

TABLES TURNED.

I have never been a whaling whaler; I have never cut the blubber from the monster of the deep; But I've tender recollections of those days in boyhood's spring When mother did the whaling and I blubbering.

—The Lyre.

The Rule of the Road.

The cargo steamer Amphion was drumming through the fog off Tillamook Head on the Oregon coast. The skipper was stamping back and forth on the bridge, volubly imprecating disenthornement on the weather god. Now and then he put his hand irresolutely on the lever of the engine room telegraph, which pointed, in spite of rules and regulations, to "Full Speed." Once or twice he addressed a question to the third officer. The latter refused to commit himself. Finally his superior glanced at the clock under the hood, listened for an answer in the night to the bellow of the siren, and said: "I guess we'll let her go. If we can keep up the gait we can make Astoria by the morning tide, and there's no shipping to be afraid of tonight. Half speed's all right for the lower coast, but up here there's no need of losing time that way."

From the note of indecision in the captain's voice the third mate thought that encouragement was wanted. But he stared into the blind haze that hid from view the very wash from the cutwater, and only grunted.

"I don't see why we shouldn't hit her along," the skipper went on irascibly. "We aren't more than a good thirty from the light, and when we get off there we can slow down and crawl in by daylight. I ain't a coward to lay her to when there's no need." "Shall I keep her at full speed?" the mate asked.

"Well, I wouldn't slow down yet awhile. Maybe if it gets much thicker, and I ain't on the bridge, you better let her down to half speed. Just tell the engineer to drop her a couple of revolutions."

The watch officer nodded. He had served on several seas, and it was no new thing in his experience for a conscientious captain to put his telegraph at half speed, or even dead slow, and warn the engineers not to obey too literally. It can't be done any more, for the new telegraph marks revolutions and must tally with the indicator on the engines. The mate did not like the look of the night, and the perils marked on the chart rose before him distinctly. But he understood quite well a young master's anxiety to get into port on time, and moreover he told himself that if they ran down anything it wasn't his fault. So he nodded again, and walked over to the speaking tube.

The chief engineer answered him from the working platform. "Captain says when he rings to slow to half speed, just to drop her a couple," came the drawing voice of the third mate.

The chief looked up at the dial where the indicator pointed steadily at full speed ahead. "All right," he replied.

"The skipper's keeping her going in this fog," suggested the assistant engineer.

"Yes, he wants to get in. It's pretty thick weather to be steaming a good twelve."

"Bad coast, too," continued the assistant, flitting his lamp into the champing eccentric well.

"It's always the way with youngsters," the chief responded acidly. "They don't like to lose time by rules. Petersen's all right, so he thinks, but he hasn't been on this coast as long as I have, or he wouldn't be driving her in this muck. He's always throwing it up to me that I ain't the skipper, so I reckon I'll make no fuss if he is trying to hit the Amphion through contrary to rules."

"Well," said the other, glancing up at the dial, "if anything happens, all we've got to say is, 'It was orders from the bridge. That telegraph won't lie. Shall I ease her only a couple when he signals half speed?'"

The gray-haired engineer put his hand on his subordinate's shoulder. His voice rose above the whirr of the dynamo and the clank of the main pump. "That isn't orders," he said. "Our orders are on that dial there. If that says half speed, by Jiminy Cripps, half speed it is."

"Then no talk from the deck goes, sir?"

"Take your orders from the telegraph, when it's working," the chief responded. "If it isn't working, then the speaking tube will do."

An hour later the Amphion was still beating away through the big, oily seas, the fog streaming away from her bows to swirl back and across the yellow glare of the deck lights before piling up in a murky wall astern. The captain kept watch with his mate on the bridge. The engine room telegraph stood at full speed. Down below in the engine room the third engineer went quietly about his work, while his chief stood on the working platform under the huge steam valve, smoking his pipe.

After his rounds, the assistant came across and stood by the old man's side. "It's an awfully dirty night," he said. "In the stoke room you can see the fog pouring down the ventilators like steam. Strikes me the skipper is running big risks."

