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THE OWNERS OF THE DEEP.

One shall hang to the jolting helm
In the path of the blinding spray,
And he shall hark in the crushing dark
For the surf in the open bay;
And he shall hold through sleet and wind—
Muscle and heart of steel—
And take his trick on the seething deck,
The guardsman at the wheel.

One shall ride in the racing ropes,
Glittering, thin and white,
And he shall cling to the reeling thing
That's drunk o' the cup of night;
And he shall perch on the topmost spar
In the face of the tempest fangs—
Watching afar, like a wakeful star,
Aloft the lookout hangs.

One shall walk the narrow bridge
To the song the breakers sing,
And he shall rule his kingdom stanch
With the might of a sailor king;
He shall hold his hand to her throbbing heart
Through the passionate hour of wreck,
And the toil and tears of the harried years,—
The man o' the quarter-deck.

These are the emperors of the waves
That slide through the breathless night,
They rule their own from a reeling throne
O'er shimmering fields of white;
They dare the death of the under-world
Where the souls of the sailors sleep,
They walk as kings where the tempest swings,—
The owners of the deep.

—Alden Charles Noble, in Lippincott's.

Not A Disfigurement.

By Martha Morris.

"I'M quite too delighted to see you, dear," exclaimed Violet Grant as she clasped her cousin's hands in warm welcome, "and of course you know that it's to be quite the biggest ball of the year—and really, dear, balls are quite too delightfully new and fresh to me. They hold some wonderful fascination for me which it is impossible to explain."

"Yes, of course, I understand," returned Veronica, the blase city cousin, and she let her big, blue, handsome eyes travel leisurely over Violet, "you are young and everything is new to you—glitters, as it were, but really it seems scarcely credible that but a few months ago you were in the land of arithmetic and geography, and now you are 'out' and quite the rage, I hear."

Violet laughed lightly and her color came and went quickly.

Great indeed were the changes that had taken place "just a few months ago," for during that time Violet had grown into an immensely pretty and graceful girl. There was a sweet, refreshing simplicity, a charming winsomeness of manner which the worldly-wise Veronica foresaw would inevitably prove fatal to mankind as a whole.

She frowned and instinctively felt that this innocent young cousin of hers might possibly prove to be a somewhat dangerous rival. Only a year and a half previously Veronica had scoffed at the proposal of a penniless, though exceedingly devoted, cavalier, and haughtily refused to even "hear him out," and had finally swept from his presence with the regal air of a queen, demanding that no further attempt should be made to address her on that subject.

But it is the unexpected that inevitably happens, and it certainly occurred in this case, for through the sudden death of a wealthy uncle, a "railway king," Dudley Maitland had succeeded to that personage's vast possessions, and Veronica, reading the turn events had taken, resolved if possible to recover, by strategy, if by no other means, the ground she had lost. Hence her visit to her aunt's country house.

"You won't mind sharing my room, will you, dear?" cried Violet, as the little circle sat and chatted over their afternoon cups of tea, "you see the house is literally packed, and——"

"Oh, I shan't mind anything," replied Veronica, deliberately, "that is, provided I have a good time."

"Her beauty," said Veronica to herself, "if I could only mar that, not permanently, but just temporarily, to prevent her from attending this ball. What can—what can I do?"

She walked over to the looking-glass. She surveyed the accessories on the dressing-table. A little accident happens so easily, she mentally concluded, and she lifted her head with an air of superiority and self-satisfaction characteristic to her nature. And later on, when Violet returned to her room she was delighted to find her cousin looking so fresh and radiant.

"What pretty hair you have, child," remarked Veronica later.

Violet only laughed.

"Do you really think so? Mr. Maitland often declares that it looks as if I have been playing among the currant bushes, but I think he likes it just the same," replied Violet, innocently.

"Now, mine absolutely will not wave," said Veronica, slowly, still regarding her cousin—"of course, I mean not without recourse to pins and tongs, etc. Naturally curly hair is indeed something to be right down thankful for."

"Is it really?" asked Violet, laughingly.

"It is." And then both cousins lapsed into silence.

Finally the time arrived for both girls to retire for the purpose of lingering long over their respective toilets—a matter of utmost importance.

