

A SMUGGLER'S DERRICK.

By Dawson Stearns.

Fred Brown's father sent him to St. Pierre, partly for a holiday, and partly to see some people in the way of business. So off he started in the little steamer from Boston, had a very pleasant trip down, and arrived there without any trouble. It was when he tried to get away that he had the remarkable adventure of the derrick.

St. Pierre is not much of a place, but it is the principal village of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, of the south coast of Newfoundland—lands which are all that remain to France of her former North American possessions.

The little town is strung along one principal street, and the population, which is entirely French, varies according to the number of vessels in the harbor—if an open roadstead deserves the name.

Fred was surprised to find everybody French and everything under French rule; he had been told it would be so, yet he had not realized it could be so within a thousand miles of Boston. Yet the steamer he went down on took a regular guillotine that had been sent out from Paris by the way of Boston to St. Pierre for the coming execution of a man convicted there of murder.

There is a great deal of smuggling of French goods from St. Pierre to the neighboring Canadian provinces, which impose, as the United States do, a very high customs tariff on foreign wines and liquors.

Now Fred was at the hotel at St. Pierre, waiting for the steamer to take him back to Boston, when the town crier, going around one day with his drum and official notices, proclaimed that the steamer had broken down and would not be able to make her regular trip for a fortnight at least. It did not suit Fred to wait, and in consulting with the hotelkeeper he learned that he might get to Cape Breton by a steamer trading to and from the southwest coast of Newfoundland, if he could manage to reach Codroy or Burgeo within a few days.

The landlord promised to let Fred know if there was an opportunity to get over by a sailing vessel, and next day he told the boy of a little schooner about to sail for Burgeo that night. The captain of the vessel was in the hotel at the time, an odd little Frenchman of the fisherman type, who assured Fred that he was a good pilot and careful sailor. So the young American engaged passage on the Hortense, which was the name of the skipper's wife and also his daughter.

On seeing the schooner Fred read his bargain—she was so small. But the run to Burgeo was only about a hundred miles, and everybody told him that by leaving St. Pierre at night with a fair wind he should easily arrive at Burgeo before dark the following day. Moreover, if he did not take this chance he might not be able to connect with the other steamer.

When Fred Brown left the hotel to go on board the Hortense that night, the innkeeper said with a smile, "Of course it makes no difference to a passenger what the schooner's cargo is." "Not if I get ashore all right in Burgeo," said Fred, and from the way the old skipper nodded and grinned at this he seemed satisfied with the assurance.

It was quite late when they went down to the wharf and found a man waiting to row them off to the Hortense, which was anchored in the stream. Fred was pretty tired and sleepy, so when he got aboard he lay down on one of the lockers in the little cabin, with his coat under his head for a pillow, and was fast asleep before he knew it. When he woke up it was clear daylight, and the schooner was running through a moderate sea, with the wind on the starboard beam.

When Fred went on deck he was surprised to find only two other men and a girl. "My brother Jacques and my daughter," said the skipper, and when Fred asked if they were all who were on board, he smilingly replied, "Oui—oh, yea—plenty enough. LITTLE crew, little boat—but plenty good. Boon! Oui! Ma petite fille, Hortense, she cook. Eh? Oui! Good! Et mon frere, Jacques, he good sailor man—ah, oui! All right! The day only one. We sail out of de fog, eh?" For fog was so dense that they could not see the bowsprit from the stern.

Indeed, the schooner did seem very small. She could not have been much more than 30 tons, and she was quite deep in the water with cargo. Fred found it anything but pleasant to be standing on in that dense atmosphere, with so tiny and heavily laden a vessel.

For hours the skipper held his course by compass, predicting clear weather before sundown, but he looked anxious, and he often spoke in a melancholy, caressing tone to his daughter, a big, strong girl about 15 years old, who spoke even less English than her father. As Fred found no one with whom he could hold intelligent converse, he lay down again in the little cabin and was dozing shortly before noon, when he was rudely roused by cries on deck and noise as if from another vessel.

Spraying up instantly, he had just got his head above the companion-hatch, when the schooner was struck with a shock that knocked him back into the cabin. The fall somewhat stunned him, and when he recovered he could just see the outline of a steamer disappearing to windward ahead. The schooner's bowsprit had been chopped clear off, the port bow was badly torn, but worst of all, both the captain and Jacques were gone.

Fred learned afterward that both of them had sprung for the steamer's rail at the moment of collision, and so escaped. They made themselves understood after some little delay, and begged the captain of the steamer to put about and search for the schooner, but he was convinced that the victim had sunk, and he was afraid to risk leaving his course in that fog and on that iron coast.

