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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899 No. 3

HUSELTON'S

A Grand Clearance Sale.

We ask you to read the important announcements below. They tell of a larg money saving; they tell of high class footwear with extremely low figures.

THIS IS A CLEARANCE SALE OF ALL WINTER FOOTWEAR

Ladies' Flannel Lined Shoes and Slippers.

Warm Shoes were 75c now.....45c
Warm Shoes were $1.00 now.....65c
Warm Slippers were 75c now.....25c
Velvet Slippers were 75c now.....45c
Heavy Shoes were $1.00 now.....60c
Several broken lines in ladies' fine Shoes were $3, $4, now $1.00. Over gaiters, were 25c and 50c, now 11c and 25c. Tan shoes were $1.50, now $1.00.

Men's Shoes.

Man's Heavy Sole Winter Tans were $2, and $2.50, now $1.65 and $2.00. Men's Heavy Sole Leather Lined Shoes were $2.50, now $1.75. Oil men's heavy shoes were $1.50 and $2.00, now $1.25 and $1.50 Men's fine embroidered slippers, were $1.00, 75c, and 50c, now 35c and 50c.

Shoes for Boys and Girls.

Misses' kid patent tip dress shoes were 1.00 and $1.50, now 50c and 75c. Misses' grain shoes, heel and spring, were $1.00 and 1.25, now 50c. Children's fine shoes, spring heel, were 50c and 75c, now 40c and 50c.
BOYS' HEAVY SHOES, sizes 3 to 5½, were $1.25 and $1.40, now 65c and $1.00. Boys' dtess shoes were $1.00, now 65c.

Ladies' Rubbers and Arctics.

at 15c and 25c, Alaskas 50c. Children's buckle artics reduced to 35c.

Men's Rubbers.

Men's low cut rubbdrs.....25c
Men's high " " 35c
Men's storm rubbers.....50c
Men's warm Alaskas.....50c

Ask to see the "Jenness Miller" Hygienic Shoes

for ladies, which are the embodiment of ease, comfort and grace not to be had elsewhere, as we are sole agents for Butler county. Try a pair and enjoy the luxury of comfortable, perfect fitting shoes.

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

January Clearance Sale.

Great Reductions in all Lines.

Large Stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods to be Closed Out Quickly at away below the Cost to the Manufacturers.

SHREWD CASH BUYERS

Take Notice.

Men's double sole and tap lace shoes (large sizes) reduced to.....50c
Boy's oilgrain, tap sole lace shoes—all sizer—reduced to.....50c
Men's high cut box toe lace shoes reduced to.....$1.15
Men's fine shoes—all styles—all sizes—reduced to.....90c
Ladies' water proof Kangarro calf shoes reduced to.....75c
Ladies' fine Dongola turnsole shoes regular price $2.00 reduced to.....$1.10
Children's fine Dongola pat. tip shoes reduced to.....50c
Infants' fine shoes—regular or soft sole—all colors.....30c
Ladies' warm-lined shoes $2.00, $1.50, $1.25 shoes at.....75c

Everything included in this GREAT SALE.
Just read the LOW PRICES.

Men's best felt boots and buckle overs reduced to.....$1.50
Boy's " " " " " " 1.25
Youth's" " " " " " " 1.00
Men's first quality rubber boots reduced to.....1.90
Men's hand-made box toe 3 sole boots regular price $4.00 reduced to.....2.50
Boy's kip and oil grain boots reduced to.....1.00
Too many Winter Shoes. Men's Best Box Calf, Enamelcs and Winter Tans, all Leather Lined and Ladies' best make Hand Welt Shoes to be closed out very cheap.

All goods on Sample Counters at 40c on the Dollar.

Attend this great sale. This will be a very busy month at our store.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET -: BUTLER, PA.

1899 1899 1899

GOOD BUSINESS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

All our left over Holiday goods must be sold and in order to do so we have cut prices almost in half.

All silver novelties that were.....$1.00 now 60c
" " " " " " .....50c now 30c
All silver novelties and staples that were.....1.25 now 80c
Solid silver thimbles that were.....25 and 35c now 15c
First class 8 day clocks with alarm that were.....3.25 now 2.25
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A good watch, Gent size.....2.50
A good silverine case with American movement.....5.00

All other goods in our stock reduced in prices so that it will pay you to buy your watches, clocks, jewelery, silverware, &c., at

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122 South Main Street, - - - - - - Butler, Pa.
Repairing of All Kinds. Old Gold and Silver Take Same as Cash.