Suddenly there was a loud shriek of dismay and Violet's loveliness was marred.

She dashed into her mother's room with eyes blinded with scalding tears.

"Look! Oh, look!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said. "I shan't be able to go to the ball! Oh, and I'm dying to go! Did you ever see such a fright before? Veronica did it, but it was quite an accident! Do not scold her for it," seeing the look of dismay on her mother's face, "she is as distressed as I am. Oh, but it does seem hard; I shall be marked for weeks!"

"But, however did it happen, dear?" asked Mrs. Grant, as soon as she was able to speak.

"The tongs, dear," replied Violet, still sobbing. "You see, she was doing her hair and the hot tongs sprang from her fingers and struck my face! It was purely an accident, but I am so sorry!"

"So am I, Vi," returned the elder woman, "so am I."

Apparently Veronica was terribly concerned, but all the sympathy and suggested remedies were of no avail. Nothing could possibly erase the ugly scar from Violet's cheek, and finally it was declared that she must forego the ball, great though the pain of so doing would be.

"You can write Dudley a little note, my dear," said her mother, when she and Violet were alone; "that will be politic and polite. You must not let him think you rude, and you know you promised him the waltzes. Poor child! I'm so sorry!"

The respective vehicles accordingly arrived, and as Veronica kissed her cousin good night she had never looked more radiantly lovely. Gems of wonderful brilliancy glittered in her hair, on her neck and arms. Her dress was of some rich, soft, clinging material and she carried herself like a queen as she swept out of the room where her cousin lay upon the bed bemoaning the irony of fate.

* * * * * * * * *

Allured by the appealing eyes and coaxing words of his fair partner, Dudley Maitland became the victim of the moment, and it was not long ere he was escorting her away from the throng of merry dancers into comparative solitude.

"This is quite like old times," Veronica said as they entered the cool conservatory and sat down.

"Not quite," returned Maitland, somewhat absently. "Indeed, times have changed considerably since we last met."

This was a discordant note, and Veronica did not feel quite at her ease.

"I'm so glad you came to-night, Dudley," she said, as though involutarily breathing her thoughts aloud.

Maitland raised his eyebrows slightly, but she failed to notice that danger signal.

"Why?" he asked, somewhat brusquely.

"How strangely you speak,' she returned, nervously, "but do you really care to know?"

"Naturally I am interested."

Veronica toyed with the petals of a rose-bud and her eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Because I have wanted to see you, to speak to you, to tell you how bitterly sorry I am for my cruel words! I think I must have been mad!" she said softly. "I came back to the drawingroom," she went on in the same tone, while her eyes remained still downcast, "but you had gone, and I have never known a happy moment since!"

Now, had Veronica's conscience permitted her to look into the eyes of the man at her side, with those wonderful liquid orbs of hers, it is possible that the fascination of her gaze might have blinded him to the false ring of her words, but, as it was, he felt neither pleasure nor flattered.

"I am sorry if you have been unhappy," he returned, lightly, "but in these rapid times it does not do to grieve over the dark and empty past."

"Not dark, nor empty," she said, with mock tenderness and well affected concern; "but tell me, Dudley, have you forgotten all the past?"

"All!" he repeated, suavely, "I suppose you mean the days when the smiles were for others and the frowns for me. Bah! What a mad-headed fool I must have been! But you taught me a lesson, Veronica, and it was well laid to heart."

"Do not speak of it," she exclaimed brokenly; "I have told you. Can you still be so unforgiving?"

"There is nothing to forgive," he replied; "you certainly seemed to prefer any society to mine in the old days of which you speak, and I could never bear you malice on that score."

"But, Dudley," she said, so softly that her words were scarcely perceptible. "I have suffered so, truly, I have seen the error of my ways, the magnitude of my terrible cruelty to you. Come, say you forgive me, and let us be friends again."

"No," he returned firmly, even fiercely, "that can never be, Veronica. You must not forget that even the most beautiful and accomplished woman has no right to play with a man's heart as if it were a worthless toy to be taken up or cast down at pleasure. And may I ask you to excuse me now? I have an important engagement to attend to. Allow me," and pale and trembling in every limb, Veronica once more entered the ballroom.

