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UNAFAID.

So deep is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,

Whenever night shades are deepest
Then loudest is my song,

I'm watching here in the valley
To catch the first glad ring

Aye, deep is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT.

ANDREW HANSEN spent an hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His heavy brows were drawn over his grey eyes, and under an unkempt beard his mouth worked uneasily.

and fifty pounds, his biggest catch. His balance at the Astoria Crescent was bettered some nine dollars by two weeks' work. And Andrew had no boat-puller to share his profits, but toiled alone, and his alarm clock that warned him to wake and work when sleep was heavy upon him.

One Sunday at noon Andrew came down from the little house under the hill, shambling sullenly out on the wharf to where his boat lay nosing a fender pile. His pipe was gripped in his teeth, and he raged that the day should be so fine when he must go out and spend it in a dirty boat alone, while his wife sat in white anger at his parting silence.

After a slow look over the bay he jolted down the ladder, pulled his boat in sharply and dropped on the net-heaped amidships. Then with quick jerks he stepped the mast, threw off the riding line, and with a thrust of an oar was out in the stream. Five minutes later No. 345 was speeding across toward the deep calm in the lee of the Washington hills.

The young fellow who had charge of the fish delivery books received gingerly the greasy pages thrust in at him, and rapidly compared the entries there with those in his ledger. Every now and then he jotted a number on a pad of blank paper before him, and when he had run through all the pages of the fish book he added together his jottings, and looked up with a weary smile.

Gradually the ocean wind chilled, and the dusk came on like puffs of smoke before it. The crystal of the lee shores dimmed, and the bar leaped higher against the blackened embers of the west. The clear gleam from a lighthouse threaded the twilight, and No. 345 plunged wildly over grey combbers. Still Andrew poised his bulk over the boat, and as the seas, rising with the tide, tossed it angrily, his grim face hardened.

With a sudden access of rage, he pulled out of his jacket pocket his fish-book and held it almost obliterated pages up before him. The crabbed scrawls of many weighers were jumbled in its rude columns. But hate knew the false entries, and his finger, shriveled by the cold brine, shook as it traced them out. Then the vision of the little home under the hill, a pale-faced wife, and a babe with tiny fists, blurred his sight and effaced the sordid characters.

It was nearly dawn when Andrew thrust his boat's nose in by the wharf of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. He clambered forward and groped for the ladder. When his hands grasped it he made the boat fast and climbed up to the roadway. He returned with a lantern and set it at the ladder's head.

Hansen looked at the money in his calloused palm, and then at the retreating form of the manager. "Clear out," said the clerk, "or we'll throw you out, you darned beggar!"

Two days later Andrew paid off his boat-puller. It took all the money to his credit at the cannery. Then he went out to the racks on which his net was hung, and worked there for a week. Later, he drew his boat out on the beach, and scraped and cleaned her through without painting a stroke.

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Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book, and the harsh injustice of the manager, he would not now be out in the night, helplessly watching some unknown fellow struggling with death. He seemed to catch a glimpse of a smart house, with a red fire in a grate, and the manager of the Astoria Crescent toasting himself and talking to his wife.

Instead of six cents, fish now commanded only one cent at the cannery scales, and Andrew grew gaunt and haggard before September was out. One day he brought in two hundred

to unlash a second oar, and he, with this in reserve, settled himself down stolidly to his task.

The breasts of the fishboat threw the waves aside in blinding spray as he heaved the chops, and when a roaring sea swept across the tumbling raffle Andrew tautened every muscle. The sea passed in thunder into the darkness, whither he dared not look, and left the sturdy craft still heading on the starboard tack toward the feeble gleam in the murk ahead. The sail was wet to the top of the mast, and from the folds where the sprit wrinkled it the wind blew the water in white foam. Then a short expanse of less troubled sea intervened, and Hansen managed by a quick leap and hot return to throw the sprit out. He was just in time; for a mountain of water shut out the wind, and as the boat fell away, broke in boiling foam. Two minutes later No. 345 was again on her course, half filled, hard to hold, and dipping deeply at every plunge.

WILLIAM E. H. LECKY.

Noted Historian and Parliamentarian Who Died Recently.



W. E. H. LECKY.

When he got within a hundred yards of it Hansen shouted and luffed. The gale bore him down on the yacht in an instant, and as he was driven past he saw a man wave his arm frantically, and then the light went out.