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The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

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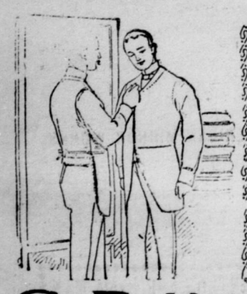

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On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

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Expert Accountant's Course, which deals especially with Joint Stock Company and Corporation Accounting, and includes a thorough training in the adjustment of difficult partnership and business problems.

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May seem dear at the start, and prove remarkably cheap before you've worn it out. It's the long time satisfaction you get from it that decides the superiority of our make. It does pay to buy good clothes. Our fall display is of the kind you would expect to find only in the large cities.

ALAND,

MAKER OF MEN'S LOTHES

THE TREASURE OF SANTA ROSA REEF

By

CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

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When it came to actually approaching the vicinity of danger, the senorita's curiosity, with possibly an unconfessed anxiety for the captain, got the better of her fears, and she followed me as far as the gratings over the cylinders. No one else had the temerity to accompany us, if, indeed, they knew where the gangway led to.

From the depths under our feet we could hear McPherson and the captain in earnest conversation, broken now and then by a dull tapping, as of a hammer on hollow or fractured steel. Occasionally one of the Spanish assistants would shout some order to the oilers, at work upon the high-pressure cross-head. Presently we heard Halstead say: "Turn her over once or twice, Mac, while I keep my hand on the shaft;" and in a moment one of the great oily pistons stretched itself up to within a foot of Garcia's pretty nose, as she leaned over the steel rail, startling a subdued squeal of surprise from the girl, who had no idea the thing moved. Up and down, greasily, insinuatingly, they slid, while we could hear a little sharper tapping from the shaft-alley; then, with a slippery sough of content, they rested again. Another period of consultation below, while the steamer rolled in the trough of the sea; after which we heard the captain say: "Well, keep her at about 60 turns for half an hour and see how she feels. Then report to me." In another moment we saw him coming up.

He smiled reassuringly as he reached the grating where we stood, but looked thoughtful. As soon as he stepped out on deck the passengers crowded about with anxious questions; and he told them, briefly, that there had been an accident to the shaft, how serious a one it was impossible to say at present, but that the ship was in no immediate danger, and that they had better go below for lunch. Then he called to the mate, on the bridge: "Pipe your men down, Mr. Diaz, and come to my room as soon as you are relieved." I was very anxious to question him, but, by an almost imperceptible motion, he signaled me to go below with the senorita.

When we reached the saloon every one was talking excitedly about the accident and speculating as to whether the steamer would be obliged to lay up for repairs at Yap. The pulsation of the screw was noticeably slower; and the second mate, after hastily finishing his meal, hurried on deck to relieve Diaz, so that he might consult with the captain. The engineer's chair was empty; he did not put in an appearance until dinner-time. About the time we reached the dessert, the screw stopped again. The stewards continued to wait upon us as if nothing had happened, and this alone kept several from rushing on deck again. When we did finally leave the table, McPherson came down from the captain's quarters and assured Padre Sebastiano that the danger was not serious. But as bell after bell struck without the engines being started, a vague uneasiness spread through the ship, and every one talked in subdued tones. Three of the passengers went below to make up small bundles of their valuables in case it should be necessary to take to the boats.

