

OUTWARD BOUND.

By Clinton Scollard.
When the veil of gloom was drawn
From the brooding breast of the sea,
Out of the damask of dawn
A heartening wind slipped free.

When the canvas was unfurled
Our boat seemed a living thing;
And into the vast sea-world
It leaped as a bird takes wing.

The foam flew, flake on flake,
And the ripples raced by our side;
And the bubbles danced in our wake,
"All of them rainbow-eyed."

The gulls, the clouds, and the spray—
The brotherly ancient sun—
The great blue bosom of day—
We claimed them as kin each one!

Doubt grew but a wraith outworn;
We had never an enemy;
We were part of the vital morn,
And the gray eternal sea.

Care, and the world's dark wiles—
They were as a cast-off theme;
We were bound for the Fortunate Isles
And the beckoning Coasts of Dream.

—Collier's Weekly.

"B G Q."

His Unique Proposal Was Understood
When She Had Learned the Code.

The first mate of the bark Eda, of Aberdeen, walked briskly up the main street of Lerwick, his feet wide apart, as though there was need to balance himself.

The Eda had encountered a head wind and very dirty weather coming up the channel, and it takes the smartest sailor a month or two on land to realize that cobble stones and pavements do not roll.

Half way up the street he turned off and stopped before one of the small gray stone houses. A woman sat with her back to the window knitting a white shawl with marvelous rapidity.

Will Allen watched her for a few minutes. Her fair hair, knotted neatly, her broad back and nimble fingers had a cheerful, friendly sort of look to the casual passerby, but an expression of doubt crept into Will's bronzed face.

"I'll never say it," he muttered, "I'd best go straight up to mother's."

He was turning back into the main street, when a small boy, swinging his satchel on the way home from school, accosted him.

"Why, it's Will Allen back again! That's grand! Have you brought me anything this time, Will? Jeannie, Jeannie, here's Will Allen back!"

Jeannie looked up from her knitting as the boy dragged the half-reluctant Will into the little kitchen.

"Why, Will," she said, "how's all with you? I saw the Eda was safe in Aberdeen, but we did not expect you here just yet! Your mother must be pleased to have you back."

Will made no reply beyond an inarticulate sound, which might mean yes or no. He sat and solemnly stared with his clear sailor eyes at Jeannie as she put away her work and made preparations for tea.

She chatted gaily all the time, giving him various pieces of Lerwick news—of the births and deaths and marriages which had taken place since his departure ten months ago. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "You're still single, Jeannie?" But there the words stayed.

"Man," he said solemnly that night to a reflection of his handsome, wind-roughened face in the small glass in his mother's parlor, "didn't I tell you you'd never say it?"

The Eda made a quick run south on her next voyage. During the dog-watch one evening, when nothing was doing, and the youngest apprentice could be trusted with a wheel that required no turning, the mate picked up the book containing the code of signals which the captain had left on the deck and idly turned the leaves.

Suddenly the boy at the wheel was startled by seeing the usually impassive first officer throw down the book and beat his leg with a look of glee.

"Man, man, that'll do it!" he exclaimed aloud. Then his professional instincts aroused by a puff of wind on his cheek, he made the boy keep awake, and went for'ard.

Jeannie was half expecting him a few months later when the step, well known, though rarely heard, sounded with more decision than usual on the flagstones outside. The Eda had been five weeks in Aberdeen and it was time the mate had his holiday.

"Come right in!" she called. "I've an order to finish tonight, so sit down and tell me all the news."

But, of course, it was Jeannie herself who supplied the news as her quick fingers finished the delicate web of fine wool, which was fit to adorn the queen's shoulders.

Will sat and looked at her in silence as usual, but a broad smile on his face was not so familiar, and once or twice he passed his great rough hands over his mouth as though something that might otherwise burst out must be suppressed.

It was easier to chuckle over to himself, though, than to utter, and habit was so strong that Will had said "Good night" and left the house without giving vent to his feelings. With a great effort, however, he thrust his head in at the door again.

"B G Q, Jeannie?" he said—"B G Q?" And, leaving her thoroughly mystified, he turned up the street.

He met her the next morning out marketing, carried her basket, and walked home by her side without a word. On the doorstep, instead of bidding her good day, he gave utterance again to the mystic letters:

"B G Q, Jeannie?"

