

THE CREW OF YAWL THREE

A Love Story of the Sea.
By W. BERT FOSTER.
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THROUGH the fog which lay a dead weight upon the water the outline of a great sail grew slowly. The fog made it loom into fairly gigantic proportions, for there was little wind stirring, and it crept up in ghostly fashion.

Suddenly the blocks rattled and the boom creaked and groaned as it swung about. For a moment the craft hung in the wind's eye. There was a clatter of feet, a yawl towing astern was pulled up under the rail, and three men in yellow oilskins and varnished sea boots tumbled into her.

"Good day to you, lads! Drop down with the tide tonight and we'll pick you up off the Hook or thereabouts." The hoarse voice of a broad shouldered man belted through the fog as he leaned over the rail. The yawl had been cast off and dropped astern. The boom creaked again, the sail flapped sharply, displaying a huge "S," and the pilotboat melted into the fog once more, leaving the yawl courtesying on the gray waves.

Mitchell, the pilot in charge of the yawl, sat squarely in the sternsheets, a tiller rope in each hand. "Give way, you fellows," he said, "if you want to get to Gurnett time enough to have a yarn with that girl."

"How in blazes can we know where Gurnett is in this fog?" growled one of them, bending his back to the ash.

"The how ar laughed. "Terry's sulky," he said, keeping stroke while he talked. "Mina didn't care much to see him last time he was there—eh, Terry?"

"That's a lie!" declared Terry roughly. "She was just as glad to see me as you."

"Shut up, Carl! Don't tease the fellow," admonished Mitchell. "And you needn't be so touchy, Terry."

"You'd be swelling, Mitchell," declared Terry, twining with his wrongs. "Those two—me and Mina—jabber away in their own confounded lingo, and I can't understand a word they say. And I knew her long before he ever came nosing round," he added ruefully.

"Poo! I wouldn't be jealous," said Mitchell. "It's like the girl would be glad to see somebody who can talk her own language."

"Well, she can't have him and me both," declared Terry. "And I'll tell her that."

Carl from the bow seat chuckled and showed a broad, laughing face to the pilot. "She'll be moomch obliged for that," he said. "Then she not have to—what you call—ship you herself, eh?"

The other's eyes blazed with passion, and he dropped his oar and with an oath swung about to get at the Swede, but the steersman's voice recalled him.

"What d'you mean, you swab?" he shouted. "Want to swamp the yawl? Grab that oar, quick, or you'll be a shark with a shamed face, the recent stroke plunged his oar again deeply.

"Confound you and the girl both!" pursued Mitchell. "You'll lose a yawl next, and no girl's worth that. If you'd been a married man's long as me, you wouldn't get to fighting over a woman."

The stroke hung his head, and even Carl's merry face looked sober at the calamity which they had so narrowly avoided. He glanced behind him into the impenetrable fog bank.

So? Go right into the kitchen if you want to see Mina." John said she had company there," said Terry, brightening up.

"Well, dat iss ridt, but it is no stranger to you. Go in," and she waved her hand toward the passage leading to the kitchen.

The sailor followed her directions, but as he approached the kitchen door his heart failed him. He could hear voices within—Mina's and a man's. They were talking in the girl's own tongue, and Terry's suspicions were instantly aroused.

He hesitated a moment. The voices and laughter grew louder, and his suspicion grew to a certainty. He strode forward and threw open the door. Mina, her face full of laughter, sat upon a bench beside and her hand was held by Carl Jansen.

"Oh! she cried and sprang up as she saw the yawl's frowning visage at the door. Carl sat still and laughed in the jealous lover's face.

"For a single instant Terry stood without motion or speech. Then he turned swiftly and was out of the house before either Carl or Mina regained breath.

When Mitchell came down to the pier to which yawl No. 3 of the Halcyon, officially known as pilotboat 8, was tied, he found Terry there before him.

The sailor stood like a statue on the stringpiece of the wharf, looking off into the fog. Mitchell had to speak to him twice before he could arouse him.

Then the provisions came down on a truck. They put them aboard, distributing them so that the yawl rode even, and then Carl appeared. Terry took his oar with a set, white face and waited for the pilot's word to give way.

