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J. J. HEMBREE.

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BUSINESS NOTICES
In the Local Column..... 25 cts. per Line
RACE INFORMATION.

Sea-Foam.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

Foam of the sea! Foam of the sea! Stay!—we are weary of calling to thee; Weary of hearing the ceaseless beat Of thy silver-sandaled, harfing feet, Hither and thither, and over and over, Along the level of white sea-tor.

For evermore!

They gaunt garments have kept so near Our outstretched hand, but to disappear!

And slide away

In a silver spray

While laughter ripples along the shore, And the broiled silver is changed to gray.

Sea-foam, rest!

Safe in this circling arm of rock,

Away from the breakers' shout and shock.

Rest, O rest!

And tell us thy story unconfessed Through all the ages to mortal ear,

Locked from poet, and safe from seas.

In the ocean's breast:

Unravel the silver thread.

Of the glittering tissue of mystery Veiling forever thy head.

Why art thou wading forever?

The golden smile of the sun— Wooling and winning, yet never rest—

Staying thyself to be won?

Low is the light in the west;

Sea-foam, rest!

—St. Nicholas.

The Burning Ship.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE FROM ADIRONDACK MURRAY'S NEW BOOK.

The captain stood another instant in profound thought, during which his quick and fearless mind had considered all the contingencies, and without a word to the three men that were with him, he started for the deck and the pilot house. He summoned the chief engineer and his officers around him, and stated what he had discovered—laid the whole subject in a few terse words before them, and said:

"Gentlemen, in five minutes the saloons will be like an oven, and the windows of this pilot house will be cracking. Have you anything to suggest?"

The first officer, a sailor from boyhood, whose head and beard were already gray, said promptly:

"Captain, we must beach her."

The others looked their ascent.

"It's our only course," said the captain, "Pilot," said he, turning to the man whose eyes were on the lookout, "can you beach her?"

The other deliberated a moment, and said:

"Captain, I am ready to take any responsibility that a man in my position should take. I am ready to execute any orders that are given to me with the responsibility of running this steamer, with six hundred passengers aboard, on to a coast that I know nothing of beyond the knowledge I have of the lights, reefs and the harbors. It would be mere chance if I got her within half a mile of the shore."

The captain actually groaned. He saw and admitted the force of the pilot's assertion. For a moment not a word was spoken, while the ship went tearing on through the water, and the premonitions of rising tumult came to their ears from below, showing that the passengers were already on the move. He looked an instant to each face before him, lifted his hand and wiped the great drops of sweat from his forehead, and said:

"Gentlemen, what shall we do? I feel the floor under my feet heating! The passengers are moving out of the saloon! What we do must be done quickly! We are overloaded. Our boats wouldn't accommodate half, and besides a boat couldn't live in that sea. What shall we do?"

Not a man spoke. They felt as if the horror of death were shutting down around them. They were brave, they were calm. They showed no evidence of fear. They could meet death as men should meet it; but they could not tell how to escape it. Suddenly the captain's face lighted, with a light which was the reflection of human conjecture of a possibility. He darted out of the pilot house, swinging himself down among the crew, who were busy with the pumps and the hose, and shouted, with the concentration of voice that penetrated the roar of the storm like a knife:

"Is there a man here who knows this coast?"

When the captain dropped among them the men stopped their work and stood staring at him. Only the old trapper and Herbert, each of whom stood above the forward hatch, home in hand, directing the streams that the pumps sent through the swelling tube, downward, kept their position. The captain waited a moment, while the light faded from his countenance, as no response came, and then, as if in very despair, he shouted:

"God forbid!" exclaimed the captain, "God forbid that I take the responsibility of the sacrifice—for that's just what it is. Men. Ought the boy to stay?"

"Sartin, sartin," said the old trapper; "if the lad can save the winnem folks and little uns, not to speak of the men, by stayin' here, then he sartinly ought to stay, even if he starts on his last trail from the deck of a vessel instead of from the shade of a pine; for death never comes too quick to one who meets it at the post of duty, and it never comes slow enough to one who shuns it. You let the lad stay where he is, and the old man who's in the boat will be there to help him, and the Lord will. I should like to have seen you right, cap'n, when ye say that I love the lad."

"Old man, this boy is your companion, and you love him?"

"Yes; the lad and me have slept together, and we've eaten from the same bark, and he and me has due little services for each other; that man in the woods don't forget, and I guess you're about right, cap'n, when ye say that I love the lad."

"Old man, this boy is your companion, and you love him?"

The captain hesitated yet a moment. He knew himself that the lad was going to his death—going with a quietness that could have been ignorant, or the first consciousness of its coming. It was not to be bested at that, accepting as he was the sacrifice of a life, he was touched. He gazed at the singular being before him, observed the simple guilelessness of his countenance, and dashing a tear from his eye, he turned to the trapper and said:

"I will help you beach her, captain."

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