THAT AWFUL BOY.

Nay, censure not the norry boy, Whose Imeyant heart rebels At that dry monotone of joy in lengthy prayer that dwells: dut in the joyous songs and birds,

Think not to keep those merry eyes Think not to keep those must be provided with solemn stare— They show the gleam of summer skies, God's wisdom planted there; Their twinkling flash, their wayward

Display the sweetest joys of earth.

Then humble not his boyish pride, Nor teach, with spirit rash, That love is but a narrow stride From prayer to swinging lash; That boys-to have their sins forgiven-Must c'er be mauled along to heaven.

A tender smile, a word of cheer, A prayer sincers—but brief, Will banish every boyish fear, And close the door to grief; Remember, in your solemn joy, That you were once an awful boy!

—Cieveland Plain Dealer.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

"Speaking of women," said the mate, "no man respects women more than I do. My mother was a woman, sir! and I make no doubt yours was a woman,

I admitted that the mate's surmise was correct.

"Well, sir! having said what Ihave, you won't misunderstand me when I say that the one thing I can't stand is a woman aboard ship. Give me corpses, and parsons and lunatics every day in the year sooner than wo-A woman, when she's aboard ship, is either sick, in which case she expects the whole ship's company to do nothing but wait upon her, or she isn't sick, in which case she is interfering with everything and getting in everybody's way."

"Yet there was a woman," I re-marked, "a captain's wife, who took command of the ship when her husband died, and brought her into port."
"I've heard that yarn," the mate

replied, "ever since I first went to sea, and I believed it once, when I didn't know any better.

"But to come back to what I was talking about. Were you ever shipwrecked in company with a woman. Well, you can be thankful you were not. It's bad enough to have to abandon your ship and take to the boats when you're a thousand miles from land and your chances of being picked up is about one in a thousand; but if you have to take a woman in the boat with you it's just—I beg your pardon, sir! and I won't use such language again. But it aggravates me to think of the experience I once had with a woman in a boat.

"I was mate of a big clipper ship in the China trade at the time I am tell-ing you of. She was the Charlot of the Sees and most of us like you remember her. She was a smart ship, but about as uncomfortable a one as a man ever set his foot aboard.

'The captain's name was McConigle, and he was a Scotchman, and he took his wife with him. I wouldn't have shipped if I had known that there was to be a woman in the cabin, but I naturally didn't find it out until we came to sail.

"The captain was about as hard and about as mean as they make 'em, so far as the crew were concerned, but I am free to say that he always treated me well, and was the most sociable man I ever sailed with. What was curious, however, was that he had mighty little to say to his wife. Neither of them seemed to care a straw for the other, and at first I couldn't understand why he took her with him. when he might have left her ashore.

'She was a handsome woman. She was young, being, as I should judge, about twenty-five, and she carried more sail in the way of high spirits than any soher woman I ever knew. She was always laughing and singing and making jokes with the captain and me though she couldn't ever get a smile out of him.

"On the contrary, when she tried a joke on him he would look so grim that you couldn't have hoisted a smile out of him even with the steam winch. I mistrusted the woman from the first. And then, before we had been a week out of London she began making eyes at me-at least, as far as I could judge.

"As you might suppose, I had very little to do with the woman. course, I treated her politely, she being a woman, and being also the captain's wife, but I never let her come to anchor alongside of me if I could

"I couldn't help finding, out, however, that she and her husband led a cat and dog life, and that she was about as miserable as a woman can be, in spite of her jokes and her singing. That made me all the more shy of her, for an unhappy married woman is more dangerous than a cargo of gun-

"It so happened that when the captain judged it was time to put the ship to the westward, and double the Horn, a heavy easterly gale came up, with thick snow and the glass falling, not quick, you understand, but slow steady. There was ice in the neighborhood, too, for we sighted two icehergs to the southward of us about day break.

There are some men, Mr. Smith, says the captain to me, who would shorten sail and try to keep a lookdon't like ice any better than any other man does, but so long as I can's see it I don't worry over it.

There is no good in keeping a lookfor ice when you couldn't see an iceberg fill your flying jibboom fouled and if she's going to strike an ices. she'll do it under her topsails fust as soon as she will with her top gattant satta.

"If there's an iceberg in the road it won't get out of the way for us, and the can't get out of the way for it, so the only thing to do is to just slam the ship right through till we get

citar weather again." Excepting the steward and the captain's wife, and the cook and the men the wheel, all hands were under to les of the long boat, and the secand mate was smoking in the door of to emboose. All at once the old man Till go below now, Mr. Smith, ad you'll call me if there is any change in the weather.'

