

In the Wake of The Dory

By GENIE ROSENFELD

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It was the 14th of April. The weather had been so bad that for days no boats could venture out...

"Nita! Felipe!" Nita came in quickly, a flush on her face and an angry gleam in her eye...

"What are you doing here?" she asked fearfully. Don had not time to answer. Old Captain Rodrigo was on his feet...

"I have," said Don. "Don't you know that she belongs to me?" "She has promise to marry with the last of May," Don was standing at the kitchen table...

"I can't go," Nita answered. "Joe is sick. I darsen't bring him over to you, but I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I ast you to come over..."

"I'm thinking of that too. Maybe we'd orter speak about them boats afore." And the old man wandered disconsolately off into the night...

"Father?" she laid inquiringly. "Yes, it's out," the old man answered, "and I feel better for the telling."

About 10 o'clock a dory appeared around the light—Don's dory and close following it Louis' little boat. The kindly neighbors rushed to Nita, who was with Joe...

dropped, and I says, as a fair minded man, that Diego couldn't 'a met no square and aboveboard death. As for Carlos, that there drov'nin' of his all ways did look queer to me, seem' as the cargo was sold and the nets lashed to the dory before she tipped over...

"Well, drawled Captain Gama, "that be my own opinion." In a moment all was excitement. Some of the women scurried into their homes and hid themselves...

"It ain't there! It's Louis in one boat and Tom in the other!" As the keel of Don's boat grated on the sand Nita sprang into the water and grasped the edge of the boat with her one disengaged arm...

"Stup!" he cried, holding back the crowd with his uplifted hand. "This here feller's dead already, and I'm most dead too."

"Now," said Louis resignedly, "I s'pose I've got to go to jail, but I couldn't help myself. It was him or me." And so the jury found it. Twelve good men and true decided that it was justifiable homicide...

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"Nita!" "By this we was close beside the boat, and I could see two men struggling and fighting, and I seen the boat's lantern gleamin' on a knife that some one was usin' pretty free."

"So we run alongside, and Tom tripped the dory with the boat hook. As I sprung aboard my foot slipped, and I fell on hands and knees into a pool of blood."

"By the light of that lantern we watched and waited—might have been for half a minute. Then we sprung. Chance helped me, and I caught him by the wrist and had my knife in him half a dozen times, but it seemed as if I couldn't get the right spot."

"When I was sure he couldn't do no more harm I looked about for Tom. I heard cries for help, and steerin' after them, found Tom hangin' on the side of my dory holdin' up Don."

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NEW SHORT STORIES

Wrong Side of the Fence. Santos Dumont tells this story: "A huncie leamed over the fence of the asylum grounds, watching a repair job that was going on. Finally he took the pipe from his mouth, blew a fragrant cloud of smoke into the air and said, with a languid interest, to the middle aged man who was digging a hole with a spade in the hard, stony soil..."

A Popular Declination. George Fred Williams of Massachusetts tells of a politician in that state who is rather well known for his extremely conservative temperament. A year or two ago the politician was a candidate for the assessorship of a certain county in the state mentioned...

Why You Can't Crush an Egg Lengthwise Between the Palms. If the fingers of the two hands are interlocked, and an egg taken lengthwise between the palms, it will be found impossible to crush it with the greatest force that can be exerted. If, however, the pressure is applied along the short axis of the egg, it can be crushed with ease...

Substitute for Glass. In a small way oil paper is used for glass in many places, but only in Germany is this done on a large scale. The florists and market gardeners in the district of Frankfurt use what they call "fensterglas" in great quantities for the greenhouses. The paper is a strong, tough material...

Brother Artists. On his last visit to America Paderewski, the eminent pianist and composer, was introduced somewhat against his will to a man of little apparent culture who professed great interest in music and much intimacy with his finer phases...

Not a Favorite Breed. Lovers of good, plain dogs which have been allowed to grow naturally will appreciate the story of the English piddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted: "I'll want a kind of dog about so high as so long. It's a kind of gryhound, an' it ain't a gryhound, because 'is ylt is shorter nor any of these 'ere gryounds an' 'is nose is shorter an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gryound. Do you keep such dogs?"

How She Wandered. A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gonouf in London. The eighth song was printed, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side, accompanied by the composer."

Nature's Gospel. Sky and water, vapor and vegetation, earth and sun, are ever friendly and hospitable. They are perpetually running on some missionary errand in each other's behalf. They preach the creed of brotherhood in that temple whose roof is fretted with the stars—Bishop Huntington.

A Man May Have Plenty of Money and Yet Be Very Poor. Much of what is called success is but the most vulgar kind of prosperity; it is the success of the brute faculties at the expense of the divine. To develop a few of one's brain cells, and these the lowest, by everlasting digging and grinding for money to cultivate some huge gland which secretes nothing but dollars and the exclusive cultivation of which crushes out of life all the finer sentiments, all that is sweet and beautiful and worth while, makes a man as dry and barren as the great Sahara desert...

POISON IVY.

It May Be Known by Its Three Leaves and White Berries. Frequently a person is puzzled to know whether a vine with which he comes in contact is poison ivy or Virginia creeper. The poison ivy has three leaflets and white berries, while the creeper has five and purple berries.

Five or Six Hours at a Stretch and Divisions Up to "Eighty-sixthly." No English congregation would have listened to such sermons as used to be popular in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. There is indeed a story told of a dissenting preacher named Lobb in the seventeenth century who, when Scotland went to hear him, "being mounted up in the pulpit and naming his text, made nothing of splitting it up into twenty-six divisions, upon which separately he very carefully undertook to expatiate in their order. Thereupon the doctor rose up, and, joggling the friend who bore him company, said, 'Let us go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night work of it.'"

REITERATION. The Power of Asserting a Thing Over and Over Again. There is nothing more extraordinary than the effect produced by reiteration upon the public mind. Almost any nonsense makes an impression if only it is repeated often enough in print. The fortunes made by soaps, hair washes, patent medicines, patent aids to cookery, etc., are witnesses to this curious fact.

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LENGTHY SERMONS.

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A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.

Sublime courage by which Princess Salome Escaped Her Master. James Baker, a well known traveler and writer, tells a curious story of a war 100 years ago. The Persian shah was besieging Tiflis, and the husband of the Princess Salome had been slain in the siege. When the Persians entered and sacked the town Salome tried to save her young son, but he was torn from her arms and hacked in pieces before her eyes. Her own life was spared and she was borne to the camp outside the walls of Tiflis to the shah. He sold her to Djafar Bek, who shut her up in a castle, a part of which still remains near where now is the lovely tropical botanical garden of Tiflis. Charmed by her beauty, he asked her to become his wife. She refused and begged her purchaser to reconsider the matter and on the next day he lay reclining on a great cushion under a tree on that hot, sunny hillside and awaited her answer. Presently she appeared before him, veiled in a long, pure white robe, calm and stately, her face deathly pale. She advanced, her armed followers following her. The Persian waved his followers aside and asked the princess, "You consent to be my wife?" "Yes," was the solemn answer. "I consent to love you, for after the death of my husband and son it is my destiny; there is no other fate for me."

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