

"Darkest Before Day"

(Original.)

John Markland, ordinary seaman, being one of the night watch of the brigantine Amphitrite, stood peering out into what seemed to him a universe of nothingness. The sky was overcast and the air murky. The vessel was dipping and rising in black and oily waters. There was no visible horizon. Instead the vessel seemed to be sailing within a globe of indefinite magnitude. Markland was but nineteen years old. Two years before he had been graduated at the high school of the coast town in which he had been born. His love for the ocean was his ruling passion. From his earliest boyhood he had played in its breakers and sailed upon its bosom.

There was another passion which struggled with his love for the ocean—his love for his classmate, Marjorie Sanford. When he went to sea he wished to be engaged to her. Her parents smiled at the proposition of a boy of seventeen, going off before the mast, being engaged to their daughter. They raised no objection, not anticipating that he would be able to marry any one before the youthful attachment had faded away.

The young sailor had spent two years at sea and had studied navigation under the captain's own instruction, but he was now putting into the home port of an ordinary seaman. It was this, coupled with the fact that Marjorie was still as far from him as ever, that made his world look as black as void as the world he looked into from the deck of the Amphitrite.

"Markland, lay aloft and fix that new line on the mastsportail yard," bellowed the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir." The young man's muffled thoughts vanished for the moment, and he sprang up the ratlines, forking his way out to the extreme end of the yard. Giving a tug at the new line, his hand slipped. He clutched it with the other, but too late. In another moment he was in the water.

When he rose to the surface he saw a white ring floating near him, which he recognized for a life buoy. He grasped it, but his main concern was that he might see the ship hauled to the wind.

Putting about, he did not see the ship at all. Then he listened for the muffled oars. Nothing disturbed the appalling quiet. When half an hour had passed and that quiet was still the life gave up all hope of rescue.

Rising and sinking monotonously with the waves, the heavens dark above him, the waters black about him, Markland passed the night. If he was ever sure about anything during his life it was that he was doomed.

The world of life seemed to him to be far from him that he had no part in it. Suspended, as it were, in the center of an inorganic universe, he could take a comprehensive view of his past connection with the organic universe.

That had it all been worth? Even his love for Marjorie now seemed a past addition to him, such as an exhilaration, a fit of passion, an absorbing dream.

Before morning he became drowsy. He had already got the life buoy under his arms, and there was nothing to keep him awake. He sank to sleep or stupor, fancying that he was dying and that it was by no means an unpleasant sensation after all.

"Hi there!" He certainly heard the words spoken by a human voice and, opening his eyes, discovered that it was day. With a few yards of him was a boat filled by sailors and in the bow a hundred yards was a bark, and Markland noticed that her foremast was gone.

She was pulled into the boat and taken the ship, which he noticed as soon he stepped upon the deck had really gone through a gale. A number of sailors were at the gangway, crowded together to see the castaway, not an officer appearing to keep them in their places.

"Take me to your captain," said Markland. "We've got no captain, mate. We're hard luck. The first mate died of yellow fever at Panama, the second mate went crazy and killed him, and a week ago the captain was washed overboard in a storm that carried away the mainmast. The ship's run a leak that keeps half of us up at night, and we haven't a man in the crew as can navigate."

"By your togs that you're an ordinary seaman, yourself, and I tell you, mate, if we'd 'a' known it we wouldn't 'a' picked you up. We want a navigator."

"I'll navigate your ship for you," said Markland, "but just now I want the dry togs and something to eat." The men standing about gave a shout, and in another moment every one of the crew knew that the deep-sea diver had been found.

Markland found that the chronometer and charts were in good order, divided the watches, got a sail up, and then got his latitude and longitude, giving him his position, and he knew to be within a few hundred miles of his home. There he telegraphed the vessel and telegraphed the news at Philadelphia, who had given him a ship up for lost. In lieu of salvage presented Markland with \$10,000.

He gave him choice of a position on the vessel or in their country house. Since Marjorie's parents had entered on condition that he would give the latter and finding that she loved Marjorie better than she loved him, he became a shipper last.

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THE UNCROWNED QUEEN.