"We've a nasty job before us," said Mitchell gloomily, casting off. "I hear there's a lot of loose ice coming down the bay. Attend right to business, boys, and don't have any skylarking as you did coming over. Are you ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" from Carl. Terry was silent, but dipped his oar deeply, and in an instant the pier was out of sight. It seemed as though it had drifted away from them and had been smothered by the fog, not that they had been swept away from it.

The tide had turned and was running out fiercely. Occasionally the yawl crouched through a little ice drift.

"Look alive, boys," said Mitchell. "Be ready to back water on the instant if I tell you. Some of these cakes we pass might smash yawl 3 like an eggshell if we give 'em the chance."

Mitchell bent low, his son's weather shading his eyes, striving to peer ahead, but it was all he could do to see the boat's nose. Beyond was a blinding curtain of fog.

The wind, too, had increased. The tide was with them, but the wind drove across the yawl's bows and sometimes made her stagger. The fog signals of the few craft belated in the outer bay sounded as though from a great distance. The only other sound besides the swish of the choppy waves was a low, crooning noise, which seemed to grow momentarily.

"What is that?" shouted Carl, still tugging at his oar.

Mitchell's face, such of it as was not covered by beard, was white.

"That is ice, boys," he exclaimed. "I've heard it like that up north. It must be a big jam coming down the bay."

Terry did not appear to hear him. His face was set, and his thoughts seemed far away.



He caught the rough coat sleeve just as the hand slipped.

doomed boat upon either side. She was crushed between two grinding, shrouding walls of drifting cakes, and the sea began to spurt between the strained seams.

"We was lost!" cried Carl, leaping up. The shock which followed threw him upon the ice pack.

"Overboard with you!" sang out Mitchell. "She'll sink in a minute. Get on a big cake, boys."

But only Terry heard him. Carl had disappeared. The pilot and stroke of the wrecked yawl found themselves clinging side by side upon a huge cake of ice.

"Where is he? Where is he?" gasped the sailor, at last aroused.

"Poor Carl! Poor boy!" groaned the pilot.

"He musn't drown!" cried Terry, standing upright upon the tetering ice. "He must be saved. Mina!"

The yawl disappeared, sucked under by the tide. In the swirl of gray water where it went down was a man's upraised arm. The hand clung an instant to the ragged edge of the ice.

Terry swooped down upon it instantly. He caught the rough coat sleeve just as the hand slipped and with a mighty heave brought Carl's head and shoulders out of the icy water. In a breath they had dragged their comrade out of the jaws of death.

The Swede spat out the water he had swallowed and recovered his breath.

"That was noble of you, old man," he said to Terry.

"Stow that!" was the rough reply. Carl's teeth began to chatter, and Terry and Mitchell hugged him up between them that the warmth of their bodies might in some measure counteract the chill he had received. The snow, which still fell, packed around and over them until they might have been a part of the ice cake to which they clung. Mitchell raised his head occasionally the better to listen.

"Can't hear a single horn," he declared. "It might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic instead of a mile or so offshore. I dunno but we'd better shout."

"What for?" grumbled Carl.

"To keep you from going to sleep, younker," returned the pilot sharply. "Are you cold?"

"N-not very," chattered the Swede.

"It's death, lad," cried the pilot. "Bounce up and keep yourself warm."

"I won't let him go to sleep, sir," said Terry.

"You're very good, both of you," declared Carl. Then he added in his mate's ear, "She don't care noddin' 'bout me, Terry."

IT LACKED NOVELTY

A COLLECTION OF HEIRLOOMS THAT WEARIED AN OBSERVER.

The System of Heating Out Family Glory and Supplying Ancestral Trappings at so Much Per Hour Has Its Drawbacks.

Two guests were being shown through a Philadelphia mansion in which a nouveau riche broker was entertaining a party of fashionable friends. The splendid array of family heirlooms, all bespeaking a lineage of earliest colonial origin, deeply impressed one of the party.

He was a stranger but lately arrived from Baltimore. Oddly enough, his companion, a Philadelphian, seemed indifferently to these treasured relics of a family's honored history.