"What ever do you mean with your B G Q, Will Allen? It puzzled me all last night. B Q stands for bark, but the G beats me."

Will looked exceedingly foolish, and hurried away.

What could he mean? B G Q didn't spell anything—could not be the beginning of a word. What did the letters mean?

That Will Allen loved her was a matter of no doubt; that he would tell her so seemed unlikely; and Jeannie, with Jamie yet on her hands, and the beridden mother upstairs, had no thought to spare from her knitting for matrimony.

Jamie was doing well at school. One evening, with his schoolbooks, he brought a stout, weather-beaten volume, which he studied with great diligence while Jeannie got tea. There were colored plates at the beginning, and Jeannie came to look over her brother's shoulder and see what was interesting him so deeply.

The colored plates were flags of all nations, and part of the alphabet depicted in flags according to the signal code.

"There's a new code just out," Jamie explained, "with more letters than in the old one, and there are new flags, too. Capt. Blackie has only this old book, but what flags are here are all right. I've learned a lot of them. Please hear me, Jeannie. I want to know them by heart."

Jeannie took the book and Jamie stood up as if repeating a lesson.

"I can't say them as they come yet, Jeannie; but I'll just tell you those I know. M is one with a white cross, and N blue and white squares. B is plain red with two points and Q is just plain yellow. T is—T is—Let me have the book again, Jeannie."

"Better learn your school tasks first, Jamie lad; then you can look at this till bedtime."

She laid down the book and was taking up her knitting, when a thought struck her.

"B is all red with two points, and Q is just plain yellow." Could there be some explanation here of Will Allen's mysterious letters? She opened the book. Yes, G was among the letters in the code—yellow and blue, pennant shape.

Further on came explanations of the multifarious combinations of flags. A long, long list, with the number of all ships, and the flags to correspond. She found Eda. M B H S was the signal for her number, and Jeannie looked up the flags to correspond.

Then she began looking through the list of short sentences likely to be needed at sea, with their code letters.

"Report all well." "Provisions running short, can you send stores?" and so forth.

"Send clothing for female passengers." It wouldn't be much use asking for that on most ships, Jeannie thought.

Then her heart gave a great bound. She had come to the page where suitable conversations for ships going the same way were coded.

"B G Q—Shall we keep company?" Jeannie felt a little inclined to laugh, and more than a little inclined to cry.

Poor old Will! So this was what he had struggled to tell her. Silly, silent Will! Why couldn't he speak up like a man? But there was a tender gleam in her gray-green eyes as she sent a thought over the sea to the mate of the Eda.

That was an eventful year. Old Mrs. Mack died in February, and Jamie went to sea in the spring. The captain of the Eda had retired, and the owners offered his place to the first mate.

Jeannie saw that the Eda was safe in Aberdeen, but she heard nothing of Will Allen, and did not know what extra business was keeping him away from Shetland.

She was knitting with slow fingers and an unusual drop of the shoulders on the evening when Will Allen's step sounded outside. He looked well and prosperous in a new serge suit, but he seemed no more talkative than usual.

"Why, Jeannie lass!" was all he said to express his sympathy with her trouble and losses; but as she knew it was sympathy, the simple words were enough to make Jeannie tell about her grief and relieve her mind.

She never felt the need of words from Will, except those three which no woman can say for herself.

He got up presently, overcome with the desire to tell her all his love and yearning, and take her into his arms; but the words refused to be uttered. Tomorrow, perhaps—

"Good evening, Will," Jeannie said, with the suggestion of a sob in her voice.

She had meant to tease him about his mysterious letters when he came again, but she hadn't the heart.

He reached the door, gripped the post and made a desperate effort to speak.

"Why, Jeannie, lass—" Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; but the words would not come—only those signal words, which she could not understand.

"B G Q?" They seemed such a good joke before, and now were like a straw for him to cling to in the waves of his own silence.

Jeannie looked up and smiled.

"Yes; if you wish it, Will," she said. He stared at her, and advanced into the room again.

"How did you know?"

"Jamie was reading Capt. Blackie's signal book, and I found the letters there."

words, and thought they might help me to explain, but they didn't last year."

It was Jeannie's time to be silent, and Will spoke again.

"I'm captain of the Eda, Jeannie," he said, "and I must get back to Aberdeen tomorrow. She sails in a fortnight; but, Jeannie lass, the owners will let me take my wife."—Answers.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

Their Advantages Set Forth in a Convincing Manner.

