

IN THE FACE OF FEAR.

BY WILLIAM B. MAC HARG.

BRONSON, an Englishman, had made a lumber camp on the shore opposite Fisherman's Island, which lay beyond six hundred yards of shifting, oily water. About the island the bay waves ran crosswise among half a mile of hidden reefs and shallows. Everywhere along the shore stood the brown cedar trunks, straight and clear, and back of them the hemlock, and farther still, where the glacial ice had cut range beyond range of low hills, the ash and beech and maple—all marketable timber, waiting for the ax. Yet the camp was foredoomed to failure because Bronson knew nothing about lumbering, and had spent \$30,000 on things for which there was no need. All one summer was spent by the St. Clair in bringing up to Bronson's great chained and timbered dock the needless things Bronson had bought.

Larson—"Shocky" Larson, 18 years old, big, light-haired and clumsy, was the porter of the St. Clair. Once on the lakes there had been built 20 or more boats all exactly alike—high-sided, stubby craft, made to fit the locks of the canals and called canal boats; and they turned out to be the best rough-weather boats the lakes had ever seen; puffy little boats, smelling of the galley, but indifferent to wind or wave or floating ice—and the St. Clair was one of them. But Shocky Larson laughed at the St. Clair and called her "the tub."

Shocky was driftwood. He had been cast to the beginning of the St. Lawrence, and west to the Mississippi; he had seen a little of the lakes and a little of the land, and he was no more than a boy, he bragged. He bragged to Van Clede, a stoop-shouldered man with child-like eyes, who was chief engineer of the St. Clair; he bragged to the hangers-on who waited at table on the St. Clair, and to the men upon the docks; but most of all he bragged to the men at Bronson's camp, a loud-voiced, simple folk, who did their duty as they knew it, but had seen little of the world.

"I suppose, now," said Bronson's camp boss, "you could bring the boat in as well as the old man."

"I'd not lose a fender at every dock," said Shocky.

"All right, boy," said the camp boss—he was a square, brown man, macked in more than one place by the return swing of the double-bitted ax—"all right, boy, we'll vote for you."

"For what?"

"When they're electing the champion bar."

Shocky saw that they were laughing at him, but the laughter alighted off his shoulders like water, and he told both question and answer to Van Clede, who listened, saying nothing. Van Clede liked Shocky; he called him "son," which was condescension on Van Clede's part, but he had tried once to take Shocky down, and had failed. He did not try again.

Neither Shocky Larson, nor Van Clede, nor the camp boss, nor Capt. Willis, of the St. Clair, could guess that a time was coming when what was true in all of them was to be tried out, when all the bragging that a quick tongue and a careless head ever let loose upon the world would make no difference, and the manhood and the strength that was in them would show on the outside, and the cowardice, too.

All summer the St. Clair went up and down the lake and in and out at Bronson's, poking her nose into mud holes and losing a fender now and then in pinches where she might have lost more with small blame; all summer Van Clede watched his engines, and Shocky looked out for baggage and silver quarters. In the very end of the summer there came a long hot spell, when the piled timber at Bronson's was hot to the touch, and shingles dropped from the roofs of the warehouses. Day after day to the north and west the smoke of forest fires hung like a fog over the lake. The hot spell was broken by a wind out of the east, at first dry and burning from blowing over miles of baked clearing and scorched forest, later damp and chilly, and bringing with it tanks of gray and yellow cloud and the promise of rain. The wind found the St. Clair steaming monotonously through the night, and set her to wallowing in the troughs of little off-shore whitecaps.

Now, aft of the after gangway, on the port side of the St. Clair, was a species of cubby-hole where the steward lived, and aft of the after gangway on the starboard side was another just like it, where the clerk kept his books, and slept with his boots on and a lead pencil behind his ear; and between the two, in a little coop, slept Shocky.

It was just at the change of watches that Shocky awoke with the sound of the clerk's voice in his ear, and the knowledge that something was wrong. Beyond his open door the between-decks of the St. Clair was gray with smoke, through which men moved like shadows.