"Remarkable collection of heirlooms our host has," remarked the stranger as he stepped before a battle scarred sword of Revolutionary days.

"Yes," drawled the Philadelphian cynically, "very interesting. But you fortunately it lacks the charm of novelty for me. Already this season I've seen the same batch of relics in three other Philadelphia houses."

"How could that be?"

"Oh, simple enough. It only means that all four families, our host and the three others I refer to, hired their ancestral trappings from the same man."

"Hired them?"

"Yes, hired them. We have in this city an enterprising collector of colonial junk who makes a business of renting out family glory to all who were unfortunate enough to be born without it."

"Whew!" was the only comment the astonished Baltimorean could utter. And doubtless many Philadelphians would be moved to say "Whew!" if they could learn how many members of the Quaker City social elite are constrained to seek the assistance of the heirloom dealer when they wish to give a brilliant function.

It is a deception that is forced upon them, for unless you have distinguished appearing friends you stand little chance of penetrating the sacred precincts of the local fashionable set.

Ancestry, not cash, is the open sesame, and even if a man can claim some sort of a family tree his pretensions are questioned unless he can show some of the furniture or portraits that his American forefather brought with him on the Mayflower or the Welcome.

Of course if the two vessels named had been as large as the Great Eastern and had been loaded with nothing but heirlooms they couldn't have carried half the stock needed to launch the descendants of Pilgrim fathers into society. Hence the need of an heirloom dealer.

He has his warehouses in Pine street, in a part of the city which was once the center of fashion, but is now deserted by that element in consequence of the westward movement of the city's elect.

Ostensibly he is a curio dealer, but his revenue is mainly derived from furnishing and hanging the walls of fashionable dwellings with century old portraits.

This clever manipulator of men's vanities has ancient, straight backed furniture and copper kettles and snuffers for candles and bullseye watches and similar relics of ancient grandeur, all at your disposal for a night, when less, or your poor fellow, with money, but no ancestors, want your friends to know what an old family yours is! He also has rare furnishings for libraries and drawing rooms which you may rent if you have the price.

It matters not from what part of the country the applicant hails or what particular descent he wishes to claim, his needs are promptly filled.

For those who wish to pose as lineal descendants of the staid, old colonial patriots who fought the stamp tax and defied the power of King George at Bunker Hill and drew up the Declaration is especially attractive stock.

HUNTING THE GORILLA.

As United West Africans Say Has the Soul of a Man.

Gorilla hunting is a distinct sensation even for the veteran hunter. This animal, which has become confused somewhat with fable and fiction, is a reality and a decidedly unpleasant one to engage. The west Africans are mortally afraid of it, believing that the brute inflicts a kind of sort of ferocity, like the carrying off of a human being, who is permitted to return after being deprived of toe and finger nails.

"Skilled hunters have never observed any of these things, but they testify to the brute's strength and ferocity," says Allen Sangree in Ainslie's. "According to a French sportsman, a full grown gorilla can bite through a tree six inches thick in order to secure the sap and take a gun barrel with the swollen bunches of muscle that serve for arms. His roar is terrifying and can be heard for a distance of three miles."

"I shall never forget how the first one impressed me," says the Frenchman, "for I had a bad attack of shingles. The woods had been filled some time with a barking roar, but I saw nothing until my guide chuckled softly and pointed to a tree alongside which stood an immense male gorilla. There he remained but twelve yards away, boldly facing us with his huge chest, muscular arms, fiercely glaring deep gray eyes and a hellish expression, until I moved."

"As that he dropped to all fours and came six yards nearer, sitting up to lean his breasts with his huge fists—a defiance—so that it sounded like an immense drum. His roar was most singular, beginning with a kind of bark and deepening into a bass roll that literally resembled thunder. The short hair on his forehead was twitching, his powerful forearms shivered unpleasantly, and, feeling he was about to attack and incidentally being scared green, I shot him through the heart. With a groan something human and yet brutish, he fell on his face and died quickly, like a man. He measured 5 feet 9 inches in length, his chest was 62 inches, and his arms spread 9 feet. I was glad to have the specimen, but someone after that never cared to kill a gorilla unless he actually menaced me."