"Yes, he's reckless tonight. I'm pretty well used to young chaps with hot-headed notions, but the older he grows the less I like the captain who boasts in port that he never went half speed. Sooner or later he gets a lesson. Sometimes the engine room pays for it. Mostly, I might say."

The younger resumed his rounds through the machinery, his light hand on a bearing, a swift touch on a driving rod, a squirt at an oil cap, a turn on a valve. The swerving bedplates, the thundering cylinders far above, the clacking pumps, the whirling shaft sang about him as he went. Suddenly the steady roar of the huge engines was dulled. The hard pressed thrust blocks ceased their shrill cry. The plunging piston rods slowed up. With a sigh the engine room took up the lower boat of half speed. But the assistant hand noticed one strange thing. He quickly joined his chief, and looked at the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed as it had for the last hour. The elder man answered his inquisitive glance with a low "I don't know what the deck means."

Before another word was said, there came a slow, sucking lift; the Amphion rolled over till the lanterns dimmed. She recovered with a surge, and as the chief engineer wrenched the steam valve shut, the plates beneath their feet bulged upward. A moment of tense straining in the still machinery, and then, as if freed from some elastic bond, the steamer leaped forward again. There was the sharp clang of a door, and a stoker pushed his sweaty face above the grating with a cry. But the old engineer threw the steam into the cylinders again, and the engines throbbed in response. "The propeller's still there," he cried, shutting off steam once more.

The third assistant was gazing at the telegraph dial. The indicator had not moved. With an oath he snatched a pair of nippers from the rack and thrust the claws up into the wires behind the face. Then he turned in blazing triumph to his superior. "He shan't put her over at half speed now," he shouted, "and then tell the inspectors that it was us that kept her driving."

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a jolt threw them to the plates, and as they scrambled up again the Amphion seemed to crumple up under them. Then with the screeching of riven plates and drawing rivets, the steamer settled on the reef. A breaker flung itself in thunder against the side, and the spray fell like rain through the skylight. The sharp clang of the gong filled the engine room. "That was the half speed bell," said the chief, dully, in the lull that followed the rattling boom. His assistant, while the awakened engineers of the other watches peered curiously through the darkness with eyes still heavy from sleep, caught up a lantern that was still burning, and threw its beam on the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed to full speed ahead. "I knew he'd try it, and I fooled him!" he cried.

In the turmoil that followed, while stoker and other and engineer fled from the water babbling waist high, the chief gathered up his own log book, and carefully tore it up. The fragments he cast on the foamy brine that rose about his engines. "I ain't going to fight unfair," he muttered.

On the bridge of the wrecked Amphion the crew huddled cheerlessly. The slow streaming seas that emerged from the fog and night to windward broke heavily on the submerged hull, and the spume ran in rivers from mast and stanchion. "I had the engine room telegraph at half speed," said the captain, white faced, "and I've got it down in the log that we slowed down as soon as we got into the fog. I guess that'll satisfy the inspectors that I've done all right, and we'd not ha' run out of our course unless the engine room had disobeyed orders and kept her full speed."

The third assistant pushed forward and stared at the captain with open mouth. Then he shook his fist wildly. "That ain't so," he bawled. "I know yer tricks! I got witness down below! Ye don't lose me my papers that way! Anybody with two grains of sense'll know this old hooker couldn't pile up this high on any half speed. I tell ye, ye don't lose me my papers!" He turned round to his fellows of the engine room. "What does the telegraph down there read?" he yelled.

The old engineer, rubbing between his palms the omnipresent badge of his authority, a bit of cotton waste, gazed at the pallid master of the wreck, and shared his shame. With a gesture, he silenced his shrieking men, and bullied the third mate with his eyes. "I was on watch tonight with my assistant," he commenced, harshly. "I am responsible for this. I've lost my engine room log, but it was my orders that kept her driving. It was all my doings and I guess I'm old enough to stand by it. To thunder with the rules of the road! Let's play this fair."

"But—" began the third assistant with a cry.