On the upper deck the second officer knocked at Capt. Willis' door, and entered without waiting for an answer.

"We're all safe, sir," said the second officer, "for'ard of the engine-room."

The St. Clair was on her out trip and loaded full with freight—boxes and crates and barrels, shipments to company stores and a dozen hangers along the rigging. Missions, however, she was packed with goods and

seeds of wood for her furnace fire—wood which for weeks had lain drying upon the docks until it was like matchwood; she was as ready to burn as a powder string. Capt. Willis knew it. He peered down among the freight upon the lower deck, and saw the curling smoke and the little sparks of flame; he looked up at the deck above, beyond which were the dry woodwork of the cabin and the inflammable upper works; and he knew that his best hope was to beach the St. Clair before the fire had stopped his engines.

"Are they out from below?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir."

"Is Van Clede in the engine-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to stick. Tell them all to stick. I'm going to run for Bronson's. We must keep it under as much as we can."

The steward went through the cabin, knocking at the doors and calling the passengers. They came by twos and threes, little groups of white-faced people half-dressed. About them was the blackness of the night, out of which came the lines of choppy, off-shore seas—that and nothing more; as yet they had seen no flame, had hardly smelled the smoke. Willis called Van Clede to the speaking-tube.

"We're safe over the boilers," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to run for Bronson's. Stick to it as long as you can, and to give us everything you've got."

"Yes, sir."

Then the head of the St. Clair was turned into the wind. The passengers, silent and nervous, gathered on the forward deck. There was no turmoil, no confusion of words; but below, the crew of the St. Clair, and Shocky Larson with them, wet and scorched and choked with smoke, were fighting the enemy they did not hope to overcome. And the St. Clair, shaking all over with a steady tremble, split the water away before her bluff bow, and a half-hour ticked itself off on the pilot-house clock.

The head wind drove the flames steadily back upon the fire-hold and engine-room. Fifteen minutes more and the stokers, burned and blinded, were dragged through the fire to the deck. There was steam enough for all the miles that the St. Clair would ever travel upon any waters.

In the engine-room Van Clede, outwardly calm, trembled inwardly with a kind of ecstasy. A hundred times he had pressed these engines—pressed them notch by notch until he thought that they were doing their utmost; but never had he pressed them as now. He knew them, nut and bolt, through every fraction of their steady revolution, but now in the swirling smoke they seemed like mad giants rushing through their movements. Yet their music was as even as before, and the throb which shook the St. Clair was as regular as a pendulum. The engine-room was like a furnace; the paint dropped in scales from the workwork, and Van Clede tore a strip from his shirt, wet it, and tied it across his mouth and nostrils. His flesh ached with the heat, and he stood stoop-shouldered and childlike-eyed, and was proud of his engines.

Twice Willis called Van Clede to the speaking tube.

"Are you there yet?" he asked.

"All right so far, sir," said Van Clede.

Capt. Willis had begun to feel the noariness of the land, although in the darkness there was neither signal-light nor shore line to tell him where he was. A quarter of a mile one way or the other made a difference of reef or beach, or safety or destruction. Aft, the flames were licking the edges of the upper deck, but Willis signaled for reduced speed, and the St. Clair with two men at her wheel, came in cautiously as a cat, ready to jump either way.

At Bronson's they had seen her coming, and the red light flashed out at the end of the dock. The light came too late. As it met their eyes, suddenly a tremendous shock shook the St. Clair from stem to stern; out went the lamps in the cabin, loose furniture, loose things upon the deck leaped toward the bow. From below came the crash of shifting freight, and passengers and crew, wherever they stood, were dashed to the deck and hurled forward.

The St. Clair had struck the reef; and as if the shock had been a signal the whole boat aft of her funnel became a flaming torch. The fire seemed to move along the edges of the deck as fast as a man could walk. The boats were gone, the funnel trembled between the loosening stays.

