

GOLDEN SAND.

To me in shadows as I planned New knowledge, heart afire, There came a girl whose hair was fanned...

ON HOG'SBACK REEF.

Moored to the rotting pier a fisherman's dory, old and worn, swung on the smooth surges that ran under the dilapidated structure...

"Nothing. I have tried to get Mr. Lamson to sell his interest to young Maxwell, but he is obdurate—and perhaps vengeful. He had no love for old Maxwell. Do you follow me?"

the friendly light from the Siskinnet Point was lost in the thickening fog. Vision became contracted, and to the city man the condition made the rate of the boat's progress and its direction at once a matter of mere guesswork.

waves, himself wet only to the hips. "Fortuit we struck a pocket of sand!" he said, looking at the be-draggled man who was coughing up the brine he had taken in.

his name a roll of spume washed to his feet. "Be quick! For God's sake be quick!" he said, thrusting the paper into the hand of his hoped-for savior.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT Unemployment cannot be relieved by throwing women out of work and giving their jobs to men.