Late in the afternoon, Halstead came down from his room, followed by the mate, and told those on deck that, owing to the accident, he had decided to head for the island of Guajan in the Ladrones, where he hoped to obtain spare machinery which would enable the steamer to make the remainder of the voyage in safety. Then he asked the senorita, Padre Sebastiano and me if we would like to go down into the engine-room and see the damaged shaft. I fancy the padre would have preferred remaining on deck, but, as it was against his principles to miss anything, we went, holding bunches of cotton waste as a protection against grease on the hand-rails and machinery. The captain naturally went first, and the senorita followed, blushing like a peony at the revelations for which the steepness of the iron ladder was responsible. Down, down, grating after grating, until we were 12 feet below the waterline and the cylinders towered above us like grotesque monsters; then through a tiny door into the long tunnel, or shaft-alley, lighted at intervals by hanging incandescents and extending clear to the inboard bearing at the stern of the ship. Four of the assistants and oilers were leaning against the wall-plates, like navvies waiting for the ore car in a coal mine; while down at one side, obstructing the passage, was the wreck of an iron tank which had been lashed on brackets to hold lubricating oil, and which evidently, fetching loose as the steamer rolled, had fallen upon the shaft with sufficient force to start the crack that we could see distinctly as Halstead swung a torch over it. There was quite a perceptible dent where the tank had struck, and, leading from it, the finer line of a fracture in the steel which extended two-thirds of the distance around the shaft, slanting spirally toward the stern. To our inexperienced eyes it seemed that anything over the normal resistance upon the screw might easily twist it apart, but the captain said it was not quite as bad as it looked, tapping the steel with a hammer and calling our attention to the sound as he did so. He said that in ordinarily smooth weather he might get back to Manila without an actual break, but that, as the risk would be great in squalls or heavy seas, it would be foolhardy to proceed without the strengthening rings and clamps which he expected to find at Guajan.

With that ominous fracture before us, the wisdom of his decision seemed undeniable, and the whole affair had been managed in so realistic a manner that I thought the engineer had done his work a little too well. Having seen all there was to see, we made our way back to the engine-room, where Halstead scared Gracia nearly out of her wits by placing her hand upon the throttle-lever and telling her to push it down, slowly, the answering plunge of the great connecting rods making her think that something was about to explode. Then we climbed to the deck, the senorita insisting that Sebastiano should go first with me, and accepting Halstead's support in order to keep him on a level with herself.

During the remainder of the afternoon, Sebastiano appeared to be in a brown study, planking a secluded corner of the deck with Cura Juan. At dinner he started a discussion concerning the change of route by joking the cura upon the unexpected length of his voyage, and hoping that it would not inconvenience the other passengers; adding that as far as he personally was concerned the accident had been a fortunate one, inasmuch as it would enable him to reach his destination at least two weeks sooner than he expected. I noticed that he was questioning Diaz during the meal, so was not surprised at their coming on deck together, or when they approached Halstead and myself as we were enjoying our after-dinner cigars on the bridge. Diaz merely touched his cap and retired to port, but the padre, remaining upon the ladder until he should receive permission to invade the official precincts, said that he'd like to have a little chat about the voyage.

Halstead sent one of the quartermasters below for another stool, and

"Nine or ten of the hours! Santisima!"

courteously offered him a cigar. When we were settled comfortably, the padre said:

"Senor Capitan, this my first voyage is to the Ladrones; but much of the interes I have for them, and the intencion have to un gran descripcion write while among las Islas I do remain. You the knowledge have that I go to Saipan, I believe. Yes? And Saipan is how far from Agana?"

"M'—well, let me see. I presume you'll stop at Garapang, that's Tanapag harbor. About a hundred and twenty-five miles, padre."

"And the transportacion, capitan? I am told that nothing they have but the—the proas, the native boats; and that very wet they sometimes are—muy descomodo."

"Well, they are rather cramped for room, and, I guess, when there's much of a wind, rather sloppy. Still, they are very fast; if you have a good wind you can make the run in nine or ten hours, I should say."

"'Nine or ten of the hours'! Santisima! In the one posicion! What does one not do por la servicio pio! He is not the voyage dangerous, is he, capitano?"

"Dangerous? Oh, I don't think so, at this time of year. You might strike a hurricane in July or August, but you could put in at one of the islands if the weather looked threatening; they're none of them very far apart. You're familiar with the general position of the archipelago, are you not, padre?"

"Si, senor; I have seen them upon the atlas. Like the string of little pin-points."

"Shucks! You can't tell anything about them from an atlas; the scale's too small, and they're miles out of the true position. Haven't you ever seen a chart of the Ladrones? Would you like to look at one?"

"No—si—he mucho interes por las islas. I fear it will you incomodar."

"Not at all, padre; not at all. If you and Mr. Stevens will come below, I'd be pleased to show it to you. I'm obliged to refer to the charts constantly, you know."

