

A WORLD OF LITTLE THINGS.

- A little trill of laughter, a chord in nature's song;
- A little deed of righteousness to stand against the wrong;
- A little duty heeded, a little honor won;
- A little hill surmounted, and a little kindness done;
- A little labor daily, a little prayer and praise;
- A little act of kindness to gladden weary days;
- And so the whole creation to its ceaseless Heaven swing;
- For little man is living in a world of little things.
- A little hope to cheer us, although it waiteth still;
- A little fire for comfort when Winter nights are chill;
- A little dream, God-given, to bless us on the way;
- A little welcome waiting us at ending of the day;
- A little purpose shining through every deed we do;
- A little bunch of roses to overspread the rue;
- A little peace surpassing to which the spirit clings;
- For little man is living in a world of little things.
- A little hope, a little love, a little toil and rest;
- A little glimpse beyond the veil, a little problem guessed;
- A little faith, a little doubt, a little blinded trust;
- A little halting journey, and a little of its dust;
- A little knowledge merely of little ways we wend;
- A little dream of Heaven awaiting at the end;
- A little struggling upward, although on broken wings;
- For little man is living in a world of little things.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse.

The Economical Pirate.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

Uncle Jonah was the only sailor in our family, and that was one too many. Under the name of his Christian name, he ran away from home in boyhood and began his notorious marine career as a stowaway in an Australian clipper. I can understand that the family life must have jarred upon him, for my grandfather was a Methodist preacher of the narrowest type, and Uncle Jonah's boyhood was soured by a surfeit of chapel going and long family prayers.

For 20 years or so Uncle Jonah held no communication with his bereaved family, who alluded to him as "a lost vessel," and regarded his probable decease with equanimity. Then he reappeared, with rings in his ears and a roll of banknotes in his pocket, and his early follies were condoned. Unlike most sailors, Uncle Jonah had developed thrifty habits. For the first week or two his reputation as a man of substance enabled him to "sponge" upon the frequenters of the village inn; but after that people began to resent his stinginess, and the hospitable stream of free drinks ceased to flow; thereupon Uncle Jonah went no more to the Goat and Compasses, and began to tire of pastoral life. Soon he went afloat again, securing the command of a tramp steamer bound for the Gold Coast with a cargo of square gin and condemned rifles.

I bade him farewell in the Southampton docks one bleak evening in February. His parting words astonished me.

"James, my lad," he said boastfully, "I'm going to make my fortune this voyage, and if I ever come back I'll make a gentleman of you."

The doubtful prospect of becoming a gentleman without individual exertion did not lure me into idle habits. There was the chance, too, that Uncle Jonah might be drowned. I pursued my vocation (as we presmen phrase it) until I rose to the position of reporter on the Daily Seum.

Years passed, but no tidings of Uncle Jonah ever reached me, until one day, in the ordinary course of business, I was sent to Bow street police court to write up a case of piracy on the high seas that promised to afford good copy. The intelligent reader will have guessed that the accused person proved to be my Uncle Jonah; but I need hardly say that I was wholly unprepared to find a relative in the dock.

My professional zeal enabled me to stifle any emotion that might have interfered with the business in hand. If a man possesses the true journalistic instinct he is capable of writing a descriptive article on the vivisection of his own father, and will take pride in the task.

I recognized Uncle Jonah directly he stepped into the dock. He had aged a little, for his black beard was streaked with gray and his keen, ferret face had grown haggard; but he did not appear to be greatly cast down by his misfortunes. To say that he bore himself with dignity (I took the liberty of saying this in my report) would be inaccurate. Uncle Jonah never had any dignity, being one of those familiar, vulgar persons in whose company even the dignity of others withers like a leaf in autumn. His shifty eyes explored the dingy court and rested for a moment on the reporters' table. He recognized me and winked.

