

ALL'S WELL WITH THE SHIP.

As the ship speeds beneath the silent sky,
O'er the vast expanse of the moonlit sea,
And one lies quiet listening dreamily,
How sweet it is to hear the watchman's cry:
"All's well—the lights are burning bright!"
And then to sleep in safety thro' the night.

When the ship fights her gallant, steadfast way,
Amid the sounds of tempest and of rain,
'Tis sweet to hear the watchman's voice again,
As one lies sleepless, longing for the day:
"All's well—the lights are burning bright!"
Ah, what a comfort in the stormy night!

Three lamps there are—Faith, Hope and Charity,
Which we may light to keep our souls from harm,
In our long voyaging through storm and calm;
And sweet it is, while on life's restless sea,
To hear the watcher, Conscience, in the night,
Whisper: "All's well—the lights are burning bright!"
—Mary E. Simms, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE LUMP OF COAL.

A Marine Episode That Thrills.

The cattle-boat Goshawk's midday sights had shown her to be in latitude 12 degrees 24 minutes south by 36 degrees 42 minutes west longitude, which meant that she was coming up to that dangerous collection of reefs and rocks known as the Abrolhos Shoals. The chart which covered them was from a French survey in 1861, and as any amount of unrecorded changes might have been wrought since then by that minute mason of the deep, the coral insect, Captain Grimshaw was very much on the qui vive so long as his ship was in the neighborhood. For, being a wise master-mariner, he depended but little on either the chart or the Abrolhos Light itself.

But if the captain did not fancy this particular patch of the sea for reasons relating to navigation, the third engineer did for purposes of his own. In short, he hoped to earn the ship's insurance money and a couple of hundred pounds for himself somewhere in the vicinity. It was an excellent prospect for a plausible story about the Goshawk running on some uncharted shoal and sinking as she backed into deep water. So when he was relieved of his half watch at 6 o'clock by the chief engineer, he went straight to the engine-room mess table for his tea, carefully forgetting his blue jacket where it hung on a rail on the forward side of the engine-room bulkhead. Having partaken hastily and sparingly of the bad tea and potato hash supplied, he turned into his own room, locked the door, and arranged a pair of trousers to hang so that one of the legs might cover the keyhole. Then he knelt, though not exactly in prayer, beside his sea chest, and proceeded to unpack it, till at length he reached a small wooden box with a sliding top. At first sight it did not appear why his hand should tremble a little as he pulled the lid aside and drew from its well-wadded cradle a very common-place lump of coal.

It was exactly like any other piece of coal about the size of a large fist—say the mate's—and it had all the jetty sparkle and shine of the newly broken article. The only difference between it and the other lumps in the bunkers was that \$200,000 worth and a few men's lives lay in its nascent possibilities.

On closer inspection, however, it revealed one little peculiarity, a little square projection such as any lady or gentleman who does not use a stem winder may see in his watch any night of the week. Tom Tudor's own watch key, which he now tried upon it to see if everything was in proper working order, fitted it exactly as a matter of fact.

"Another hour and it will be pretty nearly dark. That will be my time," he thought to himself with anything but a fenshish chuckle. As yet he was considerably removed from the villainous atque rotundus of a sanguinary fiction. Of a truth he was conscious at the moment of a curious sickness, a tickling in his stomach which not even the recent potato stew could account for. No, it was the thought of the coming appalling moment of flame and death—and the captain's daughter. Curse the captain's daughter! When he had entered into this nefarious contract with certain unnamable people at home, he had not counted on this disturbing element. That he, hard-hearted and hard-headed scoundrel as he was, should feel this immense tenderness for a pretty ailing girl, away with her father for a voyage on account of her health, was an aberration beyond all calculation. Was it love? It worried and pricked him, and it awakened old unwholesome chords in the atrophied sense of fitness which had been his conscience. Yes, it was love, and—bless Alice, the captain's daughter!

"If she hadn't been so hard on me last night I could never have done it," ran his thoughts, waking a fierce tenderness in his shallow, handsome face. "A touch of her hand and the Goshawk would have stemmed the Thames River again! Suppose the

ship sank in a couple of minutes, before they had time to lower the boats! There are sharks about! I don't mind sending an old fireman or a trimmer to hotter furnaces. But the flop of the brutes round her sweet body! It's horrible. I can't do it after all!"

He bent his forehead against the raised lid of his trunk. "But I'm talking meeting house rot. The cursed thing is calculated to give the ship half an hour. There'll be lots of time for everybody to get clear except the poor fellows who get blown to atoms from the stokehole. Then the weather's quiet, and we're right in the track of ships—certain to be picked up within forty-eight hours."