The Imray chart of the western Pacific was still upon the table in our quarters, and Halstead took from the locker another, on a larger scale, of the archipelago itself, showing the exact shape and bearing of each island. From the absorbed way in which the padre bent over them and listened to the captain's remarks, it was easy to see that his education had been a broad one, comprehending readily, as he did, marks and measurements that would have puzzled most landsmen. Halstead had carefully erased our pencilings from the larger chart, leaving only the course as actually sailed up to noon of that day; and at Sebastiano's request he drew a line to indicate the direction in which we were then sailing—east, half north—in order to make Point Orote, on Guajan. When he removed the ruler, Sebastiano said:

"I was told, capitan, that el Guajan the most southerly island was; but here I do one more see—la Isla Santa Rosa, with five little crosses marked in its circle. Ah! entiendo; he is una isla de coral—una laguna. Is it not so?"

"Well, it may have been a good while ago, padre; but it's all under water now, and has been for several hundred years. We call it a reef in English—'una roca sumergida,' I guess you'd say. There's no doubt but that it was there once—several of the old navigators mention it—but, you see, these islands are volcanic, and it has probably sunk, because no captain has found it since 1740."

"Ah! entiendo. Each of the capitanos who do sail near it do make the sounding, and when find they do not, behold, it no longer must there be. I suppose many the examinacion must have made, that los geografos so sure are that it is now gone?"

"Well, not very many. The Challenger didn't get as far east as the Ladrones, and the American cruiser Alert is the only one that really made much of a search. You see, the supply boat only comes out here four times a year, and the place is not in the track of any other ships."

"And the capitanos de los vapores de la Compania—yourself also—have been unsuccessful?"

"Why, personally, I've never looked for it. You see, there's plenty of sea room to keep clear of the place, and I don't see the use of risking my ship by fooling around where a shoal certainly existed at some time or other. As for the other captains who run out here, I doubt if they would bother about it, either."

"But would not you much honra gain, and una gran recompensa from la sociedad geografica, if the correct report of su posicion you did send them?"

"Oh, the Royal society is always glad to get anything of the kind, and they like to have every captain send in what information he can; still, a merchant skipper wouldn't be expected to go out of his course for such a search. The warships are supposed to do most of the surveying, you know, padre."

"Ah, si, that I do know, of course. But, as you say, they come not often to the Ladrones. Well, perhaps while I la gran narracion de las Islas am writing, I may be able to make un examinacion with those native proas you did speak of. If so, the true posicion of every roca y isla in the archipelago I will send to you. Then los capitanos the name of el Padre Sebastiano will bless; is it not so?"

"Why, padre, if you're really going to write a book on the group, I've no objection to helping you out all I can. Bound as we are for Guajan, it wouldn't take us more than a few hours out of our way to pass the position of that reef and take a sounding or two, if you think it would be worth while. But you'd have to make it right with my primero, Mr. Diaz. He feels pretty sore about having to overhaul his cargo on account of our shifting about; you see, Guajan has always been our last stop, and all the Agana stuff is in the lower hold. But if you can persuade him that there is a chance of glory and thanks in it, he may feel in better humor. You go talk to Diaz and Moreno; say that it'll give them five or six hours more to get their stuff up, and work it in as a favor to the church. Then if they come to me and say they'd like to take a whack at Santa Rosa, I'll head her a quarter further east in the morning."

"Ah, capitan, I have the fear you are un hereje; you do make the joke upon the padres. But you are un benevolo, so I you forgive. El primero I will see and him absolve. Buenas noches."

When Padre Sebastiano was out of hearing Halstead and I looked at each other. His expression must have been a reflection of my own, for it said, as plainly as words:

"Well, what do you think of that?"

I shook my head. It was a little too much for me. We smoked in silence for several minutes. Then the captain sauntered out on deck, to be sure there was no one near, and carefully closed the door when he returned.

"What I am trying to figure out," he said, "is whether that oily old duck is convinced that we are interested in the reef, or whether his suspicions have been so completely lulled by the accident that he thinks it safe to meddle with it on his own account."

"Your impression is, then, that his book on the islands is nothing but a fake?"