Willis, who had been thrown from his feet by the shock, leaped again to his place, a wide gash across his forehead where he had struck the railing, and signaled for reversed engines. Back in the swirl of fire which was all the after part of the St. Clair the signal was heard and obeyed, but a thousand horse-power more could not have dragged the steamer free again.

For ten seconds after the shock there had been utter silence on the water, broken only by the dry rush of the flames, the crackling of tortured planks and the useless churning of the screw. Now there burst from 50 throats shrill shrieks and cries and frightened agony.

Have you ever seen a panic in a hester or in a mob—how from one half a dozen centers of disturbance right runs like ripples on the water, out and out until men on the farthest edges of the crowd are struggling like mad creatures, they know not why? So it was on the St. Clair. Men seized life-preservers, and leaped from her side with them waving open in the air; men fought with screams or in deadly silence for a chair, or other thing which would float; men

hung by hands from the rail and dropped into the water, till all along the side of the St. Clair it was like a mill-pond where frogs leap from a log into a pool. But there were few signs of women; these, with white faces and wide eyes, were gathered in a little group on the forward deck.

Out from the rushing flames, as by a miracle, came Van Clede, a coat wrapped about his head. The fire had touched him. His hair and beard were gone, his eyes smarted with pain, and his left arm hung useless by his side; but he was as cool as before. He patted out the flakes of fire upon his clothes, then stooped, broke both shoe-laces and kicked his shoes from him. As he rose again he saw Shocky Larson, clad only in undershirt and trousers, clinging to a stanchion.

"Get out of here, son," said Van Clede. "We've got to swim for it."

The boy did not answer, and Van Clede saw that he was crazed by fright. The panic had taken hold of him. Van Clede shook him by the shoulder and the boy flattened himself against the rail and shrieked. He was a pitiful thing, without mind, without forethought; and when Van Clede dragged him from the stanchion he rushed back to it and again eluded it. Through it all the boy's teeth chattered and his lips moved, and he said over and over to himself, as if it were a lesson that he had learned by rote:

"I can't swim! I can't swim! I can't swim!"

Van Clede tore Shocky from the rail, lifted him by main force and threw him over the side, and leaped after him. As he came to the surface, the boy seized him and they went down together. With his good hand Van Clede struck him twice in the face. The blows did not stun, although they were meant to stun, but the boy loosened his hold and went down. When again his head came free of water, Van Clede's teeth were set in his shirt collar, and with Van Clede swimming on his back, they were making slow headway from the side of the St. Clair.

The coldness of the water, the steady pull upon his shirt brought the boy to his senses. He told it afterward—how one instant all was a blur of fright, filled with red flashes and voices which stopped the beating of his heart and choked his throat with terror; then, suddenly, it was as if something cracked in his head and he saw clearly as in a picture, the black side of the St. Clair, and he heard and recognized above the turmoil the voice of Capt. Willis, on the forward deck, as he and the first officer held back the maddened men and helped the women with the life-preservers. And Shocky Larson, in a voice which was not like the voice of Shocky Larson at all, but like the voice of some better man, said, gasping, to Van Clede:

"You don't need to be afraid of me now, Van Clede."

Van Clede loosened the collar from his teeth, still supporting the boy's body on his own.

"I wasn't afraid of you, son," he said. "Put your hand on my shoulder. It's better so."

Then, swimming as best they could, they struck out for the red light on the dock.

About them they could hear noises in the water which told them that others, like themselves, were struggling. The offshore waves running on the reef, like sea-urchins at play, slapped their faces and choked them. The way was long. It was as if for hours they had been struggling in the water. Van Clede's strokes grew shorter and weaker, his face was white even in the darkness, and his eyes stared in their sockets.

"I guess we ain't got much chance, son," he said, choking, to the boy.

Then to Shocky Larson, that same frightened boy, 15 minutes before, had clung shrieking to the rail, there came a thought grander than any he had ever had before.

His weight dragged Van Clede down until the waves went over their heads. Together they could never reach the shore. The red light grew no nearer; but Van Clede alone might make it. One—not both.

