

**WHEN AS A LAD.**

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

When, as a lad, at break of day,  
I watched the fishers sail away.  
My thoughts, like flocking birds, would follow  
Across the curving sky's blue hollow,  
And on and on—  
Into the very heart of dawn!

For long I searched the world! Ah, me!  
I searched the sky, I searched the sea,  
With much of useless grief and rueing,  
Those winged thoughts of mine pursuing—  
So dear were they,  
So lovely and so far away!

I seek them still and always will  
Until my laggard heart is still,  
And I am left to follow now,  
Across the curving sky's blue hollow,  
Those thoughts too fleet  
For any save the soul's swift feet!

—From Ainslee's Magazine.

## The Bunco Submarine.

A Tale With Pearls, Orientals, and Sharks In It.

(London Sketch.)

There were twenty cases of pearl-shell to be trans-shipped from the store schooner to the ugly cargo tramp that squatted on the flanks of the company's luggers. A couple of whale boats plied across the straits, dodging the skulking praus and trepang dredgers, until the last case was safely stowed in the tramp's after-hold.

A score of helmeted divers descended in batches from the steps of the luggers to the reef-strewn floor of the straits. The soft whining of air-pumps, the loud, unheeded coughing of some lung-wasted diver, broke the hot afternoon silence. From cape to coral bank the straits seemed alive with wheeling sun-birds and slow-drifting craft.

A laughing Japanese boy steering four Jap fishermen in a half-decked yawl, swung from the hubbub of drifting junks, and lay abeam of the pearl-fishing fleet. In a flash, it seemed, their long lead sinkers were out, and their four schooper lines whipped the water simultaneously.

Captain William Hayes was at that moment exhibiting several samples of black-lip pearl to a perspiring shell-buyer seated abaft the sliding deck-house. Leaning over the rail, he glanced darkly at the close-drifting yawl. "Don't fly your blamed hooks over my shell grounds," he said harshly. "These are licensed waters, Mr. Japan."

The Assamese boy held out his hand pleadingly. "You let us fish a little while, Cap'n. Poor Japanese boy no work get."

"Get work a gunshot or two from this lugger," nodded the white man. "Last month somebody's fishing hook fouled an air tube and suffocated a diver. Maybe you Shinto people fancy it's a blamed fine joke."

The four Japanese fishermen remained must as bronze images in the yawl. Save for the boy's anxious glance at the big white Captain above, they seemed unaware of his existence.

Hayes regarded them keenly as the tide drew them nearer and nearer to the vessel's stern. "They'd climb aboard and loot the galley if I went ashore," he said to the astonished agent beside him. "They'd steal the lash off a crew's eye-lid."

The Japs remained motionless; the schooper lines twined about their fingers. Not once did they look up at the baying voiced Captain.

"Heard every word I said," he continued, "and they're digesting my meaning like ostriches." Turning to a group of shell openers squatting forward besides their heaps of rotting burley, he addressed them in a sharp undertone. One of them, a half-caste Burghia man, seized an un-opened oyster and hurled it with boomerang force through the air. The edge of their shell struck the nearest Jap full in the chest; another followed that skated dangerously between their heads.

There came no sound of protest from the Japs; the man who bore the shell scar on his breast yawned leisurely. Slowly, laboriously, it seemed they heaved on their tattered jigger and the boomsail caught the falling slant of wind.

"You don't seem overpolite to visitors," ventured the agent when they had gone. "Were they really interfering with your divers?"

"Guess you were losing \$500 worth of pearl a month you'd think so. The Japs have a right, maybe, to sit on the spike of this continent and fish, but if they're going to stick their hooks into my air tubes and smother innocent men in twenty fathoms of water I'll uncover that machine gun for'd. It hates Japs like poison."

"You really think that some of your divers are in league with the Japanese buyers?"

"Thinking won't stop a \$5000 gem sliding from a diver's hand to a purse at the end of a twenty fathom line, sir. You've got to shoot at sight and pursue your mental hallucinations afterward. These Japs are rushing about the East like kids at a picnic," he went on, huskily. "They're marking of things and places with pens and cameras, and they want to see how many gates have been left open."