"M'—blessed if I know what my impression is. If he were really planning such a work, nothing would be more natural than the questions he asked, or his anxiety to obtain all possible information. These islands have never been written up; there isn't even a cyclopedia that devotes more than a thousand words to them, mostly relating to their discovery and nothing else; and it would be a natural explanation of such a trip undertaken by a man of his position and learning. On the other hand, every word and action might easily be construed as indications of a secret purpose connected with that reef. I guess the only safe thing is to accept the last supposition and keep him from making anything out of it. We fooled him on the accident, anyhow."

"H'm—fooled ourselves a little, too, didn't we? You didn't count upon an actual crack in that shaft, did you?"

"What! Do you mean to say that, knowing all about it, you— Well, I'm—! That's a compliment to Mac. Why, man alive, he made that scratch with a Cape chisel while she was making 90 turns, then filled it with lampblack and oil. He took the screws out of the tank brackets and fixed them with wooden plugs, so's it would fall straight when she rolled to leeward, and the hammer he used—that made it sound so hollow—had a wooden head blackened with plumbago. The shaft is as sound as a new dollar, but we'll have to put a few of those clamps on it to carry out the deception."

"Well, you fooled me completely. For an impromptu accident, it was a howling success. Old Palacios won't move six feet from a life-preserver for the rest of the voyage. But how about those soundings? Are you really going to take them?"

"Well, I rather guess I am, as a particular favor to my friend el Padre Sebastiano. And, being quite interested in his forthcoming book, I shall use every endeavor, within the time that I can spare, to make a thorough search for it. But I'm very much afraid—very—that he'll be no wiser than he was before. Why, Harry, I'd have steered straight for the place myself, if I'd dared. But further irregularities so soon after the accident wouldn't do. Now I'm obliging the padre; and, by thunder, I've got him just where I want him."

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning the result of Padre Sebastiano's discussion with the two mates was apparent, for Diaz came to the captain and broached the subject of heading for Santa Rosa. Halstead demurred a little at first—said the change of course would make him late, as it was, etc.—but finally admitted that it would take only a few hours more, and said that he had no objections. This was Thursday. I spent the afternoon and most of Friday with Senorita Gracia, liking her better the more I saw of her. I was pretty sure that Halstead had a little the advantage of me in her regard, but she never showed it while we were together. In fact, as the time drew near when I was to leave the steamer, she seemed disposed, by unmistakable evidences of liking for me, to produce an impression that neither years nor absence could efface; and she certainly succeeded. When I said good night at the door of her stateroom, Friday evening, I wondered a little what the result would be should I throw up the enterprise and remain on board. But the captain was poring over the chart again when I reached our quarters, and one glance at his face was sufficient to banish all indecision. On my part, the affair had been, so far, merely speculative; there had been no opportunity for action. Halstead, on the other hand, was now fully committed. He and McPherson had taken a definite step which there was no retracing—which might cost them their positions whether we were successful or not—and, while he had certainly gone into the affair with the hope of bettering his condition, I knew that but for my persistence he wouldn't have attempted it. He looked up as I came in, and motioned me to close the door. Six bells had just struck, and all the passengers were below, so we were not likely to be disturbed. He asked me where I had seen the padre last.

"In the saloon, drinking rum and water. Why?"

"You haven't noticed him around the after deck this evening, have you?"

"No, not once."

"I've had a patent log towing astern since eight bells, and I'm in hopes that no one has seen it. Here's where we were at noon" (pointing to a penciled cross on the chart), "and we've been running twelve knots ever since. Now, Findlay fixes the Santa Rosa at about twelve-thirty no'th, by a hundred and forty-four, fifteen eas'. And it is laid down here a mile or two each side of that. The wind has been so light that we won't have to figure much on leeway, and we've held her right on the point of eas', quarter no'th, all day; so that she ought to make the shoal some time in the morning watch, say, six bells, or before. Diaz figured, this afternoon, that his watch would be on deck before we struck the position, and told the padre it would be around breakfast time. If no one sees that log, he isn't likely to change his mind. Now, if by any lucky chance we do find bottom there, I'll want your assistance; and you'll have to keep your wits about you. Watch my actions closely.

He waved his hand for half speed.

When I order the quartermaster to steer for Guajan, go below as quickly as you can and make your way aft, on the lower deck, to cable lockers at the stern. Take the new log, in this box here, and pay it out through the bitt port, say about 30 fathom, being mighty careful you don't foul the screw with it. You'll find a cross-brace of angle iron, down there, that Mac fixed athwart the port to fasten the register on. It's a taffrail log—not like the one I've got astern now; you've got to haul that one in to read it. 'Tain't likely that anyone'll notice the line, but you'll have to haul it in when we get abreast of Cocos reef, so's the men won't notice it when they go below to clear away the cable at Apra."