"The History of Rationalism in Europe" and his "History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne," published in 1865 and 1869 respectively, established his reputation, but the "History of England During the Eighteenth Century," which occupied him for nearly twenty years, being completed in 1890, gained him his chief distinction, especially for its lucid style and impartiality. The chapters dealing with Ireland have been published separately in five volumes. His other writings partook mainly of the character of essays, chiefly on modern subjects.

Steady No. 345 with one powerful hand on the tiller, keeping her almost in the eye of the wind, Andrew Hansen waited. Suddenly his free arm went out and caught something. A strong pull, and a white face was lifted to the thwart; with a wrench that started his joints, he dragged a girl into his boat. Still he waited, edging up a little whenever he saw the chance, but still waiting. An arm was flung out at him from a rush of foam, and again Andrew snatched his prey. This time it was a man, and he fell beside the girl. "Is that all?" yelled the fisherman over them.

By his discussion of contemporary politics in the work entitled "Democracy and Liberty," published in 1890, his doubts as to the outcome of certain tendencies in modern democracies aroused considerable criticism in America as well as in Great Britain, and in republishing the work his depreciatory estimate of Gladstone directed attention to many points in that statesman's career open to attack. He entered Parliament in 1895, representing the University of Dublin. Many of his works have been translated into foreign languages.

There was no answer, and again No. 345 was steadied into the wind, though the streaming waves now carried a thrill that warned the fisherman that but little time was left to try the last chance.

QUEER STORIES

But no other form was seen, and when a towering wall of spumy water tossed the capsized yacht within ten fathoms of his boat, Andrew eased the sheet from about his leg, and then started on his way to catch the thread of the tide. He knew that for three hours yet it would be flooding in, and he felt that no mortal hand could save No. 345, unless he could make this incoming current, and there lie to until he was beyond the clutch of the devouring bar. So inch by inch he ate his way out, rushing his plunging boat over the smaller waves, and hanging her lightly on the sheer steps of crumbling combbers only to flirt her over when the cataract fell.

Strange to relate, more people live to be centenarians in warm countries than in cold ones.

Time and again No. 345 rolled in helplessness till her skipper could furiously clear her of some of the impounding water; and he gave little heed to the man and the girl lying across his feet, except to avoid them as he moved. But his efforts told, and foot by foot he crept out of the edge of the chops and into the more regular wildness of the deeper channel.

The notion that a wet season in England is followed by one in Australia has been disproven by H. C. Russell. The belief prevails in China that women who wear short hair will in the next world be transferred into men.

Once out of the deadly trap where every surge carried death, Andrew relaxed a little and peered down at the two people he had saved. When he got a moment's breathing space he put his hand on the girl and she stirred under it. The man shuddered to his knees and threw his hands out to the fisherman. Satisfied, Andrew threw his weight on the tiller and eased the sheet slightly. Five minutes later they stemmed the main rush of the tide, and Andrew tied the oars together and made them fast to the painter, and threw them overboard so that No. 345 rode to them, shipping no more water than could be baled out. Then Hansen pulled out his flask and addressed himself to his passengers.

In Wales there are 500,000 people who cannot speak English; in Ireland there are 30,000 who speak only Irish, and in Scotland there are 40,000 who speak only Gaelic.

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Concrete strengthened with steel—or ferro concrete—is being used for water mains in Belgium. For moderate pressures—that is, heads below sixty-six feet—a skeleton of steel bars of double-T section is prepared, some of the bars running lengthwise of the pipe, while these are wrapped with a spiral of similar bars spaced according to the pressure to be borne. The skeleton, in lengths of ten feet, is placed in a vertical mold, which is then filled with quick-setting cement. For greater heads, up to the maximum of 138 feet, the basis of the pipe is a steel tube one-twenty-fifth inch thick, with a steel skeleton both inside and outside.