Mary Eliza Pety Smith thought woman's rights were not a myth. Her life had only just begun. She'd reached the age of twenty-one. She would not marry—no, not yet! She'd rather independence. She said that love was balderdash; but, being very short of cash and having no old rich relation, she had to take a situation. A dry goods store she first entered. Although she rather balked at trade, here she was treated like a slave. Until she'd one foot in the grave. She gave that up and blossomed forth in something fitted for her worth—Companion to a lady, then. With salary increased to ten! Ah, this was really very good! She'd lots of cash and lots of food. But here again 'twas very plain. She'd heaps of reason to complain. For, ever at her mistress' call. She really was no one at all. Maybe above the servant maid. But that was all that could be said. One day she woke up to the fact that there was something still she lacked. To gain the liberty she craved. If woman's rights were to be saved, her trammels quickly off she shook. And straightway took a place as cook. And now it is her vaunted boast. She rules the mistress, hostess and roast. She bosses all, and that's the pith. Of woman's rights, says Mary Smith. —La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

To Save Her Face.



Lady (to new cook)—But, Mary, what's the matter? What have you got that veil on for?

Cook—Sure, ma'am, I don't want to have my complexion spoiled while I'm cooking. —Fliegende Blätter.

Could Stand Another.

A commercial traveler tells the following of a little social gathering in eastern Ontario:

"Dinner was a little late. A guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano, the good woman executed a Chopin nocturne with precision. She finished, and there was still an interval of waiting to be bridged. In the grim silence she turned to an old gentleman on her right and said, 'Would you like a sonata before dinner?' He gave a start of surprise and pleasure. 'Why, yes, thanks,' he said. 'I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could stand another.'"

Man's Best Friend.

"Do you believe in the saying that a dog is man's best friend?"

"I certainly do. Where will you find a man who will stick to you through thick and thin, through joy and sorrow, clinging to you with faithful devotion, even though he be half fed and abused, and then at the last, when life has departed his body, offers it to you in the shape of sausage to eat with your steaming buckwheat cakes in the morning? Of course I believe it." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Kept the Letters.

"I learned the game of love once," sighed the young man in the blue waistcoat.

"So?" asked his chum.

"Yes; through a school of correspondence. I took ten lessons."

"And did you realize anything?"

"Only that I was a lobster. She kept the letters and snud me for breach of promise." —Detroit Tribune.

Defining His Hours.

Patience—A judge in Cleveland, O., has decided that 11 o'clock is late enough for any man to sit up with his best girl.

Patience—That, of course, is outside of the two hours allowed him to say goodby to the door.—Yonkers Statesman.

Strenuous Signs.

Eva—Do you remember when you passed us in the automobile? Well, two minutes after that Jack proposed.

Edda—Yes, I heard the machine going "ching-chug."

Eva—The machine? Gracious! That was Jack sighing!—Chicago News.

Rebuke or Encouragement.

"He kissed her on the forehead. She proud beauty drew herself up to full height."

"And then?"

"He couldn't reach any higher than her lips, of course."—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Poor Boy.

She looked a little better. The poet's bleak, bare air.

A nice enough row, she said. "But how do you heat it?"

"Well, when it's too cold," said he. "I light a match." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Bargain.

"How about your like for me to be your brother?" asked the kid's sister.

"A'wan," said the kid. "If you get the nerve to ask 'er I'll do it for a quarter." —Indianapolis News.

The Only Hope.

"Of course she's not a pretty baby now. Our only hope is that as she gets older she'll grow handsomer."

"Yes, I guess there's nothing for you to do but believe in 'em before hand." —Philadelphia Ledger.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

One of the Best Is the Use of Rain Water on the Face.

Simple aids to beauty are apt to be forgotten in these days of facial massage, electrolysis and lotions for the skin, and yet there are a few which still receive the indorsement of the best authorities. One of these, and one which helps do away with the necessity of buying cold creams, is the constant use of rain water on the face. A famous skin specialist who commanded enormous prices when beauty doctors were fewer and farther between was asked just before she died what was the greatest beauty aid which she could truthfully recommend. She answered, "Eau de ciel." Even now this remains one of the best and simplest remedies for the skin, and yet it is one which nobody takes any trouble to preserve. A woman past middle age, who has a skin as pure as a girl's, manages to keep a small barrel always full. In the winter snow is melted, and in the summer between rains she uses the meltings from the refrigerator. The rain water that is caught outside is filtered through a coarse canvas fastened loosely on the barrel so that the water drips through it. This is kept clean, and the water is kept fresh and pure by being exposed to the air and never bottled in tight jars. Another thing which a physician stipulates as being one of the things essential to both beauty of face and figure is to abstain from dope of all kinds, beginning with alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee and extending to all nerve or sleeping medicines. —Chicago Tribune.

THE DAILY NAP.

How the Sleepless Woman May Woo Restful Slumber.