Fred found the girl, Hortense, hanging to the main rigging with horror on her countenance, but she came down at once and stood beside him. Looking around, they saw that the schooner had been struck on the lee bow, but forward of her fore-rigging, and the foremost seemed uninjured. Fred caught the wheel to get the schooner on her course again and steady her, which was done easily, despite the loss of her head sails.

Fred then set about inspecting the schooner. The hull seemed sound, but the pump threw a stream of clear sea water, showing that the vessel leaked.

However, the valve sucked after about ten minutes of vigorous pumping, which seemed to show that the leak would not seriously endanger them unless it should increase.

Fred was on the lookout forward about 3 o'clock, when he thought he heard surf. At the same moment the girl changed her course more to the westward, so as not to head directly on shore. "Are we near the harbor?" the youth called; but she seemed puzzled, and all the explanation she would give was, "Non! Non! Buoy! Rope!"

Fred began to keep a sharp lookout for a buoy, and soon saw, almost directly ahead, a spar protruding endwise from the water and evidently securely moored. Hortense steered for it, and in a few moments they could see a cliff of the bold coast of Newfoundland looming directly ahead. They could also see that a rope fell from the boom of a derrick on the cliff, and was made fast to the buoy below.

The girl was evidently arriving at exactly the destination she had sought, but Fred was quite sure it was not Burgeo, and he could not understand the situation at all. The cliff was apparently precipitous and overhanging, without any means of access, and the top was about 40 feet above the sea level.

"Saisez-le! Prenez-le! Catch him rope!" She pointed wildly at the dangling derrick falls upon which they now dived down.

She had evidently seen this done before and knew where she was, so Fred grasped the rope as they struck it, and took a round turn to it with a line made fast to the fore-rigging. This acted as a temporary mooring, but what was to be done next he had not the remotest idea. But Hortense knew. She confidently pointed up at the derrick and said: "Mans come."

But the "mans" did not come, although the boy and girl repeatedly sang out and tried to attract attention. So absorbed were they in contemplating the dim, unresponsive cliffs that they gave no attention to their schooner, which would have been almost ashore had the tide not kept her surging outward.

The schooner was sinking fast. The only obvious method of escape was by the rope from the derrick, and there was no time to be lost in using that. Rushing forward to tell Hortense, Fred made another maddening discovery. While pumping, he had not noticed particularly what the girl was about, but now he found that she had in some way unrove the tackle from the block upon the end of the derrick boom and hauled down one end which she had utilized to moor the vessel fast to the buoy with a turn of the bight around the foremast. The free end, knotted, was far above reach.

When Fred pointed out what she had done she laughed and assured him that some one on the cliff would soon fix it, but when he showed her that the schooner was foundering, she was panic-stricken and screamed a full minute, after which she was as calm as before.

Fred tried to think of a way of escape. The schooner was likely to sink at any moment, and the water was too deep right up the cliff to give any landing there. They might cling to the buoy after the schooner sank, but the chances of rescue would be doubtful. The only hope lay in that single bit of hemp which hung from the derrick boom.

He had been good at rope climbing in the gymnasium of his school, but to go up 40 feet on such a rope with his clothes on would be a hard strain. However, it was the only chance.

Fred hauled down on the hanging rope until the upper end, in which Hortense had tied a couple of knots, caught hard in the block. Then he showed the girl as well as he could what he intended to do, and in spite of her protestations made a bowline of the rope fast around her so that she would not sink, even if the vessel did go down. Then he climbed the fore-rigging of the schooner—which was the easiest way up as far as it went—rested for a fresh breath near the masthead, and started climbing toward the derrick boom hand over hand.

If the rope had been in a gymnasium he could have gone up without any fear, but out there in the wild air and drizzling mist, the fog obliterating everything at a short distance, the sea gulls screaming around, as if maddened at the invasion of their premises, and no one at hand to say a word of cheer, the situation seemed

rather awful. But he went up quickly, reached the block, swung a leg over one of the guys and pulled himself up on top of the boom.

Then a cry from Hortense arose. Looking down, he saw the masts of the schooner sinking and the girl in the water clinging to the buoy. She had bravely refrained from screaming till she saw Fred safe, although the water had come up on deck almost as soon as he had swung off from the foremasthead.

Fred shouted encouragement to her, but how could he lift her and her wet clothes—a weight of 130 pounds at least—up a sheer height of 40 feet? He tried to get the end of the rope free to run through the block, but his weight on it had so jammed the knots into the sheave that he was unable to loosen it. The appeals of poor Hortense were incessant. He resolved to try to lift her hand over hand.