And something rose in Shocky Larson which was like a thing outside of himself, and he let go of Van Clede's shoulder, and the water closed over him; but Van Clede, turning aside, seized him again.

Then, not 20 feet away in the darkness, a voice called to them and a hand was stretched out. It was Bronson's camp boss, who had crossed from the shore to the island on a little raft of railroad ties.

After that the St. Clair, burning like a box of matches, burned herself out on the reef, and the wind died down, and the day grew white behind the tree-tops.

But all through the dreadful night there were three men who were a tower of strength to others; and one of these was Van Clede, lying without doctor's aid in a shanty at Bronson's camp. There were three men who, all night, risked their lives again and again upon the reef and the island for others. One of these was Capt. Willis, of the St. Clair, with a water-soaked wound upon his forehead; one of them was the camp boss with hands torn and puffed with water, and one was Shocky Larson, who had come into his manhood.

He would never be a bragging boy again; but day by day he would grow more like Van Clede and the camp boss—men with simple hearts and steady hands, and their first thought a thought for others.

"I knew he had it in him," said Van Clede, long afterward, "I knew he had it in him, or maybe I wouldn't have bothered so much about him."—Youth's Companion.

As the Twig Is Bent.
Bacon—That fellow's mother says that when he was a baby he was always putting his toe in his mouth.
Egbert—Yes; and he's been putting his foot in it ever since.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Patience of Angels.
Senator's Daughter—I've prayed and prayed, papa, but things only seem to grow worse with me!
Senator Coppens—Have patience, my child—just look at the chaplain of the house and senate!—Puck.

It All Depends.
"How's business?" asked the stranger who had drifted in.
The shopkeeper eyed him suspiciously for a moment before replying.
"Do you want to buy or sell?" he inquired at last.—Chicago Post.

Struck a New Note.
Tommy—Uncle Henry's got the rheumatism in a new spot this morning.
Dicky—How do you know?
Tommy—His swearin' is different from what it generally is.—Chicago Tribune.

And Put Him in the Shade.
Hewitt—What became of the girl that you used to say was the light of your life?
Jewett—Another fellow came between me and the light.—Judge.

Exactly.
Customer—How much are eggs?
Dealer—Twenty-one cents.
"What do you charge 21 cents for?"
"For eggs."—Harlem Life.

How It Looked.
Edith—She says her face is her fortune.
Ethel—How unfortunate!—Puck.



A Miraculous Feat.

"It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save my little daughter from an untimely death," says City Marshall A. H. Malcolm, of Cherokee, Kan. "When two years old she was taken with stomach and bowel trouble and despite the efforts of the best physicians we could procure, she grew gradually worse and was pronounced incurable. A friend advised

Dr. Miles' Nervine
and after giving it a few days she began to improve and finally fully recovered. She is now past five years of age and the very picture of health."

Sold by all Druggists.
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

The Order of Succession.
"Of course," said the bachelor, thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True, but the scepter passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever."

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."—Chicago Post.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine cascaded C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Friendly Criticism.
Clara—Mr. Simpson paid you a great compliment last night.
Maude—Indeed! What did he say?
Clara—He said you seemed to be growing more beautiful every day.
Maude—That was nice.

Clara—Yes; and I reminded him of the old adage about practice making perfect.—Chicago Daily News

The way to buy PURE WHISKEY is direct from the distillery. You avoid the possibility of adulteration and save the jobbers' and small dealers' profit. The Hayner Distilling Co., Dayton, Ohio, will send you four full quarts Seven-Year-Old Rye, express prepaid, for \$3.20. See their announcement appearing elsewhere in this issue.

"Oh! Can we not be mated?" he cried.
"Why yes," she answered deftly; "We'll fix it this way: I'll be right, and you, sir, will be left."
—Puck.

Self-Distrust.
"What you lack," said the person who reads your character, "is self-confidence."