Before turning in, he took the log from its box and showed me exactly how it worked, making me repeat the instructions until he felt sure I wouldn't botch the experiment. In fact, my mind was so full of it all that I slept badly, and dressed before sunrise. Halstead was as anxious as myself, but he had his nerves under perfect control and reserved his energies until they were needed. Diaz, though confident we would not reach the reef before breakfast, had turned out at five bells and was searching the horizon with his glass, on the bridge, Moreno taking an occasional squint also. At about half-past six the captain sang out to him:

"Guess you'd better let one of the quartermasters get the lead ready, Moreno."

"Si, senor. Do you think we are near the posicion?"

"Very close to it, now. Mr. McPherson says we've been making 12 knots through the night. Just figure it up, will you, Diaz, and see what you make it."

"Si, senor." Diaz disappeared in the wheelhouse, but came out again presently, exclaiming: "Por Dios, capitano, we are withinn three miles at this moment!"

"That's what I thought. Get your leadsman out there right away, Moreno. You'd better try a 'dipsey' line at first, and see if you can strike anything at a hundred fathom. Be all ready when I give the word."

In less than five minutes the leadsman was on his grating, outside the starboard rail, with a 75-pound lead and 300 fathoms of line. Halstead stood by the engine-room telephone, watch in hand, and Diaz was perched in the fore rigging, where he could watch the sounding. In about ten minutes the captain shoved the lever over to the signals, "Stop"—Half speed astern"—"Stop." And when the foam from the screw was abreast of us, he sang out: "Let her go."

There was a big splash, and the lead disappeared, whipping coil after coil of the line after it from the reel on the taffrail. Fifty fathoms, 100, 200, 300, and no bottom. Slowly the two men at the reel hauled in the line, and the captain signaled: "Half speed ahead." About a mile further he stopped and tried it again, but with the same result. Then he steered, successively, due south for three miles, and north, six, taking soundings at each limit. At eight bells Padre Sebastiano came on deck and became so absorbed in the proceedings that he actually forgot his breakfast. Each time the lead was hauled up he would examine the tallow at the lower end to make sure that no sand or coral fragments were embedded in it, and as sounding after sounding proved unsuccessful at the full 300-fathom depth, he couldn't keep the disappointment from showing in his face. Finally the captain told him that further search was useless, and when the steamer was headed for Guajan he went below.

Halstead treated the matter as if it possessed but little interest for him, yet when he glanced at me I could see that he was thoroughly discouraged. The engines had just started at full speed ahead, and we were preparing to go below for breakfast, when I noticed a little bunch of cumulus cloud a few miles to the southeastward, and called his attention to them.

"Well, what about them?" he said. "They're just ordinary clouds, aren't they?"

"That's all, but I was thinking of what Maury says about atmospheric condensation in the neighborhood of all these coral islands, even the lowest atoll having a tendency to collect vapor over it at times. Now, whether a few fathoms of water over a reef would absolutely prevent such condensation or not, I don't know. I should say the chances were that it would; but—well, the atmosphere does queer things sometimes. What do you think?"

Halstead watched the bunch of cloud for a second or two, noticed that there was nothing else of the kind in that direction, and then ordered the man at the wheel to head southeast. I saw that he considered the search hopeless, but he was determined to leave no chance untried. Diaz had gone down into the fore-hold with some of his men, to overhaul the last cases for Agana and Moreno was below at breakfast; so that no one but the helmsman noticed our again heading about, and he was dreaming of Visaya girls in Manila too deeply to do more than obey orders in a purely mechanical way.

It took less than half an hour to reach the position. Then Halstead himself climbed out upon the sounding perch with a hand lead and 30 fathoms of line. He had stationed me at the telephones on the bridge, hastily arranging a series of signals, and, after watching the water's surface closely for awhile, waved his hand for "half speed."

