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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO 36
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 24

THE STUDIOUS MAN.

Out through the gates of Ispahan
One morning rode a studious man.
"Ah, whither bound?" a traveler cried,
Who rested by a fountain side.
"I go to seek," replied the sage,
"The greatest wonder of the age."
"Then from your saddle now descend
And call your journey at an end,
For here within this sack I hold
The greatest wonder bought or sold."
And stooping down, the speaker drew
A cake of IVORY SOAP in view.
"No alkali this soap contains,
It leaves the lace and takes the stains;
It comes from oils, sweet as the rose
That in the palace garden grows;
It floats like cork upon the wave;
With this we may both wash and shave—"
"Enough, enough!" the student cried;
"You've saved me from a longer ride,"
And turning round his wisdom showed,
For back to Ispahan he rode.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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## MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The cherub day behind the skirts of night
Peeps laughing o'er the hills, and glances through
The darkness and the shrouding mists of blue;
And soon the mountains are aglow with light.
Here is a rocky steep, whose sun brown height
Is clothed in green of many a varied hue;
There, in the deep ravine, bursts on the view
A sea of fog, with billows foaming white.

The soft leaves rustle faintly; everywhere
The joyous waking from the darkness brings
A subtle stir of morning in the air;
With noisy fluttering of little wings,
From out the chaparral a songster springs,
And greets with rapturous notes the daylight fair.
—Virna Woods in Overland Monthly.

## SHE KNEW IT

When an Ameriran girl knows anything, she knows it with all her might. She has that singular gift, intuition, in a highly developed state. The world being all her oyster, she proceeds to open it with dynamite. Because the story of Baptiste chances, by an accident, to be true, is no good reason for it being less interesting.

Miss Virginia Mascom was so very pretty and graceful than even in New York she passed for a beauty. She had heard this so often, and from so many people, that she would have been forced to believe it even if she had originally been freighted with doubts. She had a highly well bred carriage and a haughty manner on occasion, but was withal a pleasant, intelligent, well behaved girl, whose wealth gave her pleasure rather than airs. She was pretty enough and stylish enough to make something of a sensation even in Paris.

It was in the time of Louis Napoleon that Miss Mascom arrived in Paris under the feeble wings of her mother, Mascom himself being only a memory. They wanted to see the city before they became involved by the claims of either society or dressmakers. They had rooms in an expensive hotel not far from the Place Vendome, and made daily excursions, for sight seeing purposes, from its hospitable portals. Acting upon the advice of a friend, they hired a carriage by the month, thus doing away entirely with the nuisance of cochers.

Among the cabmen who were on duty in front of the hotel was a tall, handsome young Breton named Baptiste. He was a tidy, steady fellow, and lived with his married brother, Jacques, in the Montmartre quartier. His was a passionate nature, and the first day he saw the pretty American he fell deeply in love and almost off the seat of his carriage.

He longed for some opportunity to speak to her, to do some wonderful thing to attract her attention and arouse her good will. The opportunity to speak came at last. One afternoon the ladies came out at the usual time, only to find that their carriage was not ready. It was a golden moment for Baptiste. He whipped up his horses and dashed to the front of the house. So did a cocher who chanced to be passing. There was much confusion, almost a collision, and a great deal of curious swearing. Baptiste was vehement in expostulations and offers of his services. The ladies were frightened by the wrangle, and called the concierge, who ordered both disputants to take themselves off, and capped the climax of Baptiste's despair by calling up a third cabman.

"That was my Waterloo!" cried the poor Breton. "My golden moon is an unripe apple. I shall never speak to her now. That imbecile has ruined me."

"I thought that young cabman was rather good looking at first," said Miss Mascom to her mother. "It shows us how mistaken we are about foreigners. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he were one of those communists we have heard of," and she shuddered at her own suggestion.

Miss Mascom's French was limited. She had not understood the cause of the excitement of Baptiste.

The ladies found hotel life a bore, and took an apartment near the Park Monceaux. They were there when the storm of war came with the cry of "a Berlin!" Their rooms were on the ground floor, and the low stone balcony in front of their windows was covered with lovely red climbing roses.

One evening two drunken gardes mobile were passing the house, when one exclaimed: "Let's pick some of that pretty girl's roses for our wives."