There are forty-eight different kinds of house fly known and classified. The pig is the only domestic animal in which no case of cancer has been noted.

The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of food fishes and cuts the water like a yacht.

Fish swallow their food whole because they are obliged to keep continually opening and closing the mouth for the purpose of respiration.

Siamese cats, both in appearance and character, closely resemble pug dogs. Even their tails have the curious curl so familiar in these stolid dogs.

Animals are found to be subject to hypnotic influence. Lobsters, it is said, can be hypnotized by standing them on their heads five or ten minutes.

There is no wild breed of fowl to which the Brahma or Cochon can be traced. The gamecock seems to be descended from the Cingalese jungle fowl.

The flesh fly produces about 20,000 young in a season. The larvae are hatched almost instantly from the egg and at once begin their work of destruction.

A Contrast. "Papa, who is that gentleman over there on the porch?" "Don't you remember him, my child? He is the gentleman we met in the restaurant today who chatted so pleasantly with us while he waited about twenty-five minutes for his lunch."

"He doesn't seem very pleasant now, papa."

"Oh, no, he's at home now. See him tearing the newspaper into shreds and trying to throw his hat through the door. He is very angry because it has taken his wife a little over four minutes to get his supper ready."—Indianaapolis Sun.

Hindoo Superstition. When visits are exchanged by the friends of the Hindoo bride and groom to complete arrangements for the wedding, great attention is paid to omens, which are considered especially potent then. For instance, if the groom's messengers should meet a cat, a fox or a serpent they turn back and seek a more propitious time for their errand. After the bride's father has received the offer he must delay replying until one of the ubiquitous wizards in his house has chirped.—Woman's Home Companion.

Railroading Terms. In England and America differ very widely. The English would speak of shunting a train. We call it switching. Freight trains they call goods trains, coaches are carriages, conductors are guards, engineers are drivers, trucks are boggies and freight cars are wagons. The British always say station instead of depot, and in that they have the better of us. Rails they call metals and tracks permanent ways. They do not get their tickets at a ticket office, but at a booking office, and the smokestack of the locomotive is to them the chimney. A railroad man going from one country to the other finds that he has to learn an entirely new set of phrases about his business.

Ingnis on Butter. Many years ago, when John J. Ingnis, the brilliant Kansan, was a member of the senate, oleomargarine was a bone of contention. The debate led Ingnis to utter one of those epigrammatic sentences which made him famous. "I have never, to my knowledge, tasted oleomargarine," said Ingnis, "but I have stood in the presence of genuine butter with awe for its strength and reverence for its antiquity."

Trade Craft. "We are turning out some very elaborate scales," said the agent—"some that will attract the attention of your customers." "Do you suppose I want my customers to watch the scales?" asked the surprised butcher. "Give me the plainest scale you have."—Chicago News.

A CHURCH LIGHTHOUSE.

Charleston, S. C. Has the Only One in the World.

The only church in the world so far as is known that is also a lighthouse is St. Philip's church, Charleston, S. C.

St. Philip's, which is one of the oldest churches in America, is known as the "Westminster abbey of South Carolina," because within and about its walls so many distinguished men lie buried, including John C. Calhoun. The history of the old church is closely interwoven with that of South Carolina, and many of the most celebrated events in the history of the province are connected with it.

It is one of the sights of Charleston, and strangers are always taken to see it and shown its graves and monuments.

The most remarkable feature of the old church, however, is the fact that its lofty steeple serves the purpose of a lighthouse and is used to guide the seafarer and mariner safely into the port of Charleston. The use of the steeple as a lighthouse dates back to 1894, when the United States lighthouse department succeeded by dint of repeated efforts in inducing the vestry of the old church to allow a lantern to be placed in the upper story of the steeple to be used as a range light for vessels entering the harbor through the jetties at its mouth.