In about two minutes I saw him swing the lead forward, paying out the line rapidly as it tautened under his feet. Five times more he cast it, hauling in the entire length after each one, then signaled: "Full speed, ahead." After which, mounting the bridge, he ordered the helmsman to put her about and steer north by east, quarter east. I noticed great beads of perspiration upon his forehead, and was wondering if heaving a lead were really violent exercise, when, beckoning me to the end of the bridge as if to point out the position of Guajan, he whispered:

"Get below, quick, and pay out that patent log; I took the box down myself at four bells. Then eat your breakfast as if nothing had happened, and chat with the senorita for awhile, but be back here by six bells at the latest; we've got a heap to talk about."

The change in feeling from despondency to well grounded hope almost made me lose my head, especially as I saw that we now had the game largely in our own hands. I watched my opportunity, and was paying out the log line astern, through the bitt port, in about ten minutes. Then I spent a good half hour over my meal, discussing with the padre, who remained to keep me company, the probability of Santa Rosa reef having sunk to the bottom, but advising him not to state this as a fact in his forthcoming book until he had persuaded the government to make a more exhaustive search with one of the cruisers. Then, after a delightful tete-a-tete with the senorita, I returned to Halstead, whom I found removing the fastenings from a large bundle which one of the men had just brought up from the lazareet. There was also a sea chest, marked with my name, upon one of the transoms. He nodded toward this and said:

"I suppose you don't remember bringing that on board, do you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't. And I think I was pretty sober, too. Where did I get it? What's inside?"

"Nothing at present. This diving suit is going in if I can make it. Now draw the curtains and strip to your shirt and drawers."

"What for?"

"To try the thing on, of course. Hustle, now; we'll be in by two o'clock. I've read the directions over until I know them by heart, but I want you to be boxed up in it once while I'm by to help you. It's pretty risky business, no matter how often a man does it, and I don't want your death on my hands. You see, it will be simply out of the question to depend upon a pumper above water—you can't trust anyone—and it's going to take all the nerve you've got to go down without."

I put the suit on, piece by piece, obeying the printed instructions to the letter and fastening every clamp myself; for I knew assistance would be unobtainable when I came to actually use it. The screws at the back of the helmet collar were the most difficult to tighten, but I finally adjusted them to even Halstead's satisfaction. Fortunately, I had not screwed on the front lens of the helmet until the last, else I think I should have been suffocated before the compressed air in the reservoir began to work. The sickening nervousness I felt at being shut up in such a rig made me dread the attempt to go under water with it, but the captain assured me that, having had the thing on, it wouldn't trouble me as much next time. Then we packed it carefully away in the chest, together with several dynamite cartridges, two light but powerful steel bars, a couple of strong hatchets, and some saws and knives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Mere Matter of Detail.

"Golf is a good deal like Wagner music."

"How's that?"

"Well, it is mostly popular with those who like it."—Detroit Free Press.

During the Excitement.

Citizen—What is the trouble over there? Has the bank failed?

Policeman—No; the depositors are just having a run for their money.—Puck.

One Drawback.

"I have a splendid ear for music," said the complacent young man.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, regretfully, "but you don't sing with your ear."—Washington Star.

The Reason of It.

Jones—I wonder why "The Seasons" are represented as women?

Smith—Because you're never satisfied with them, no matter what kind you get. I suppose.—Puck.

Proof of It.

First Clerk—What makes yor think she isn't rich?

Second Clerk—Because she always tries to make believe she is by not counting her change.—Detroit Free Press.

How the Neighbors Knew.

"You know, after all," said the young father, "a baby does brighten up the house."

Single Skeptic—I dare say; I've noticed the gas burning late in your room recently.—Moonshine.

A Forecast.

"Delia is going to be married in the spring."

"How do you know?"

"I heard her say she was going to wear her old cloak all winter."—Chicago Record.

The Situation.

Papa (from the next room)—Ethel, aren't you going to light the gas in there?

Ethel—Yes, papa; we were just speaking of-er-striking a match.—N. Y. Truth.

Getting Matters Adjusted.

"That woman next door went and got a hat exactly like mine."

"Did you make a fuss about it?"

"No; I gave mine to the cook."—Chicago Record.

A Left-Hand Compliment.

Mrs. Henry Peck—So you think opals would look well on me, eh? Why?

Henry Peck—Um—er, well, you see, they're fiery, too.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Deprecatory.

Pat—Shure, it's mesilf thot strokes wid me pick as regular as a clock.