He dandled the black mass on his fingers. "Five turns of the key, and then five minutes before the explosion, every turn a minute! If I push the job through I'll never tackle another. By the powers I wish we were all safe in the boats!"

He replaced the grim handful of doom in its cradle again, replaced it in its box, and went up to the windy deck. The heat below laid a fiery hand on his throat and brain. A slice of young moon, with a few attendant stars, slowly climbed into luminance against the last ardors of the sunset, as he leaned moodily against the deckhouse.

How the miserly hour caught up its golden coin of minutes and fled! "Time-time, time-time, time-time," sang the watch bell monotonously soon. "It's got to be done!" he muttered between his set teeth, as he stepped unsteadily out of the moonlight along the engine-room passage, once more unpacked the fatal lump, turned the key five times, and with a flying heart descended the steam ladder to the engine-room, the bomb ticking in the loose breast of his shirt as he went.

"Hullo, Tudor. Forgot your jacket?" sang out the chief, as he stooped over the rails and tried the heat of his bearings.

"Aye," replied the third engineer, as he passed.

In the fierce tunnel of light from one of the open furnaces the nude stokers, and a trimmer piling forward the coal to them from behind, seemed like gnomes of some Eastern legend. Poor chaps! A chatter like the sound of a sewing-machine from the thing in his breast seemed to chant their requiem.

He slipped the black thing of evil below an end of one of the boilers, caught up his jacket and ran on deck. Under the shadow of one of the after lifeboats he stood, sick with terrible expectancy, awaiting the end with his gone! * * * Three!

Then a little figure in white came forward out of the darkness of the poopdeck. It was the captain's daughter.

"Is that you, Mr. Tudor?" she said, sweetly.

"Yes," he replied hoarsely. Three minutes and a half gone.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am for being nasty with you last night. I—I didn't mean it."

"Alice, Alice! Quick, for pity's sake. Can you love me even a little? Quick, quick!"

"What's all this hurry about, Mr. Tudor? Put that watch in your pocket. What a question!"

But in her face he saw something sweeter than the silver moonlight which revealed it. * * * Four minutes and a half!

With a bound he was in the passage again, slipped noiselessly past the chief, who did not see him, his back being turned, caught up the accursed thing under his jacket, and like a flash tore up to the deck again.

With all his strength he threw the Lump of Coal far into the dimpling sea, and sank on the deck, the perspiration running from every pore.

Then with a terrific rattling thunder an immense flower of fire arose out of the deep, a great, sudden billow snatched at the ship, heaved her aloft like a cork, and raced whitely away into the moonlit distances. Then all was still, save for the fretting and fuming of the sea as it slowly settled again.

The whole ship's company came peering on deck in a dazed state of alarm. The captain sprang on the bridge beside the mate and shouted some orders unheeded.

But nobody except the girl in white noticed the broken man lying prone in the shadow of the deckhouse.

Grimshaw's love persisted and was allowed the best opportunities for saving the soul of the third engineer.

HE LOST ALL.

Including that Winsome Creature the Lovely Birdy Jones.

It was the first perfect day of the glad springtime. The warm sun brightened the country landscape, and the odor of opening apple blossoms came upon the laden atmosphere. The lazy clouds floated dreamily in the sky overhead, chiefly because they could not go afoot nor on the trolley cars. The rural roads were smooth under the hammer of innumerable wheels, and Clarence Wheeler had stolen Birdy Jones from her laughing Soho home for a ramble on his '37 tandem among the highways of the township.

Stopping from their run, they rested beneath a big oak tree which overhung a wayside spring. Cowbells tinkled in the wood lot below the meadow, and little lambs with wobbly legs three sizes too big for them gambled on the short green grass. On a broad, flat stone that looked down upon the crystal water Birdy spread the lunch they carried in the tandem box, and Clarence brought water in a romantic can that had been found hard by.

The soft winds toyed with the girl's bleached tresses, which streamed over her face like a photographic picture of the west wind to illustrate Longfellow's poems. Her cheeks flushed with the vigor of exercise and robust health, and when the young man approached her from the spring his whole thought was centered upon the winsome beauty of the divine creature.

He sat down by her side. His soul drank in the charm of the picture. She looked up from the can of potted beef that she was opening, with a smile of confident approval on her young face. Suddenly her eye kindled and the rosy flush of young womanhood gave way to a ghastly pallor. Her lip curled in scorn. Her classic head was lifted in anger.

