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MANHOOD.

Manhood is the test where souls are tried,
And greatest honor finds.
The conqueror, manfully, the truth
That rises in his fiercer mind,
And seeks not rest in life's career,
But goes beyond the grave,
Where heaven is duty's noblest sphere—
And that which others crave.

Manhood is not the holding of a place,
Nor strivings to be seen
By master's hand, but asks for grace
The best he can
Beget not terror of the soul,
Nor barrow within
The meaning of the goal
And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays,
His eye never backward turns;
Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways,
In-bought success he spurns,
Looking his fellow in the face,
He sees God's image there;
Whatever may help to lift the race,
His hand is quick to share.

Manhood he takes life's daily tasks
As part of heaven's great plan;
To be a manly man,
Angels attend on such an one,
And stars their courses move
To light his pathway to the throne,
And garnish it with love.

—John Troland, in Springfield Republican.

post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the isthmus; we were offered a passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I needn't tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us, of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship.

"I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world.

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looked anxious and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate.

"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship pinnacled madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms.

"The morning broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering, like an over-driven horse. A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and we drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us toward the companionway. I saw a huge wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said:

"Where am I?"

"On Watlings Island, Miss," said the young man.

"Yes," said one of the older men, "and a narrow squeak you had for it, too. If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over you reef, you wouldn't have been talking now."

"Where's my father?" I asked.

"With all the rest," was the reply.

"Hush!" said the younger man, "how weak she is!"

"I awoke to find myself on a rude cot in a small cottage, tended by a native who only spoke a Spanish patois. The wreckers, for such they were, had carried me there. The sun was shining brightly and the storm was over. Days passed, and when I could go about I learnt that I had been the only one saved of the entire bark's crew. The wave that had engulfed her and drowned all but myself had washed me over the coral reef on which the bark had struck. The wreckers on the shore had seen me, and during the waves, high even between the reef and the shore, had powered out and rescued me just as I was sinking.

"Utterly crushed as I was, I did not at first realize my position. I was told I could go to Nassau on a schooner in about a month, but I felt no inclination to do aught but stay where fate had thrown me. The young wrecker was very kind to me.

"Meanwhile I grew well and strong in the soft warm air and under the tropic skies. I learnt to like the wild life, and the few white people and all the natives half worshipped me. One day a schooner brought some papers; and I read our bark had been given up as lost and my name was among those drowned. These papers recalled me to myself and I determined I would go to Nassau, and, if I could, thence to England.

"I told the young wrecker, who had become my firm friend and companion, and whom I had taught to read, of my decision.

"Well, Miss," he said, "if you feel it is so, I suppose you're right, but I hate to think of losing you."

"This and his evident sorrow touched me, and made me think whether in the world to which I was returning I would find such simple, loyal devotion as had here been mine. When the day came for my departure all the inhabitants turned out to bid me farewell. A queen could not have had a more loyal leave-taking than the 'English Miss,' as they called me. The young wrecker went with me. He said he had business in Nassau. That night—a night so soft and sweet it seemed as if storms had never brooded there, the Southern Cross blazing low on the horizon—the wrecker came to where I sat on the deck of the little schooner.

"Miss," he said, "I am nothing but a 'Conch,' a poor ignorant Bahama native, but I can't bear to have you go away. We all love you, and I more than all. I must tell you, you know our life is poor and rude, that we are far away from the world, but if you would not blame me for even daring to hope, Miss, you know I have the handsomest schooner of the Watlings fleet and the best cottage on the island. I am sure I'd do my best to make you forget your troubles, Miss, and the sponge fishing is better, Miss, and there's a good many wrecks yet, Miss—and I love you, Miss."

Here she stopped and checked herself and blushed.

"Of course you spoke kindly to

him," I said, "and told him you were sorry, but he mustn't speak again—"

"Of course I didn't. You're like all men. What's the name of this schooner?"

"Lillian," I replied wonderingly.

"Well, that's my name, and here," as a tall, broad-shouldered, roughly-dressed young man appeared on the wharf, a bunch of roses in his hand, and eyed me curiously, "there's my wrecker, and his name is John."

A NOTED DEWEY DUEL.