"Shut up!" bellowed his chief. The yellow lanterns on the tilted bridge flickered in the wind, but their unsteady flames were not more wavering than the eyes of the captain. "I put her over to half speed," he said, shrilly, laying his wet hand on the brass, "but it mightn't have registered in the engine room. You see—"

"We must play fair," interrupted the chief engineer, loudly. The men crowded closer about him, their oilskins rustling in the darkness. "We must play fair," said the old man, glibly. "The Amphion's piled up here, and some one's got to lose his papers. I ain't been friendly with the skipper, and I just naturally kept her driving, boys. It's my fault, my fault, boys, and I guess I'm up against it. That telegraph says half speed, and I kept her full speed, contrary to orders."

The young skipper turned away his

face and picked up a lantern that swung steaming from the rail. Raising it up he scanned the faces that surrounded him. Slowly the lantern fell with his arm. He threw out his hand and caught the lever of the telegraph. With a jerk he threw it back and then forward to full speed ahead. The clang of the bell came up from the half drowned engine room and tinkled, a fading echo, in the fog.—San Francisco Argonaut.

ROBBED A WOLF OF HIS PREY.

Lumber Clerk Sees the End of the Brute's Chase for a Deer.

While traveling along the Ouita cougan Lake, in the Northern pine country, writes the Lachine (Canada) correspondent of the New York Sun Oscar White, a clerk employed by a lumber firm, saw the method and the end of a murderous deer hunt.

At right angles to the provision road on which he was traveling ran the well-beaten way along which the saw logs were drawn to the river-side. Down this icy track came a beautiful deer, followed by a single gaunt gray timber wolf.

The deer would bound along for a few score yards at an amazing rate of speed, and then stop to listen and look about, whereas the tireless pursuer kept up the same steady pace in the most confident and business-like manner.

When about a quarter of a mile from the side of the lake the deer slackened his pace to a trot before coming to a dead stop. The crafty wolf had made a tremendous spurt. The deer seemed neither to see nor hear its pursuer, owing perhaps to a winding of the road and to the fact that the wind was dead against it.

In an instant the wolf seemed to spring some dozen feet or so through the air and fasten upon the deer's flank. A moment's gallant struggle and the deer was dragged down and its butcher was devouring its hind quarters without waiting to destroy its life.

White had reached the intersection of the roads just before this, and rushed his horses to the scene. He was without firearms, but the wolf sneaked off on one side through the snow from the still breathing body as the team approached. With a blow of his axe White put the suffering creature out of its pain. Then he managed to drag the carcass on to his sleigh.

The wolf, which was squatting dog fashion within ten yards of him, lifted up its ugly muzzle and set up a tremendous howl as White did this, but made no attempt to come to close quarters with him. White, enraged at the impudence of the brute, swung his axe around his head and let it fly at the wolf. His aim was true, but the wolf was wary and dodged in time, although the axe handle struck its hind leg with sufficient force to send it away yelping.

After recovering his weapon the man went on his way. The wolf paused long enough to devour the blood-covered snow where the deer had fallen and then made after the sleigh, which he followed, jogging along like a coach dog, until the depot buildings were reached. Then he sat down and for ten minutes gave vent to his injured feelings in a series of howls.

Elephants on the Stage.

Elephants have been used as adjuncts to stage pageants, as accessories to dramatic effects, and there have been trained elephants in menageries and circuses, but it has remained for the Hippodrome people of London, England, to use these great beasts as part of the list of characters in a melodrama.

The piece in which the elephants appear is entitled "The Golden Princess and the Elephant Hunters," and was written in collaboration by Rudolph de Cordova and Mrs. Alicia Ramsay. There are all sorts of exciting scenes in the play, and the climax is reached when fifteen elephants, each weighing over three tons, in order to escape from their pursuing hunters, plunge over a river bank into the waters below.

As may be imagined, the splash made by forty-five tons of elephantine flesh is prodigious, and so is the effect on the audience. The river scene is produced by a gigantic tank set up in the floor of the Hippodrome and surrounded by tropical growths, while a peep behind the scenes shows an inclined plane leading up to a chute set at an angle of forty-five degrees and also masked with verdure. The elephants are driven up the inclined plane, whose only outlet is the chute, and down this they have been trained to trust themselves and slide. It is, of course, "shooting the chutes" on a gigantic scale, but is none the less a startling innovation in melodrama.—New York American.