To win sleep in two minutes the following rules are given to busy women to whom the fifteen minute nap daily is a necessity:

Sit in a reclining chair or rocker; tip the chair to a comfortable angle for the body (not enough to cause any perceptible weight on the back and to a restful position for the head; place the feet on a chair as high as or higher than that upon which you are sitting; cross the limbs at the ankles (this closes one end of the circuit); put the hands together by interlacing the fingers (this closes the other end of the circuit); drop the hands loosely in the lap; close the eyes; let go; relax the body and mind; relieve yourself of all muscular and nervous tension; think of nothing except sleep; if you find the mind wandering in strange and forbidden or even too frequent paths bring it back and quietly concentrate it on the deep, slow, rhythmic breathing. As you inhale think sleep; as you exhale think sleep.

"Were better not to lie down, especially if the nap is taken directly after a hearty meal, as the digestive organs are more or less crowded and the circulation interfered with. Besides, if you do not lie down you will not have to get up—quite an item with some people."

DRESS HINTS.

If you have any bits of fine old lace carry them to the milliner and have them made into an evening hat.

It is the mark of a true gentlewoman never under any circumstances to wear anything that suggests untidiness.

If you can manage a wet weather costume in waterproof red-bat, umbrella and all-do so. It is surprisingly cheery on a dull day.

Every wardrobe should include in its contents at least one well made and perfectly fitting black stock, to be worn with a touch of white at the neck.

For an awkward tear at the corner of a glove or a buttonhole the ages' old remedy with cotton that matches the glove or the buttonhole is the best.

If one requires to possess a slim waist, a good plan is to let the elastic bands be loose and below the usual waist line. The desired effect is obtained without any injurious squeezing.

The Ideal Duster.

The process of dusting is generally carried on would be almost as much as the dust on the brush as in the observance. No good housekeeper should own that petty abomination known as a feather duster, the ray flitting about of the same mere displacing the dust, which quickly settles elsewhere, says Table Talk.

A soft chamois skin, not too large, soaked in cold water and then wrung out, is the ideal duster. It can be used on the finest woods, leaving a clear, bright surface. After every piece of furniture has been wiped with the moist chamois the rooms may be considered really dusted.

Onion Porridge.

Onion porridge is a good old fashioned country cure for an influenza attack. Peel a large Spanish onion, divide it into fourths and put it into a saucepan with half a saltspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter and a pint of cold water. Let it simmer gently until it is quite tender, then pour into a heated bowl, dredge a little pepper over it and eat it as hot as possible before going to bed.

Ten Stains on Fine Lines.

One of the women who know recommends glycerin for removing those ten stains that are such enemies to fine table linen, but it must be rubbed in before boiling has set its seal on the stain or it may not be efficacious. After the glycerin has been applied wash it all out in tepid water, and the discoloration will come out with it, so the authority says.

A Diamond Transaction.

(Original.)

A number of gentlemen were sitting in a fashionable club in Paris talking over the revolutionary movement in Russia. Count Maximilian de Blaucourt expressed the wish that the movement would not end till every bureaucrat in the empire had been swept away.

"Why, count," said one of the party, "do you wish our allies such misfortune? It is not many years ago that you were hand in glove with one of the czar's suits."

The count smiled a peculiar smile. "You don't know the incidents of that intimacy," he said, "nor does any one else. I have kept them locked up, fearing to give them on account of the high standing of the parties concerned. Since they are not so powerful as they were, I don't mind if I let you into the secret."

Every man drew closer, eager with curiosity.

"Just before the czar's visit to Paris when the treaty was signed," the count continued, "I had a chance to buy a large diamond from South Africa for much less than it was worth. Whether the man who offered it to me came by it honestly I don't know to this day. He claimed that he was in great straits for ready money. I mortgaged my estates that had been in the family for centuries to buy it and made the deal."

"Soon after I bought the stone along came the czar. It occurred to me that I might sell my diamond to his majesty. In this club I met, among others of his suit, Prince Dalgourki. He was a bloated aristocrat who had lived like the rest of the Russian royalties, by plunder. It did not take me long to interest him in my diamond matter—indeed, he grasped it at once with great avidity. I took the gem to his rooms for his inspection. He told me that he would speak to the czar about it and the next day sent me a note to bring the diamond to his rooms again, when a lapidary appointed by his majesty would inspect it."

"The lapidary was there when I arrived and, taking out his glasses, commenced to examine the stone. Instead of being one of the principal diamond merchants of Paris he was rather a disreputable person. I kept my eye on the stone, not losing sight of it for a moment, till I heard a crash directly behind me, when I instinctively turned. A cabinet containing bric-a-brac had fallen forward. I turned again to the diamond. I did not see it, but I saw the lapidary standing, a revolver in each hand, with his back to the door."

