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CHAPTER II.

THE COUSINS.

On the southeastern coast of Nantucket Island is situated the little town of Siasconset, formerly a fishing hamlet, founded by brave and hardy men, who built their box-like cabins on the bold bluff rising from this dangerous coast, and wrested from its waters their harvests of cod and pollock.

Yet two centuries this place had an uneventful, unprogressive existence, but lately the hand of improvement has touched it and under the modernizing influence, it is gradually tending towards the realization of that much abused thing, a summer resort.

To the world in general, it is still comparatively unknown, but to those fortunate enough to have spent a summer beneath the inspiration of its life-giving air, its charming, unconventional features afford a theme for never-ending praise.

Margaret chanced to hear of this odd bit of creation, and longing for something out of the ordinary run, decided to try its unconventional freedom notwithstanding the season and Miss Hilton's advice. She had not been very well during the winter, and the doctor, discovering a general breaking down, had prescribed change of scene and air as the most effective medicine.

Margaret cheerfully agreed with him, and very gladly availed herself of this opportunity to escape for a time the unpleasant notoriety which her late inheritance had given her, and the more than friendly overtures of politic Cornelias, with ambitious, matrimonial hopes for their respective jewels.

She did not realize Miss Hilton's fear by regretting her selection of S'conset. She found it both novel and delightful. Its unique features amply atoned for its dullness, and with much to fill her days she could not complain of monotony.

There were pleasant walks along well-kept roads or across the moors, whose swelling undulations of rich coloring were scarcely less impressive than the ocean itself. Of the sea she could never tire. Whatever its mood, the broad expanse of lonely waters appealed to her with a fascination which only its lovers understand.

The old houses, many of which had heard the storms of two centuries and gave ample evidence of the fact, contributed another element of variety. How many delightful hours she had spent in their cozy interiors, climbing above ladders doing duty for steps, to bump her head against the rafters of funny little attics, hunting out the bits of furniture which looked so ridiculously large in comparison with the rooms they occupied, or sitting in the tall, spindle-legged chairs before the broad fire-place watching the burning logs and listening to tales of danger and adventure upon the sea.

She loved nothing better than to pore over the log books and follow in imagination the whaling expeditions of other and more prosperous days.

And the old captains, in whose odd ways and quaint sayings she took such amused interest, were always happy to spin their yarns for such appreciative ears.

Thus she speedily grew in public favor. She helped Aunt Maria to make bread and bake beans, and ate her full share of them afterward. She delighted old Captain Baxter by pretending to believe his unconscionable tales, and she produced such an impression on Captain Morris that he gallantly and unblushingly declared she was the kind of girl he liked.

She was really and thoroughly enjoying herself. Yet, notwithstanding, Miss Hilton, whose preconceived notions were not to be removed, continued to write doleful letters, in which sympathy for Margaret in her supposed dreary surroundings was largely predominant. Reading one of these commiserating notes on the beach one afternoon, Margaret could not refrain from smiling as she compared her actual surroundings with those pictured by the writer.

The day was exceptionally fine, clear and warm, the bright sun and soft winds seeming to hold the promise of early summer. The sea, so often wild upon this dangerous coast, was unusually calm, and the waves rolled in with languid rhythmic motion, a quivering sweep of blue waters, breaking into a curl of foam up on the high, broad beach.

From the bold bluff looking out upon the restless ocean to the wave-washed horizon rose the little village, a marvel of quaint, picturesque beauty, with its weather-shingled cottages of curious design and still more curious architecture.

Beyond lay a broad expanse of moor, rising into a range of low-lying hills, and further still the distant sparkle of the sea. Over all a cloudless Summer sky, and the promise of a glorious sunset. Lying at full length on the beach, Margaret enjoyed the calm serenity of the scene about her.

But she was not left long in undisturbed quiet. The current of her thoughts was rather rudely diverted from Miss Hilton and her letter to the spectacle of her hat sailing gracefully up the beach under the impulse of a gust raised for the occasion.