The agent stayed aboard the schooner to be entertained by the ruffvoiced man named Hayes. The business of shell sampling over, they sat in their chairs under the double awning away from the oyster heaps and listened to the babel of voices that drifted across the Straits of Torres. The northwest monsoon had fallen to a three-knot zephyr, and the thirty jiggers belonging to the Queensland pearl-fishing fleet rolled in a half-moon formation on the eastern limit of the Vanderdecken Bank.

A champagne cork popped under the awning; the scent of a cheroot rose like incense amid the offal that trails eternally in the wake of pearls. The wine mellowed Hayes, softened the blade-like edge of his overwrought mind until his laughter was heard by the Trepang fishers across the bay.

"The man who owns a pearl lagoon has got to sell his dignity and watch the skyline," he said, after a pause. "I've been in the business for eighteen years, sir, and I know a thief schooner from a mission boat. I bought a lagoon once from an old German down in the Shoe Archipelago that cost me \$6000 and my reputation as a Jap killer."

The Shoe Archipelago is a long way south of the Marquesas, but there were sellers who'd have gone to the ice limit to put in a year's fishing at Eight Bells Lagoon—that was the name I gave it. From reef to reef it was packed with golden edge shell, little baby pearl the size of your thumbnail, stuff that will tempt nine thieves out of ten into your waters. Golden-edge shell is slow to mature, and I thought it worth while to sit down and wait a year or so and give it time to grow.

The old German who sold me the island had put up a notice stating that he'd gun the first poacher who took an oyster from the lagoon. So when the pearl banks became my property I reckoned that the printed notice had a claim on my ammunition.

"One afternoon a schooner ripped into the passage and started to wind herself round the buoy. Before my mate, Bill Howe, could bring me my Sunday uniform a couple of Japs put off in a dinghy and climbed up the steps to my tradehouse veranda. Their names were written on ivory cards—Matil Hannigan and Suster Ma. They gave me to understand that they were graduates from the Tokyo University.

"Then they bowed and showed me the diamonds on their fingers. I was considerably impressed. It takes three generations they say, to make a gentleman. I reckoned by the way they kowtowed that their forefathers had been practicing bowing since Columbus first pointed the way to Chicago.

"Their business was in a nutshell. They had with them the skeleton of a submarine designed and thought out by themselves. It was an improvement on the old French type and capable of destroying the largest battleship afloat. Its construction was be-

### SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS.

A Boston paper tells of a boy walking along a downtown street who carelessly tore up a piece of paper till he had a handful of bits, which he then tossed away. A policeman stopped him and compelled him to gather up every one of these floating pieces of paper. It was not easy, for the wind had scattered them. John T. Faris, writing in the *Epworth Herald*, adorns this tale with another and points a moral that nearly all of us could heed with profit. But, he says, it seemed a simple task to a passenger in a city omnibus, who, forgetting his surroundings, made his seat-mate a careless remark about a mutual acquaintance. Brought to his senses by the sharp glance of a stranger who had overheard, he wished that he might recall his careless words. He determined he would never again be guilty of the same sin.

Only a few days later, in the presence of several listeners, he was once more guilty of a thoughtless remark about a friend. The words were no sooner spoken than he longed to gather them up, as the Boston boy gathered up the scattered bits of paper. But they were gone from him forever, and, unless those who heard him have been more thoughtful than he, they are already scattered to the four winds.

sun in the United States, but as the model grew they discovered that their ideas were being assimilated by local experts. When you consider that three European governments are willing to pay an immense sum for a reliable navy-smasher, it seemed worth their while to quit the States and complete the submarine in England.

"Arriving at Liverpool they learned that two American torpedo agents were on their heels. Not caring to begin work they postponed all further trials until the coast was clear. But the agents were painfully early risers and dogged their movements night and day. To have started experimenting on the open beaches and rivers of England would have been like handing their brains to a foreign Torpedo Trust. They got scared, and finally hired a schooner that brought them and their submarine to the South Seas, where the design-snatchers snatched them could be dealt with if they ventured within a hundred-mile radius.