"'Excellencies,' he said, 'follow me at your peril.' He covered us with his weapons, backing into the hall, where he was out of sight. I made a motion to follow, but the prince held me, saying: 'Your life, m'sieu! It is worth more to you than a mine of diamonds.'"

"Almost from the first I detected in the robbery a plan to transfer the diamond from my possession to that of Prince Dalgourki. Had it not been necessary for him to overturn the cabinet to attract my attention from the diamond I might have been deceived. As it was, I was confident that the prince either had or would have my diamond."

"I kept track of diamonds offered for sale in Paris till after the czar's departure. The stolen gem did not appear. I resolved to recover it or die in an attempt. Instead of putting the police of Paris to work on the case I went myself to St. Petersburg. Disguising myself as a diamond merchant, I went about the gem stores of the capital looking for an extra large diamond suitable for royalty. It was not long before I got on the track of a stone which answered the description of the one I had lost."

"So unblushing was Dalgourki, so sure of his position, that he was attending to the sale of the gem himself. A diamond broker told me that the owner would not let it out of his sight, and if I cared to see it I must go to his house. I went to a palace and found Dalgourki. My disguise was complete, and he did not recognize me. I told him that I was but an agent and if he would give me a price I would telegraph my royal master and get an immediate reply. He gave me figures 50 per cent above what the article was worth, and I retired."

"I made several visits to his home and took note of the room in which he always received me, including access and egress. At last I accepted his terms and made an appointment to take the stone and pay in accepted drafts on my sovereign. The sovereign desiring that he should not be known in the transaction, we were to be alone."

"The diamond was on a table before us. I took out my wallet and, picking out a black substance the size of a pea, threw it into an open grate. It exploded. Nihilists were everywhere in the capital, and the prince turned white as a sheet. He found voice enough to ask what I was doing. I threw in another, which also exploded. Then, turning to the prince, I drew from my pocket a powder canister and said:

"I am not here to buy diamonds, but to carry out the orders of my chief. We die together."

"I threw the canister into the fire. The prince darted from the room and could not soon have stopped running for I deliberately made my exit with the diamond by another way and—well, I didn't stop till I reached Paris."

"The explosion!" exclaimed one of the listeners. "Didn't the canister explode?"

"I didn't wait to see, but I think not since it contained nothing explosive."

TOM GAYLORD.



MISS MARION TALBOT.

She is Dean of Women in the University of Chicago.

Miss Marion Talbot of the University of Chicago is making an enviable record in the educational field. Born in New England, Miss Talbot received her early education at the Chautney Hall school, Boston, and in Germany and Switzerland.

Such is the woman who today is dean of women, head of Green Hall and associate professor of sanitary science in the University of Chicago.

As administrative officer she holds the title "dean of women." As adviser she registers all the women students who over twenty-one years of age show their ability to follow special lines of work and are allowed to do so. The problems arising in connection with this body of students are manifold, requiring great tact, insight and sympathy on the part of the dean.

Miss Talbot has also to superintend the registration of the undergraduate women for physical culture and to pass on all unusual situations in which women students may be involved, as the curbing of the efforts of the over-ambitious girl, the stimulating of the idle, the regulating or removal of the frivolous.

But perhaps the most valuable part of Miss Talbot's duties may not be defined, being the unexpected ones growing out of the constantly changing conditions of a complex community life, each day bringing her new opportunities for directing public sentiment, upholding fine ideals and setting standards of dignity and scholarship.

As a member of the faculty Miss Talbot gives instruction in sanitation, hygiene and household economy. Her work is of a highly scientific character and attracts men as well as women.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Progress.

Morris' Ideal Sitting Room.

Morris describes the sitting room of a healthy person thus: "Besides the table that will keep steady when you work upon it and the chairs that you can move about, the good floor and the small carpet which can be hauled out of the room in two minutes, there must be a bookcase with a great many books in it, a bench that you can sit or lie upon, a cupboard with drawers and, unless either the bookcase or the cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, pictures and engravings on the walls, or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful and restful pattern, then a vase or two and fireplaces as unlike as possible to the modern mean, miserable and shabby affairs, plastered about with wretched sham ornament, trumpery of cast iron and brass and polished steel, offensive to look at and a nuisance to clean. To these necessities—unless we are musical and need a piano, in which case, as far as beauty is concerned, we are in a bad way—we can add very little without troubling ourselves and hindering our work, our thought and our rest."—Harper's Bazar.