He Took the Edginess of President Jackson From the Constitution's Bow.

Captain Samuel Dewey, who said he was a cousin of Admiral Dewey, and who had figured picturesquely in American history, died recently in a tenement house in Philadelphia. He was ninety-three years old, and passed away poor and alone.

He was a native of Falmouth, Mass., the son of an army captain, but when thirteen years old became a seaman. He rose rapidly and became first mate of the ship Topaz. He followed the sea until he was twenty-seven years old, and it was after the last voyage that the pictureque incident occurred.

It was in 1834 when the reconstructed frigate Constitution was launched in Charlestown, Mass. The commandant of the navy yard there was Commodore Elliott, supporter of Andrew Jackson. He replaced the ship's allegorical figurehead by a likeness of the President. Commodore Hull opposed this idea, but it was sanctioned by the Secretary of the Navy.

When it became known that the frigate bore the figure of President Jackson there was a sharp discussion throughout the country. The frigate was anchored in Charlestown Harbor and guarded by two other warships. It was found one morning, however, that the figurehead had been cut away. The daring act was performed by Captain Dewey, then twenty-eight years old. He was audacious enough to carry the figurehead to Washington and present it to President Jackson.

He engaged in the South American shipping trade as a ship broker in 1836, with offices at No. 77 South street, New York. Having amassed considerable wealth, he abandoned the brokerage business in 1845 and turned his attention to mineralogy and geology.

He became a power with the administrations of Presidents Polk and Taylor.

He discovered in Virginia the largest American diamond ever found. During a trip to New York through New Jersey he picked up the largest American ruby yet discovered. It is now in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

Food That Induces Cancer.

An article by Dr. W. R. Williams, contributed to the London Lancet, declares that no other disease exhibits such an immense increase during the last half century as cancer, and that probably no single factor is more potent in determining the outbreak of cancer in the predisposed than high feeding. There can be no doubt, he says, that the greed for food manifested by modern communities is altogether out of proportion to their requirements—many indications, in fact, point to the gluttonous consumption of meat which is such a characteristic feature of the present age as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Dr. Williams cites statistics to show that the consumption of meat has for many years been advancing, until it has now reached the amazing total 131 pounds per head yearly, which is more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were really more exacting and more compatible with high feeding. Dr. Williams remarks that when excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in those parts of the body where vital processes are still active such over-abundant and disorderly proliferation as may result in cancerous disease.

A Rare Church Offering.

An offering bag in an English rural church was recently found to contain a very rare specimen of a seventeenth century token made of copper, which had apparently been dropped into the receptacle in mistake for a farthing. The curio was valued by a local dealer at \$3.50. A description of the article and the circumstances under which it was found were affixed to the church porch, but the donor seemed ashamed to turn up and explain matters. A few days afterward the clergyman received a typewritten letter from an address a long distance from the church, stating that if the token were sent to "X. Y. Z." care of the householder, a remittance of \$2.50 would be received in exchange. It was duly sent in a registered letter, and a postal order arrived in return.

Inventors Baffled.

At the beginning of every summer the wonder is renewed and increased that, with all our modern improvements, some one does not invent a practicable scheme for regulating the temperature of our houses as effectively in the hot months as in winter.

FARM TOPICS

A New Poultry Idea.

It is said that the latest wrinkle in poultry culture is that eggs lose weight as the hen laying them approaches broodiness. One fancier claims to have made this discovery, and by taking a hen in hand before she begins clucking to be able, by special feeding, to induce her to keep on laying.

No Grass For Working Horses.

It seems almost cruel not to give horses a feed of grass occasionally, even when they are hard working at this season, when grass and clover are at their prime. Yet every farmer knows that if allowed to run to grass, even for a few hours, the working horse will have an attack of scours, will lose his appetite for the solid food that gives him strength, and be incapable for several days thereafter of doing a full day's work. Horses are exceedingly fond of grass and clover. Sometimes, if old hay is scarce, the farmer tries to economize by cutting some clover, and after drying it nearly into hay feeding it in place of the hay. But even this has to be given very carefully or it will work injury. A horse at work should always be slightly costive. If the excrements grow soft it means that his efficiency for work is lessened. If there is too much costiveness a tablespoonful of old process linseed meal will give strength and put the bowels in good condition. That is better than giving grass or clover which when green furnish little strength. It is not till late in the fall that it is safe to feed new hay to horses that have hard work to do.