Miss Mascom sat at the window. Being somewhat nearsighted, she did not notice that the soldiers were drunk and vicious. "Two very picturesque fellows," she thought, and having caught the word roses, she said: "You may gather some if you like."

The men did not hear the permission, but were about to proceed without it, when a man who had been standing in the shadow of the next house sprang upon them and ordered them to go away. There was of course a brawl. The attacking party was vehement, both in action and speech.

"What!" he cried, "you dogs of the street! would you insult that lovely one from the west—that rose of roses! Ah! you shall pay for it, I swear!"

There were gendarmes at hand in a few moments, and all of the combatants were hurried off. Virginia had watched the affray in terror. She caught a glimpse of the stranger's face and screamed. Turning to her frightened mother she cried:

"Oh, it is that dreadful cabman who was so impudent one day at the hotel. I feel sure he is a Communist. Did you see how he attacked those poor, unoffending soldiers who wanted some roses? Such men ought to be kept in prison." And for the second time she shuddered because of poor Baptiste.

The second reign of terror had its awful grip upon the throat of Paris. Mrs. Mascom was very ill, and her daughter tenderly watched at her bedside. No one knew when they were safe, and each night was made up of hours of dreadful suspense. One very dark night there were shots in the street, and presently a mob, headed by a man in a ragged, dirty Garde Mobile uniform, came to a stand in front of the house.

"An aristocrat lives here," shouted the man in uniform, attracted by a light from the windows on the first floor. "She is a woman whose servants attact peaceable men on the street. Let us teach her a lesson, my friends."

There was a responsive yell, a rush for the entrance, and then a sudden halt.

A man stood at the head of the steps waving his hand and shouting:

"No! no!" he said. "It is a lie what he says! The young lady is an American. She is a friend of liberty and of the people. He is not telling you the truth. Ah, comrades, you would not harm her. She is a young thing, and so beautiful—so beautiful"—and his voice was piteous in its entreaty.

The answer was a coarse laugh.

"So it is you again!" shouted the Garde Mobile. "Here is something for you!" and there was a pistol shot.

Like some agile beast of prey, the man on the steps sprang down, snatched a musket from one of the mob, and brought its butt down on the head of the leader.

Then he sprang back up the steps and into the balcony. The light from the torches of the mob flickered across the front of the house. One of the shutters was partly opened, and the pale face of a woman was thrust out.

"Go back! Hide yourself! It is I!" exclaimed the man on the balcony. "They shall not touch you while I am here!"

She did not recognize him, nor understand all he said, and he pushed her somewhat roughly back into the room. There was a scattering volley from the mob, a fall upon the balcony floor, and then officers on horseback dashed up and ordered the mob to disperse. They had some Communist troops to back up their orders, and in a short time the street was quiet and deserted.

The wounded Garde Mobile had been carried off by his comrades. There was no sign of the recent attack, except on the balcony where the roses used to bloom. Something red was dabbled about on the stones next day when the sunlight came, red as the flowers had been.

Once more the shutters opened, and the pallid face of Miss Mascom appeared. Cautiously she stepped forth. Her foot struck something soft and she screamed.

"What is it, Virginia?" asked a weak, terrified voice. "Have they come back?"

"No!" answered Virginia in horror. "It's that awful cabman again. I knew he was a Communist. I told you so the first day I saw him; and, oh! mamma! they've shot him out on the balcony, he's dead, and yet he seemed to look up at me and smile. It is all so horrible. Perhaps it's best that he's killed. Oh, I wish we were home again and out of this awful place."

And for the third time she shuddered because of Baptiste, and yet he was dead, out there where he had guarded Virginia's roses.

* * * * * *

It was from Jacques, the brother, that I heard the story.—Parker L. Walter in Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Superstitions of South Africans.

The Bantu have no definite idea of the mode of existence of their deities, but the southern tribes suppose them to inhabit dim, underground caverns. They regard the unseen world in which they believe with unmingled dread, and drive reflection concerning it from their thoughts whenever it is possible to do so. Before their intercourse with white men it had never struck them that the acts of this life could have any effect upon the spirit after death. They are in no sense an imaginative or speculative people, but direct their entire attention to such material objects as immediately affect their welfare. In such a condition, progress toward a higher kind of life, unless directed by some external agency, is nearly impossible. In other words, self development must be a very slow process, if it can be accomplished at all. For, first, their greatest dread is that of offending the spirits of their ancestors, and they hold that any departure from established customs will assuredly do this, and therefore bring evil upon them.