The evidence taken that morning was purely formal, and, pending the attendance of some important witnesses, the prisoner was remanded in custody. I foresaw that the coming trial would be made to excite exceptional interest, cases of piracy being comparatively rare. I was eager to secure the first "interview" with Uncle Jonah, and to this end I played the useful cat of our relationship for all it was worth. The inspector of police, after pocketing a sovereign, confessed himself unwilling to resist the appeals of the prisoner's beloved nephew. I was permitted to spend half an hour in the cell, on condition that I made no professional use of the interview. The exigencies of journalism obliged me to pledge my word to the inspector, though I foresaw the impossibility of keeping my promise.

And this in the story of baffled piracy as told by my Uncle Jonah. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words, omitting his lurid maritime explanations:

"In these days of keen competition," said Uncle Jonah, "it's no sort of good, my lad, trying to run a pirate craft on old-fashioned lines. A hundred years ago, or maybe, fifty, one could afford to ship a strong crew and give the men a fair percentage of the profit; but nowadays there's the stokers and engineers to settle with, the coal bill's something awful, and you must employ

stock of our dummies. These malle carry a lot of people, you know, and one had to put 'em in a blue funk, else they'd have shown fight.

"She was well up to time, and we sighted her about six bells (3 p. m.) in the afternoon watch, coming along at 16 knots through a sea as smooth as a duck pond. As luck would have it, there wasn't so much as a sailing ship within 20 miles, and I made sure of them diamonds and the gold.

"Between you and me, James, I meant to retire from business if we pulled it off, and I shouldn't have been over particular about settling up with the syndicate."

This confession of dishonesty pained me, but I let it pass. To reprove a pirate for swindling his employers seemed, on the whole, inconsistent.

"We slowed down," continued Uncle Jonah, impressively, "wound up all the dummies, and stood by to give her a couple of rounds from our 4.7 gun. The chap who bossed that gun had been a navy man, and he could hit a funnel at 1000 yards four times out of six. He got 10 quid a week from the syndicate and he said it was a nice little addition to his service pension of 18 pence a day.

"When the Rhodes Castle closed within about five cables I gave the word and ran up the black flag. The navy man let rip, and the foremost funnel went over like a candle in a hot room. The second shot carried away the chart house and part of the bridge, and then the captain stopped engines.

"Now, you must bear in mind that we only had 12 hands besides the German dummies, and the mail boat carried a big crew without reckoning the passengers. We could have sunk her in half an hour, but it was no good doing that till I'd got the stuff out of her.

"My plan was this: I left the mate and the navy man in charge of the Falcon, and took the other none along with me in the boat to overhaul the mail. We was armed, of course, but I trusted more to the lurid dummies than our revolvers, and I told the mate not to close nearer to the mail than 500 yards. At that distance our dummies looked right enough, but they seemed a bit stiff in the joints at close quarters. Perhaps I was a bit hurried. Anyway, I didn't notice anything wrong with the mate when I give him the orders. When we got alongside the mail I halted the captain and told him to send all hands forward except himself and the mates. Then we boarded the ship, and I had a few words with the captain. I told him we'd come for the gold and the diamonds and the loose cash and the wimmin's jewelry, and if they gave any trouble I should sink the ship with all hands. I meant to sink her anyway, but there wouldn't have been any sense in making them desperate. My instructions from the agent was to sink every prize we took and spare no lives. It sounds a bit harsh, James, but a pirate can't afford to be tender-hearted nowadays, or he'd have a dozen warships after him inside a month. When we captured the Oceanica (she was supposed to have struck an iceberg, you'll remember) the navy man and that fat-headed mate of mine wanted to take their pick of the wimmin; but that was clean against the contract, and I wouldn't allow it.

"The skipper cheered up considerably when I told him we hoped to get through the job without cutting a throat, and he handed over the keys of the safe like a lamb. Those two shots from the 4.7 had done our business, and to look at the Falcon you'd never have doubted she carried a strong crew of out and out murderers. 'See here, captain,' says I, pointing to my vessel, 'you might manage to hobble me and my search party; but if we don't get safe back to the Falcon in half an hour, my mate has orders to blow this hooker out of the water.'