Gardens as a Part of the Farm.

No farm is complete without a kitchen garden. It is very late, but not too late, to have a good garden. Let the ground get dry, then break thoroughly. Use all the manure your conscience will let you; spread it broadcast; mix it thoroughly with the soil. Throw up very light beds—just enough to keep the rainwater from settling around the little plants. Plant your seeds, if convenient, just before night; cover lightly with hand-raked soil, and tread the plants near the surface. Then be sure to press the soil tightly around the seed. You can do this with a plank. Lay the plank along on the seed row and walk upon it, or roll the beds with an empty barrel. This is easily done and does good work.

If your soil bakes, loosen it up with handrake each side of seed row. No work in the garden pays better than this rolling and raking. The rolling will nearly always secure a good stand. All gardeners know how important this is. The raking kills weeds of grass in the sprout as soon as up, and makes the soil warmer, which is very important to the health of young plants.

Turnips, kale, cabbage, collards, spinach and other salad crops should be sown in abundance. They are good for the table, the pantry, the pigs and the cows. Beets, beans, onions, cucumbers, salsify, cantelopes, squashes, peas, and others, according to taste, can soon furnish variety and plenty. Look after the garden. A good garden, a good cow, a few pigs and hens will almost support any ordinary family.—Southern Cultivator.

Scabby Potatoes.

Potato scab is spread in a number of ways. Scabby seed and ground on which scabby potatoes have been grown, will grow a scabby crop. Manure from stables where stock has been fed on infested potatoes, will spread the disease, for the passage of fungi through the animal system never destroys the germs. Surface water flowing from an infested field will carry the disease to lower land. Plows and cultivators, unless they are thoroughly cleaned, will disseminate the disease, if they have been used in the cultivation of a diseased crop.

Seed treated with corrosive sublimate can be planted with safety. The seeds are soaked for one and a half hours in a solution of two and one-fourth ounces of corrosive sublimate to fifteen gallons of water. The potatoes should be cleaned before being immersed. At the expiration of the time stated, take the potatoes out of the solution and spread out to dry. The potatoes may be cut before or after the soaking. A good plan of making the solution and soaking the potatoes is to dissolve the sublimate in two gallons of hot water and pour it into an open head barrel. Add thirteen gallons of water. Now put the potatoes in a coffee sack and immerse for the time stated. Stir the solution from time to time.

But no treatment of the seed will prevent the crop from scabbing if the ground is full of scab. The only way to rid the ground of the fungi is by putting it to growing a rotation of crops, such as grass, corn and wheat. No root crops should be grown on such soil. When potatoes are scabbed the disease will grow worse all the time that they are in the ground. Hence, dig just as soon as they are mature, and store in a dry place.—The Epitomist.

OUTCROWN.

I sometimes fear they'll turn her head
And make the lassie vain,
Because her cheeks are rose-leaf red;
Her eyes like sun-lit rain.
To me she once would run for praise
Or sympathy when sad,
But I'm nobody nowadays,
I'm only just "her dad."

She's been to school until she knows
Far more than I; 'tis true,
She's like a duchess when she goes
Out walking with some youth,
With me she once trod leafy ways,
Nor cared for any lad,
But I'm nobody nowadays,
I'm only just "her dad."

'Twas all in vain I undertook
Some talk of frocks and frills
And so in silence now I look
With reverence on the bill.
I treasure still the old-time phrase—
"She says it's form is bad."
I'm so old-fashioned now I layst
I'm only just "her dad."
—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Edith—"Chappie is wearing a look of importance." Lena—"Yes, and it's a horrible moustache."—Life.

"What did Finerty give the bride?" "Two fire-escapes and a jumping net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I thought you were going to have your cellar made water-tight?" "I was, but I found a canoe was much cheaper."—Life.

"So old Yabsley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes, it broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."—Tit-Bits.

Timid Guest—"Is this hotel fire-proof?" "Transient—"Give it up. You see, they have never had a fire here."—Philadelphia North American.