Cugnot, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, built the first automobile, and it was propelled by steam power. It is interesting to note at this time that in America at least the steam automobile is the one most widely used. The principal reason for this is that a light steam carriage can be built for a low price, has the power to run very rapidly and to climb hills with a facility which is denied gasoline motors of many times the horse power.

Steam carriages can be run long distances, and are often used for touring, the radius of action being dependent only on the size of the gasoline tank, water being obtainable anywhere. The bugbear of obtaining water and the inconvenience of using bad water has never hurt the steam automobile in any way. It is certainly little inconvenience to stop occasionally and replenish the water tank.

The fact that this has to be done every thirty or forty miles may seem an inconvenience to those who wish to use an automobile for long-distance touring, but when the remarkable hill-climbing power of the steam carriage is taken into consideration, its ease of manipulation and the freedom from noise and vibration, it would seem that the necessity of occasional stops for water could hardly be called a drawback, in view of such remarkable advantages as have just been indicated.

This year has seen considerable use of the gasoline carriage, and it is really very difficult to say why it has not been used more before. The gasoline carriage has much to recommend it, being particularly suitable for long distance touring at high speed. This demand for gasoline cars has led some people to believe that it was coincident with the so-called dropping off in demand for steam cars, but this is not the case. There undoubtedly has been a falling off in the demand for steam carriages as they were built two or three years ago. Such troubles as buyers of steam carriages had with these machines was not due to any limitations of steam as a motive power for automobiles, but was undoubtedly caused by mechanical defects and lightness of construction, both of which matters have been entirely overcome in the steam carriages now on the market.

The principal advantages of steam carriages are as follows: Entire absence of any noise or vibration; moreover, the steam carriage does not leave behind it a trail of odor of burnt gasoline or lubricating oil; great ease of control, making the carriage very suitable to run in crowded localities; great hill-climbing powers, and last, and perhaps most important of all, storage of a large amount of reserve power which can be drawn on in case the carriage has to be operated over a very bad stretch of road—for instance through heavy sand or mud, conditions which are occasionally met with in a long run.

In other words, a light steam carriage can surmount these difficulties easily; such difficulties as would be trying to a very much more highly powered gasoline engine. It is true that a steam carriage cannot keep this up, but it can keep it long enough to pull out of a deep mud hole or plough through a bad stretch of sand. This flexibility of the steam carriage is what makes it so good for all-round work, and there are now thousands of owners of steam carriages in the United States who are using their carriages for all-round purposes, city work and touring as well. This is probably the reason why steam carriages have sold so largely and have been so popular.—Mail and Express.

A Model Utopia.

Ten miles southwest of Findlay, Ohio, lies the peaceful hamlet of Mount Cory. It is a model utopia of righteousness, according to The Kansas City Star. Seventy-five houses compose the village, and seven of them are occupied by preachers of the Gospel. No saloons are there. In the winter the residents swap yarns by the side of the friendly stove in the corner grocery, and in summer they whistle hickory sticks and cut their initials into the soft pine of the store boxes. There is a Mayor, but no brawlers are ever brought before him, and his chief labors are those of a notary or uniting two souls whose lives have flowed into the course of the other. Years ago there was a calabose, but now the hut is used as a village pound.

What Man's Body Contains.

A handful of sugar.
Enough salt to provide a dinner party.
Enough gas to fill a gascometer of 3640 feet.
Enough iron to make five carpet tacks.
Enough carbon to make 9260 lead pencils.
Phosphorus enough to make 8964 boxes of matches.
Enough hydrogen to fill a balloon that would lift himself.
There is enough fat to make from four to eight pounds of candles.—New York Journal of Health.

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Matter there was in abundance, for English-speaking peoples are eloquent, but the best, only the best, the great, the brilliant, the worthy to endure, has been the guiding rule of Mr. Reed and his colleagues. Their editorial labors have been immense. While libraries and dusty files were being delved into in a hundred places—while famous men were putting into manuscript their brain children—while reminiscence, repartee and story were being reduced to type, and speeches, addresses, and lectures, which money could not buy, were in friendship's name being offered, Mr. Reed was preparing for this work, his most ambitious contribution to literature—his piece de resistance—"The Influence and the History of Oratory." Prof. Lorenzo Sears, beloved and honored in many lands for his critical and contributory work in literature, was writing "The History of After-Dinner Speaking." So with Champ Clark, Edward Everett Hale, Senator Dolliver, and Hamilton Wright Mable—each was producing a special contribution, which of itself is a gem of thought, a monument to research, study, and observant experience.