"Very well," says he; 'I'm helpless, and you're free to gut my ship. Since you mean to avoid bloodshed, I'll give you every facility.'

"Right," says I, 'this is a matter of business, and the sooner we get through with it the better. Tell the crew and passengers to fork out every sixpence they've got on them, and the wimmin to dub up their jewelry. Let your mate go round with a bread bag and make the collection. He's got rather the cut of a church warden.'

"You might do without the jewelry," said the cap'n.

"Well, the married wimmin may keep their wedding rings," says I. 'It's quite irregular, but I'm a widower myself.'

"With that I followed the captain down to the strong room, taking four hands with me to carry up the gold. My idea was to hang on to the diamonds myself till I could get 'em under lock and key in my own cabin. So you see, James, I couldn't avoid going below to the strong room, and if that lurid ass of a mate had obeyed orders I might have been in South America by now, living like a lord mayor."

At this point in his narrative my Uncle Jonah fell into a gloomy reverie from which I had to rouse him before he resumed it.

"There was 100,000 quid's worth of gold in that strong room, or I'm a liar," he continued, "and enough diamonds to have half filled a bread bag. It took us some time to get the gold on deck and lower it into the boat, but I never tackled any job that seemed to tire me so little. When I got on deck the third time I saw in a shake that something was wrong. The crew and passengers of the mail was all craning their necks over the side and staring at the Falcon.

"I took a peep at her myself, and blamed if the mate hadn't closed in

THE STORY OF DICK.

A Seagull Who Kept Tryst for Twenty-four Consecutive Years.

Out in the ocean, about four miles off the shore of Rhode Island and just south of Narragansett bay, is anchored Brenton's Reef lightship. Some 32 years ago the lonely watchers on the ship had their attention attracted by a seagull that so far put aside his wild nature as to swim close to the vessel in search of food. The friendliness and trustfulness of the bird immediately won the hearts of the keepers, and soon he was supplied with all the food he wanted. Not only this, but every day, without a break, the bird, which by this time the men had named "Dick," came back, and just as regularly was he supplied. This soon grew into a habit; and the preparation of Dick's allowance became one of the cook's fixed duties.

There would have been nothing very remarkable in a wild sea fowl following an instinct that led it to repeat a search for food so regularly and so bountifully successful, were it not for its later history. One day near the first April following Dick's appearance at the lightship he was missed, and was not seen again until about the 1st of the next October when the same program of daily feeding was resumed and kept up as during the previous year. Then, as the 1st of April drew near, Dick would again take himself off to his summer home, wherever that might be, only faithfully to return with the following October.

This repeated going and coming, with the constant round of daily feeding, was kept up for 24 consecutive years; and Capt. Edward Fogarty, in charge of the lightship, writes to us that the last seen of the old fellow was in April, 1895, when, according to his custom, he left for his summer vacation, but, for the first time in 24 years, failed to return the next October.

What became of him no one knows. His great age may have so enfeebled him that he was unequal to the long flight to and from his unknown summer home. He may have chosen to stay there, or he may have died of old age.

It was noticed by the ship's keepers that during his last visit Dick plainly showed the effects of his increasing years, and that he was no longer able to hold his own with the other gulls in maintaining his exclusive right to the bounty thrown out from the lightship.

The Smithsonian Institution knew the history of Dick's visits and was desirous of obtaining his remains when he died, but, while it is possible that in his later life he might have been captured and forced to end his days on shipboard, there was not one on board the lightship so false as to make the attempt or to permit it in others.

The report of Dick's arrival and departure were faithfully recorded by the captain in his ship's records as if they were an important item of marine news, and in the neighborhood of Newport, at least, he was as well known a character as any pet elephant or monkey within the safe confines of a zoological garden is to the girls and boys in the cities. Dick's cage and playground was the whole Atlantic ocean, if he had wished, but he was faithful to the friends whom he had always found faithful to him.—St. Nicholas.

No White Race Horses.