You say that ruin must occur,
Oh, tell us, gentle septic,
Are you a great philosopher
Or just a plain dyspeptic?
—Washington Star.

Customer—"What is the meaning of that sign, 'Painless Barbers'?" Barber—"The barbers in this shop are not allowed to talk while shaving."—New York Journal.

There was an old girl in New Guinea,
Who though short was remarkably skinned,
In the season of drought
She never went out,
Just stayed home and looked sweet and played shuina.
—Yale Record.

Miss Topnot—"Isn't it too bad about this look?" Miss Panhandle—"What? What is the matter?" Miss Topnot—"Why, I'm looking over my shoulder."—Detroit Free Press.

"William, wake up; there's somebody pounding on the back door." "Don't be scared, Susan. I ordered our new stepladder delivered at midnight so the neighbors wouldn't find out we had one."—Chicago Record.

"The gentleman from Squedunk is a thief, a liar, and—" "Bang!" went the gavel, and the presiding officer exclaimed: "The gentleman will please address his remarks to the Chair."—Philadelphia North American.

"What does M. C. after a gentleman's name stand for?" inquired the foreign visitor. "Oh," replied the man who considered himself a wag, "that can stand for a lot of things—'Mighty Conversational'—for instance."—Washington Star.

"You break our engagement because I am poor," she said, scornfully. "If I were worth a million you would insist upon an early marriage." "Certainly, for then I could support you in a style worthy of the woman I love."—Detroit Free Press.

An old Cornish woman, who had prospered from small beginnings, was asked how she had got on so well. "Ah! you see, sir," said she, "most people be allus thinking of what they do want, but I and my old man be allus thinking of what we can do without."

How Wilhelm Helped Rhodes.

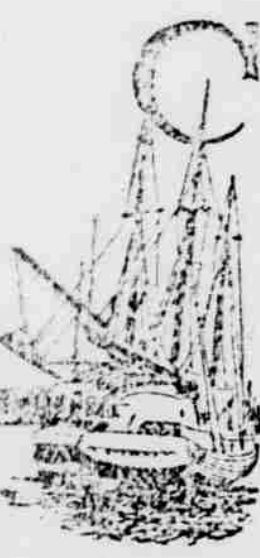
There is a capital story of Mr. Rhodes and the German Emperor in To-Day. It may be too good to be true, but it is certainly good enough to repeat. To the Emperor William Mr. Rhodes was heard to say: "And why did you send that telegram? That telegram was the saving of me. Every one thought I was ruined. I thought I was ruined. Then your telegram came and saved me." "But why," said the Emperor, "were they so excited about it?" "Oh," replied Mr. Rhodes, "it was just like boys at school. When they are whacking a boy very often every one will join in the cry against him; but they wouldn't let a boy from another school join in. More likely it would create a reaction in favor of the offender. You were the boy from the other school, you see." To-Day adds that, so far from being offended by this plain speaking, the Emperor appears to have been much impressed by it.

Raising Tame Quail.

An enterprising young Missionist in Morgan County is said to have built up an extensive traffic in tame quail. They are, he claims, more easily raised than chickens, and far more profitable, selling alive at \$1 a dozen for table use, or when tame \$5 a pair as pets. The eggs hatch well, either under quail or chickens. The care and food are like those of chickens, and they prove hardy and free from disease. The coops are only a foot squared over the top, and are

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

A Romance of the Bahamas.



LEAVE weather is always prevailed for on "steamer day" at Nassau. If Nassau, like most other civilized places in the nineteenth century, had telegraph, or even daily mail communication with the rest of the world, "steamer day" would not mean so much as it now does to its inhabitants and visitors.

The passengers land. Waiting crowds rush forward to greet some; others walk through a row of various shops on either side and up toward the hotel. Small native boys run about and beset them with all manner of requests. "Carry your bag, boss?" "Carry for you, boss?" "Does you want a boy, lady?"

By noon the excitement had moderated, and we strolled down to the wharf and pitched silver coins into the clear water thirty feet deep, to see small boys dive and bring them from the white sand bottom, where they lay clearly visible.