Stretching out upon the boom, he braced himself as well as he could with his shoulder under the topping-lift and one foot tucked up for a firmer hold, then began the hoist. Hortense gave a cheer, the bowline held tight about her, and slowly, hand by hand, he raised the girl.

But the strain was great. When he had lifted her up about 12 feet he began to despair of accomplishing the task, but still he strove, for to drop her would be fatal. Shutting his eyes, he lifted hand over hand steadily, but with ebbing strength. The perspiration poured off him, his breath was coming short, he felt that he could endure no longer; but just then, opening his eyes, he saw Hortense reaching for the main part of the rope hanging from the block, which he had paid out in a bight as he lifted her. If she could reach it she might be able to hold her own weight while he got fresh strength and breath. With a desperate effort he raised himself on the boom a little, and just when completely exhausted felt, by the ease of the strain, that Hortense had caught the bight. She was two-thirds up, and the worst of the job was over, if their combined strength was enough for the rest of the lift.

Now Hortense proved herself a better sailor than Fred had supposed her to be, for instead of hoisting herself, she made a half-hitch of the bight through the bowline she sat in, which supported her weight from the end of the boom and left him free for a rest. So she was safe, the rest of the lifting was comparatively easy, and he soon had her within reach. But to get her upon the boom was an altogether different matter, for she became dizzy and faint, and absolutely refused to try and clamber up beside him. The only thing to do was to make her fast where she was, then to cast off one of the guys and swing the boom ashore by the other.

So Fred worked his way in along the boom to the derrick mast, found that the guys of the boom were easily loosened from their eye bolts, and accomplished his object pretty speedily.

Hortense fell on her knees on the rock in her still dripping garments as soon as was free from the rope that had saved her, and at once gave thanks to Heaven; then she rose and led the Boston boy back a few hundred yards from the edge of the cliff to a little shanty almost full of brandy casks that had been landed by that same derrick. With little difficulty she persuaded the deaf old Frenchman who lived there that Fred was "all right." So he took them both to Burgeo next day, where Fred caught his steamer, and left Hortense looking for a fisherman who would take her back to St. Pierre.—Youth's Companion.

QUANT AND CURIOUS.

James Ewing of Peru, Ind., who has lain in a box of straw for 30 years or more, died a few days ago at the county infirmary. He was paralyzed when a young man and was made helpless in mind and body.

Angelo Magnanomo of Middletown, Conn., the three-legged boy, has gone to Paris, where he will be exhibited at the exposition. After the exposition he will tour England and Italy. The third leg grows from the base of the spinal column and does not quite reach to the ground.

Maiwathia, on the borders of Russia, is the only town in the world exclusively inhabited by men. The Chinese women are not allowed to live in this territory, and are even forbidden to pass the great wall of Kalkan and to enter Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border town are traders.

The Chinese visiting card consists of a large sheet of bright scarlet paper bearing the name of the owner in very large characters. The paper is folded ten times, and the name is written on the right-hand lower corner, prefixed thus: "Your unworthy friend, who bows his head and pays his respect;" "Your very stupid brother," or something to that effect. In place of "yours truly," "your stupid" is written on the Chinese card.

The importance of small things is exemplified by a recent discovery which makes a single flea serve as a link in the chain of evidence tending to prove a former land connection between Australia and South America. This flea belongs to a new species from Argentina, where the only specimen yet known is believed to have lived on a rat. The species is assigned by N. C. Rothschild to the genus *Staphanocirus*, which has been hitherto represented by a single species of Australia, and the two forms are evidently very closely allied, although now separated by the ocean.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Affairs of Others—The Busy-body Has a Mission to Perform When His Motive Is Good—Search Out the Miserable and Offer Them Consolation.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1904.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how we should interest ourselves in the affairs of others for their benefit, but never for their damage; text, I Peter, iv., 15, "A busybody in other men's matters."

Human nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, the only difference being that they had the characteristics of the age. It was 500 years of goodness or 500 years of meanness instead of goodness or meanness for forty or fifty years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, has caught sight of the characteristics of our age. He says, "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of extortion and detection, he goes forth mischief making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the advertising agent of infirmities and domestic inharmonies and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not stop. He will go on and on, to his neighbors, and they in turn whisper it to their neighbors, until the whole town is abuzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and aloft.

There is a public man who has made a political mistake from which he will never recover. At the next elections he will be put back and put down into a place of disapproval from which he will never rise. Just go to that man and unroll the scroll of 100 splendid Americans who, after occupying high places of honor, have been degraded to private life and public scorn. Show him in what glorious company he has been placed by the anathema of the ballot box.

