

Changes.
When I was a child,
And he was a child,
And he lived over the way—
My mother wouldn't let him come,
When I went out to play.

For he chewed gum—
And he said "darn."
And "bully" too, and "hook!"
And mother said you'd hardly find
Such words in Webster's book.

And though I longed
To play with him,
He seemed to have such fun—
I had to stay inside our yard
With Jack, the Colonel's son.

And now—they're rich;
Have moved into
The biggest house in town,
And have a gorgeous coat-of-arms—
A lion and a crown.

But the queerest thing
About it all,
Is mother's change—not theirs.
For now—she says he's most correct—
And I must stop my airs!
—Lippincott's Magazine.

OUT OF THE FOG

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

The skipper, who had been leaning back with his shoulders against the after bulkhead, bent forward and squared his arms on the table. "I've often enough called myself hard names for treatin' that boy as I did," he said. "But hard names don't split cut ropes, Mr. Burke."

I nodded. It was not my place to comment freely, for at that stage of my varied career I was filling the humble position of mate of the stout bark Arctic Here. However, I had nothing to complain of Captain Halyard treated me, unofficially, as an equal—and where is the duke or king who can lay claim to more than that from a master mariner aboard his own ship?

"The boy was all for the sea, and wouldn't hear of any extra schoolin', so I gave him a chance," continued the skipper. "He signed on with me for a voyage to Brazil and back as an ordinary seaman. He bunked and ate for'ard. That was his place. That's where I was when I first went to sea. He was in the mate's watch and I told the mate to see that he did his work."
"On Sundays I called him aft and let him read in here; but other days I treated him just like the other men—which was fair and square, but pretty unadmonstrative. I thought it was all fine and noble of me, and used to brag about it to the mate. He wasn't enthusiastic though. He said that no boy could consider his father as nothing but the skipper. I told him that was the right way of it, and that the lad would thank me for it some day, when sailing with a stranger."

"On work days," said I, "I am the skipper. On Sundays I am his father. He understands that it's for his own good."
"You see I was mighty sure of myself in those days!"
Here Captain Halyard paused, and stared vacantly at the gay cage of the skylight above him.
"Evidently something went wrong. How was that, sir?" I ventured.
"How was that?" he exclaimed, sitting up, savagely. "Ah, if I could only forget how it was, Mr. Burke!"
His voice dwindled. He eyed me appealingly, and glanced away. "It was about his playing the accordion," he added.
I had nothing to say to that. I listened to the footsteps of the boat-swain on the poop overhead. I could see that Halyard was anxious to tell me the story, and yet was ashamed of it. He fingered an almanac that lay before him, and fussed about in a most expostulating manner.
"Well," he said, "to make it short, the boy had a weakness for playing the accordion. He played it well, too. He kept the fo'castle gay with his music."
"But it jarred on me, somehow or other; and one night I called him aft and told him to quit—told him that a boy who was content to pump tunes for a lot of common seamen would never get aft of the galley himself. He took the word quietly, standing here on this very strip of carpet, with his cap in his hand."
"If he'd argued, maybe it would have been better for both of us. About a week after that, late one night, I awoke and went on deck by way of the after companion. I heard the accordion playing very softly and cautiously. The man at the wheel had the tall of his eye on me."
"I went for'ard, quiet as a thief in my canvas slippers. It was a fine night, with the moon clear and full and the trade blowing steady. The old girl was walking along as if a giant had her on a tow-line."
"For'ard of the men's deck-house I found Jack and the accordion. Both watches were squinting round. The lookout had his back to his business, and his eyes and ears on the player."
"I gave the boy a piece of what I thought was my mind. It was as nasty a tongue-lashing as you'd want to forget. At the end of it I told him I couldn't thrash him because he was a British seaman. Then I sent the men hopping, and went back to bed."
"Next Sunday Jack didn't come aft. Like a fool, I didn't send for him. So we made the round trip without

another word between us. 'I'll fix him when we get ashore,' I used to say to myself.
"Well, Jack got paid off with the rest of the crew, and that's the last I have seen of him. I hear he is on the Banks, fishing with the Gloucester fleet now. About a year ago his mother received a letter from him, with a Boston postmark on the envelope."

Halyard stood up and pulled on his oilskins.
"That's the story, Mr. Burke," he said, quietly. "Please don't tell me what you think of it. I'm going on deck. You had better turn in."
Just then a seaman knocked on the door and opened it a crack.
"T'levenin' up, sir!" he said. "Bo'-sun wants to know if he'll get out do fog-horns."
"Yes," said the skipper. He pulled his sou'wester well down on his head, tied the strings under his chin, and followed the sailor. I hastened to my berth off the outer cabin, and, like the skipper, attired myself in rough-weather clothes.

