

## "Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

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It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. Even if I'm dead, Marie," she said, "joking me, I will come to thee at Christmas."

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that



"Yes, Yes; it's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fifteen blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hast a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart. In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed,

over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

"Two men were holding Marie now. I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the bronzed faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was Le Bretagne, they knew her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

### WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?



"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say—"

"Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't."

### TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

### News from the Settlement.

"We are not exactly happy on the way, but we are not too mean to shout 'Amen' when the rest of the world cries 'Halleluia!'"

"Just how the editor knew we had 'possum for dinner last Tuesday is more than we can tell, but he came just in the nick of time and dined with us."

"We have much for which to be thankful. We raise our own turkeys, but turkey for dinner is so common in our settlement that we sometimes forget to thank Providence for it."

"There is no news to speak of, except that we'll all build up this old country if we keep the saw in the log, and keep the sawdust flying."—Atlanta Constitution.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.

WALDRON, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Work with a Will.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### The Split Skirt.

Patience—I see half of the people call them sheath skirts, and the other half call them director gowns.

Patrice—Yes; I was sure there'd be a split about it.

### Every Woman Will Be Interested.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

### Picked His Studies.

"I understand your son is a hard student."

"Hard! Why his muscles are like 'em."

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds its brightness everywhere.—Pascal.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 2c package of Allen's Foot-Kase. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

A poor appetite is a good thing—for the boarding house keeper.

### LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

### OF TWO EVILS, ETC.

Youngster Evidently Had His Own Idea as to the Choice.

My neighbor, writes a correspondent, has four young sons, whom he and his wife duly lead to church every Sunday. Just as the sermon was about to begin last Sunday one of the boys was observed to look very uncomfortable, and, having explained the nature of his sufferings, was sent home. His younger brother, in an urgent whisper, demanded of his mother: "Where's Tom gone?"

"He's gone home."

"What for?"

"The mother whispered, low: 'He's got toothache.'"

And the lad, as he sat up to listen to the preacher, muttered, in a stage whisper: "Lucky dog!"

### AMONGST THE BULL-RUSHES.



Lazy Larry—Woof! Just to think, with all this wasted effort, I could have won the Marathon race!

### Sniffles and Nerves.

Keep to yourself during warm, nerve-irritating weather. It is related that an Atchison man and wife dearly love each other. She is a perfect lady, and apologizes when she says "shucks." But one night, when they were sitting on the porch, presumably enjoying the tender twilight, she suddenly picked up a stool and threw it at his head. "I am not insane," she said, calmly, when he turned a frightened gaze on her; "I am simply worn out by the manner in which you sniffle at the end of every sentence!"—Atchison Globe.

### Not Anxious at All.

"One word of our language that is almost always misused," said the particular man, "is 'anxious.' You will hear people exclaim how anxious they are to see a certain play, or anxious to get a new hat, or anxious to take a trip to Europe, when they are not anxious at all, but eager or desirous. If anxious were used only in the right place we wouldn't hear it half so often."

### Noble Gentleman, This.

"No, I do not believe in indiscriminate charity-giving. Whenever a beggar tells me he is starving I put him to the test before believing him. I tell him to come back in two days." "Well?"

"Well, if he comes back it's clear that he told a lie, so I refuse him. If it was the truth, he'd be dead."

A cheerful man is one who can present a smiling face to every turn of fortune, not one whose radiance disappears for trifles of vexation.—Leigh Smith.



If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

A. N. K.—C (1908—50) 2260.

### RECIPE FOR REAL TROUBLE.

Cheerfully Contributed to an Already Unhappy World.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the iron worker; and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the Boiler Makers' union began business.

There are three kinds of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real.

Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, the poorhouse, death, and the grave, carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner, or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turn the How-to-Be-Happy Philosopher, the Preacher of Physical Culture and the Apostle of Diet.—Puck.

### THE QUARREL.



Her—Why on earth did you ever marry me?

Him—Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks.

### No Deception.

"I bought some boom lots in a coast town. Feller wrote me the land might all be gone in a week if I didn't buy quick."

"That's an old dodge."

"But he told the exact truth. The ocean is carrying it off in chunks."—S. Louis Republic.

### A Solemn Responsibility.

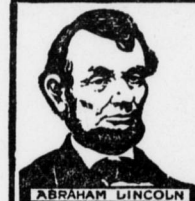
"It's easy to be gay and make people about you forget their troubles." "That's all you know about it," answered the professional comedian. "You never had a lot of people out in front wondering whether they were going to get their money's worth."

### Reducing Weight.

Racehorse Owner—"William, you are too heavy. Can't you take something off?" Jockey—"I'm wearing my lightest suit, and haven't tasted food all day." Owner—"Then, for goodness' sake, go and get shaved."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 20c a bottle.

A tiresome speech is apt to be a cheerless affair.



Are your shoes going down hill? They haven't lived up to the salesman's say-so. Take our say-so this time. Get stylish White House Shoes. They fit from tip to counter. From welt to top face, they meet the graceful shape of your foot. And they hold that shape.

### WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

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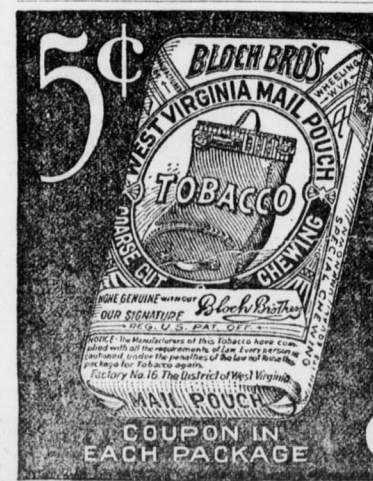
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