"CONTRABAND"

A Thrilling War Story of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

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THE CASTAWAYS ARE SIGHTED BY A SHIP, THE INDIAN CHIEF, WHICH TAKES THEM ABOARD—HERE THEY FIND CONDITIONS RATHER AMAZING

Synopsis—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown, aboard. Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool. The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party. Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat. McCann refuses to submit to the authority of Hollis, and the latter enforces obedience.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

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However, our conversation lapsed at last, through sheer weariness on my part. I had been at the steering oar so long, staring out into that dreary expanse of ocean and sky, that every muscle of my body ached, and my eyes could scarcely be forced to remain open. In the silence she must have noticed this, for she exclaimed suddenly:

"Why, I never thought! you must be nearly dead with fatigue. Let me take the oar while you sleep."

"I am afraid I shall have to," I admitted, "for I must keep awake tonight. You, feel competent?"

"Why, of course; you saw me steer. If anything goes wrong I can call you easily enough. Please lie down for a few hours."

I looked about, permitting her to grasp the oar, and slip into my seat.

"Really I feel as if I must," I said regretfully, "and there can be no danger while things keep as they are. Call me, though, if there is a change in the weather, for that jury mast will never stand any weight of wind."

"I promise; but I am a better boatman than you think."

I must have slept for several hours undisturbed, for, when I finally opened my eyes once more the sky above us was beginning to turn purple with twilight, and the breeze had failed, so that the sail flapped idly against its improvised mast. This, perhaps, was the noise which had aroused me. I sat up wide awake instantly, and stared about me in the boat. There was little change noticeable; Miss Vera still clung to the steering oar, showing no outward signs of weariness, and greeted me with a smile and nod of the head; but McCann had moved forward, and sat playing idly with an open jackknife.

"I hear testimony that you slept well, Mr. Hollis," the girl said cheerfully.

"I did not realize until I lay down how weary I was," I replied, adopting her manner, "but really you had no right to let me lie so long. Why, I must have been sleeping three or four hours, and you will be tired out."

"Oh, no; it was no trick at all. The wind kept steady until just a few moments ago, and I do not feel in the least fatigued."

"And you have seen nothing? no smoke, no sail?"

She shook her head, her eyes grown grave.

"Not a thing; we seem to be absolutely alone in the immensity of the sea—just one great wave after the other. It—it gets on my nerves."

"It certainly does; such a sight has driven more than one insane. But what does this mean? Why is the biscuit bag out here?"

I pointed to the bottom of the boat, beyond her feet. Her eyes met mine, her answer made in a whisper.

"He—he crept back here while I was adjusting my oar, and took two."

"McCann?"

"Yes, he had the bag before I noticed, and I thought it best not to anger him then, for he held that open knife in his hand."

"You should have called me."

"The mischief was done before I had any time. Besides I knew you needed the sleep. What are you going to do?"

I smiled a bit grimly, glimpsing him beneath the sail.

"I am about to give Mr. Fergus McCann, late of New York, a little specimen of sea discipline which I hope may last him for the remainder of this voyage," I replied quietly. "Hold the boat steady, Miss Vera, and leave me to attend to this degenerate son of wealth."

I crept forward, scarcely jarring the frail craft, and was beyond the jury mast before the fellow had aroused sufficiently from his knife play even to note my approach. He stared at me insolently, leaving the keen blade trembling in the plank.

"McCann," I began, wasting no time in preliminaries, lifting myself on one knee, and facing him, "the young lady says you took advantage of my being sound asleep to help yourself to biscuits; is that so?"

"Well, what if I did? I was hungry."

"So am I; so no doubt is the lady, for the matter of that. Hunger is no justification for stealing. You were not starving; you received exactly the same share we did. More than that, I have assumed command of this boat, because I am the only one on board knowing the ways of the sea. I told you plainly what you were to do, and I propose to enforce my orders. Not another bite will be given you today, or tomorrow."