"Why is it that you never see a white race horse?" asked a man who takes much interest in unusual things. "Did you ever see a pure white race horse? I venture the assertion that you never did in all your experience in running around over the country. No doubt you have seen an iron gray horse now and then, or a flea-bitten gray, but you have never seen a white horse among the thoroughbreds of your time. Mind you, I am not saying that there is no such thing as a white race horse. I am simply commenting upon a fact which I have observed, a fact which may have been noticed by others. I have seen a gray horse now and then. A few years ago I remember to have made a small bet on a horse, named Boaz, a sort of flea-bitten gray, owned by a woman, who, by the way, was not red-headed. But during my experience round race tracks, which is not as broad as the experience of others, the pure white horse, or anything approaching it nearer than the gray, has been conspicuously absent, and I have often wondered why. Of course, there must be some good, deep-rooted reason for this extraordinary fact. Bay horses, sorrel horses and black horses are common enough at the various race courses of the country, and they are in all shades, so far as these colors are concerned. Occasionally one may find a horse bordering on the clay bank in color, horses with blaze faces, or with white hind or fore feet, or sometimes having other distinguishing color marks. But where is the white horse? He is not at the race track where running races are on the card, and they are very scarce on trotting and pacing tracks. I have never mentioned the curious fact to men who are experts when it comes to blooded horses, but I intend to do so, and the very first well-posted race horse man I meet I will ask him why it is that there are no white race horses, and the reasons therefor. There must be some relation between color and speed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Thirty-four houses in various parts of Glasgow, Scotland, have in a single day been closed as unfit for human habitation. There were 118 persons living in them.



New York City.—Coats made with attached straps are much in vogue and are exceedingly smart. This very attractive May Manton one is adapted



STRAPPED COAT.

to suitings of all sorts as well as to materials used for general wraps, but is shown in tan colored covert cloth stitched with corticelli silk.

The coat is made with fronts, back and under-arm gores and includes seams in both fronts and back which extend to the shoulders. The neck is finished with the regulation collar and lapels and in each front is inserted a convenient pocket. The sleeves are in the smart tailor coat shape, but with novel roll-over cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, two and a half yards fifty-two inches wide.

Box Eton With Stole Collar.

Loose or box Eton jackets make a feature of advance styles, and will be



BOX ETON WITH STOLE COLLAR.

greatly worn during the season to come. The very pretty one shown in the large drawing is made of black taffeta, with trimming of applique cloth, held by fancy stitches, which is exceedingly smart, but, of course, cloth, peau de sole are all appropriate and the design is suited alike to the odd wrap and the costume of any sort, applique or the material braided, braiding being one of the latest whims of fashion.

The jacket is made with back and fronts only and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. At the neck is a collar which is broad at the back and shoulders, but forms stole ends at the front. The sleeves are in full style and short enough to allow the full ones worn beneath to be seen.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide.

Underleeve Effects.

Many of the handsome new dresses show elaborate underleeve effects. If well held in these are pleasing. Too saggy and droopy schemes, however, look positively untidy, especially for the street. Old sleeves may be made thus modish very easily. A handsome black broadcloth was thus treated. The sleeve was ripped up the back seam to the elbow. A ruffle of black chiffon was set in, puff fashion. Each end of it was one of black silk polka dots de Venise lace. The edges of the cloth were hidden by an applique of Oriental embroidery like that on the cuffs and at the fronts.

A Word About Silk.

Though the Continental looms continue to turn out any amount of taffeta it is said that the coarser weaves will be the thing next autumn. Armures are looked upon as being one of the coming favorites. The great demand for taffeta is quite as much due to its desirability for lining as its vogue in garments. All the sheer tulle and over a taffeta foundation, and this alone sells enough taffeta to make it appear the silk of silks.

Wine Lace on Silk Crepe.

A novel puff dress is of castor silk crepe. The bolero, which is but a deep



WINE LACE ON SILK CREPE.

ten and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, nine yards thirty-two inches wide or six and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide.