassionateness is not innate with most people; it must be developed. It is the fine fruit of self-education, and as such is by no means easy of acquirement. To look at people from whom we differ, or, what is still more trying, who differ from us, with clear and unprejudiced eyes, and judge them by dispassionate intelligence, is to achieve a victory over ourselves. It is far easier to go through the world believing in our own infallibility and doubting th sincerity, the wisdom, and the good feeling of everybody who differs from us. The "jingo" spirit is not only con-tinually present in national politics, but in personal affairs. Let there be the lightest misunderstanding with Fingland, and there are people in this country who are for war at once, without waiting to find out whether any affront has been intended. They are against everything English, and they like nothing better than an opportunity of expressing their prejudices. "Jingoism" is always shallow and vulgar, but at times extremely popular; and it is only as we train ourselves thoroughly away from barbarism, with its insular notions and its ignorant self-complacency, that we free ourselves completely from its thralldom. In the same way our self-love is ready on every provocation to assert itself, and the fact that somebody differs with us in opinion or from our standpoint we are quick to resent, instead of recognizing it as simply another, and, for the other person, a better way of doing things. It is only when we come to a clear consciousness of our fallibility, of the fragmentariness of each individual life, and of the range and scope of life, that we are ready to give up our prejudices and to accord to others generously the same privilege which we take for ouselves-the privi lege of thinking, acting, living and beieving as we choose. - [Christian

-If we could make the British workman a total abstainer, we could settle the most serious of the social problems that now confront us .-

Union.

Young People.

To Struggling Young Market Care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that

God who in the 6,000 years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my cate women require. What robust, active people in health put up with for a now. You will find that those who 30 now. You will find that those who 30 now. night or day at a time is very dele- years from now, are the millionaires of night or day at a time is very determined the country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants steaming kettles and pots, or the toilet of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great phil. utensils, sinks, etc., cleaned but once a anthropists of the country—mightiest playing a violin at parties, and in the intervals of his playing he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books, and read what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illus. There and never again commit the blasphemy

> The Little Girl With a Company Face Once on a time in far-away place. Lived a queer little girl with a com-

young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford

to equip him .- [Dr. Talmage.

pany face. And no one outside of the family

knew Of her everyday face, or supposed she

had two.
The change she could make with wondrous celerity,
For practice had lent her surprising

dexterity. But at last it chanced, on an unlucky

Or, lucky, perhaps, I would much better say, To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,

She failed to effect the desired transformation! And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha

Mason. Surprised her with half of her company face on.

And half of her everyday face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,

Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her company side all the while,

It is a very uncommon thing to hear people defend the right to entertain The caller no sooner had hurried away, Than up to her room the child flew in

dismay; And, after a night spent in solemn reflection
On the folly of features that can't bear

inspection, She came down to breakfast, and

walked to her place, Calm, sweet and serene, with her com pany face.

Thenceforward she wore it day out and day in, Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin;

But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay. And her relatives think 'twas a red letter day reatly

Surprised her with half of her company

Suggestion for a Children's Party.

Agatha Mason

face on.

Has the reader ever considered the ossibilities there are in a sheet in the way of entertainment? The name of its uses is legion. Of course, there is the sheet and pillow-case party, when it is used as a mask; and the feather game, when a feather is placed in the center of a sheet, held taut by merry lot of young people, who are to blow it away from the pursuer, who seeks vainly to capture it over the head of some particular person; but it is not often remembered that as a scen background it is unsurpassed for quick and clever effects. At a children's party not long ago "Mistress Mary," with her "pretty maids all in a row," who sang a shrill chorus, nodding their pretty heads, were rendered with fine effect, holes being cut in the sheet, each just large enough to admit head, while the petals and leaves of the flowers were realistically treated with yellow flannel and green paper muslin. The highest row of maids stood on chairs, and the lowest row sat on the ground. Another clever arrangement s to make little puppets, with miniature legs and arms and bodies, to be presented in front of the sheet. The effect of the large face and some queer headgear is irresistibly funny, and as the legs and arms are made to move with strings these semi-living puppets can be made to talk and sing and tell jokes

quite after the manner of minstr

which may also be represented in this

way, to the huge delight of a youthful audience.

thing a divide a wind a

It has remonstrated by the season of the sea