Children's Toys.

One of the most perplexing problems with which the order loving mother has to contend is to decide where to put the children's toys. If placed in the cupboard they keep the floor in an unsightly litter, and the dust gathers quickly under them.

One of the most convenient devices is a box couch seven feet in length, three feet wide and three feet deep. To this is a hinged top. The box is covered with a deep red cretonne, and on the lid is fitted and securely fastened a hair mattress, also covered with cretonne. Into this thoroughly ornamental piece of furniture the toys may be stored every night, it being the children's duty to pick everything from the floor and put it away in a neat and orderly manner.

They become accustomed to this task and perform it with perfect cheerfulness and with a delightfully pleasant conviction that they are helping mother.

Upon this couch a number of cushions of bright cretonne and a folded rug add to its cheerfulness and comfort.

Hair That Splits.

Many girls are troubled with the splitting of the ends of the hair. This indicates a lack of vitality, and such hair is almost invariably dry. These ends should be clipped, but never singed. The old idea that the hair when cut "breeds" is a very foolish one.



HE "FIXED" THE COLONEL.

Drummer Boy's Excuse Was Acceptable When It Was Presented.

When General Sherman came up from Charleston to visit the Army of the Potomac, Sherman's army had marched from Cumberland gap, through Knoxville and Atlanta, to the sea. "Old Tecumseh's" soldiers were great fighters and marchers, while General Howard's soldiers were great on dress parade. So Howard thought he would astonish Sherman, and he arranged a great parade at Ballies Crossroads.

The finest eastern regiments, with the latest and smartest uniforms, were selected, among them the Thirty-ninth New York. They were the crack drillers of the corps. In the regiment's band was a handsome drummer boy, who was a great forger. He would always have turkeys and chickens while the other boys were starving. No one knew where he carried them, but they found out afterward that he carried them in his drum.

When they beat up the parade and the handsome Thirty-ninth came dashing along General Howard looked up at one of his colonels and exclaimed: "Colonel, that Thirty-ninth drummer boy ain't drumming. Tell your adjutant to ride over there and tell him to drum. General Sherman is here. We want to make a good show. Ask the fellow why in thunder he doesn't drum."

The adjutant cantered up to the drummer and cried out: "You drummer boy, there! Why don't you drum? You're just making your stinks go. Why the devil don't you drum?"

"You tell the colonel," said the boy in a low voice, with his hand over his mouth, "that I've got two turkeys in my drum, and one is for him and General Sherman."

"Slick, is he?" shouted the colonel. "Why didn't he say so before? Send him to the hospital!"—Ell Perkins in Judge.

The One Thing Needed.

Little Tommy had evinced a distinct liking for the birthday cake, and there were unmistakable signs of his wishing for more as he viewed the empty plate.

"What! More cake?" asked his mother, who added an awful description of the end of all gluttons to her question.

The third serving, however, was passed up to Tommy, with the distinct understanding that it was the last, whereat Thomas burst into tears.

"Whatever is the matter with the lad?" ejaculated his father. "You've got your cake. What more do you want?"

"I want some more—more room," sobbed Tommy, "and I haven't—haven't got it."—Answers.

Terrible Threat.

The little girl came home from school in the middle of the forenoon in a high state of excitement.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother.

"Jimmy Treadway scared me."

"How?"

"Why, he's been having the mumps, and he's got some of 'em left, and when I wouldn't give him a bite of my apple he said he was going to take a mump out of his pocket and throw it at me!"—Chicago Tribune.

Shun the Light.

Miss Knox—Miss Passay likes to give the impression that she's quite brave.

Miss Pepprey—How?

Miss Knox—She says she's not afraid of the dark.

Miss Pepprey—I don't wonder. If I had her complexion I'd prefer the dark.

—Philadelphia Press.

Six Weeks Later.

She (after elopement)—I received a letter from papa today.

He—Well?

She—He writes that he had just finished making his will.

He—Did he remember us?

She—Yes, indeed. He has left all his money to a syndicate for hopeless idiots.

—Brooklyn Life.

Mabel's Grace.

Mother—Now, dear, say your grace and run along to the nursery.

Mabel (who has just been refused a second mince pie)—Thank God for a fairly good dinner!—Punch.

Everything Went.

Gunner—Yes, I married for economy. Before I was married I was such a spendthrift that I never had a dollar in my purse.

Gunner—I suppose it is different now that you are married?

Gunner—I should say so. Now I haven't even a penny