"Is that so?" he drawled, a wicked smile revealing his teeth. "You must think you are dealing with a foremast hand. It takes something besides threats to run me, Mr. Robert Hollis."

He half arose to his feet, but I forced him back onto the thwart none too gently. His face was red with passion, his eyes malevolent.

"D—— you! take your hands off me!" he snarled. "No blustering sea bully is going to make me jump at the crook of his finger. You touch me again, and I'll show you who I am, you big brute. Me take orders from you? Why, gosh! I've got more money in New York than you ever saw."

"If you owned the Bank of England it would mean nothing to me. You will do what I say, or I'll make you."

"You will? How?"

"No matter how; I've trained more men than you to obedience in my time, and always found a way."

"Huh! the 'bucko-mate' business, hey?" he sneered. "Well, just try that on me, if you think it safe. I'll show you—"

His hand darted back toward his hip pocket, but I was looking for the movement, and ready. His fingers had barely gripped the butt of his weapon when my clinched fist crashed into his face. I have struck harder blows, for I was not poised to put my whole weight behind it, yet the man went over as though floored by an ax, and lay huddled in the bows quivering like a jelly fish. I seized the revolver from the grip of his hand, dropped it into my pocket, wrenched the open knife from the wood in which it stuck, and closed the blade.

"Get up now, you fool," I ordered sharply. "Oh, yes, you will," and I gripped him by the collar and lifted him roughly to his knees. "That is likely to be the last time you will ever attempt to pull a gun on me. Make another movement, McCann, and I'll throw you overboard. You take your orders from me, and you must jump when I speak, or I shall take pleasure in breaking every bone in your body. Do you understand that?"

I doubt if he could see out of one eye, but the other exhibited a terror almost pitiable.

"—yes."

"Say sir, when you speak to me."

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You'll keep to this end of the boat hereafter; whether I am asleep or awake, you stay forward of the jury mast."

CHAPTER VIII.

We Sight a Tramp.

The one blow, coupled with the loss of his weapons, had so completely cowed the fellow, that I scarcely gave him another thought. I crept back to the stern, and took the steering oar, the girl's eyes meeting mine questioningly.

"I could not see all that occurred, because of the sail," she said. "You disarmed the man?"

"Yes, I have his revolver in my pocket, and the knife also. He will make no more trouble. Come, we will divide a biscuit between us, and then it will be your turn to lie down."

"But doesn't McCann have any?"

"He has had more than his share already. I'll offer him a swallow of water—that's all. I imagine the way his head feels, he has forgotten all about being hungry."

"You had to strike him?"

"Slightly, a mere tap of sea discipline," and I glanced at my knuckles,

"Say Sir, When You Speak to Me."

"He was armed, you know, and I could take no chances. There is no harm done. Come; are you not tired enough to rest?"

She glanced up into my face.

"You will call me at midnight, if I fall asleep?"

"If I feel worn out then, and the sea keeps as it is, or no worse. There, take my coat for a pillow. No, really I shall not need it; this is an ideal summer night, but we are out of the track of ships."

"But do you still believe we will find one?"

"I have every faith in the world," I answered heartily, determined to conceal my doubts. "If the weather holds pleasant, we should be far enough south by morning to be in the north Atlantic lane between New York and Liverpool. Lie down, and rest, Miss Vera; there is no sign of any storm brewing, and tomorrow you'll probably have the deck of a liner under your feet."

I know not how much she may have believed of what I said, but she smiled me a cheerful good-night, and lay down in the bottom of the boat, my own folded under her head. She rested there motionless, her face shadowed by one arm, and very soon her regular breathing convinced me she slept like a tired child. I looked at her shadowy figure; then forward to where McCann hung silent in the bows.

What if we should not overhaul a ship? What if some evil fate would permit of our floating on unseen? And there were few eatable biscuits left, and barely a cupful of tepid water. The thought of what the end might be nearly crazed me, as I sat there alone in the darkness and gloom—I could picture those final hours of despair, as we lay starved and helpless in the unguided boat, the girl mercifully unconscious, perhaps, and McCann a gibbering idiot. My God! I must stop thinking! I must be a man for her sake; aye, and retain my self-control, so as to do a man's work to the end.