"Merciful heaven!" shrieked the young man. "Tell me, dearest girl, what is the matter?"

But she stepped back, and, striking the attitude that she had learned at the Soho amateur dramatic club, she pointed her finger at him and said in tones that would wither a load of hay:

"All is lost, Clarence Wheeler; you are sitting in the pie!"—Pittsburg Times.

An Expensive Lesson.

"My wife has a way of joggling my memory that I am hardly in sympathy with," said Smith, with a sorry smile, as he filed away his last month's gas bill.

"About a month ago, as I was preparing to come down town she handed me a letter with the injunction to be sure and mail it at the first mail box, that I came to. I promised, and put the letter away in my pocket."

"Now, don't forget," she called after me, 'as the letter is very important.'"

"I won't," I answered, and straight away proceeded to forget all about it.

"The other day I chanced to be going through my pockets when I was surprised by coming across the letter that my wife had given me to mail four weeks before. Remembering that she had said it was very important I glanced at it to see to whom it was addressed."

"I was thunderstruck to find that it was addressed to me. Thinking that my wife must have taken leave of her senses I tore it open and found a note that read thus:

"The gas is leaking in the basement. Please send a man up to fix it."

"I don't remember what I said when I charged home and found that the gas was still leaking, but all the satisfaction I got out of my wife was that she thought I would remember to post the next letter she gave me, and I believe I will."—Detroit Free Press.

The Fading of the Substance.

"John Billus, I found this photograph in the inside pocket of an old vest of yours hanging up in the closet I'd like an explanation. Whose is it?"

"Can't you see it's an old picture, Maria? What's the use of stirring up memories that—"

"I want to know whose picture that is."

"Rather a pleasant-faced girl, isn't she?"

Astonished.

"In Europe," remarked the indignant immigrant, "such a thing as a bathtub is unknown in the houses of the poor."

The indignant native stood aghast. "Why, where then, do they keep their coal in winter?" he demanded, incredulously.

"The fact is, necessity has made those foreigners more adroit in management than we are."

Discretion.

"So you think they'll send Oom Paul an ultimatum," said one diplomat.

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered the other. "It's a great deal safer than sending soldiers."—Washington Star.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The American locomotive seems to be crowding the American bicycle in the race for popularity with foreigners.

It is a good thing to consider the humble penny. One cent often can be made to do much good. The government should provide an abundance of small change.

As illustrative of the power of electricity and the press, how high would the peace conference be in the absence of the cable and the press?

What is wanted between the United States and Great Britain is, not an alliance, but a state of mind. The state of mind at present seems to be all right.

At the present rate of progress in railroad consolidation ten years hence, instead of having nearly fifteen hundred independent railroads, we will probably have two hundred, or a less number.

On the other side there is a universal wail over the great diminution of salmon in both English and Scottish rivers. In the meantime salmon were never so plentiful in the Columbia and other Pacific coast streams.

It has already come to pass that the woman who was related to the late war by marriage or any other way uses it as a point from which to date events. "That happened before the war," and "Since the war" are expressions that appear frequently in her conversation.

The first national census in 1790 cost less than \$50,000. The last one in 1890 cost \$11,200,000. It is understood that the census of 1900 will be rather more limited than the last one, and it is therefore estimated that it should not cost any more at least.

American superiority in every art is becoming recognized the world around. A somewhat embarrassing indication of the high appreciation awarded American skill is given in a dispatch from Sweden, which states that Swedish bank notes are being extensively counterfeited and that "the excellence of the counterfeit seems to prove that the plates were made in America."

Statistics presented recently to the English Board of Trade show that in Great Britain there were employed in 1891 1,748,954 women and girls as domestic servants, making that not only the largest women's industry, but the largest single industry for either men or women.

At a meeting of middle-class women of Athens, Greece, held recently, it was decided to ask Parliament to impose a heavy tax on all bachelors over forty years old. The passage of any such measure is said to be unlikely, for the Chamber has become the chief resort of well-to-do bachelors. Consequently the tax would hit them heavily.

After a convict has served out his time in the State prison of Maine and has donned the suit of clothes given to him by the State he is required to sit for his photograph, and it is kept for future use, should his subsequent career call for it. Heretofore only the picture taken upon commitment has been kept, and this has often been found of little avail in later years.

The Russian government has decreed that women having completed the necessary courses of study and obtained their diplomas shall have the right to practise as doctors with exactly the same status and rights as are accorded to men. This is a great event in a country where, up to the present, the emancipation of women has been a dead letter.