California Oranges in Italy.

Two hundred and fifty cases of small orange trees, of the variety known as Washington navel, have arrived at Naples from Saint Dinis (Southern California). They were ordered by the Italian government for the purpose of being sent to the agricultural institutes in Sicily and the Royal Villa at Castelporziano, near Rome, in order that experiments may be made in their cultivation and an opportunity given of studying the question of introducing that variety of orange in large quantities.

Long engagements are rather expensive in Russia. An engaged man is expected to send a present to his intended every day.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Chort coats are the favorites of the season for handsome suits and promise to still further increase their vogue. This May Manton

Robbed a Wolf of His Prey.

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with a pencil, then the worker may proceed to feather stitch with just floss or any of the wash silks.

Feminine Waistcoats.

Crossed waistcoats, fronts of ermine represent a novelty which is winning a good deal of favor at present. The bodice is cut away to show the whole front, the fur being confined to the waistcoat alone, and it is a point to be noted that this particular style of garment is in the form of a complete dress and not a removable coat and waistcoat. A dark blue velvet gown with white spots was treated in this fashion, the sleeves being finished with shirred frills of batiste edged with Valenciennes.

Crepe Gowns.

Crepe gowns are considered very smart for indoor purposes when trimmed with deep silk fringe.

Misses' Military Coat.

All things that suggest the military are dear to the girl's heart and certain to find favor in her sight. This smart little coat, designed by May Manton, includes a novel cape, that is laid in pleats over the shoulders, and the severe standing collar that is characteristic of the style. As shown it is made of military blue cheviot, with bands of black braid and gold buttons, and is single-breasted with full sleeves, but various cloaking materials are appro-

BLOUSE ETON.

one is peculiarly smart and includes both a novel yoke collar and wide sleeves finished with flare cuffs and falls of lace. The model is made of mixed gray cheviot, with threads of white and of blue, and is trimmed with white cloth and blue velvet to give an exceedingly handsome as well as novel effect, but all suiting materi-

A Late Design by May Manton.



als are appropriate and trimming can be varied again and again. Braid of all sorts is in style and numberless bandings are shown. The flat neck is especially desirable and the box pleat effect at the back, produced by the elongated yoke, is as becoming as it is new, inasmuch as it does away with the broad back apt to result from a plain blouse.

The Eton is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams. Over it is arranged the yoke collar, which droops over the shoulders, and both neck and front edges are finished with a shaped band overlaid with pointed tabs. The belt is full and arranged over the lower edge, closing with the coat at the front. The sleeves are made in one piece each, are tucked above the wrists and are held by the cuffs, the pointed bands concealing the seams.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Something New in Aprons.

Pretty things in the way of aprons are to be seen in the shops. One of them is made of wide sash ribbons in pretty flower designs, joined by insertions of lace, and with a lace edging across the bottom to match. There is a little round bib, trimmed with the lace and wide ribbon to match the color of the flowers in the ribbon, to fasten around the waist.

Inexpensive Trimming.

A new and most inexpensive as well as effective way of trimming undergarments, shirt waists, sofa pillows and children's clothing is the brier stitching, which can be easily accomplished by the woman who has deft fingers. The garment should first have a pattern traced lightly on it

and the cape can be omitted in favor of shoulder straps, and the coat can be made double breasted with plain sleeves substituted for the full ones when desirable.

The coat is made with fronts and backs and is fitted by means of shoulder, underarm and centre back seams, the underarm seams being left open for a short distance at the lower edge to provide flare. The cape is circular and is rendered specially graceful by the pleats which are stitched for a part of their length only. The full sleeves are made in one piece each, gathered and held by the cuffs, but the plain ones are made in regulation coat style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide when cape is used;



MISSER'S MILITARY COAT.

three yards twenty-seven, two and one-eighth yards forty-four, or one and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide when cape is omitted.

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The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!