At midnight the wind was at its height, and I did not call the girl, as I dared not trust her to steer the craft through such rough water. She slept undisturbed, not even changing her position, a dim outline at my feet. Forward McCann had stowed himself away beyond the bow thwart, and I could see nothing of him under the blight of the sail. I was the only one awake in the leaping boat, fighting its desperate way through black waters under the dull gleam of the stars.

The sun had begun to show above the horizon before the girl finally awoke, and sat up in the bottom of the boat, staring about her with wide-open eyes, as though startled by the change in the aspect of the sea. Finally she lifted herself to the nearest thwart, and gazed at me questioningly.

"You have let me sleep all night, and lying on your coat. You must be tired nearly to death."

"Far from it; and we are to be blessed with another day of sunshine. Perhaps by afternoon the sea will have gone down so that I can get a nap. Are you ready for breakfast?"

My explanation did not satisfy her; I could read that in the expression of her face, but she made no further protest.

She drew out the biscuits from the locker, broke one in two, and handed the half to me. Still clinging to the bag, her glance fell upon the slouching figure of McCann in the bow, and then her eyes sought my face questioningly.

"You are not going to offer him any?"

"He deserves none; he has already had more than both of us together. How many are left?"

"Seven fit to eat. But—" she hesitated, yet went on bravely enough, "please, he is not accustomed to being deprived of food, and is really suffering. Let him have my share, for I am not at all hungry—truly I am not.

"I shall insist on your eating," I said, almost sternly. "Your share is little enough to sustain life. If it comes to a choice between saving you, and that miserable thing yonder, my course is taken. However, I grant your request now, although I doubt if he shows even gratitude. McCann!"

He lifted his head, and stared aft, but without changing attitude.

"Here is your ration. You do not deserve a bite, nor would you receive any through me. You owe this to the lady —catch it now."

He picked the half biscuit up from the bottom of the boat, where it fell at his feet, and began nibbling at it, like a famished dog. There was no sign of thankfulness in his action, and he continued to glare at us with one eye open in sullen insolence.

The sun blazed down upon us out of a clear sky, glistening along the foam of racing waves, but, as noon approached, the' southern sky became misty, the clouds increasing in density until we could see only a few hundred yards beyond our bow. It was not a storm cloud, and brought with it no fear of disaster, but completely blotted out the horizon, and gave a dark, sullen gloom to the surrounding waters.

It must have been three o'clock when McCann suddenly gave vent to a startled oath, rose straightening to his knees, and pointing straight ahead into the smother. I stared, but saw nothing except the grotesque forms assumed by the whirling mist, but Vera leaned out over the side, shading her eyes.

"What is it?" I asked sharply. "Make it out, man!"

"A ship yonder!" he shouted, but without turning his head. "I saw it plainly enough, but it has gone now."

"I see it, Mr. Hollis!" the girl cried excitedly. "Right out there through that lane of mist—it's a big steamer!"

"Straight ahead?"

"Just a little this way—there! you can see her now!"

I did, a mere glimpse, instantly obscured, but visible again a moment later. McCann was on his feet, gesticulating wildly.

"Say, d—n you!" he shouted, "put us on board there, and I'll show you who I am. You brute, I dare you to put us on board!"

"Sit down!" I ordered. "Now, keep still, and stand by with that rope. I'll put you aboard all right, but until I do, you will obey what I say, or go into the water."

I took my eyes off him, and stared at the vessel, conscious instantly that something was wrong. She was apparently a big steel freighter, four thousand tons I guessed, her water line showing a heavy cargo, and her bows red with rust where the black paint had disappeared. The foremast was broken off at the hops, remaining a great splinter, and where the bridge and wheelhouse ought to be there was piled a mass of wreckage, showing black above the bulwarks. A wheel had been rigged aft on the poopdeck, and there alone I saw evidence of human beings on board. One fellow stood gripping the spokes, while another leaned motionless against the rail facing forward. Neither one saw us, although I swung my hat, and sent a hail across the intervening water. The girl glanced back into my face.