With an exclamation more forcible than elegant, she sprang to her feet and hastened in pursuit, until she was brought to a breathless standstill by a very audible "Hello!"

And the next second a head, followed immediately by the body of a young man, made itself visible from behind one of the numerous dories lining the beach.

"Oh!" cried Margaret, somewhat startled and wondering whether the sudden apparition had fallen from the clouds or ascended from the sand.

"I beg your pardon," remarked this very much alive apparition, surprised in his turn, and displaying a remarkable activity in getting on his feet. "I've been asleep. Didn't know a soul was around. Hope I haven't frightened you."

"Oh, no! you are not very formidable, only——"

"You didn't expect to see me," he put in with a quizzical light in the laughing brown eyes, which Margaret found strangely familiar.

"I dare say he thinks I'm overcome with delight," was her inward comment, accompanied with some slight resentment, a feeling soon dispelled by another glance in the frank, handsome face.

"He is certainly good-looking," she told herself, as a result of this brief scrutiny. "I wonder how under heaven he found his way here. I must find out."

"Strangers are real curiosities at this season," she said aloud, partly following up her own thought and partly replying to a remark of his. "There are no visitors here, only the fishermen and their wives, and a limited supply of children."

"I know; awful prosy, isn't it. I'd die in no time. You are different, though."

"Yes, and while I've been wasting my time in talking, my hat is gone."

"So it has. Indeed, I'm awfully sorry."

His eye followed hers to the hat rising and falling on an outgoing wave.

"Was it valuable?"

"Cost fifty cents," she replied, endeavoring to preserve her gravity. "I suppose it has gone for good, and I might as well be going home."

"Oh, no! don't!" he entreated, with boyish eagerness. "I'm awfully tired of my own company."

"Candid, upon my word. I'll stay a little while, but really I don't feel that I should."

Margaret might well question the propriety of her action. She felt convinced that Miss Hilton would not approve this confidential manner with a stranger, but there were times, she felt, when a suggestion of impropriety is the spice which gives a variety to life. This was one of them. She intended to follow out the line of conduct proposed to herself when she came to this new world, as it were, namely, to do as she pleased. Just now she pleased to stay and talk with this young man, to whom she felt an unaccountable liking. She had some curiosity to discover his name, and his reasons for visiting S'conset. In some way she felt she had seen his face before.

While she was thus thinking and knitting her brow over the vague resemblance, he was watching her face with a scrutinizing interest.

Glancing up, she met his eyes and finding it [illegible] she was soon laughing as merrily as he.

"We are better acquainted now," he cried gaily, while she wondered at her capacity for nonsense. "If you want to know a person just laugh with them. That's my theory. Not that I should be laughing, though. [illegible] Won't you sit down, Miss——"

"Smith," supplemented Margaret, giving him the name she had assumed.

"Smith; you don't look like a Smith. But I'm glad it isn't Coffin or Folger. You are not a native, I know. Please sit here. You'll find it ever so comfortable. [illegible] Do they fish in these things?"

"In these dories? Oh [illegible] as interesting to watch them."

"Well, Fabulous; find the residents amusing. Is that how you manage to exist in this God-forsaken hole?"

"Evidently you don't appreciate nature," she remarked, in rather unflattering tones, as he took possession of the seat he offered her.

"No, I appreciate the comforts of civilized life more. I'm not a romantic kind of animal, you see. I'm tired of this already. Only came this morning, too. I've been in Nantucket a week. Hunted up there to see an antediluvian aunt of my mother's. She got it into her head that she couldn't die without a sight of my manly [illegible] so——"

"You had compassion on her."

"Yes; that was it. [illegible] here to-day. She [illegible] until I thought it was [illegible] but I haven't seen anything here yet——"

He added the last word by way of qualification, and gave Margaret an interrogative glance.

"I suppose not," was her tranquil reply, "unless you saw it in dreams. You should have chosen a livelier season. It is perfectly charming in the summer. Now, things are inclined to be slow."