There is a man or woman who has made a conjugal mistake, and a virtue has been put into the same cage with a lion and a lamb in the same jungle. The world laughs at the misfortune, but it is your business to weep with their woe. There is a merchant who bought at the wrong time or manufactured at the wrong time or has been superseded by a new invention or who under change of tariff on certain styles of fabric has been dropped from affluence into bankruptcy. Go to him and recall the names of fifty business men who lost all their property and went to heaven. Let them know there are hundreds of good men who have gone under that are thought of in heavenly spheres more than many who are high up and going higher. All will acknowledge that good is a lovely virtue, but who will admit that business was more to be admired than William Tweed in possession of his stolen millions.

Heart! The more you go to buying yourself in other men's matters the better if you have design of offering relief. Search out the quarrel, the quarrel, the quarrel; the fallen, that you may lift them; the pangs, that you may assuage them. Arm yourself with two bottles of Divine medicine, the one a tonic and the other an anesthetic, the latter to soothe the pain of the quarrel, the former to inspire to sublime action. That man's matter need looking after in this respect. There are 10,000 men and women who need your help and need it right away. They do not sit down and cry. They make no appeal for help, but within ten minutes' walk of your home there are people in enough trouble to make them shriek out with agony if they had not resolved upon suppression.

You are rightly interested in other men's matters, so to those who are just starting in their occupations or professions and give them a boost. Those old physicians do not want your help, for they are surrounded with more patients than they can attend to, but the young doctors who are counting on their first drops to patients who cannot afford to pay. Those old attorneys at the law want no help from you, for they take retainers only from the more prosperous clients, but cheer those young attorneys who have not a brief at all lucrative. Those old merchants have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young merchants who are counting on their first mistakes in bargain and sale. That old farmer who has 200 acres in best tillage and his barns full of harvested crops and the grain merchant having bought his wheat at high prices before it was reaped cheer those young farmers who have not a brief at all lucrative. Those old mechanics have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young mechanics who are counting on their first mistakes in bargain and sale. That old farmer who has 200 acres in best tillage and his barns full of harvested crops and the grain merchant having bought his wheat at high prices before it was reaped cheer those young farmers who have not a brief at all lucrative. Those old mechanics have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young mechanics who are counting on their first mistakes in bargain and sale.

And now my words are to the invisible multitudes I reach week by week, but yet never see in this world, who are expected to meet at the bar of God and hope to see in the blessed heaven. The last word that Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, said to me at Plainfield, N. J., and he repeated the message to me as I sat there. "Never be tempted under any circumstances to give up your weekly publication of sermons throughout the world." That solemn charge I will heed as long as I have strength to give them and the newspaper types are set, and I take them. Oh, ye people back there in the Sheffield mines of England, and ye in the sheep pastures of Australia, and ye amid the pictured terraces of New Zealand, and ye among the cinnamon and color incense groves of Ceylon, and ye Armenian weeping over the graves of murdered households in Asia Minor, and ye amid the idolatries of Benares on the Ganges, and ye dwellers on the banks of the Androoggin, and the Alabama, and the Mississippi, and the Oregon, and the Shannon, and the Rhine, and the Nile, and the Euphrates, and the Caspian, and the Yellow sea; ye of the four corners of the earth who have greeted me again and again, accept this point blank offer of everything for nothing, of everything of pardon and comfort and illumination and safety and heaven, "without money and without price." With a Gospel for all men, all zones, all ages, Gospel of sympathy! Gospel of hope! Gospel of emancipation! Gospel of sunlight! Gospel of enlightenment! Gospel of eternal victory! Take it all ye people, until you are sinners all, and all your sorrows all soiled, and your wrongs all righted, and your dying pillow be spread at the foot of a ladder which, though like the one that was let down to Bethel, may be thronged with descending angels, shall nevertheless have room enough for you to climb, foot over foot, on rungs of light till you get clear up out of sight of all earthly perturbation into the realm where the angels cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Only a Drunkard—New York Society Wrought Up Over the Revelations About the Drink Habits of the Women in the Sweet Set—Sorosis Shocked.

Only a drunkard! a pitiful thing, Whose rough, ragged raiment so closely doth cling To the rum-stricken form, while the wintry winds rave With the moans that will echo so soon round his grave. Yet pity him now, for the sake of the day When his feet followed free in the happiest ways, And the marks on the fine open features, were not The skeleton brand of a sin-saddened set.