The Boss—Yes; a clock strokes generally wanst an hour.—Judge.

HE SAW A LIGHT.

But for His Eagle Eye There Might Have Been a Serious Hitch in the Courtship.

"You haven't given me your—your usual greeting, Byronia," said the young man, with something like a cloud on his brow. "Is anything the matter?"

"Haven't I, Gerald?" moodily replied the young woman, drumming absently on the table with her fingers.

"You know you have not. And you haven't answered my question, either."

"What question?"

"I asked you if anything was the matter."

"No—yes, everything is the matter. It's nothing new, though. Gerald, aren't you getting tired of this?"

"Tired of this," he echoed, feeling his hair beginning to rise on end. "Tired of what?"

"The whole business! See here, Gerald. Your people have always wanted us to marry, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"So have mine. We haven't any relatives on either side that have opposed the match, have we?"

"No."

"No. They've all done the best they could to throw us together."

"Well, what of—"

"And when you proposed to me I fell right into your arms, didn't I?"

"Well, you did come pretty near it—that's a fact," admitted Gerald.

"I haven't any small brothers, either, to play tricks on us or make fool speeches to you while you are waiting for me in the parlor, have I?"

"No."

"No. And mamma never listens at the keyhole or calls down the stairway to ask if that young man is here yet, does she?"

"Surely not."

"Surely not. And papa has never asked you if you could support me in the style to which I have been accustomed, has he?"

"Not he. He knows—"

"Yes. He knows. And we've never quarreled, either, have we?"

"No. But, Byronia, dear—"

"You've never been the least bit jealous of anyone else, have you?"

"No. But—"

"No. Neither have I. Does all that show, Gerald, that we really don't care for each other? No—stop—hold on! Let me finish. How do we know that we are not making a dreadful mistake? Think how terrible it would be if we found out when it was too late that we were never intended for each other!"

Gerald had been doing some rapid thinking.

He sat with his head in hands for two or three minutes without speaking.

Then he said with a deep, deep sigh:

"I don't know but you are right, Byronia. You know Miss Harkalong? I am forcibly reminded of something she said to me the other evening. I had called there—"

"What were you doing at the Harkalongs?"

"Simply making a call. She said to me—the eldest one, you know—tall, rather striking girl in appearance—"

"Girl! She's 37 if she's a day!"

"I think not. She made some remarks about the course of true love never running smooth, and then she said: 'Mr. Higginside, I have been expecting every day to hear that it's all off between you and Byronia Billiwink. There hasn't been enough opposition, and—"

"She said that, did she?"

"Yes, and I laughed a little, and said I shouldn't won—"

"She'd been expecting to hear that it was all over between us, had she?"

"Yes. I only mention it to show that the same idea had occurred to others, and—"

"Liz Harkalong had the assurance to say to you that there hadn't been enough opposition to our marrying, had she?"

"Yes. I suppose she—"

"The dried-up old maid! What business was it of hers I should like to know!"

"She may have heard the same thing from others, you know—"

"I don't believe it! The malicious old cat! Gerald—dear—"

"Well?"

"We'll marry now to spite her, won't we?"

"Yes, if you—look out, dear. You'll scratch your face against my scarfpin."—Chicago Tribune.

Foaming Sauce.

This is supposed by many to be difficult to make, but the secret of the "foam" lies in not attempting the stirring, with the hot water surrounding, until just before it is served. This is often done at the table by the mistress, as it is an interesting process to watch, and the foam disappears if allowed to stand. Make a quarter of a cup of butter creamy, then add by degrees a cup of powdered sugar; when smooth, stir in the unbeaten white of an egg, beat well, add another unbeaten white, then give another brisk beating until it looks creamy and very light. All is now ready for the finishing touches, which must not be given until ready to serve, when the bowl must be set in a larger one of boiling water, and a gill of boiling water, with vanila flavor to the taste, be stirred quickly in; the water causes the foam.—Good Housekeeping.

Potato Pudding.

Peel and grate your potatoes upon a very coarse grater. To a quart grated take six eggs, a large cup of butter, three heaping cups of sugar, a cup of cream, a cup of milk and the juice and rind of a lemon. Beat the eggs very light, with the sugar and butter, add the potatoes, then the milk and cream, a little at a time. Put in the l