When I reached the high deck of the poop the fog lay over us and round us, cold and damp. One horn was being worked on the fo'castle-head and another on the poop. The noise was appalling.
"That's too much! Make it once in two minutes and alternately!" shouted the skipper to the boat-swain.
"Aye, aye, sir," replied the boat-swain, briskly.
Then, aside to me, "What do you mean by dat?" he asked.
"One at a time—turn and turn about," I whispered.

Halyard and I stood side by side, with our hands on the windward rail and the fog smoking round us. The old bark pitched to the gray valleys and climbed again up the gray, unstable hills.
"No need of the lead to tell us we're in soundings," I remarked.
"We're on the Banks—just on the edge of them," replied the skipper.
"Queer we don't hear a horn or two in answer to the row we're making," I said, leaning over the iron rail of the poop and straining my eyes against the thickening fog.
"Hark!" said the skipper, with a hand on my shoulder. I turned an attentive ear to the wind.
"Don't you catch that?" he asked. His voice was low and eager.
I shook my head. I could hear nothing in the lull between the bellings of our horns except the tumbling of the seas and the complaining passage of the ship.
"There! Dead to windward!" exclaimed Halyard, after a minute's silence.

"This time I caught something—hardly more than a suggestion of sound—like a faint strain of music. Then the horns gave tongue again, like a pack of unearthy hounds hunting in the fog.
When their clamor was done, the skipper glanced at me shyly.
"Wasn't it music?" he asked.
"I am not sure that I heard anything," I replied.
He had nothing to say to that.
Presently I heard the noise again, loud enough to be sure of it.
"It's an accordion," I said.
"See here, Mr. Burke," said Halyard, "what's a man about, playing an accordion off there in the fog? Is he just amusing himself? Or is it a signal? Or is he trying to keep up the hearts of himself and his dory mates?"
The last two reasons seem likely enough, sir," I replied. "The playing sounds pretty weak, too."
"Take the port life-boat, Mr. Burke, and men from your own watch. We'll lay to."
I nodded, and started down the ladder to the main-deck.
The port life-boat was soon swung out and lowered. My four men of Harbor Grace pulled her up to windward with every ounce of muscle, from toes to shoulders, in the stroke. I glanced back. The bark loomed like a shadow in the fog.
The waves swelled above us with dizzy regularity. Now the rowers were under me, with their red, set faces turned upward. Now they were high above me, with all their weight on their feet. But they pulled as steady as clockwork, with Bill Duncan giving them the stroke.
Suddenly the accordion sounded again, close in front.
Bow-oar turned his head.
"Easy, all!" I cried.
A crest of gray sank under our cut-water; and there, in the valley, lay a dory. She was drifting sullenly before the wind. A figure crouched astern, steering with a fragment of oar of board. A second figure sat for'ard, feebly closing and expanding a battered accordion!

The story was plain. The dory mates, fishing from a Banks' schooner, had been lost, probably for days, in the fog—a common enough accident there.
The dory wallowed to meet us. We drove along her gunwale, knocking the piece of deal from the steersman's hands. In less time than I'm talking to tell it we dragged the weak and bewildered voyagers into the boat, and pulled away from the dory. It was cleverly done, though I have said it myself.
We pulled back to the ship with only two oars. The others of the crew held each a half-conscious fisherman, and forced brandy between their blue lips. We ran under the lee of the bark and tackled on, fore and aft, in short order. Then I gave the men the word, and they went up the "falls" like monkeys, and over the side. Anxious faces stared down at us under black sou'westers.

I held the boat off with an oar. The rescued fishermen lay between the seats.
"Hoist away!" I shouted.
Up we went, clear of the bulwarks, and were swung in by eager hands. I jumped to the deck, and in so doing collided violently with the skipper. He shouldered me aside without a glance, and caught up the limp figure of the youth with the accordion.
"Jack!" he cried. "Jack, boy, it's your old daddy!"
We made way for him as he started aft with his burden. At the cabin door he turned. We could see that the lad's arm was round his neck.
"Mr. Burke, you see to his dory mate," he said. "It's food and blankets they want, poor lads!"
"Well," exclaimed the boatswain, as we rolled the other castaway in blankets, "if dat don't put the com-ether on de story-books I has been readin', then ye may name me for a liar!"—Youth's Companion.

NEW LINEN PLANT.

A Brazilian Product Which is More Abundant Than Flax.

In a recent report to the government in Washington the United States Consul General at Rio Janeiro describes a plant which resembles flax, but is remarkably abundant in Brazil. It is virtually a weed, reaching a height of twelve or fifteen feet in four or five months. Experiments in cultivation are now in progress on several plantations, the largest of the latter being at Rodeiro and Boa Vista. The product is to be sold in England and Ireland. The fibre is said to be equal to the best European flax, but the plant itself seems to be superior in two or three respects. It is hardy and requires little attention after sowing. It thrives equally well in wet and dry weather and in all kinds of soil. A crop matures in three months, and in the tropics three crops a year are possible. From the fact that Brazilian flax will grow on waste land, of which there is a vast amount in Brazil, and from the circumstances that no cultivation seems to be required, the Brazilians think that it will prove much cheaper than the best flax grown elsewhere.