"Rather," he agreed readily. "Horses in the bargain. The brute that hauled me from Nantucket stopped every five minutes to get his breath. It was wearying on my patience, I assure you. And the old captain who drove me was more wearying than the horse. The stories he expected me to swallow were an insult to my intelligence. I think this air must breed captains, they are so wonderfully prolific. Every blessed man I've met is a captain, or would have been if the whale fisheries had kept up. I've been trying to hunt up the ordinary sailors."

"Perhaps sailors were not in vogue on whaling vessels," suggested Margaret, with utmost gravity. "Captain Pitman says——"

"That's another peculiarity," he interrupted abruptly, "their names. Did you ever hear anything to beat it? Wretchedly monotonous to hear Coffin, Folger and Pitman, Pitman, Folger and Coffin."

"There's nothing in a name," quoted Margaret, lightly.

"A mistake altogether. A name means everything. Take mine, for instance—Brian Leigh. Now, the brave part——What's the matter?"

He might well ask this question, for without the least warning Margaret had slipped hastily from her seat on the boat, and stood regarding him with a curious blending of perplexity and surprise.

"Brian Leigh," she repeated in an incredulous tone. "Is it really Brian Leigh?"

"I have always understood so," he answered with a laugh and a puzzled glance at her face. "I don't see how I can be mistaken."

"I am very foolish," she remarked, anxious to divert his suspicions, while she still regarded him rather curiously, though with a newer and deeper interest.

She understood now the strange resemblance, unexplained before. Something in the eyes and mouth recalled vague memories of her father, and this likeness, faint as it was, served to awaken new feelings in her breast. She wanted to be alone to think of this new and unexpected turn of affairs. She was not given to superstition, yet the coincidence of their meeting in this out-of-the-way place seemed too curious to be merely coincidence, yet, as such she must accept it. What would Miss Hilton say? Should she tell her? No. Should she tell her cousin that she was the Margaret who had taken his fortune from him? No again, and she would give herself no cause for these [illegible].

"It is certainly strange that we should be thrown together," she remarked to herself when she had left Brian a few minutes later. "I almost wish he would not go back to Nantucket to-night. If he should stay here a few days I might have an opportunity to study his character. He doesn't seem to be much troubled. No depth of feeling, I'm afraid. He acts more like a silly college boy. I think I was rather silly, too. I'm really ashamed of myself. Well, I'll await developments."

Margaret dreamed of her cousin that night, and rose next morning still thinking of him.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE SANDS AT S'CONSET.

The day came in damp and chilly. The sun refused to make its appearance, and the heavy fog hanging over the sea crept stealthily inland until the outlines of the village were lost in its subtle, mysterious folds.

Margaret viewed the landscape from the confined space of her bedroom window.

"Damp," she commented. "I dare say I shall be drowned in this mist, but out I intend to go, nevertheless."

True to her word, she put on rubber cloak, boots, and cap, and, feeling comparatively water-proof, started to the deserted beach.

The mist had lifted somewhat, but the sea was very high, and the gulls flew over the rolling surf [illegible] upon the gray horizon. Margaret's eye followed their graceful motion as they dipped their wings to the seething waves, or rose with sweeping curve to pursue their onward flight.

"How provoking," she exclaimed. "I did think that glorious sunset meant nice weather to-day. I suppose it is rather wicked to wish for sunshine when old Captain Pitman wants rain to fill his cistern. It would puzzle God to please everybody. I wonder if those gulls foretell a storm. I haven't the least idea about the direction of the wind. Let me see—that is the east over there, and that is the north, and——Well, I declare!" In locating the points of the compass, her eye had encountered her cousin, and he, seeing her at the same moment, began to make the best of his way to join her, waving his [illegible] periodically meanwhile. When he reached her finally he was quite breathless.

"Quite hard work, isn't it?" said Margaret, as he stood panting before her. "The sand is so soft and yielding."