I strolled away from my companions, and, passing several small schooners laden with sponges, lying along the wharf—each with two or three ragged children, a native or two, and perhaps a saw-toothed, scrawny white man, lounging or chafing cigarette—I came to one cleaner-looking than the rest. She was built as all the Bahama schooners, with the slimmer bows, a rounded stern, and small masts and spars. She was neatly painted, and on her stern were the words "Lillian," with her home port, "Watlings Island."

As I stood looking at her, suddenly a young woman came up the companion-way and said:

"Good day."

"Good day," I answered. "You've come some distance have you not?"

"Yes," she replied, "from the furthest of the out-islands. I suppose you're from across the sea?"

"To my affirmative reply she, to my surprise, said:

"And how was Irving's Pan? I could so dearly love to see Ellen Perry as Marguerite."

After a moment's pause, during which time I vainly sought to fathom my mind how a woman on a Bahama boat-schooner could have followed London theatrical matters so closely, I gave her my unbiased opinion of the matter. She was then silent, and Marguerite had an opportunity to study this Bahama curiosity.

She was about twenty-six years old, and was neatly dressed in an inexpensive light material. Her hair was of a dark brown color, and was tastefully arranged, and she wore a large-brimmed, but not unbecoming, straw hat, which had evidently seen better days. Although much burnt, I could see her skin was fair and her hands delicately formed. Her expression was one of demure sadness, and after my study I came to the conclusion that she was a more than ordinary handsome woman, I decided to continue the conversation.

"May I come aboard?" I ventured to say.

"Certainly," was the reply. "John's gone out to the steamer and I'm keeping watch for him. I shall be glad to have you tell me the news. We get little except when we come to Nassau."

"Who is John?" I wondered, "and how much news can people get who only rely on Nassau for it?"

I stepped on board, however, and my fair hostess, excusing herself for a moment, stepped down into the cabin and returned a moment after with two small chairs, which she placed under a small awning which shaded half the cockpit.

She motioned for me to be seated, and I obeyed. There was silence for a moment after we sat down and then my hostess said, speaking very slowly and with evident effort:

"You must think it very strange that I spoke to you and have allowed you to talk to me, but I saw you were a gentleman, and I do grow so lonely and so anxious to see and talk with someone from the great world now and then. The ladies up at the hotel, if I go up there, I do not know, and I suppose I seem queer to them, for they look askance at me, and I haven't the courage to speak to them. John

doesn't seem to care for anything but sponges and salt and wrecks."

"Sponges and salt and wrecks?" I asked myself. "What manner of man may John be?"

"Yes," continued my hostess, "it's very lonely on Watlings. You see there are only 675 people on the whole island, and of these only about 300 are white, while I don't suppose there are forty I know. We're 180 miles from Nassau, and although I'm teasing John to bring me over there, he won't come but three times a year, unless there's a wreck."

"A wreck?" I asked.

"Yes," she went on nonchalantly. "We don't have much luck now-a-days."

"We haven't had a good wreck since the big Spanish steamer went down on Eleuthera three years ago."

The situation dawned. My fair friend was the wife, daughter or sister of a Bahama wrecker—perhaps pirate.

"What's the matter? You seem disturbed."

I murmured in a rambling way something about wrecking being a pleasant occupation.

"Oh, I see," and she laughed, and a wonderfully musical laugh it was, too. "You are shocked at John's being a wrecker. John doesn't really wreck ships. He merely helps to strip them when they are wrecked."

I felt relieved, but dire memories of murdered crews would come in my mind.

"And who is John?" I asked.

"Ah, John is the dearest, sweetest, noblest fellow living—that's John. I'm sure you'd like him."

I tried again.

"Were you born on Watlings?"

"Oh, dear, no. I was wrecked there. Wasn't it romantic to be wrecked on the island Columbus first landed on?"

I mildly remarked that I had been taught Columbus first landed on San Salvador or Cat Island.

"Oh, my, no. You're quite wrong. It's been proved he first came ashore at Watlings. Why, I often, on fine mornings, get John to drive me over to the southeastern point of the island where it is thought he came ashore. There's the loveliest white beach there, and the broad blue ocean stretches out and away before you as you look eastward. I make John go away, for John isn't romantic, you know, and then I sit down and close my eyes and I see the queer old-fashioned ships with their worn sails, their high stern and the royal banners waving, tossing at anchor beyond the reef; I see the line of boats with flashing oars advancing; I see the dusky Indian forms standing at the edge of the wood, and just above where the surf breaks on the beach I see the old mariner kneel under the banner of Spain, his sword uplifted and his eyes raised to heaven."