The fibre runs generally into three grades, the finest of which corresponds to the best linen, the second to coarse linen and the third to European hemp. From the fibre of the plant, therefore, come both fine linen and strong rope. The residue of the plant is composed of high grade cellulose, said to be especially suitable for the manufacture of fine writing paper, the whiteness and clearness of the stem of the plant simplifying the process of manufacture. The fibre is adapted to dyeing and bleaching. The dyed samples have a lustre and silky appearance.
Samples of fibre have been transmitted to Washington, and portions will be loaned by the Bureau of Manufactures on application from American textile manufacturers. These were taken from a plant growing wild. The cultivated product shows a finer fibre with strands of greater length, being much longer than European linen or hemp. In fact, it is so long that it must be cut before being used for weaving purposes.

CAN CONCRETE BE WATERTIGHT?

Various Measures Adopted to Make It So.
In many of the kinds of construction for which concrete is now used—the building of embankments and houses, for instance—it does not matter much whether it is watertight or not. In others it does. Concrete would furnish a poor lining for a reservoir if any considerable quantity of water could soak through it. This would also be true, perhaps, of cellar walls that were liable to be surrounded outside by floods.
Now, here are two or three facts which have a bearing on the question of preventing leakage, or, as the civil engineers call it, seepage. In the first place, a concrete which is made rather wet is likely to have finer passages through it than concrete that is made pretty dry. It sets more slowly, but is equally strong. Sometimes a layer of one kind of concrete is covered with another. The last may be made in a different way from the first, and if plenty of water is used the grain will be fine.
It has also been observed that after a time the pores of concrete will become at least partially clogged with fine particles carried by the water in a stream or reservoir. Seepage will sometimes diminish, if it does not disappear, from this cause after a few months. Perhaps it would not be safe to count on that result always, but it would not be unreasonable to expect a slow improvement occasionally from the situation existing at first.

Some experiments were recently described by "The Engineering Record," the object of which was to hasten the development of a state of watertightness. Water, which had evidently not been treated with chemicals, was forced through the concrete under steady pressure. The author of the plan, Baldwin Wiseman, fancies that a part of the solid material is dissolved and then deposited elsewhere inside the stone. "The Engineering Record," however, regards it "doubtful whether reliance can generally be placed upon this procedure. It is so highly probable as to be practically certain that careful balancing of the materials, fine grinding of the cement and the most thorough and wet mixing must be chiefly, if not wholly, depended upon to produce the impermeable concrete."

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Mayor George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburgh, is of the opinion that a city employee who solicits aid for his church is as guilty of graft as the cause. He said so in citing the dismissal of Charles W. Wallace, a clerk in the Bureau of Building Inspection. Wallace, who has been in the office for four years, was dismissed by Director Frank Ridgeway at the instigation of Mayor Guthrie. William Darrah, of Nescopee, whose leg was cut off by a train last July, has worried so much over the loss that he is now insane. He escaped from the house where relatives have been caring for him and attacked George McAfee, of Berwick, with a knife, making a desperate attempt to kill him. He was overpowered and will be taken to an asylum.
By the change of location of the tracks of the Columbia & Port Deposit Railroad, the Summer resorts at Pequa, Shenk's Ferry and Pite's Eddy will be put out of business. This will leave as the only summer resort along the lower Susquehanna, Washington Borough and Safe Harbor. The local Court fixed the amounts of the bonds to be entered by the railroad company to insure the property holders against damages.
H. L. Viereck, of Harrisburg, in charge of the mosquito extermination in the State, has shipped thousands of sunfish fry to be distributed in the ponds in the malaria districts of Schuylkill County. These fish feed on the larvae of mosquitoes and they are expected to put "mosquitos" out of business in Pottsville.
Firemen on the Frackville grade of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway were notified that their demands for an increase in wages have been granted. The increase is from 18 to 20 cents per hour. The increase goes into effect from the first of the month.

Violation of the laws governing the sale of cigarettes to minors have been so flagrant recently that the Hazleton School Board has decided to compel strict enforcement of the law. Truant Officer Hunsinger notified all poolroom proprietors and cigar dealers that under pain of prosecution they must not permit boys under 18 years of age to frequent their rooms.
Hanging suspended between two runaway horses for more than a mile, Samuel Denlinger made a miraculous escape from death near his home in Lancaster. Denlinger was driving two horses attached to a potato sled, and, in attempting to leap on one of the animals, fell between them. The horses became frightened and ran. With one hand the young man clung to the hames of one horse collar and with the other grasped the second horse by the bit. Suspended in this manner he hung while the horses ran a full mile. Exhausted he fell and was struck by the sled, but fortunately escaped with minor injuries.
Strickler R. Everts, aged 79 years, and wife, aged 74 years, of Lancaster, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary by holding a family reunion. At his age, Mr. Everts is regarded as the champion skater in the State and he expects to take the ice during the coming winter.

