

# A Walf From the Sea.

By W. D. MORRIS.

It was a glorious, perfect June morning, and Jack Eltham had gone down, sketchbook in hand, to that corner of the far-stretching sea links, where the brown, bark-tanned fishing nets lie spread out to the sun, and the fishermen's children play by the gaudy ribbed derelicts drawn up beyond the tide on the shingly beach, fronting the low, white walled cottages, from whose doors grizzled old sea dogs watch with wistful, longing eyes those brown sailed boats, whose brine washed decks they may no more tread, slip out to sea.

When he first caught sight of her, Baby Barron was standing alone, as was her wont, apart from the rest of the children, a quaintly pathetic little figure in tattered brown frock, bare at the neck, and monstrous boots, in whose cavernous crinkled depths her tiny sockless feet were lost in space, gazing with solemn meditativeness on the brown expanse of interlaced cordage.

Suddenly, as he watched, she dropped down on one of the nets and proceeded calmly to roll herself up in it. Then, thoroughly unamused, boots and all, in its folds, Baby Barron sat up, and, with an air of superior indifference, surveyed the other children, who had gathered round with tearfully expectant faces.

"You'll catch it, Baby Barron; you just wait and see!" they shouted, with an unwholesome sort of glee and significant gestures.

A loud call from the direction of the cottages the next instant heralded the coming on the scene with all speed his rheumatic joints permitted, of a grizzled, Jersey clad sea veteran. Seizing the entangled brown ball, he carefully unrolled it and set the daring intruder on her feet with a gentle shake.

"You're gettin' a fair plaine, Baby Barron!" he mumbled. "I'll just hae tae speak tae your mother. Rin awa' oot o' this, noo, quick," adding emphasis to the final word by a second shake.

Jack Eltham, who had watched the little comedy with quiet amusement, on a sudden impulse hastened after and caught up to the slowly retreating little figure. She did not seem at all abashed by her ignominious dismissal from the beach, but as he looked more closely he fancied he saw a tiny repressed tear in the corner of each eye under the dark brown curling lashes. Her cheeks, full and round and soft-looking as satin, he noted, were burnt to a pale brown, and the tiny mouth was full and strangely resolute. About her was a singular air of quaint self-possession, at once gravely meditative and deeply observant. The sunlight as it played upon the tangled close-curling head made of it a golden halo, and despite the frayed old brown frock and cavernous boots she looked to him as some baby angel might look who had gone out of Paradise to gaze a while on the little world of man.

To his often and variously repeated question why she had entangled herself in the net she uttered not a single word. Once only she looked up to him out of her solemn blue eyes with a long, earnest gaze. Her silence was portentous.

"Would you like to have your picture taken, Baby Barron?" he asked again gently, and it was wonderful how gentle big Jack Eltham could become.

The gold brown curls stirred a little, and the grave blue eyes looked up to him for a moment.

"I was goin' to be a fish," came a soft murmur at his side.

"A fish? Oh, yes; I see."

"Yes, an' I think I s'ould like my picture took." Silence again a few moments, then—"There's a pitty lady who's goin' to paint me—she did say it."

"A pretty lady? Yes, and when is she going to paint you?"

But Baby Barron had already exhausted her stock of information. With a penny clutched tight in her grubby brown hand she had betaken herself to boots and all, the next instant up the narrow street with astonishing rapidity.

Ten minutes later when he emerged from the cheerless dwelling that constituted the forlorn and fatherless Baby Barron's home, Jack Eltham had a glimpse far up the narrow lane of her little brown figure, followed by a small fat of children, nibbling at a huge bun, sublimely unconscious of the while of their existence.

Next day saw Baby Barron posed before Jack Eltham's easel on the same bench that had witnessed her ignominious dismissal—the cynosure now quite a score of admiring childish eyes. For a full half hour she had stood motionless as a graven image, gazing out seaward, a look in her angelic blue eyes as if she would read its mysteries. Then, all at once, the far off look gave place to a new light.

"The pitty lady!" she cried in her babyish treble, "she comed—I did tell you."

Jack Eltham swung hastily round to find himself face to face with a slight girlish figure.