Violet had watched the several vehicles drive away with eager and tearful eyes. How she longed to be among the merry throng! Finally she resolved to drown her heartache in the pages of a novel.

But she could not fix her mind, try as she would; so toward midnight she again took up her stand by the window and looked out into the dark and starless night. Presently she turned, for she fancied she heard a footfall.

"Why, Dudley," she almost shrieked, "you here! Whatever brings you at this hour, when you ought to be doing duty to the people in general?"

"I wanted you," he replied tenderly, "and you are more to me than all the people in the world."

"But look at me," she said, shyly; "I do believe I am disfigured for life. Do you not think so?"

And for an answer she was clasped in a warm embrace and kisses were showered upon her. And later, when Maitland left her, there was a new and even softer expression in her eyes, a brighter and more winsome expression about her mouth. Her heart was happy, and she went up the old oaken staircase humming the air of an old love song.

"Have you enjoyed yourself, Veronica, dear?" exclaimed a voice, and a curly head appeared above the bedclothes.

Veronica was silent for a time, her heart beat too fast.

"There was no one in particular that I wished to see," she replied, finally. "Dudley Maitland was there, but he was infinitely disagreeable, and eventually made himself conspicuous by his absence."

Violet's face became dyed with blushes.

"Veronica," she half whispered, "he came here. He asked me to marry him, and——"

"Asked you to marry him?" repeated her cousin, incredulously; "I suppose you said yes."

"I did, dear. He saw this terrible scar but he does not mind it in the least, so he told me. So you see, dear, you were the means of bringing us together after all."—Chicago Tribune.

Malta's Dense Population.

Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1360 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1054 people to the square mile.

Cramped Quarters.

If some men were as big as they feel they would have to live out of doors.—New York News.

But one-fifth the population and one-eleventh the area of Turkey is in Europe.

Ghosts With No Originality.

When you have read one of these stories you have read them all. Although the behavior of ghosts may appear eccentric when judged by the standard of conduct prevailing among the living, their habits are, in fact, most regular, they seem to possess the little character of originality, and probably their ideas are very limited. Some of them walk along the passage or up the stairs; others knock on the walls or furniture, ring bells, slam doors or break crockery; now and then you come across one who shrieks; and there seem to be a few specimens who appear (and disappear). But their faculties do not go beyond this. A very remarkable proof of their limitations or their slavish adherence to tradition, is that, though I have before me at the present moment a dozen authenticated ghosts who have been heard walking upstairs, there seems to be no case on record in which a ghost has been heard walking down. Why anybody should think it worth while to chronicle the movements of such uninteresting creatures, I cannot understand. An account of the day's doings of a flock of sheep would be very much more exciting.—London Truth.

Only a Dog.

In Kalama, Wash., there lives a large bird dog, who certainly follows out a line of reasoning, which in its policy and knowledge of human nature would reflect credit on any human philosopher.

Singling out the stranger in the town, he follows him, respectfully, but persistently, until the person followed stops to remonstrate with him on his attentions. He (the stranger) is confronted by an earnest dog face, with eager, brown eyes, which try hard to convey their owner's wishes, while a plumy tail wags most persuasively.

Some person who knows the dog and his "little game" is usually near to give an explanation, and the person so appealed to instantly "digs up" a nickel, which is most gratefully accepted, and he may follow the canine highwayman to the nearest meat shop, where, gravely depositing his nickel on the counter, he receives a five-cent soup bone, and trots out. The queer part is, he never asks a resident of Kalama, but singles out the stranger, invariably! And he never asks the same person twice. Talk about human and brute intelligence! Where is the dividing line?—The New Century.

The Inspection Elevator.

"The way things are going now," said an architect who stood watching a gang of masons and miscellaneous workmen employed on a big building of his own design, "I shall not be at all surprised if the time comes when the elevators in skyscrapers will be set running up and down through the air by some ingenious device, and the buildings with dismally yawning doors elevators. No sooner is the skeleton of a new building in place nowadays than the elevator becomes an important part of the structure, and many bluldings with dismally yawning doors and windows and apparently insecure walls, display prominently the sign, 'Elevator Now Running.' That does not mean a freight elevator, either, but a lift for the accommodation of passengers who have an eye on the building as a possible future location and wish to pick out desirable quarters in good time and have them partitioned off to order."—New York Times.