The Prussian Government is about to start sewing schools for the peasants, not the fancy needle-work school familiar in America, but glove sewing schools. It appears that while nearly \$1,000,000 worth of gloves are made in Breslau each year the gloves have to be sent to Austria and Belgium to be sewed, the German girls never having acquired the knack.

The automobile will be a public blessing if it succeeds in completely displacing horses in cities. There is a great deal of sentimental talk about the horse always having a place in the affections of man, but it will not weigh much against the fact that his disappearance from the streets will result in bettering the general health by making it possible to keep thoroughfares clean, and that there will be a material addition to comfort by rendering city stables unnecessary.

An English youth of fourteen years has beaten all the cricket records for batting. His name is A. E. J. Collins, and he is a slip of a lad who is at school at Clifton. His score for batting was 628, not out. It was a remarkable performance, and it required the youngster to bat seven hours. The highest batting score the famous Dr. Grace ever made was 400 runs, and up to young Collins's score the largest number of runs made by a single batter in a game was the 485 of Stoddart, a well-known player. It remains to be seen whether Collins is simply a "phenom" or the promise of a great cricketer.

The diet of Hesse, the diminutive German principality which has so long maintained a "mercenary" reputation, has just passed a measure requiring bachelors to pay twenty-five per cent more income tax than

married men. The learned councillors declare that this is not so much a penalty inflicted upon bachelorhood as a remission granted to married men. The home, they assert, is the unit of national life and bachelors can not have homes—only domicils. The men who incur the expense and labor of founding homes, and thus contributing to the well-being of the state by rearing future citizens, should, in the opinion of the diet, receive special consideration.

It seems that, after all, much of the public alarm as to the danger of the spread of tuberculosis through the drinking of milk is unnecessary. For some years the officials at the New Jersey experimental station have been observing several tuberculous cows, formerly part of the station's herd. When the animals reacted under the delicate tuberculin test they were not slaughtered, but were segregated and studied. They find that the milk from these cows has been tested and analyzed again and again, but that thus far no germs have been found in it. So that, from a scientific point of view, these cows have produced clean and healthful milk. One criticism on this achievement points out although no germs have been found in the milk, it is not safe to say that the milk has never contained any. The germs may be found in unsuspected corners, and in one milking and not in another. The testing apparatus, too, is not yet perfected. The general effect of these investigations, however, is to make the public much more comfortable as to its daily milk supply.

In common school education it is the woman and the mother who best understands the needs of the growing child, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Her intimate knowledge of child nature, her tender sympathy for the young, her comprehension of the methods by which the infant mind unfolds, her unflagging patience—in short, all those inherent qualities which, in maid or mother, may be classed under the head of the maternal instinct, best fit her to assume not only the direction of the education of youth, but to perform the actual work connected with it. On the score of patience alone, ninety-nine men out of every hundred are disqualified to serve as teachers in our common schools, and as a matter of fact, most young men turn from the vocation with repugnance, leaving women virtually in undisputed possession of the field.

It is customary to regard the North American Indian as in process of extinction, but when the subject is examined it is found that he holds his own, and shows with each census enumeration a healthy rate of increase. It is expected that in the coming one he will score a record of a quarter of a million, taking in all the tribes receiving Government support, and his numbers may reach three hundred thousand. In New York the remnant of the Six Nations exceeds ten thousand; at the West the Choctaws number over fifteen thousand, and the Creeks are not behind them, while the Cherokees, the most civilized of all, are the most numerous, showing census returns of more than thirty thousand. In general, the tribes, instead of diminishing, exhibit a rate of increase not differing materially from that of the white population around them. The Indian thus survives the buffalo, which was a chief element in his support for unknown ages, and bids fair to wander down the aisles of time as long as Uncle Sam is willing to support him. Ethnologically, industrially and morally he is, with few exceptions, just about where he was, and the rational expectation is that he will stay there.

Boiling Eggs to a Hymn. Bishop Paret of Baltimore some time ago was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia, says the Penny Magazine. Learning from the Bishop that he liked hard boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself.

While so engaged she began to sing the first verse of the well known hymn, "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second verse, the Bishop, who was in the dining room, joining in. When it was finished, there was silence. The lady herself came into the room a few minutes later, carrying the eggs, and the Bishop remarked:

"Why not sing the third verse?"

"The third verse?" she replied. "Oh, that's not necessary."

"I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret.

"Why, you see, Bishop," she replied, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft boiled and two for hard boiled."