Next, their belief in witchcraft is opposed to progress of any kind. For a man who is not a chief, and who differs from his fellows by being mentally in advance of them, inevitably draws suspicion on himself of being a wizard, and, where there is no foreign controlling power, surely falls a victim to their fury. The belief in witchcraft is to this day the cause of a terrible amount of suffering among the tribes that are independent. All events that cannot be readily comprehended—sickness in man, murrain in cattle, blight in crops, even casual accidents—are by them attributed to the agency of wizards and witches, and not the slightest compassion is felt for any unfortunate wretch whom the recognized witch finder of the community points out as guilty. Confiscation of property, torture, death are the penalties of being charged with this ideal offense. It is believed that one man can bewitch another by means of any such thing as a few hairs from his head, a clipping of a finger nail, a piece of clothing, or indeed anything whatever that belongs to him or can be brought into contact with him, or can be concealed in or about his hut.—"History of the Boers in South Africa."

### Our Sanity Never Secure.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marks how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy, but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad daylight. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

The persons designated as insane are a little less rational than the average, but in each person in the circle of nations there is going on a perpetual struggle between what is called the vital principle and the millions of atoms—the atoms being liable to stampede like a herd of wild cattle.—Professor David Swing in Chicago Journal.

### The Dolls of Savages.

The Sitka girls have dolls of leather; black, greasy looking creatures, I regret to say, with beads for eyes and mouth, and dresses of fur. They have also a poorer doll, of clay, with the nose formed, when the clay was soft, by the summary process of a good pinch in the face, and a lavish display of beads made by small punches in the same soft material. The dress of these Sitka babies is simple—a piece of coarse Indian cloth wound around the body and tied on with a rag.

Another leather doll belongs to the little Micmac girl. This is finer than the last named, however, for the leather is light colored; and it has a nose not pinched up in front, but punched out from behind, and held in shape by something hard. It has black beads for eyes, and mouth and eyebrows of black paint. In dress it is quite grand; moccasins, leggins and calico gown, with a liberal amount of bead trimmings and necklaces. The small Sioux maiden also has a doll of leather, black, and with beads for eyes and mouth.—Olive Thorne Miller in St. Nicholas.

### The American "Tough."

The tough is a product peculiar to American city life. In other countries, of course, you will find the rough and the cad and the brutal coster, but it is only in an American city that you will find the tough. In other lands the man who comes nearest to the tough is but a subject, and a very poor one at that, and he is constantly more or less in dread of a superior governing power. In America the tough is a citizen, or at least claims to be one, and he feels not only the equal of everybody else, but the superior of everybody else, and he has a profound scorn and contempt for all processes of law. The tough is a terror, and there is no reason why he should escape whipping. Arrest or imprisonment he fears not, but a good dose of the cat-o'-nine-tails might bring him to reflect on the error of his ways.—Boston Home Journal.

### Their Bearskin Hats.

The London Foot guards are troubled over the threatened abolishment of their showy bearskin hats, which are worn at present by three of their brigades. The supply of bearskin has diminished exceedingly of late, so that now each hat is worth about $38. These bearskins are practically useless, except for the purposes of display, and are even then only suited for cold climates. But they are highly cherished by the soldiers on account of their imposing appearance.—Philadelphia Times.

### Suggestion for Railway Companies.

The Boston Transcript wants to know why railway companies do not hang up in several prominent places in stations a plainly printed list of fares to different places. This would save a great deal of time, as many passengers could have the exact amount of money ready. In fact, in large stations like those in this city, a money changing office in addition to the ticket office might be established, so that people could provide themselves with the exact change if they did not have it.—New York Tribune.

### Butterflies' Wings.

Fixed electrical currents have been discovered to exist in the wings of butterflies, their detection requiring an exceedingly sensitive galvanometer. These currents have been thought to bear a very strong relationship to the disposition of the coloring pigments of the wings, for by the aid of electric currents marked changes can be brought about in their color and mode of arrangement.—Globe-Democrat.