"With that he started to go below, but on second thoughts thrued went forward. He had reached the caboose, and stood there talking with the second mate, whose name was Ramsey, when there came a splintering crash, as the flying jibboom struck an iceberg fair and square, and another second the ship struck with

a force that threw me flat on the deck. "Before I could pick myself up all three masts went, the foremast and mainmast going just below the futtuck shrouds, and carrying the mizzen topmast to keep them company.

"I ran forward to see what damage been done to the ship, but I didn't need to look twice to see that her bows were stove in below the water line, and that she hadn't many minutes to float.

"Then I looked for the captain, and found him and more than half the crew lying dead under the mainmast that had crushed them, and the second mate as well.

"I told the men to clear away one of the quarter boats, and put a breaker of water in her, and then I jump-ed below and got a bag of biscuits and told the steward to bring anything

to eat he could lay his hand on.
"I rushed up the companionway and found the captain's wife in the holding on to one of the falls, and ordering the men to wait for me with a pistol in her right hand.

'There were six men, besides myself and the captain's wife, in our boat, and seven men in the other boat. Each boat had a breaker of water, but all provisions were aboard my boat, so I gave the others one of our two bags of biscuits, and telling them to keep within hall of us, we pulled away from the wreck, so as to be clear of her when she went into her flurry.

We lost sight of the other boat before we had been rowing ten minutes, and nothing was ever heard or seen of her afterward.

There was no use in trying to land on Terra del Fuego, for we were better off in the boat than we would have been on a deserted island, with nothing to eat except ourselves, and a lot of savages standing by to eat us.

"So I told the men we would keep on to the westward, and that as soon as we got into the Pacific we should have fine weather and be sure to be picked up by somebody.

"I don't think the captain's wife and I had spoken since the boats cast off. She naturally sat in the stern sheets with me, and she knew that her husband had been killed without my telling her about it.

"When we had shook ourselves down in the boat and were beginning to be comfortable I says to her: 'This ain't the sort of yachting trip that is suited to you, ma'am; but it won't last long, and we must just make the best

"'It's heaven compared with that ship,' said she. 'This is the first happy moment I've known since we sailed from London.

"We didn't say any more for the next hour, and then she told me that she was used to steering a boat and that when I wanted to sleep she would take the tiller.

Toward night the snow stopped falling and the weather cleared off beautifus. The wind went down, too, and I told the men they might knock off rowing and turn in, and that the lady and I would look after the boat.

"It wasn't long before the men were asleep, and I was finding it pretty hard to keep my eyes open. All at once the woman says, 'Your name is Tom, isn't it?'

'That's what I was christened and that's the name in my discharges,'

"'My name is Mary,' she continued.
'I want you to call me Mary and I'll call you Tom. It's too ridiculous for shipwrecked people to go on calling one another Mr. This and Mrs. That.' 'Very good, ma'am,' says I.

"'And now, Tom,' said she, 'I want you to go to sleep. I'm not sleepy, and you are. Give me the helm and I'll call you if anything happens.'

'I'm not goin' to give you a regular log of every hour aboard that boat. We had pleasant weather for three or four days, by which time, I judged, we were fairly round the Horn, and

so I put her head to the nor'rard. "All that time we never saw a sail, and at the end of three days the biscuit was nearly all gone, so that we had come down to an allowance of

about an inch square for each man.
"Mary and I had got pretty well acquainted during the three days. You can't sit next to a good looking woman all day in an open boat and sleep with your head in her lap, and have her sleeping with her head on your shoulder without getting to know her middling well.

"I don't suppose there is any harm in my telling you that she regularly made love to me, and, what is the most curious part of the whole thing, she really meant it. Why, she proposed to me that after we were picked up and reached port we should be married.

"'Thank you, ma'am,' says I, 'for your good opinion, but the fact is I'm already married.

'But not to a woman that you have been cast away with in an open boat. Besides, I know you don't care for your wife, and if you don't care for me now you will in time."

"The fourth day the men turned out stiff and hungry and savage, and after talking a little while among themselves one of them spoke up and said that they had resolved that I should serve out the bottle of rum that I had kept hid in the stern sheets, and that after that they would let me know

what they intended to do. "'You shall have it,' said Mary. Wait a bit and I'll get the cork out." "So saying she turned her back to them and was busy with the bottle for minute before she handed it over to the men. 'I'm afraid,' she said, it may not agree with you, considering how little you've eaten, but if you insist on it I suppose you must have

"Within half an hour after the men had emptied the bottle they began to complain of terrible pains and pretty soon they were all rolling in the bottom of the boat in agony. Before night every blessed one of them was dead and Mary and I had hove them over

"I smelt the bettle and I smeld strychnine. How it got into the bottle I didn't know and I didn't try to know

"After that we were alone in the bont, and, considering there was only two of us, I was able to serve out enough biscuit every day to keep us from actual suffering, though, of course, we were always pretty hungry.