"I fear I have stolen a quite unintentional march upon you," he said springing to his feet and raising his cap. "That is, of course—which I cannot doubt—if you are Baby Barron's 'pitty lady,'" he added, with a quick smile, his eyes resting on the sweet, winsome face before him, framed in a setting of thick-coiled bronze hair.

"Oh, I did so want her for a sketch," the girl returned, nodding brightly toward Baby Barron.

"And I am painting her as 'A Walf From the Sea.' Don't you think she looks well the part? May I introduce myself? I am Eltham—Jack Eltham, of the Glasgow School."

funny fng." Baby Barron's clear, babyish treble broke in as she pointed seaward.

That small, forgotten personage had at first watched the scene with deeply observant gravity, as if she would learn its meaning. But the matter had evidently proved beyond her powers of solution, for she soon turned her glance seaward to watch a coasting steamship thumping its smoky way westward to the deep sheltered Firth, over whose narrow rocky entrance the twin Sutors keep watch and ward.

Far away to the northward, beyond the vessel, the horizon had suddenly crinkled and darkened. The sombreness grew and spread swiftly all along the rocky coast line. A white tossing line broke before it, and in a moment the shore was blotted out. The wind quailed and swept down upon the boat. Even as Jack Eltham sprang to his feet at Baby Barron's shrill cry to clutch at the tiller it struck the boat as with a giant hand, flinging sheer out its occupants. Then, half buried in the trough of the suddenly risen sea, the overturned "cobbie" surged slowly shoreward.

When he rose to the surface and had brushed the water from his eyes Jack Eltham saw that the Firth had almost regained its former calm. The squall had swept away shoreward, scarce a mile distant, leaving only on the surface of the water the upturned boat to tell of its swift, sudden passage. His eyes searched eagerly the slow heaving swell. A sea drenched golden head rose all at once a little to his right. He reached out and drew it to him, ere it went down the second time.

"Hold fast there, little one," he said gently, putting Baby Barron's arms around his neck. "Stick tight and don't be afraid."

An instant later, between him and the upturned cobbie Leslie Maynard's face rose above the surface, her long, wet hair wrapped about her in clinging strands. With half a dozen quick, powerful strokes, he was beside her.

"Thank God, you are safe, dear," he murmured, supporting her, treading water the while. "Can you swim, Leslie?"

"A little only," she returned, trying bravely to smile.

"Then lay your hand on my shoulder—so. Once on the top of the boat they must see us soon from the shore."

"Ah, that's better, now," he said, a minute later, as they gained the narrow ridge of keel. "They'll have us soon; it's only a wetting, after all, and we don't mind that, do we, Baby Barron?" He talked on to relieve the tension, looking down at the pathetic little figure on his knee.

All at once the smile left his eyes. He stared again from the rounded rise of the "cobbie" to the surface of the water. Yes; there was no room left for doubt—the boat was sinking under their united weight, inch by inch, lower and lower. Would it bear them up till the expected rescue came? was the quick thought that flashed through his mind. As he glanced up their eyes met, and in his look Leslie Maynard read something of the truth. For a long moment they regarded each other silently. She was the first to speak.

"The boat is sinking, is it not?" she said in a low, strangely calm tone. He could only nod in reply.

"You will take Baby Barron, will you not, dear, and bring her safe home? She is all that is left to her mother." She put up her hand to his cheek with a loving gesture and looked back into his eyes.

"I cannot—leave you thus, Leslie," he muttered hoarsely. "Perhaps—perhaps they may yet see us in time," his eyes straining shoreward.

"Don't, dear," she said, quietly; "don't try to pretend—not about this. I want to face it now, when I feel strong to bear it. And I want to tell you—I want to tell you, dear, how sweet has been the thought of your love to me. Perhaps it is His way of testing it, dear. But if—if you only are left you will know I am with you. I can't die so long as you love me. Kiss me, Jack, dear, and go—quickly."

With a choking sob Eltham slid down blindly into the deep, placid blue, and with one long, last look turned shoreward, the clinging arms of Baby Barron round his neck.