## CRYSTALLIZATION OF FRUITS.

### The Method as Explained to California's Board of Horticulture.

The process of preserving fruits in a crystallized or glaced form is attracting considerable attention at the present time. This process, though comparatively new in California, has been extensively operated in Southwestern France for years, the United States having been heavy importers, paying fancy prices for the product. The process is quite simple. The theory is to extract the juice from the fruit and replace it with sugar syrup, which, upon hardening, preserves the fruit from decay and at the same time retains the natural shape of the fruit. All kinds of fruit are capable of being preserved under this process. Though the method is very simple, there is a certain skill required that is only acquired by practice. The several successive steps in the process are about as follows: First, the same care in selecting and grading the fruit should be taken as for canning; that is, the fruit should be all of one size and as near the same ripeness as possible. The exact degree of ripeness is of great importance, which is at that stage when fruit is best for canning. Peaches, pears, etc., are pared and cut in halves as for canning; plums, cherries, etc., are pitted.

The fruit having thus been carefully prepared is then put in a basket or bucket with a perforated bottom and immersed in boiling water. The object of this is to dilute and extract the juice of the fruit. The length of time the fruit is immersed is the most important part of the process. If left too long it is overcooked and becomes soft; if not immersed long enough, the juice is not sufficiently extracted, which prevents a perfect absorption of the sugar. After the fruit has been thus scalded and allowed to cool, it can again be assorted as to softness. The next step is the strup, which is made of white sugar and water. The softer the fruit, the heavier the strup required. Ordinarily, about 70 degs. Balling's saccharometer is about the proper weight for the strup. The fruit is then placed in earthen pans and covered with strup, where it is left to remain about a week. The sugar enters the fruit and displaces what juice remained after the scalding process.

The fruit now requires careful watching, as fermentation will soon take place, and when this has reached a certain stage the fruit and strup is heated to a boiling degree, which checks the fermentation. This heating process should be repeated as often as necessary for about six weeks. The fruit is then taken out of the strup and washed in clean water, and is then ready to be either glaced or crystallized, as the operator may wish. If glaced, the fruit is dipped in thick sugar strup and left to harden quickly in open air. If it is to be crystallized, dip in the same kind of strup, but is made to cool and harden slowly, thus causing the sugar which covers the fruit to crystallize. The fruit is now ready for boxing and shipping. Fruit thus prepared will keep in any climate and stand transportation.—J. J. Pratt.

### Patti and the Burglar.

It is said that shortly before Mme. Patti left Wales for her South American tour she had a thrilling experience with a burglar. The songstress was alone in her chamber preparing to retire for the night, when she heard a sound in an adjoining room, as if some one were moving about. Patti hastily donned a wrapper and walked boldly into the room from which the sounds came, and stood face to face with a gigantic burglar. He wore a mask to conceal his features, and in his hand he carried a heavy club. The plucky woman asked him what he was doing there.

"Don't you see," he replied in a broad Welsh dialect, "I am stealing your diamonds!"

And he held up to her astonished eyes the most beautiful bracelet which she possessed. Patti did not scream. She simply walked across the room, pressed an electric button to summon the servant. Instead of the servant, however, Signor Nicolini appeared on the scene. The burglar attempted to strike him with his club, but his game was frustrated by Patti. She grasped the club as it was raised in the air. Nicolini and the burglar then clinched, and in the struggle that ensued the enterprising but altogether too candid thief was pitched out of a second story window. He descended gracefully and broke a leg. He was found to be a peasant whom Patti had frequently befriended.—London Cor. New York Press.

### The Capital of Brazil.

Rio is a succession of disappointments. The only really pretty place is the Botanical garden, which serves to illustrate what the whole city might be. All varieties of food are peddled about, the venders attracting attention by clapping pieces of wood together and uttering peculiar cries. There are plenty of street car lines, and the cars are always crowded. Everybody reads a morning paper going down town, and an evening paper returning. Humming birds are as numerous as flies, and at night the air is full of fireflies that look like a shower of stars. The women have a bilious look, and are invariably fat, while the men are invariably lean. Next to her complexion the ugliest thing about a Brazilian woman is her voice. She never goes shopping, the servants doing it for her, or going to the shops and getting samples, from which she makes her selections at home. She is famous for her embroidery, made by her own hands. She is generally intelligent, learns readily and has considerable wit. She never goes out alone to call on friends and receives no gentlemen except in the presence of husband or parents.—William E. Curtis.

### When Sunstroke Is Prevalent.

We generally find that when sunstroke is prevalent the atmospheric conditions are of a certain and definite character. These are found not only in an elevated temperature, but a great degree of humidity or moisture of the air. As long as we have dry air the degree of heat that we can endure without much discomfort is very considerable compared to that when the air is full of moisture. The explanation of this is simply due to the fact that evaporation and loss of heat from the skin and lungs is markedly interfered with, the already moist air being unable to take up and relieve us of the usual amount of moisture. This, coupled with the increased heat, is placing us in a position where our internal production is very apt to be decidedly increased. The only way we have of compensating under these conditions is by lessening exertion, light or modified diet and light clothing. These, coupled with the ever present influence from the heat center, under normal conditions, will usually protect us.—Globe-Democrat.

### Boilers Without Rivets.

A German manufacturer is now making a boiler in which no rivets are used. The joints are welded, and the cost is said to be slightly in excess of the rivet work.

When a man is deemed reliable out in Montana they say, "He'll stand without hitchin'."—Omaha Herald.

The man who raileth his own house is greater than he who painteth a town.—Texas Siftings.

There are 50,000,000 cattle of all kinds in this country, and but 200,000 of the pure breed.

Flies don't bother the busy man.—Philadelphia Call.

## MARBLEHEAD NECK.

The waves beat idly, with a ceaseless roar,
And to and fro the seaweed bends to me,
Kissing the great red rocks along the shore,
But thou, beloved, are not here to see.

The sun goes down in glory in the west,
Bathing in crimson every flower and tree,
The white sails redden on the ocean breast,
But thou, beloved, are not here to see.

The twilight gathers and the moon rides high;
I watch its silver track and think of thee;
God keep thy path as bright from earth to sky,
When I, beloved, am not here to see.
—Sarah K. Bolton in Home Journal.

## STRENGTH FOR TODAY.

Strength for today is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another today,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.
—Boston Transcript.

## THE PILOT'S STORY.

This is the story told me by the Indian pilot of one of the grand steamers that ply the River St. Lawrence, and are known to tourists from Montreal and Quebec to Rimouski:

So you would like to know why I scare at that headland? You notice that cape? Yes. Corlett's cape, we call it, and a bad place it used to be. You notice the lighthouse that stands there? Yes. Well, I lived by that headland long before the lighthouse was built, a matter of nearly fifty years ago. I hate that same Corlett's cape, though I never heard tell of more than one wreck. It happened after the lighthouse was built, but the lights were put out, and put out on purpose, too. It's well nigh forty years since, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday.

There was then a little bit of a settlement down near the mouth of the creek, which you may have noticed empties into the river just above the cape. There wern't many people lived there, and the biggest and most important man in the place was Charlie Corlett. He was a North of England man, I've heard tell, and anyhow he owned every acre of land and every stick of timber for miles around. Besides, at that time, Corlett's was the only grist and lumber mill within a hundred miles in any direction. Then he owned a fast little schooner—about the only one that traded to the settlement, making trips up and down the river, between Quebec and the provinces. Although Corlett was a rich man for those days, he was fond of sailing and had a notion to run the schooner himself. Charlie Corlett would have passed for a handsome man anywhere, and he was, by long odds, the finest built man in the settlement. But Charlie had a terrible temper. He was so used to having his own way that when anything or anybody thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the lighthouse was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Hector Baptiste, but, as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty, marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the lighthouse. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Capt. Corlett and knew him pretty well. One day he came down to the settlement, after a three weeks' trip to Halifax, and found that Hector Baptiste and Lizzie Lenox were married. Although the captain didn't say very much, I could tell that he took it badly to heart, and I saw a look in his eyes that I didn't fancy very well. Two days later, towards evening, we slipped out of the creek, bound for Montreal. We hadn't got more than a mile past the point when the captain ordered the mate to down sails and lay to. He said he had forgotten something and told me to get out the yawl and run him ashore. When we were in the boat he says to me: "Pierre," he says, "I saved your life once, didn't I?"