The light used is very powerful and is placed at an altitude of about 125 feet above the ground, so that it is easily visible thirty miles at sea. Ships making for Charleston harbor at night always keep a sharp lookout for St. Philip's light and as soon as they sight it get it into line with the beacon on Fort Sumter and then make a straight-away run for the mouth of the jetties and up through them into the harbor of Charleston.

St. Philip's church steeple is considered one of the handsomest architecturally in the world and always attracts the eye of strangers entering Charleston from the sea by its commanding height and artistic proportions.—St. Louis Republic.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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Six Physicians Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

John A. Phelps, of the Hotel Repeller, 781 Sutter street, an old-time San Francisco business man, interested in the fact that he had been told by six people to believe Bright's Disease and Diabetes are curable. Will you let us mention your case?

A—You may. I've told many about it. Q—Did physicians declare it Diabetes? A—A half dozen did. For three years I defied steadily till finally I had to sell my business. The last doctor thought I'd live only about six weeks and advised me to straighten out my affairs.

Q—How soon did you begin to mend under the Phelps Compound? A—The specific gravity soon began to drop, but it was nearly a year before I was perfectly sound. Q—Did any whom you told of it take it? A—Several cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, upon hearing my experience, took it and recovered.

Q—Can you recall the names? A—I don't like to mention them without their permission. One was a friend in Collinswood, Ohio, who has recovered. His company as incurable. He recovered. Another was that of a well-to-do lady in this city, who was also cured by the Phelps Compound. Q—Will you think now of the curability of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes? A—I have known for several years that they are curable. Q—But the books say that they are not? A—Certainly they do, and it's that reason many will not at first believe it, but they will gradually.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recoverable under the Phelps Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Free for the Bright's Disease and Diabetes Compound. John J. Phelps Co., 29 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 500,000 pounds. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Hindoo Weddings. Hindoo weddings usually come in the hot months, when the families have leisure to prepare for them, but an astrologer must select an auspicious day for the event. The groom is ready for his preliminary game of diplomacy, which is scarcely more than a bluff. This is a pretense to visit the sacred Ganges at Benares and wash away his sins in its healing waters. Generally there would not be time before the wedding day to complete such a journey when the groom undertakes it, but the readiness must be shown, and the company sets out. When the bride's father meets them and dissuades the groom from such an undertaking, he is very ready to stop. He is assured, moreover, that his sins have not been so grievous as to need cleansing before his nuptials. If the bride's father is satisfied with his spiritual condition, the young man may need say no more, but he returns and prepares the thali, or gold locket, that all married women must wear suspended from their necks.—Woman's Home Companion.

Too Realistic. During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which, for lifelike effect, led nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice: "Police! Help! Thieves!"

The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policeman joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "The fellow has got my watch!"

The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

Leaves Used For Paper. Leaves of trees were used for writing purposes very early by the Egyptians and probably by the Greeks. The Hindoos continued the use of this material until within a few centuries. Even at the present time books of leaves are not uncommon in the south of India and the island of Ceylon. The leaves of some Asiatic trees, from their size and smoothness, are admirably adapted for books. If we may judge from the name "leaf" being still applied to the paper of books, we should imagine these leaves to have been formerly the principal material in use.

Do Your Work Well. Possibly you think your employer does not notice you or know about your work. The writer of this was talking the other evening to an extensive employer of labor, and he talked most of the evening about his workmen. He knew all about every one of them, from the head man to the laborers, and noted their good and bad points. Don't forget that your employer knows all about you. When he needs a new foreman or superintendent, he knows the one to select.—Atchison Globe.

To Little Profit. "Don't you think I preached a very poor sermon this morning?" asked the poor preacher of the deacon, from whom he expected a compliment. "Yaas, I do," drawled the honest deacon, "but it runs in my mind that I've heard worse, of I cud only rickollect wher 't wuz."—Ohio State Journal.

The Trouble. Wicks—There should be a law to restrain the theaters from printing those mossy jokes in their programmes. Hicks—You don't have to read them. Wicks—No, but you usually have to listen to some idiot behind you reading and explaining them.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pretty Slow. When a girl pins a flower on a man's coat, she always tilts her chin up and looks at it sideways, and the man who doesn't tumble is slow enough to get run over by a hearse.