"I should say so. I believe I have a [illegible] it in my shoes. Did you come down here to kill yourself, or merely for the pleasure of seeing one trudge over that sand?"

"I didn't come for the first object, certainly; and as for the second, it may be it didn't enter my mind. I have a very contrary nature. I like the things that most people dislike. For instance, I revel in rain and dampness. I love to go out in a pouring shower. It doesn't hurt me, either. I'm abnormally healthy."

"And abnormally imprudent," he added. "If I had any authority, you shouldn't sit here."

"But you haven't any authority, and I have an unusual prejudice in favor of my own way. Why didn't you go to Nantucket last night? Is it possible you have managed to survive so long in this God-forsaken hole?"

Brian caught the spice of mischief in these words.

"I thought I'd stay a few days," he explained, in answer. "Dreaded the trip back, too. I haven't any ambition to be fretted to death in those ruts. Besides I wanted to find what interests you here."

He threw himself beside her and fixed his eyes upon her face. She moved [illegible] uneasily under this scrutiny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Molasses Used as Fuel.

A calculation has been made of the comparative results, from an economical point of view, of the substitution of molasses for coal as a fuel, which has now for some time been practiced in certain parts of the South. According to this the lowest grade of vacuum pan of molasses contain from 20 to 25 per cent. of sugar, which cannot be extracted by existing machinery, and, estimating a barrel of such molasses to be worth not 20 cents or $1, and that a barrel holds 350 pounds of molasses, the molasses would thus be worth one or two cents a gallon, and from one-eleventh to one-fifth of a cent per pound. Now, Pittsburg coal brought to the sugar-house furnace has for ten years cost one-fifth of a cent per pound. Molasses burns with a high heat in combination with wood or wood fiber, so that by sprinkling it on the bagasse—the dry stalks of the sugar cane after the saccharine juice has been pressed from it—an excellent fuel of great power is obtained. It would appear from these simple data and estimating that only one-half the quantity of molasses produced is used for fuel, a substitute is furnished for [illegible] to [illegible] tons of coal.

Danger in Handling Flowers.

It might not be supposed that danger lurks in the delicate operation of handling flowers, yet painful, troublesome wounds are frequently received by the workmen. Nearly every one who has had long and active employment in the retail flower stores can show numerous scars, and it is common in busy Broadway shops and other large places in the trade to see a proprietor or several of his assistants with bandaged fingers. The thorns of roses cause the greatest mischief. Florists ascribe their most serious hurts to poison absorbed in hot-house productions which have undergone a strong vermin-killing process. A number of the dealers infer that, after many applications, the juicy parts of the plants become impregnated with poison.

Umbrellas.

The umbrella is undoubtedly of high antiquity, appearing in various forms upon the sculptured monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, and in hot countries it has been used since the dawn of history as a sunshade—as is signified by its name, derived from the Latin umbra, a shade.

Ship Days.

On board ship the day is divided into seven "watches."

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY

ONLY HERE AND THERE A MAN TAKEN AMONG THE APPLICANTS.

As Many as 200 Candidates to Join the Army in a Single Day at One Recruiting Office—Perhaps Only a Dozen Accepted—Requirements of Recruits.

Old Glory flying from a second-story window shows that the tenant is Uncle Sam. Over the entrance is the legend "U. S. Recruiting Office." The office is up one flight of stairs, a small, business-like looking room, furnished with some chairs, two desks and a typewriter stand. At the main desk sits the sergeant in charge. A corporal sits at another desk working steadily at a ledger; another corporal performs upon the typewriter, and a third corporal goes back and forth between the office and the room for medical examination, further down the passage, where the surgeons sit in secret state. Such is the place at which they apply who wish to serve their country in the ranks for $13 a month.