With a long, steady stroke, his muscles braced hard and taut, and his eyes fixed on the green cloud of pines behind the town, he swam over shoreward with the incoming tide. For a long space—hours it seemed to him, though it was but minutes—he pushed steadily, mechanically onward. Overhead the hot sun blazed down upon him, throbbing with fierce heat, and the little weight round his neck minute by minute grew heavy as lead. Slowly his head fell—lower—lower, till the briny water washed against his half-closed lips. His salt stinging brought him back with a quick shock from the dreamland whose border is death, into which he was fast slipping. With a quick, spasmodic effort, he raised himself out of the water, and glanced shoreward. How far off it still seemed! Could he make it—was it worth while making it, after all? But if he failed—cowardly failed—how could he meet her there?

"It's vevy sleepy," a tired little whisper reached his ear. "Is it vevy far now?"

By an odd freak of memory there suddenly came back to him Baby Barron's quaint, "I did want to be a fish," and he caught himself almost smiling at the recollection—a fish!

"We'll soon be there, little one," he answered back cheerily, breathing the water with long, fierce strokes. "Just think you are a fish, Baby Barron, that I'm taking home."

Long minutes later, when lights were dancing before his eyes and the water was again lapping at his mouth, it seemed to him the confused sound of a cheer was borne across the water; a shadow darkened its surface, and the next instant strong Jersey clad arms reached over the gunwale of the outgoing boat and drew him and Baby Barron over its side.

"Save her—out there!" He waved an arm feebly with a last effort as a

# WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—The simple blouse is always the useful one, and this model can be closed with big buttons as illustrated or invisibly as liked, and can be made either high or with

Good Figure Gone. The "good figure" is in such disfavor that one close observer states that within a certain circle it is considered vulgar to have such a figure.

Strap Pocketbooks. One of the new strap pocketbooks has its strap buckled on at each end so that it can be removed if desired, but the idea is probably carried out more for ornament than use.

Use of Bands. The girl who is tall can shorten her apparent height by putting a band of plain material about the lower edge of her figured frock. The idea is to cause an abrupt change.

Girl's Tucked Dress. Just such a pretty little dress as this one is needed for every school girl, and this model can be made from lawn or batiste or from similar washable material, from the thin silks and pongees, that the girls are wearing so much, and, indeed, from every childish material. The skirt is an exceptionally pretty one, with an oddly shaped flounce, while the blouse is made with a yoke shaped in harmony therewith and with double sleeves that are distinctive and novel. As illustrated handkerchief lawn is trimmed with a simple lace banding and combined with a yoke of cross-barred dimity on which a little embroidery is seen.

The dress consists of the blouse and the skirt, which are joined by a belt. The blouse is tucked at its up-

square Dutch neck and with plain long sleeves, or with those of elbow length, so that it really supplies a great many needs. When made as il-

lustrated it is adapted either to the separate waist for morning wear or to the shirt waist dress of linen and other washable material, while when made as shown in the small view, it becomes much more dressy and adapted to thinner, lighter fabrics, as lawns, batistes, foulards and the like. For the finish of the square neck and elbow sleeves any banding or similar trimming that may be liked can be used, and with the high neck waist can be worn any one of the fashionable collars of the day.

The waist is made with fronts and back. It is tucked over the shoulders in a way to mean both breadth and tapering lines and again at the centre front. The long sleeves can be tucked or gathered at their lower edges and are finished with straight cuffs. The elbow sleeves are simply gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-eighths yards twenty-one or twenty-four, three and one-half yards forty-two or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, one and three-quarter yards of banding when Dutch neck and elbow sleeves are used.

Mohair Petticoats. First it was reported that taffeta might be substituted; then pongee took kindly to the process, and now mohair has become water and dirt proof. This last is a great acquisition to enthusiastic motorists, for the material is light and cool, and at the same time it wears like wire. Pongee and silk may hold their places in the esteem of womankind for raincoats to be worn to social functions, but for driving, automobiling and coaching mohair will be found superior.

Octopus Bow Next. The Alsatian bow is making way for the newer octopus bow for millinery.

Old School Books. Any one who has ever bought any second-hand grammar, or exercise books for the study of foreign language has noticed that they are seldom finger-marked more than half-way through.—Somerville Journal.