"What is the matter with them, Mr. Hollis?" she asked. "Is something wrong?"

"I am afraid so; their foretop mast is down, and it looks as though it had smashed the bridge and wheelhouse

She Did Not Hesitate, Grasping the Rope Firmly in Her Hands.

when it fell. They have rigged up an emergency wheel aft. Can you make out her name?"

"The Indian Chief of Philadelphia."

"No regular liner—probably a tramp. I never saw funnels painted like that before, and she shows no flag. However, any port in a storm."

I stood up, hollowing my hands.

"Ahoy there! Indian Chief, ahoy!"

The man leaning on the after rail turned, and gazed down at us, shading his eyes, and the heads of a half dozen others bobbed up above the forward bulwarks. I could see the fellow aft plainly now, a broad, stockily built man, with extremely red face, wearing overalls, and a woolen shirt, open at the throat. In appearance there was nothing of the officer about him, yet it was his voice which finally answered my hail, sending a deep, roaring note across the waters.

"Hullo, there. Who are ye? From some ship close by?"

"We are passengers from the American yacht Esmeralda, sunk in collision two nights ago, and have been afloat ever since. Can you take us aboard?"

"Passengers, you say? All of yer passengers?"

"Yes."

He turned, and spoke to the man grasping the wheel, a tall, loose-jointed fellow in straw hat and pink shirt. There was a moment's argument before he returned to his position at the rail.

"I dunno as yer would be much better off along with us than yer are thar in the dinghy," he called indifferently. "For, in a manner o' speakin', we're no more than a wreck. I reckon thar ain't no one among yer who knows how to navigate?"

I stood up, hollowing my hands to make my voice carry more clearly.

"That is not a very sailorlike speech, my friend," I shouted, yet striving to conceal anger. "But as you put humanity on those terms, I'll answer you. I have been in the merchant service, and commanded ships."

"Well? Is that so? Sail, or steam?"

"Steam—the old Atlas line. Do you take us aboard?"

He did not answer directly, but had lost his air of indifference, striding forward to the end of the poop and giving orders to the men forward. The black heads adorning the forecastle rail disappeared, and a moment later the round, red face again appeared.

"Aye, we'll take yer, sir," he called, down, a touch of deference in his hoarse voice. "You'll understand the trouble once yer come aboard. Yer all able to climb, I reckon?"

"We have a woman with us."

"It'll be quite a job to rig up a swing, sir."

I turned and looked at her; then up the straight steel sides looming before us, but before I could speak, she had made decision.

"I can go up the ladder, Mr. Hollis," she said firmly. "I am not afraid."

"All right," I called. "Lower away, and send a man down to steady it below."

The little dinghy swept in easily, and, under my directions, McCann awkwardly fended off from scraping against the steel sides. As the rope ladder straightened, I caught the lower coil, and held it firmly. Down the ratlines, hand over hand, until he dropped sprawling into the boat, came one of the crew—a coal black negro. The fellow shambled idly, standing on the rail and clinging to a backstay, roared down at him:

"Haul her in, Simms; haul her in. That's more like it. Now hold all taut. Send up the lady first, captain; there'll be a hand to help her in the chains."

She did not hesitate, grasping the rope firmly in her hands as the negro and I lifted her high enough to get foothold.

"You are all right, Miss Vera?"

"Yes," she called down.

"Then go up, but hold tight; the vessel may roll."

McCann followed, too glad to thus escape into the open, yet plainly enough half dead with fear. As soon as I saw his legs dangling, while the seamen above dragged him inboard, I drew myself up to the lower rattline, leaving the negro alone to hold the line.

"Hey, above there," I shouted. "What shall we do with the boat?"