Progress of the New Women. It is getting to be no unusual sight to see a woman seated in a boot-black's chair having her shoes shined. That has been one of the things that men do that she has been slow about trying. It would seem that the one person in the city who must feel conspicuous is the one who is occupying a big armchair while the crowds are pressing in the street. The woman who sits thus by the side of the walk to have her tan shoes polished always has a companion with her. Even the bravest of women doesn't go alone and read her paper.—New York Sun.

In seven years' time, if the present programme is carried out, the Mikado will have at his disposal sixty-five ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 233,000; eleven torpedo-boat destroyers and 115 torpedoes-boats. The latter boats will have a speed of thirty knots an hour.

JOKERS' BUDGET.

His Pleasant Outing. I walk abroad with radiant face,
I drink the mellowed air,
I smile at Nature's winsome grace
And all her beauties rare.

What is it smoothes my usual frown
And bids the blues to go?
I've left my creditors in town—
They can't afford to go.
—New York World.

Quite Apparent. Mattie—I want you to know I don't stand on trifles.
Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.—Chicago News.

A Sure Way. "I am just thinking how I can encourage my boy to cut out a name for himself."
"Give him a sharp knife and a school desk."—Chicago News.

Pleasing Qualities in Men. "Which suitor are you going to accept, Clarissa?"
"I can't decide, to save me, ma, which I like best—Harry is so timid, and Jack is so persistent."—Puck.

His Good Reason. Tom—I guess I'll resign my position with you, sir.
His Employer—But why do you want to do that when you are about to be married?
Tom—Because it's your daughter that I'm about to be married to.

Will Be the Master. Miss Passe—I'll feel sorry for the man who marries that horrid Miss Ginger. She's got a will of her own.
Miss Pert—Oh, you needn't waste sympathy. She's engaged to a lawyer, and it'll be strange if he can't break it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Dead Loss. Friend—I presume you physicians learn to look upon death quite calmly.
Doctor—No, we can never do that. You see, there is no more money to be got from a patient after he is dead.—New York Journal.

Compulsory Art Injustice. A Visitor—How fond your husband must be of having his portrait painted?
Doctor's Wife—No—he hates it; but those eleven pictures of him you see were made by grateful patients who couldn't pay their bills.—Detroit Free Press.

Putting On Airs. Her Particular of Yung Man—Why, you don't seem to have any appetite, Miss Edith!
Her Brother—Oh, ain't she, though! You should have seen her at breakfast this morning wolfing up the cold sausages.—Ally Sloper.

Following the Advice. "Hannah," exclaimed the mistress, "what do you mean by putting all your money into mackintoshes, galoshes and umbrellas?"
"Wasn't it yer own advice, mum, that I put away all I could for a rainy day, mum?"—Detroit Free Press.

Simply Unaccountable. Mother—What! he says you make him sick? That is both brutal and vulgar.
Daughter—Yes; and I haven't cooked him anything but chafotte ruses and cream puffs and jelly tarts ever since we were married.—Judge.

Retiring. First Reporter—I've begun this political statement by saying that it is on the authority of a person of the first importance.
Second Reporter—Why not give his name?
First Reporter—I'm too modest.—Puck.

Like Its Father. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby is trying to talk again. It's wonderful how he takes after you!"
"What was he talking about?"
"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be."

Injustice. "It's an unmitigated libel," exclaimed the Filipino.
"What's the matter?"
"This writer says we have a lazy climate. 'I'll leave it to any unprejudiced thermometer maker and germ expert to decide if we haven't one of the most industrious climates in the entire gazetteer.'"—Washington Star.

A Query. "I should think the fire-fly would get tired lighting his lamps every minute," said little Harry.
"But he doesn't—he's very patient and persistent," replied Harry's mother.
"That may be, mamma," said little Harry, "but where does he carry all his matches?"—Harper's Bazar.

Her Mistake. "Are you afraid to go down stairs and look for that burglar?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Certainly not. I am perfectly willing to go and look for him. But, Henrietta, I'm afraid you have been making a mistake with me all these years. You ought to have developed my conversational powers more. After I find the burglar I won't know what to say to him. You'll have to stand at the head of the stairs and do the talking."

The Inadequacy of Statistics. "To prove my love," he cried, desperately, "let me tell you during how many weeks I have scarcely closed my eyes in sleep, during how many days I have eaten only—"
Here, with an imperious gesture, she waved him to silence.

"Statistics prove nothing!" she said. Ah, but what a cold dictum! It was like an icicle plunged into his throbbing heart!—Detroit Journal.