"I can't help it," said the young man.
"You see, I was for a number of years employed in the work of preparing weather predictions."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE BEST LAWN SWING MADE

AGENTS WANTED
Lawn Swings and Settees, Hammock Chairs, Camp Chairs and Stools, Ironing Tables, Wash Benches, Etc.

Agents easily make \$5 TO \$10 PER DAY.

Will furnish samples at reduced prices to those desiring agency. Exclusive territory given. Address, Clearfield Wooden-Ware Co., CLEARFIELD, PA.

HER FAMILY HISTORY.

Sarah Bernhardt Tells Some Intimate Facts to Insurance Doctor and Gets Big Risk.

The \$100,000 insurance risk recently taken out by Sarah Bernhardt was divided among several large English companies, and each received a copy of the original examination by a physician of the company that accepted the great actress. A copy of the papers in the possession of an English visitor in Chicago shows that if Mme. Bernhardt dies M. Maurice Jean Ambroise Bernhardt, her son, married and about 35, will inherit the insurance money, together with \$100,000 worth of real estate in Paris, an estate elec-



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT. (Considered by Critics the Greatest Living Actress.)

where in France and much money, bonds and other valuables.

The statement is to the effect that the divine Sarah was born on October 23, 1844, that her father died at 37 and her mother at 51. She has no brother. Of her two sisters, one died of accidental poisoning, the other of pneumonia. The physician makes special mention of the fact that Mme. Bernhardt submitted most affably to the physical examination, and that, all things considered, she is the best risk he has ever examined.

In answer to various questions the actress said she had been ill only once in her life, when a serious surgical operation was necessary. She never wore stays. Her full name is Sarah Bernhardt Damala. She owned \$100,000 worth of Paris real estate and earned \$10,000 a week in the theatrical season.

Her home is on the island of Belle Isle, on the west coast of France, a place immortalized by Alexander Dumas the elder in "The Three Guardsmen." Her height was five feet 6 1/2 inches and her weight 130 pounds.

In the matter of wines and other liquors she confines herself to one glass of champagne at dinner each day. Her principal food is the juice pressed from fresh beef.

Her art takes up all her time, and to prevent the small but worrying things of every-day life from interfering with it she carries with her a woman companion and a masseuse, two maids and two men servants. Her daily routine she gives as follows: She arises between 11 a. m. and noon. She takes a cold bath. She gives herself over into the hands of her masseuse. She has a light breakfast. If the weather is nice and dry she takes a drive; if not, she studies, reads or talks.

She has a light dinner, the principal ingredient of which is the juice pressed from beef; drinks her glass of champagne and goes to the theater at eight o'clock.

REALISTIC GAME.



"What are you doing in that cupboard, Cyril?"

"Hush, auntie! I'm pretending to be a thief!"—Punch.

Tonsorial Repartee.
"How do you part your hair?" said the barber after he had finished cutting it.

"With a comb," replied the irritable customer.

"I didn't know. It looked, when you came in, as if you might have been doing it with a hayrake."—Chicago Tribune.

RHEUMATISM

Kept Him Home.

Dr. David Kennedy's

Rheumatic Remedy

Cured S. H. Stroud, of Canastota, N. Y.; read his concise letter.

"I suffered awfully with rheumatism. At times it was so severe I could not get out of my house. I heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and took four bottles of it and was completely cured, and I have had no return of the rheumatism since. I am happy to add my testimony to its virtue and cheerfully recommend it to others."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy restores the liver to a healthy condition, and cures the

worst cases of constipation. It is a certain cure for all diseases peculiar to females and affords great protection from attacks that originate in change of life. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, dyspepsia, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, gravel, diabetes and Bright's disease. In this last disease it has cured where all else failed.

If you are not already convinced that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the medicine you need, you may have a trial bottle, absolutely free, with a valuable medical pamphlet, by sending your name, with post office address, to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., mentioning this paper. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists at \$1.00 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00—less than one cent a dose.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plasters strengthen muscles, remove pain anywhere. 100