Think of the time, ere the world drove him wild, When he lovingly laughed as an innocent child, A mother prayed over him, over him wept, Lamented him while waking and watched while he slept, To crown him with culture, toiled early and late, And dreamed of a manhood both honored and great.

Somebody's darling, somebody's joy, Somebody's brother, somebody's boy, Somebody's hero, somebody's love, Worshipped as next to the Master above, College friends flattered him, happy and gay, Conquering obstacles day after day— Wining in wisdom the rich golden grain, Easy to him of the brilliant brain; Bright eyes grew brighter with love when he came, Fond of his fancies and proud of his fame, And wept with delight, and a worshipful pride, When he kissed her, and blessed her, and called her his bride.

Twas then at the feast that he fell to his lot, And he drank to the day in the wine's ruddy glow, Little by little before he fell, Following fate on the highway of hell; Deeper and deeper the cocktails went down, On to the damnable dens of the town, Torturing, starving, and cursing his wife, 'Till death gave release from her rum-ridden life; And the city sororities laid her to rest, In a pauper's poor tomb with her babe on her breast.

How it pursued him! The Demon, desirous Of his horrible thirst and his fancies of fire, Forcing his feet to the terrible brink Of the pit in which rages the maelstrom of drink, Homeless, and hopeless, and loveless his lot, A whisky-worm, rum-maddened, bottle-bound set, Only a drunkard! And yet let us throw Charity's cloak o'er his ways and his woe, Striving to lead him in love to the light, Piercing the gloom with the rays of the right.

I. Edgar Jones, in the National Temperance Advocate.

Society Women Drink Cocktails.

The recent dispute in the Eclectic Club over the question of cocktails for women has stirred up no end of trouble in Gotham and now comes more of the leaders of the swell of all the swell sets and say that there is no doubt that the society women in drink are the most insidious danger that is good and right and proper for them.

As a matter of fact, the question has become so serious that Oscar, the head waiter at the Waldorf, has been asked to tell what he knows about the cocktails for women. The heads of the swell set there is only one thing to do—appeal to Oscar. Oscar is a genius. He is also a clever man and one who is fully alive to the enormous responsibilities that rest on his devoted head. And so when the good women began to get into a snarl over the cocktails somebody thought at once of Oscar.

"Yes," said the sage, "the women do drink too many cocktails, and they are not oyster or soda cocktails, either. They are the real thing. But," added Oscar, "a lady is always a lady, cocktail or no cocktail." This was an afterthought, and it was the saving clause in the strong statement of the man who tells even the Astors and the Vanderbilts what they shall and shall not eat or drink.

On the other hand some of the women have rebelled against the sweeping statement that there are too many Manhattan and Marais disposed of in the city. But these women do not hesitate to say that in quite strong words. She is a Sorosis woman, and in discussing the habit and its alarming increase, says: "I fully realize that women are every day seizing upon new liberties. They have laid hold of the cocktail, but they are not to go. The American cocktail is strictly feminine and was never meant for a woman's palate. It is essentially a man's drink."

And it is a conceded fact that the appetite for mixed drinks is fast developing among the female members of New York's "smarter set."

At the big hotel restaurants, Turkish baths and places of social resort for women of good social standing this is apparent. The new books in the women's departments of the big grocery houses show, too, a wonderfully increased demand among the fashionable patrons for bottled cocktails and absinthes.

Other society leaders do not care to be quoted in the columns of the topic and have carefully avoided saying anything on the matter except to admit that the great American cocktail is really demoralizing the Gotham ladies it is really too bad. Nothing has been said yet about a reformation.

Noble Resolve of Students.

The students of the Toronto University recently met to decide as to whether liquors should be excluded from the annual dinner, and the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this society the use of intoxicating liquors at student functions is not in the best interests of the students or the university, and that the society wishes to place itself as opposed to its use at functions controlled by the Literary Society."

Admiral Sampson a Teetotaler.

In a letter to a no-license meeting in Cambridge, Mass., a few nights ago Admiral Sampson said: "It is my opinion that the only certain safe position for any person to take on the question of using intoxicating liquors is the position of total abstinence. In like manner, I believe that no-license is the only position for any community to advocate for the absolute security of its people."

The Crusade in Brief.

The drink devil is still a potent factor in politics.

The most prolific source of strife is the glass of wine.

Habitual brandy drinkers give out soon than cold water men.

License is not intended to stop liquor traffic, but to perpetuate it by it.

Let us remember that the American Sabbath is to-day trodden down beneath the feet of the saloon.

The English Government has announced that Belgium has invited the Powers to conference at Brussels upon the African liquor trade. The date is not yet set.