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Pacific game to raffle a handful of beads without my permission.

"We lubricated extensively, to each other's internal satisfaction. We also smiled.

"I was to be a partner in the submarine speculation. A reliable submarine is an investment that shoots half a million into a man's lap. He is dollar swamped, and his life is full of music and press notices. I was positive that the Jap's invention was a work of genius. I mightn't know a twelve-inch gun from a gaspipe, but you could back horses on my instinct when it came to drawing up an agreement.

"I stood hand on hip while the war-splitting machine was landed at the foot of the trade house. The deeps of partnership had been fixed up; it was a concave agreement, with the bulge in my direction. I showed them Eight Bells Lagoon and the sky above it. I asked them if it would suit their submarine.

"After sizing it all 'round they said it would fit them to a yard.

"Before dinner we rowed across the lagoon in my whaleboat. I was man about the golden-edge spat lying on the floor. Couldn't see how it would interfere with the submarine practice. Then I examined their credentials and found 'em clean as a British ambassador's. Putting one thing with another, I hailed myself partner in a school that would pull out on the sunny side of \$20,000.

"The fifth night the Japs started maneuvering their submarine against the wind and tide. Bill rushed into the trade room like a spring-heeler rooster looking for a fight.

"That war machine's making its fortune across the lagoon, Cap'n, says he.

"Doing submarine work," says I.

"With your golden-edged shells," says he. "They've lifted and scraped together half a ton of pearl an' packed it away aboard the schooner. By the time they're done with the lagoon there won't be enough shell left to cover a dinner plate."

"You mean," says I, "that they're loading that barrel-shaped thief machine with my goldenedged pearl?"

"An' maneuverin', Cap'n."

"I guess my intellect was off the grass when it allowed a couple of Shinto greasers and a patient diving machine into a lagoon that was packed to the shore line with finest mother-o'-pearl, and the schooner shipping the stuff as fast as they could load her."

"Bill asked me to keep calm. 'Talk sense and bring out the cartridges,' says I.

"Then an idea floated into my head, and after I'd rubbed its edges and smoothed it into shape I commanded Bill to kill a pig. 'Cut it into a dozen pieces and scatter it about the lagoon entrance,' says I.

"What for?" says Bill.

"It will bring up my bull pups. You watch the pearl-fishing industry by and by, Bill."

"There was an old hog in the compound of no particular account. Bill walked 'round it with an ax and got in first blow before the hog could strike an attitude. We spent two hours cutting it up and scattering it in the deep water at the lagoon mouth. Then Bill heaved the hog's head and feet astern of the Jap submarine.

"I was hard at work on the edge of the shell spat, moving here and there as the 'skin' divers worked the shallow floor. 'Great Scott!' says I, 'they're sprinter at the game.'

"I could feel that the big-barreled machine was glutted with my golden-

"The pig did it," Bill looked at the sharks and chuckled.

"It was a noble thought," says I. "A better man would have covered it with patent rights an hour ago."

"We heard a scream; there's no escaping the yellows of a 'skin' diver when a thirteen-foot shark mistakes him for an elongated prawn.

"Next moment we saw the two Japs astride the submarine, waxing their knives at the frothing water around them.

"One of 'em bitten on the foot," says I. "We'll measure him for a pair of crutches later on."

"The schooner's dinghy will be round by an to see what's the matter," says Bill.

"Depends on our shooting," says I.

"The two Japs astride the submarine saw us in the moonlight. One of 'em stood up and wagged his arms.

"Anything wrong?" says I.

"A slight miscalculation," says he. The hob-nosed twiner has become entangled in the Aaron-Johnson adjudicator. A three-inch whale incinerator will neutralize the poisonous explosions." He waved his arms cheerfully at me and Bill.

"Rub with gasoline," says I, "and wire results."