"Yes, cap," says I—and he did; he jumped overboard for me when I fell from aloft two years before.

"Well," says he, "one good turn deserves another, doesn't it? Now you just keep to yourself whatever you may happen to see to-night. I'm goin' up to the lighthouse to settle an old score."

"For God's sake, cap," says I, "don't do anything you'll be sorry for."

"That's all right," he says; "you needn't be afear'd. I'm goin' to give that French puppy a piece of mind, and perhaps a licking, that's all."

And I think he meant no more than what he said, so I made no answer. I was only a lad, and an Indian at that—he was a white man and my captain. Besides, as he had reminded me, I owed him my life.

It was about 8 o'clock of a September evening. I could see the lantern lights being lit in the lighthouse, and knew that Hector was there and probably alone—for although there was a small cottage attached to the lighthouse, it was never used as a dwelling. Corlett jumped ashore and bad me wait for him. In the stillness I could hear words that were said. Corlett spoke first;

"You French sneak, I want a bit of reckoning with you!"

"Those are hard names, captain," said Baptiste, "and I don't like them!"

"Oh, you don't, eh! Well, you shouldn't deserve them then. I don't like having a crawling Frenchman coming up here and stealing away the woman I had intended to marry. That's what you did!"

"Capt. Corlett, you lie."

"For calling me a liar, take that! And for playing dirt on me take that—and that!"

In a moment there was a scuffle up in that little room under the lantern—and the next thing I heard was a splash in the water.

I thought it time to interfere, but as I ran the boat aground Corlett jumped in and shoved off. As I opened my lips to speak, he shouted in a terribly excited manner:

"Don't you ask any questions, and don't you say a word on ship board, or I'll shoot you without warning!"

I confess that during that evening I was a coward and was afraid of the captain in his mad rage. We proceeded on our trip to Montreal, whither we carried a cargo, and started back light. In a week we were again nearing the settlement. It was a squally night, though not very rough, but dark as pitch. The tide was running out and the wind was from the west.

The captain had been drinking whisky pretty freely all through the trip, and he was in no shape to take the schooner into the creek even in the best of weather. The mate tried to persuade him to keep outside until the morning. "No!" says he. "I'm running this vessel. I'm captain here, and you fellows will do as I tell you, or I'll know the reason why." With whisky in his head and pistols in his pockets, Corlett was a dangerous customer, and we prepared to make the best of a bad job. We all knew that we were pretty near the headland, but what puzzled the boys was that no light was to be seen. I had my own suspicions, but dared not mention them.

"Boys," said the captain, at last—a little sobered in his effort to make the creek—"guess we won't try to make it to-night. Keep her off a bit, and go easy down the river."

At that instant I saw a light flashing right ahead of us. It didn't look exactly familiar, but we all took it for the lighthouse.

"That's lucky," says the captain. "I thought we were further off shore. Hard a port!" he shouted. "We'll clear the point in good shape now."

Meantime the wind had been gathering strength and the water was much rougher. We were now spanking along with reefed sails at twelve or thirteen knots an hour.

Suddenly there came a crash. We had run aground on the point, 200 yards the land side of the lighthouse! It was such a shock that in ten minutes the schooner was breaking to pieces and sinking. Then it was each man for himself. I was the first to pick myself up on the low rocks and the mate was with me. Soon afterward three of the boys, which completed the crew, showed up, but the captain was missing.

The mate told me to go up to the village for help, while he and the others stayed by the vessel. In five minutes I came up to the light which had deceived us all and caused the wreck. It was a large, bright lantern, in the hands of Lizzie—Hector Baptiste's wife!

"Lizzie," I cried, "for heaven's sake, what is this? Do you know what you have done?"

She did not look her old self at all. She was pale and haggard and was drenched with the spray from the surf.

"No," says she, in a strange tone, not one bit like her old voice. "No; what have I done?"

"Why, girl," I says, "you holding out that lantern down the shore put Capt. Corlett out of his reckoning and he ran the schooner aground. What's more, I guess the captain's drowned."

"Ah!" she says, with a sort of sigh of relief and satisfaction. "Listen to me, Pierre. I intended to wreck Charlie Corlett's vessel. I know it was wicked, but he was wicked and made me so. He killed my