"Let her go; there is no room to stow it on deck. Come aboard, Simms."

We went up together, the ladder swinging dizzily to our movements. The voice of the man who seemed to be in command growled down from the poop:

"Haul in the ladder, and stow it; then go forward and get some o' that rifle overboard afore dark. This way, captain; I'd like a private word with yer afore yer go below."

There were perhaps a dozen men in view, a typical freighter's crew, I judged, mostly foreign dregs, two of them negroes. They worked silently, and then shuffled forward, without exhibiting the slightest interest in my presence, or giving a glance aft. Evidently something unusual had occurred, but just what was the nature of the affair the Indian Chief was unable to locate. I climbed the few steps, and joined the red-faced man waiting me on the poop.

"I am very glad to welcome you on board, captain," I said.

"Hollis," I answered shortly. "And your name?"

"Masters—Gideon Masters."

"In command?"

"Well, yes, in a way. I reckoned you'd want the whole story, an' that things had better be explained afore yer went below."

"Of course; but first a question or two, Mr. Masters. What has become of my companions?"

Hollis and Vera find their courage severely tested. The final decision is made by the girl in a manner that wins full admiration from her protectors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMEN ARE WATER CARRIERS

Story of Jacob and Rachel Is Declared to Be Transcript of the Arab Life of Today.

In the East, where water is scarce, a village generally grows up near a well or fountain. Abraham's servant asked for water to drink, Rebekah made haste and let down her pitcher from her shoulder and said, "drink, and I will give thy camel drink also." A similar request would be made now and a similar answer would be given though a modern young lady of the country might for your camels or horses put water into the trough—an article always found near wells and frequently made of stone.

Camel Trainer—Jacob asked for a drink from an Arab girl who had a water jar on her shoulder. She set it down for his use, and would not accept any gratuity. Tears filled her eyes, and she said that she gave the water freely for the love of God and for the sake of her mother, who had died lately.

Rebekah carried her "balass," or water jar, on her shoulder. A modern Syrian woman does this, but an Egyptian carries it on her head.

The boys and girls of Bedouin life still meet at well. The story of Jacob and Rachel is, even in minute details, a transcript of the Arab life of today. Evening is called now, as it was 4,000 years ago, "the time that women go out to draw water."

A person going to an Eastern well brings a leather bucket and a rope with which to lower it. This is one of the utensils necessary for an Eastern journey.

How a Bullet Drops.

In what position does a rifle bullet return to earth? In order to solve the problem a special stand was erected in Germany recently, and experiments were carried on along the shores of a lake the surface of which was frozen, says the Popular Science Monthly. The ice was covered with strong planks. It was shown that an infantry rifle bullet shot upward in a vertical direction passes downward in the same position in which it passed upward—in other words, it came back again to earth with its bottom first.

Why was it not upset at its culmination point? The answer is that the propelling force ceases to act at the culmination point. But the twist has as yet not stopped, and therefore it starts its fall with a twist. Even on impact the twist has not stopped, as was indicated by the warping of the wood fibers in the planking on the ice.

An Optimist.

"Smitherton certainly is a man who makes the best of things."

"What has he been doing to deserve such praise?"

"His wife went away for a week and on the very day she left he sprained his ankle, so that he was confined at home during all the time she was gone, yet he seems to think it is a fairly good old world."—Judge.

If It Hadn't Been for Cutey

By Vincent G. Perry

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Harry Knowles undid the parcel with unwilling fingers. The handwritten address on the outside had told him what it contained. He had hoped Madeline wouldn't take their little quarrel so seriously. He had meant to write her an apology; now it was too late. One by one he lifted the carefully wrapped articles from the parcel. He could tell exactly where each little parcel contained. The little square box he knew held the ring that had sealed their betrothal—at least they thought it had then. There was the little cameo brooch he had given her the first Christmas, when his salary had been small; there was the necklace and the amethyst ring he had given her on her birthday. The last little parcel he held to his ear, and the ticking sound satisfied him it was the engraved wrist watch that had made her so happy the Christmas before. They were all there—every present he had given her, he thought. No, there was one that wasn't there! But he couldn't expect her to send Cutey back—Cutey, the Boston terrier pup he had bought her that summer. Cutey wasn't a regular present, and besides she thought too much of the little fellow to part with him.

But Harry didn't reckon with Madeline's pride. As much as she loved Cutey, she couldn't keep him because Harry had given him to her. It hurt her more to part with the little dog than with any of the other presents, and after the expressman took him away the flood of tears that she had kept back so long broke forth.

Harry gasped when he saw what the expressman had for him. It certainly must be all off with Madeline now, he thought. To think that she would send Cutey back! There was nothing to do but accept him.

When Harry was transferred a little later to a bank in the West there was only one thing that troubled him—what would he do with Cutey? The little dog had meant much to him in the lonely days that followed his breaking off with Madeline and he had become quite attached to it. The idea of parting with it hurt. There wouldn't be any place to keep the dog when he arrived in the West, and the chances out there was just at its worst. If he had thought of that he wouldn't have been so hasty in applying for a transfer. But he had had only one idea, and that was to get far enough away from Madeline to forget. At the last moment he thought of sending Cutey to his sister in the country. He would be well taken care of and safe from harm there, he was sure.

The first letter Harry got from his sister after his arrival in the West startled him. Cutey had been stolen. How it happened the sister wasn't sure, but the villagers blamed it on a gypsy band that had been seen in the neighborhood. The wired notices to all the leading papers in the vicinity of the village in which his sister lived, but without result. He wondered if Madeline had stolen it, but dispelled that thought from his mind. Madeline wouldn't steal, he was sure of that.

The West didn't prove such a balm to the wound as Harry had hoped, and finally he decided to go home again. As the train upon which he was returning to the East neared the station he knew so well he found himself wondering if he would meet Madeline, and if she would receive him. Maybe she would listen to an apology now. He could give her back all her presents, just as she had sent them back to him—all except Cutey. That settled it; she wouldn't be able to forgive him, knowing that Cutey was lost. He buried his head in his hands and would have passed the station if the conductor hadn't aroused him.

Although he had been in the city nearly a week, Harry could not muster enough courage to call Madeline by telephone. A vaudeville performance appealed to him as a fitting retreat from a very lonely and tiresome evening. The performance was dull until near the end an animal act was staged. Harry sat bolt upright as he caught sight of a familiar little object on the stage. Yes, it was the same walk and the same little wag of the tail; the markings were just the same and the color exact. The quaint little bark assured him. There weren't two dogs in all the world with a bark like that! It was Cutey! What had he best do? He could hardly restrain himself when he saw the little dog cow before the brutal looking trainer.

To see the police, he thought, would be the best plan, and he hurried from the theater.

He tried not to appear excited as he explained to the sergeant at the police station.

"Have you any way of identifying him as the dog you had stolen?" asked the sergeant.

Harry thought for a minute. There was only one person in the city beside himself who would identify the dog, but he couldn't possibly ask her. It looked as if Cutey was lost to him for good. But rather than have the dog be in the hands of that man any longer he would call Madeline and ask her to come to the station house. Perhaps she wouldn't mind when she knew it was for Cutey.

"They didn't answer the 'phone," the operator told him after he had spent nearly ten minutes at the telephone. He hung up the receiver with a sigh, wheeled around and faced—Madeline! She was standing in the doorway that led to the chief's office, staring at him in wonder. As she recovered herself she dropped her eyes quickly.

"This young woman has lost a dog and claims that a performer has it at the Lyric theater," the chief addressed the sergeant. "She says the dog would know her, but has no other means of identifying it."

"Oh, yes, I have," Madeline interrupted. "This a—this young man knows Cutey. He can identify it. Please, Harry, dear!" She was so excited that she did not realize what she was saying.

The sergeant was amused. "This young man is also making claim to a dog at the Lyric, the same dog, most likely," he said.

"Yes, it is his dog."

"Yes, it—is her dog!" The two were talking at once.

"Well, you see, it is our dog. We are to be married—I mean, we were to be married. Oh, what am I saying? Harry, why can't you explain? I'm so excited and nervous!" Madeline was almost crying.

Harry's coolness almost surprised himself. "If you will send an officer to the theater with us, we will assure you the dog doesn't belong to the man that has it at any rate," he said. "We can decide which of us owns it afterward. You see, we both have a very strong claim to it."

The chief agreed.

At the theater the trainer claimed that he had bought the dog from a stranger, but when Harry slipped him $25 he didn't run the risk of an investigation, and handed the dog over.

"If it was a good performer I would not let you have it for a thousand," he said; "but it was too old when I got it to teach it new tricks."

"It is dreadfully late for you to be out alone, Madeline. Do you mind if I go home with you?" Harry asked. "You might lose Cutey, too," he added.

"That Cutey is your dog, Harry." There was a tremor in her voice.

"No—he isn't. I was just keeping him for you, Madeline. Don't let our silly little quarrel come between you and Cutey. He thinks too much of you for that. So do I."

They did not speak again until they reached her home. They had been thinking a lot.

"Now promise me, Harry, you will come to see Cutey tomorrow night," Madeline called after Harry as he started down the walk after taking half an hour at the door.

"You bet I will!" he called back.

FINDS TRUTH IN A GARDEN

Little Miss Learns That Beautiful Flowers Grow From Seeds and Not From Wealth of Owner.

Two children played in a Southern garden. The garden was a marvel of color and beauty. It surrounded the home of the boy whose parents were called "very well to do."

The little girl was the only child of a mother who found it "cheaper to board."

The dainty feminine creature flitted along the walks and across the lawn, followed by the admiring boy she listed. There was no verboten. The boy followed rather stolidly, accepting the cure of the flowers when the bunches grew too large for the smaller hands.

At last the little girl seated herself on a bench and rested her curly head against a tree. Her blue eyes, resting upon the beauty before them, glowed with admiration.

"Oh-h-h! The be-ya-ti-ful garden!" she sighed.

Then, turning to the boy, "It's because you are rich that you have such lovely flowers, isn't it, Billy?"

"No," said the boy, stolid as always. "It's because we plant the seeds."

Biding His Time.

"How much is a chiken wuf?" inquired Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"What do you care?" inquired the dealer. "You are raising chickens of your own."

"Yes. An' every night or so, I misses a chicken. I's gineter let it go on till de prick reach a few mo' notches an' den I's gineter make it a case of grand larceny."

Flanders of Today.

Today the name Flanders is applied to two Belgian provinces of which Ghent and Bruges are the capitals, but the name still represents an undefined stretch of country which has been the battleground of Europe for centuries.

"At the war in Flanders" was just as familiar to English ears in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as it is today in the twentieth. Every inch of the ground is stained with the blood of patriots and loyalists. And the bravery and courage of those medieval troops has been matched by the sacrifice of the men of the greatest empire the world has ever known. The bones of Canada's heroes will mingle with the dust of generations of patriots and the cause for which they are fighting is not eclipsed in the fullness of its aim by the Holy Crusaders of medieval times.—Exchange.

Chamois Hunting Is Dangerous.

The chamois in summer go up into the high mountains to the perpetual snow-line, and feed only on mountain sides with a northern exposure. In winter they go down to the wooded lower reaches of the mountain, and it is there that they are hunted. They never graze without a sentinel on the lookout. The most successful way to hunt them is for a number of hunters to form a closing-in circle around a feeding ground. Great danger attends hunting in such high altitudes, but that has given such zest to the sport that the chamois is now rare where once it was numerous.

Heroism.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—Amiel.

Strength of Stitches.

Tests made by the bureau of standards in Washington prove that seams sewn with the double lock stitch are stronger than those sewn with the shuttle stitch and are less weakened by breaks of the thread.