"I was cool; my temperature would have surprised a thermometer. It occurred to me and Bill that the Japs were collecting their feelings. You could have repaired a broken icehouse with their faces.

"Gentlemen, I mistook your machine for a Panama Canal excavator," says I. "Be calm; don't let me hurry you."

"Bill say my speech would have put a Fenian into Parliament. The Japs looked hurt. Bill unscrewed the top of a manhole and slipped into the shell-collector.

"Funk," says Bill.

"Triple expansion of the nerves. Come below to commit suicide with the oyster opened," says I.

"The other Jap, astride the machine seemed to be watching the fleet of gray-backed sharks swarming around. One big fellow with a shovel snout looked at the straddling Jap like a hungry policeman shepherding a pie.

"The Jap inside the machine bobbed his head through the man-hole and heaved a piece of raw meat into the water. About 200 full-grown sharks closed round it and fought for ten seconds in a solid heap, turning, rolling and snapping at each other like tigers."

"The Jap at the manhole disappeared like an African falling through a pit.

"Goin' to measure himself for a new lightin'-conductor," says Bill. "I counted the sparks in his eyes."

"He moved greasily; I put in 'and not without a certain elegance of manner.'

"We saw a sky-colored light join from the stern window of the machine. It kicked the floor of the lagoon and whitened the top. Two seconds later the water bulged and drew itself together as though the submarine had given it a headache. Up and up it heaved, high as a schooner's mainyard, and then the blained thing split in nine pieces. Whoosh! Bang!

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"Banzai!" said the Jap at the man-hole. "What do you think of that, Bully Hayes?"

"Considered as a side show it beats whaling or football," says I. "Why not put your water elevator on the market? It would sell in thousands as a pick-me-up."

"It would go well with soft drinks," says Bill, wiping dead fish from his eye.

"The Jap at the manhole promised to consider my proposal at an early date. Then he asked if we had any more sharks to spare. 'There were several floating round, that looked hurt and tired,' he said.

"I followed Bill back to the trade house. Nothing that bad any bearing on the Japanese submarine was left unsaid. At sun-up Bill complained bitterly about the small of dead shark on the roof.

"It's the only blamed thing they've left us," says he.

"But he had to admit that the machine was no fly-tray."

### MAIN FARM FOR MISS KELLER.

Will Move to the Country That Her Work May Be Uninterrupted.

Miss Helen Keller, the noted deaf and blind young woman, must leave Wrentham, Mass., to escape social claims. The proximity of her present home to Boston has resulted in a constant flow of visitors and has seriously interfered with what she intended to be her life's work.

John A. Macy, one of the editors of *The Youth's Companion*, who has been a resident of Wrentham for nearly five years, has purchased a fine old estate at Pennellville, about five miles from Brunswick, Me., and with him and Mrs. Macy, Miss Keller will make her permanent home in that state.

"We walked round the lagoon, keeping well in the shadow of the woods. The moon was up and the water leaped and gurgled over the reefs as the tide crawled in. Bill held my arm to a hundred ghost-light flashing from the ocean into the lagoon.

"The bulldogs," says I.

"The blood-scent had fetched 'em from the north and south—big, gray-backed sharks, thirteen feet long. You could see and hear them moving in droves across the lagoon.

A man's beard is generally heavier on the right side of his face.

## THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES.

### Value of Salt for Cows.

The Mississippi station has found that three cows kept without salt will produce fifty-five pounds less milk in a week than they will when they have all the salt they want.

### Lime for Egg Eaters.

Professor J. E. Rice, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., in the course of an address at the poultry institute of Guelph, Can., said one of the results of withholding lime from pullets was that they ate all their eggs. This may account for not a little of the egg-eating about which so many farmers are now complaining.

### Care of Lambs.

Examine the udder of each ewe and were necessary to cut away at locks of wool so that the lamb may have free and unobstructed access to the teats; otherwise the lamb is liable to suck and swallow some wool, which forms into a ball in the stomach, eventually causing death when the lamb is three or four weeks old.—Farmers' Home Journal.