Andrew thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and pulled out a handkerchief. He unknotted it, and there rolled into his palm a coin, glittering moistly. With a jerk he dropped it into the manager's hand, and strode to the ladder, taking no notice of the purse held out.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

Unburdened, No. 345 answered her helm quickly. With one hand on the tiller Andrew baled in wild haste with the other, throwing the water to leeward and looking to the lashings of the heavy ballast-bags. Then, when all was clear as he could make it, he dexterously unaided his cumbersome jacket and stuffed it under the thwart. Another lull in the wind allowed him

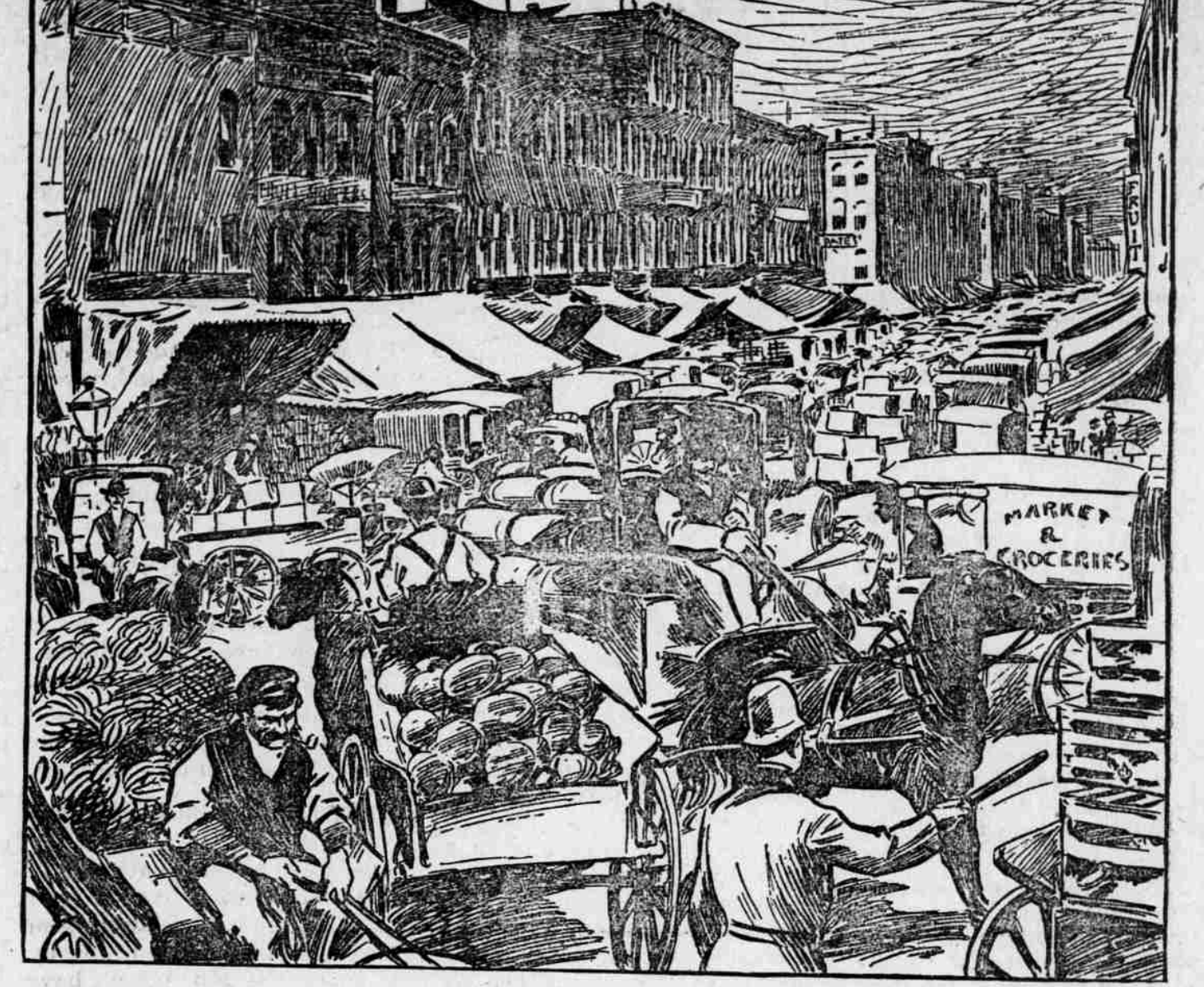
Since the Paris bar has been open to women, not a few members of the fair sex have taken advantage of the new privilege accorded them to plead at the Palais de Justice.

The other day two women lawyers found themselves antagonists in a case. It was funny to see the embarrassment of the judges, for each lawyer did her best to captivate the bench. Unhappily, the bench could not get out of the scrape by awarding the victory to both sides, so the chivalrous judges took refuge under a well-known formula and reserved their decision for a fortnight.

An Excellent Housekeeper. Mrs. Knicker—So she is a good housekeeper? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, she says she hates to think that her ancestors are dust.—New York Sun.

Lambs rush into Wall street where the old sheep fear to tread.

SOUTH WATER STREET CHICAGO



Most of the streets of a great city, regardless of how widely diversified their interests may be, hold some few things in common. But South Water street, Chicago, is an exception. There is nothing else like it in any particular, certainly nothing in Chicago that can parallel its jolly, hearty cosmopolitan atmosphere, its ever-present good fellowship, its deafening battle and roar during the day and its unearthly stillness and unbroken solitude at night.

You would hardly expect to find very much of an artistic touch among such matter-of-fact surroundings, and yet there is no thoroughfare in the city that has such beautiful color contrasts as this. Almost from one end to the other the eye lights everywhere on great masses of color of every conceivable shade—the bright yellow of bananas, the fragrant green of great barrels of watercress bunching out between big lumps of ice, the variegated kale, golden pumpkins, the tens of thousands of baskets of grapes with the bloom of freshness still over them, the quinces and peaches and plums and pears, the varying shades of green represented in unripe tomatoes, the heaps of cabbages and young onions, the barrels of glorious red and pink and yellow apples, boxes of carrots and parsnips and snow-white Chinese radishes, mountains of peaches in all their bewildering sun-kissed shades, bundles of fragrant horse-radish done up so fearfully tight that you feel sure its circulation must be seriously interfered with; brown plantains, the glaring glossy red of enormous peppers, thousands of crocks of golden butter, and cheese in its many delicate shades of yellow—all these things mingle in one long revel of color that makes a sight of this street a delight to one who sees its beauty and mingles with its bustle for the first time.

South Water street is the one thoroughfare in Chicago in which no family lives over night. Every block of its length is crowded tight with two or three story brick buildings, but there is not an inch of these utilized for living rooms of any character. There is no space even for the cot of a night watchman, for here, though millions of dollars' worth of business is done in a week, there is very little if anything to attract thieves. It would certainly be a bold robber who would try to get away with potatoes or beets or cabbages enough to pay him for the risk.

Here and there the sidewalks, instead of being burdened with heaps of grape baskets or orange boxes, are filled with crates of clattering chickens; the stately geese that stick their heads through the slats of their cages and survey the scene with a solemnity that makes us believe they know what is in store for them. The meat men crowd out everything else in the block between 5th avenue and Franklin street, and you can see nothing but a wilderness of carcasses, butchers, drivers in white and blue jumpers, and hundreds of the well-known stock yards wagons, with their magnificent teams of gray and their clanking trappings.

SHARK MADE A QUICK TRIP.

Traveled from the African to the Florida Coast in Two Days.

A prominent government official, who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place, says the New York Tribune. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over 18 feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety—a dangerous beast.

Up and down the narrow alleys, between the piles of goods, men with loaded trucks race along, passing one another, in some miraculous way, without upsetting anything or running over anybody. The wagons are continually moving off from the front of the stores and going out of the street loaded with merchandise, half a dozen seem to be coming in for every one that leaves, and there is no abatement in the rush and stir. In this indescribable confusion, with the thoroughfare choked and with wagon wheels interlocking each other everywhere, there are fewer accidents and altercations between drivers than on any other street in the city. The reason for this is simple enough. Every driver who ventures into South Water street knows the unwritten rules for the guidance of himself and his team by heart, and, being fully aware of the disastrous consequences if he transgresses any of them, he is extraordinarily careful.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent—that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida and when that institution was communicated with the owners said they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known to travelers and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured an ostrich or the head of one that

had been killed and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DIALECT.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak, it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

"I will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for Marble Arch?" The man looked at her pityingly. Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed: "This is your bus, ma'am!" and began to shout, "Moblotch! Moblotch!" The visitor had let seven "Moblotch" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble Arch is pronounced in London.

Brave in Face of Death. One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is recalled by the recent feat of the Spanish torador Reverte. It occurred at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident.

"Dye know, Hooligan, you look like the devil wid a mustache?" "Yis, I'm goin' to shave it off." "Lave it on, ye'll look worse widout it."—Life.

TOLENTINOS NOTHING HOME MADE. Mrs. Gaddle—I see you're going for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet? Mrs. Nurich—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.