Whatever the viewpoint, this work is without precedent. It has no predecessor, no competitor. Speeches that have been flashed

across continents, lectures that have been repeated over and over again to never-tiring audiences (but never published), addresses that made famous the man, the time, and the place—these are brought together for the first time, and with them a large number of the wittiest sayings of the wittiest men of the nineteenth century.

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He Caught the Horse

Chicago Chauffeur Utterly Unable to See Humor of Most Amusing Situation.

This story might be called "The Mishaps of F. C. Greene and His Devil Machine." At any rate, it's a true one, and is the chief topic of conversation at the Chicago Automobile club.

Several days ago Mr. Greene, who is a prominent member of the club, took a young woman relative over to Michigan to show her just how the much-maligned "devil wagon" worked. They were riding along on a country road when an old horse which was tethered beside the driveway took fright at the machine, broke loose from the rope that held it, and ran away. A farmer who had been sitting near the horse rose up and denounced the chauffeur. Mr. Greene laughed at him and sped away.

That afternoon he returned by the same road, and when he approached the spot where the horse had been frightened the farmer stood blocking the way with a shotgun.

"Get out of that thing or I'll fill ye full of lead," commanded the farmer. Mr. Greene's relative began screaming. The farmer leveled the weapon and cocked it. Mr. Greene got out of the auto.

"Now, then," said the agriculturist, "I ain't succeeded in ketching that

these horse yet. Maybe you kin de better'n me. He's brown'n round on that there hill over yonder. You go git him, an' I'll feller you with this gun. It's a new gun, by the way, an' ain't likely ter miss fire." Mr. Greene protested that he knew nothing about capturing horses and offered to pay the man whatever damage he thought had been done him, but the farmer wouldn't listen to any propositions, and so the chauffeur had to start out after the horse.

For two hours he pursued the animal over hills and into valleys. It was dark when he finally caught it, and by that time he was the angriest automobilist in Michigan. He hastened back to Chicago, told the members of the club of his adventure, and they agreed that the farmer ought to be prosecuted.

The next day a delegation of automobilists went over to Michigan, procured the farmer's name, and then had him arrested, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. A justice of the peace fined him \$25. The agriculturist tried to beg off, pleading that he had imbibed too much whisky on the day his horse was frightened, but the justice ruled that drunkenness was no excuse for insulting an automobilist.

TO ADORN FAIR WOMEN.

Ostriches Deprived of Their Feathers in Painful Way.

Ostrich feathers are plucked for market as follows: A man carefully examines the flock and picks out those birds whose feathers are ripening, groups them in so that they can not run about and injure their beautiful plumage. When the plucking time comes each bird is enticed into a narrow, dark passageway. The entrances are then closed and the bird thus imprisoned. A cloth bag is thrown over the creature's head. Then the plucking begins. Three men, perched upon platforms outside of the pen, reach over the board enclosure, and with various scissor-like appliances pluck off the feathers. Whenever wounds a bird may receive are immediately dressed. The tail feathers are pulled and not cut, simply because they reproduce better than other feathers of the ostrich. While the plucking is in progress the ostrich keeps up a dismal roaring. Were it not for the stanch construction of the pen the creature would kick the boards into splinters.

Would Reform Calendars. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer and social reformer, has introduced a bill in the French chamber of deputies for the rationalizing of the calendar. He wants the year to start with the vernal equinox and to consist of 364 days. The odd day he wants to make a fete day independent of the year. The object of the reform is to make the same dates recur on the same days of the week year after year.

Bicycle Still Popular in France. The bicycle craze shows no abatement in France. Good roads have kept the wheel from falling into oblivion. True, there are not so many wheels seen on the boulevards and parks, but in the country the wheeling tourist is as promiscuous as ever. At the seaside and summer resorts the wheel is still the favorite method of locomotion.

Dogs as Collectors. "Collecting dogs" are popular just now in England for gathering money for charitable purposes. The Royal Berks hospital has recently been enriched to the extent of nearly \$50 in

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