'Mary seemed as happy as a bird She sang to me and cooed around me and did her level best to make me love

"Two days after we were left alone I went to the breaker to draw some water and I found that it had nearly all leaked out. I found the leak and stopped it, but there wasn't more than a gill of water left in the boat,

'For the first time since we left the wreck the woman seemed to grow serlous and she asked me several times how long a man could live without water and how long we could make the gill of water last.

"I told her and then laid down for a nap. When I woke up I was lying on a pillow made of her shawl she used to wear around her shoulders. But Mary was gone and that's the last I ever heard of her.

"I understood in a minute what she had done. I had told her that perhaps one man might live on a gill of water for three or four days and she had gone overboard so as there should not be but one mouth to be wet with water. "Yes, as I was saving,g women are

a nulsance at sea, but when I saw that poor woman's shawl folded so careful under my head and saw that she was gone I wished that it had been me instead of her."-Boston Globe.

THE BABY WOULDN'T CRY.

How Edison Finally Secured the Phonographic Record of Its Woe.

Here is a story they tell over the teacupe in Orange, N. J., where Edison lives:

The phonograph came to the Edison laboratory and the first baby to the Edison home about the same time, and when the baby was old enough to say "Goo-goo" and pull the great inventor's hair in a most disrespectful manner, the phonograph was near enough to perfection to capture the baby talk for preservation among the family archives. So Mr. Edison filled up several rolls with these pretty inarticulations and laid them carefully away.

But this was not sufficient. The most picturesque thing about the baby's utterances was its crying, and the record of this its fond father determined to secure. How it would entertain him in his old age, he thought, to start the phonograph a-going and hear again the baby wails of his first-born.

So one afternoon Mr. Edison tore himself from his work and climbed the big hill leading to his house. He went in a great hurry, for he is a man who grudges every working moment from his labor. A Workman followed at his heels carrying the only pho-nograph that at that time had been sufficiently completed to accomplish really good results.

Reaching home and the nursery Mr. Edison started the phonograph and brought the baby in front of it. the baby didn't cry. Mr. Edison tumbled the youngster about and rumpled its hair, and did all sorts of things, but still the baby didn't cry. Then he made dreadful faces, but the baby thought they were funny, and crowed joyously. So back to the laboratory went Mr. Edison in a very unpleasant frame of mind, for the baby's untimely good humor had cost him an hour of work. The phonograph

But he did not give up. The next afternoon he went home again, and phonograph with him. But if the baby was goodnatured the day before, this time it was absolutely cher-There was nothing at all that its father could do that did not make the baby laugh. Even the phonograph itself, with its tiny, whirring wheels, the baby thought was meant for its special entertainment, and gurgled joyously. So back to work the inventor went again, with a temper positively ruffled. The next day and the next he tried it, but all to no purpose. The baby would not cry, even when waked suddenly from

sleep But to baffle Edison is only to inflame his determination, which, the way, is one of the secrets of his success. So at length, after much thought, he made a mighty resolve. It took a vast amount of determination on his part to screw himself up to the point of committing the awful deed. but he succeeded at last, and one morning when he knew his wife was down town, he went quietly home with the phonograph and stole into the nursery, where the baby greeted him with

customary glee. Starting the machine Mr. Edison ordered the nurse to leave the room. Then he took the baby on his knee and bared its chubby little leg. He took the tender flesh between his thumb and finger, clenched his teeth, shut his eyes tight and made ready toyes, actually to pinch the baby's leg. But just at the fateful moment the nurse peeped through the door, and perceiving the horrid plot flounced n and rescued the baby in the nick of time.

Mr. Edison breathed a mighty sigh of relief as he gathered up the phonograph and went back to the laboratory. He then gave up the project of phon-ographing the baby's crying.

But not long afterward he accomplished his purpose after all, and quite unexpectedly, too. As soon as the baby was old enough to "take notice" its doting mother took it down to the laboratory one sunny day, and when the big machinery was started a-roaring. the baby screwed up its face, opened its mouth and emitted a series of weeful screams that made Mr. Edison leap

"Stop the machinery and start the phonograph!" he shouted, the record of his baby's crying was 'theu and there accomplished .- New York Her-

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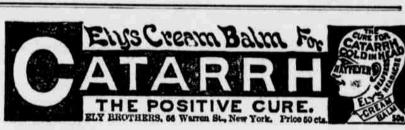
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