"Oh, it's a glorious picture, and I never tire of calling it forth. Life on Watlings, you see, has its compensations."

As the woman told this story, she unconsciously acted it out, rose from her chair, and with flaming eyes and cheeks, a new and fair Columbus led a fancied band. I had grown deeply interested and I determined to know her history.

"Tell me about yourself," I said, "and how it comes that you, with your evident education and accomplishments, choose to live on a place so remote and lonely as Watlings Island."

She blushed a little, was silent a moment, and then in a low voice said:

"Well, I don't mind telling you. It's not a long story. I see I've given you a wrong impression, for, indeed, although it is lonely at times, I'm really very happy and I wouldn't change places with any woman. I am an English woman, and I was born near London. My father was a civil engineer in good circumstances, and with a twin sister I had every possible advantage of education. My mother died when I was about fifteen, and as we had no near relatives we were much with our father. We were near enough to London to run in an evening to the theatres and the opera, we had a pleasant society of our own, we read much, sang and played a good deal, and rode continually."

"Ten years ago last autumn my father met with a sudden business reverse. He was offered a remunerative

post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the isthmus; we were offered a passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I needn't tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us, of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship.

"I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world.

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looked anxious and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate.

"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship pinnacled madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms.

"The morning broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering, like an over-driven horse. A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and we drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us toward the companionway. I saw a huge wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said:

"Where am I?"

"On Watlings Island, Miss," said the young man.

"Yes," said one of the older men, "and a narrow squeak you had for it, too. If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over you reef, you wouldn't have been talking now."

"Where's my father?" I asked.

"With all the rest," was the reply.

"Hush!" said the younger man, "how weak she is!"

"I awoke to find myself on a rude cot in a small cottage, tended by a native who only spoke a Spanish patois. The wreckers, for such they were, had carried me there. The sun was shining brightly and the storm was over. Days passed, and when I could go about I learnt that I had been the only one saved of the entire bark's crew. The wave that had engulfed her and drowned all but myself had washed me over the coral reef on which the bark had struck. The wreckers on the shore had seen me, and during the waves, high even between the reef and the shore, had powered out and rescued me just as I was sinking.

"Utterly crushed as I was, I did not at first realize my position. I was told I could go to Nassau on a schooner in about a month, but I felt no inclination to do aught but stay where fate had thrown me. The young wrecker was very kind to me.

"Meanwhile I grew well and strong in the soft warm air and under the tropic skies. I learnt to like the wild life, and the few white people and all the natives half worshipped me. One day a schooner brought some papers; and I read our bark had been given up as lost and my name was among those drowned. These papers recalled me to myself and I determined I would go to Nassau, and, if I could, thence to England.

"I told the young wrecker, who had become my firm friend and companion, and whom I had taught to read, of my decision.

"Well, Miss," he said, "if you feel it is so, I suppose you're right, but I hate to think of losing you."

"This and his evident sorrow touched me, and made me think whether in the world to which I was returning I would find such simple, loyal devotion as had here been mine. When the day came for my departure all the inhabitants turned out to bid me farewell. A queen could not have had a more loyal leave-taking than the 'English Miss,' as they called me. The young wrecker went with me. He said he had business in Nassau. That night—a night so soft and sweet it seemed as if storms had never brooded there, the Southern Cross blazing low on the horizon—the wrecker came to where I sat on the deck of the little schooner.

"Miss," he said, "I am nothing but a 'Conch,' a poor ignorant Bahama native, but I can't bear to have you go away. We all love you, and I more than all. I must tell you, you know our life is poor and rude, that we are far away from the world, but if you would not blame me for even daring to hope, Miss, you know I have the handsomest schooner of the Watlings fleet and the best cottage on the island. I am sure I'd do my best to make you forget your troubles, Miss, and the sponge fishing is better, Miss, and there's a good many wrecks yet, Miss—and I love you, Miss."

Here she stopped and checked herself and blushed.

"Of course you spoke kindly to