Statistics About the Body.

Some interesting statistics about the human body are compiled by a contemporary: People born in November are the shortest, in July the tallest. A head of fair hair consists of 143,040 hairs, dark hair of 105,000, while a red head has only 29,000. Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly. A person who has lived nearly seventy years has had passed through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the blood in the body passing through the heart in about thirty-two beats. The heart beats on an average seventy times a minute, or 36,792,0000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man eighty years of age has beaten 3,000,000,000 times. The heart beats ten strokes a minute fewer when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

London's Fire Alarm System.

In London there are 700 fire alarm call-points. They vary from 200 yards to 400 yards apart.

Unfurnished.

Castles in the air are seldom furnished.—New York News.

CACAO IN PHILIPPINES.

NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH DEVELOPED IN THE ISLANDS.

The Importance of the Crop Can Hardly be Overestimated—The World's Demands For it Aggregates Two Hundred Million Pounds.

According to a bulletin of the Philippine Bureau of Agriculture on cacao culture, which has just come to the War Department, the cacao grown in the archipelago is of such excellent quality that there is keen rivalry among buyers to procure it at an advance of fully 50 per cent. over the price of the common export grades of the Java bean, notwithstanding the failure on the part of the Filipino to "process" it in this way. In parts of Mindanao and Negros, despite ill treatment or no treatment, the plant exhibits a luxuriance of growth and wealth of productiveness that demonstrates its entire fitness to be considered a valuable crop in those regions.

The importance of cacao-growing in the Philippines can hardly be overestimated, as recent statistics place the world's demand for cacao (exclusive of local consumption) at two hundred million pounds, valued at more than $30,000,000 in gold. There is little danger of overproduction and consequent low prices for many years to come. So far as known, the areas where cacao prospers in the great equatorial zone are small, and the opening and development of suitable regions has altogether failed to keep pace with the demand.

Cacao is cultivated nearly everywhere in the archipelago. It is grown in several provinces in Luzon, in Mandanao, Jolo, Basilan, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol and Masbate, and its presence can be reasonably predicted upon on the larger islands anywhere under an elevation of 1,000 or possibly 1,200 metres. In most cacao producing countries its cultivation has long since passed the experimental stage, and the practices that govern the management of a well ordered cacao plantation are as clearly defined as are those of an orange grove in Florida or a vineyard in California.

In widely scattered localities the close observer will find in the Philippines many young trees that in vigor, color, and general health leave nothing to be desired, and with due precaution and close oversight there is no reason why growing cacao may not become one of the most profitable horticultural enterprises that can engage the attention of planters in the Philippines. The bulletin treats of climatic conditions necessary for the best development of the cacao, which loves to "steam and swelter in its own atmosphere," the locations best adapted to the growth of the plant, the soil, its drainage and preparation.

The cacao, relatively to the size of the tree, may be planted closely, for it rejoices in a close, moisture laden atmosphere, and thus permits a closer planting than would be admissible with any other orchard crop.

There are a number of varieties of cacao in general cultivation, which may be referred to three general types, the Criollo, Forastero and Calabacillo. The Criollo is undoubtedly the finest variety for general use. On breaking it is found to be whitish or yellowish white, while the seeds of those plants in which the Forastero or Calabacillo blood predominates are reddish, while the Forestero is almost violet in color. For flavor, freedom from bitterness, facility in curing and high commercial value the Criollo is everywhere conceded to be the best. The others, however, yield better, are more vigorous and not so liable to disease.

The bulletin describes the method of planting, cultivation, pruning and harvesting the crop. Attention is also given to the enemies and diseases of the cacao, and among the former are mentioned monkeys, rats and parrots. The estimated cost and revenues derived from cacao plantation are given for a series of years, and the bulletin concluded with the statement that "the difference between good returns and enormous profits arising from cacao growing in the Philippines will be determined by the amount of knowledge, experience and energy that the planter is capable of bringing to bear upon the cultivation in question."—New York Tribune.

A portable infant's swinging bed to be adjusted at night and folded away in the day—a convenience in flat keeping where space is scarce.