# DOG LEGAL TENDER IN STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Justice So Decides in Case of a Woman's Tailor Against a Vete-erinarian.

Bulldogs are full legal tender in Streator, Ill., as payment for ladies' tailored gowns since the suit of Alexander H. Whigham, a modiste, against Samuel K. Austin, a dog fancier, was decided there in favor of the defendant.

Mrs. Austin's new creation, fresh from the shop of Whigham, had been the focus for feminine eyes there for a fortnight. It was not cut directoire style; Streator is not yet prepared for it; but the tailor and the dog fancier both were pleased until the last installment of \$10 on the costume, which was priced at \$40, became due. Then trouble began.

When Whigham came from New York he brought a pedigreed bulldog along. It had a curled tail and wore a fancy collar and its aspect was most forbidding. Consequently all Streator believed Mr. Whigham when he boasted that it was a valuable dog.

Soon, however, the dog developed a case of mange. Whigham ascribed the affliction to the change from New York's sea air. He tried home remedies, but the dog continued to lose hair.

When at last the dog resembled a Mexican canine and cold weather was coming on Mr. Whigham decided that Mr. Austin, who knew all about dogs, was the man to restore its health and its hair. But the dog died on Austin's hands.

Whigham was inconsolable until Austin brought him a bull pup from his kennel. This, Whigham now claims, was in settlement of the loss of the pedigreed pup. But Austin claims differently. When he had paid \$30 on his wife's new tailored gown and the other \$10 by agreement, came due, Mr. Whigham wanted the money. Then Austin pointed to the bulldog, told him the bill was settled and demanded a receipt in full.

Whigham brought suit. The case was called in the court of Justice Edward Myers, and the court, after hearing both sides, ordered the case dismissed. Several witnesses testified that the dog was worth at least \$10.

Whigham says he will appeal.—New York World.

Scarabs. Two scarabs which are engaging the attention of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres should set at rest all doubts as to whether Africa really was circumnavigated so long ago as 600 B. C. by an explorer commissioned by the Egyptian king. For these scarabs seem to be genuine official records of the voyage, one of them given by the explorer himself. But the evidence in favor of the truth of the story recorded by Herodotus has always been convincing. He mentions the navigator's statement that in sailing round Africa they had the sun on their right hand—that is, to the north—dismissing this as a traveler's tale which he for one could not believe. Of course, any voyager around Africa would see the sun in that position, though no one in Herodotus' time who had not done so would be likely to believe it. Hence this very detail proves the trustworthiness of the whole story.—London Chronicle.

Dog Dives For Fish. Matthew Breen, a restaurant keeper of Paris, Ill., is the owner of a dog of unknown pedigree and breed which dives at his master's command and rarely fails to bring a fish to the surface of the water and then to the bank, provided a suitable place for his "fishing" is picked out for him.

The dog's penchant for fishing was already developed when Breen purchased him in the South for \$25. Since then the owner of the canine has gone on many fishing excursions with the animal, and the brute always makes a better catch than the master. Recently the dog dived into the Wabash River at the word from Breen, and after remaining under water for more than a minute brought up a German carp weighing twenty-eight pounds.

The dog is about the size of a full-grown shepherd dog and has short brown hair.—Danville (Ill.) Dispatch to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hay on Church Floor. A curious custom was observed at Old Nestor Church on Sunday. The church is dedicated to St. Swifthin, and on festival days the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor left a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to the new footwear. On Sunday the hay was duly laid down in the church.—London Standard.

A Gay One. The philosopher of the Florida Times-Union manages to keep in gay spirits. He writes:

"If one's team is running away one will alight with delight, but please excuse our making light of such a subject."

"Roosevelt may be wideawake, but he must retire on the 4th of next March."

"Many men think they are hugging a pretty girl when in truth is only a delusion."

"If the hoops drop from a barrel of whisky the innocent bystanders whoop hilariously."

A Detail Wanted. "I've almost wanted the art of flying," said the inventor joyously.

"What seems to be lacking?"

"Why, next to nothing. Merely some cheap method of suspending the law of gravitation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the course of a year ground worms will bring to the surface about ten tons of soil to the acre.