At the annual meeting Donegal Chapter, D. A. R., at Lancaster, elected Mrs. Martin B. Rohrer, of Strasburg, regent. The local chapter will have a full representation at the State conferences at Clearfield, on November 13.

A blaze which had its origin in the varnish room destroyed the carriage factory of E. D. Reih at Greenland, Lancaster County. With the structure a number of finished vehicles were burned. A bucket brigade of citizens of the town saved the surrounding buildings. The loss will reach \$3000.
Mine Inspector C. J. Price, of the Thirtieth Anthracite District, has reported for the quarter ending the first of the month a total of three fatal accidents, and fifteen non-fatal accidents. The coal shipment of the Brookdale, 73,700 tons; Lincoln, 101,808 tons; Goodspring, 67,138 tons. This is the biggest three months' shipping record in years.

Fred Richardson, supposed to be a professional burglar, was arrested in Carbondale as he was walking out of the Anthracite Hotel with two dress suit cases packed with clothing stolen from Allan's clothing store in Jermy.

Dashed to their death to the bottom of the 600-foot shaft at the Pine Hill Colliery, near Pottsville, was the fate of Harry Eva and John Werner, both aged 32 years and married, as they were coming up from their work, which kept them nearly a quarter of a mile underground all day. They had quit work and were riding up on the bucket at the time. When near the top of the shaft, the "Billy," which is the guide for the bucket, wedged fast in the sides of the shaft. The men rang to be lowered in order to get loose. When the engineer responded, the "Billy," suddenly relapsed, dropping with such a weight that it tore the bucket loose from its fastening on the rope. Bucket and men then dropped into the shaft clear to the bottom. Both were killed instantly by the fall, their bodies being terribly mangled.

Watchman William McAllister, at the Wroming Valley Lumber Yard, West Pittston, was overpowered by five masked men. He was bound head and foot with hay wire, and a bandana handkerchief stuffed in his mouth. The burglars took the watchman's keys and gained entrance to the office, blew off the safe door with nitro glycerine and obtained over \$100 in cash. They escaped, leaving no clue to their identity. Two hours later the watchman succeeded in loosening his shackles and gave the alarm.

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PIKE AND MAN AND SPUR.
A singular incident connected with fishing is related by the author of "Wild Sports of the West of Ireland." A party of fishermen were out in a boat after gudgeon near Sunbury. One of the men, who had lamed his horse some miles from home, had been taken on board, but was not fishing. As a penalty for wearing spurs, he sat in the bow with his feet hanging over the side of the keel. Soon after he got into the boat one of the anglers caught a small gudgeon, which he playfully hung on the horseman's projecting spur. The incident was forgotten, and the gudgeon hung there, its tail just touching the water. Suddenly the man gave a cry of astonishment, and the others, looking up, saw a large pike flounering about the dangling foot and splashing the water in vigorous fashion. The boat began rocking, and the man in the bow lost his balance and tumbled into the lake, where he disappeared from sight.
A moment later he rose to the surface, the pike still thrashing the water about his foot, and it was seen that the fish was caught on the spur. The jack was a huge fellow and very strong, and in its struggles for freedom it plunged toward the bottom of the lake, dragging the man feet foremost after it. His weight, however, was too much for the fish, and it made small headway. The fisherman now went to the assistance of their luckless companion, and one of them struck the jack with an oar and stunned it. The man was pulled into the boat and the fish dispatched. The big fish had jumped for the gudgeon, fixed its teeth in its body, and had somehow been caught by the gill on the crane-necked spur.—Forest and Stream.

GIRL SAVES FOUR MEN.
On Lake Massabesic, N. H., in a terrific squall, Miss Helen E. Joyce, eighteen years old, of Maplewood, Mass., rescued four men from a disabled steam launch.
The waves were dashing over the little craft and she was drifting rapidly to the shoals when Miss Joyce, rushing to a skiff near her cottage, jumped into it and put off. Just as she pulled her boat under the lee of the launch the latter grounded and the waves rolled completely over it. Taking the four men aboard Miss Joyce rowed into calmer water near the shore.

A growing evil reported by Dr. Aba Stankov among the Slovaks of Upper Hungary is the habitual use of camphor internally. For fourteen years he has persistently questioned buyers of the drug, and he concludes that at least twenty-five per cent of the large and increasing amount sold is used by the camphor-eaters. An increase in epilepsy seems to be a result of this indulgence.

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