It is a very busy place at present. Not infrequently 200 men apply there in a single day, of whom, perhaps, a dozen are accepted as soldiers and become the approved property of Uncle Sam after it is certified that they are good bits of machinery. At 9 o'clock in the morning the corporal of the ledger is at his desk, and two hours later the typewriter is clicking, the other corporal is waiting for business, the sergeant is in his place, and the office is open for the day's work of transforming raw material into army. Not uncommonly the raw material is waiting about the entrance for operations to begin, and as the sign, "Office Open," goes up on the door they shuffle, saunter, tramp and march in. The first to come in is, perhaps, a respectable-looking fellow with his coat buttoned so tightly around the neck as to suggest an absence of collar to his shirt. The sergeant beckons to him and he walks over to the desk.

"Do you want to enlist?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"H'm, you look more. Can you bring proof of your age?"

"I was born here. They told me I could get proof at the City Hall."

"Have you got any references?"

"No. I didn't think of that."

"Come back here to-morrow with references for the last six months."

That terminates the interview. Three out of four of the applicants forget to bring references, or exhibit surprise at learning that the nation requires certificates of good character of its employes just as any other employer does. Next in line comes an eager-faced lad, who takes off his hat as he approaches the sergeant and says:

"I want to join the army."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"When?"

"Next October."

"Come back then. You're too young."

"Won't you put my name down, sergeant?" says the young fellow wistfully. "I'd like to have my name on the list."

"That's all right, sonny," replies the sergeant good-naturedly. "We'll remember you when you come back in October."

"We'll be all over by then," mutters the applicant discontentedly as he leaves the place.

[illegible] and marches a short man with an intelligent face and an alert manner.

"What's your height?" asks the sergeant.

"About five feet four inches. I ain't very big," adds the man earnestly, "but I'm strong and quick, and I can stand more'n most big men."

"I'm afraid you're under the height. Are you five feet four as you stand or in your bare feet?"

"As I stand."

"Can't take you, then. That's the required height, and your shoes add half an inch."

"Don't I wish they did!" exclaims the man as he looks down at a sole worn to the thinness of paper. "No chance for me, sergeant?"

"Not unless you grow. Those are the regulations."

Out goes the man, commenting upon his hard luck and followed by two other men somewhat shorter than himself. Into the place left vacant by him steps a stalwart young fellow, with somewhat dull face. After he has answered the preliminary questions satisfactorily and produced his references the officer asks him if he can read and write English.

"I kin read good," is the reply, "an' I kin write if I got to, but I ain't much on it."

Armed with a pencil he toilsomely scrawls a few sentences on a [illegible].

"That'll do," says the sergeant. "What's your name?"

"Terry Flynn."

"Well, Flynn, you come back here to-morrow, and if the doctors find you're all sound we'll make you a better man with a musket than you are with a pen."

"I'm that easy," says Flynn, as he strides out with shoulders squared and chin uplifted.

"That looks like No. 1 for to-day," remarks one of the corporals.

So comes and goes the stream of applicants. Now it is a couple of fifteen-year old boys fired by visions of glory; now an old "time expired," with the desire of army life coming upon him again at the first scent of possible wars. Swaggering toughs arrive and are turned out sharply, and patriotic drunkards are turned out mildly. An applicant is found suitable, and asks what [illegible] he is to go on, supposing that he is enlisting in the navy. They send him to the Navy Yard.

One man comes from the recruiting office in Jersey City, and is rejected after medical examination because his toes are crooked.

"A feller don't have to fire a gun with his feet, does he?" he grumbles as he paddles down stairs.

Only here and there is found a man who is up to Uncle Sam's standard. After he is pronounced fit by the surgeon he signs the enlistment papers and is thenceforth the property of the Government. He goes to Fort Slocum, David's Island, to be made into a soldier, and from there he goes whither the powers that be may move him, a pawn of infinitesimal importance and infinite possibilities in the game of war.—New York Sun.

A Costly Saddle.

The richly bespangled saddle of the Mexican ranchero has finally been eclipsed, and by an American. The remarkable saddle which has won this distinction for the United States is owned by D. W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is worth $4000. The silver and gold used in its decoration are alone worth $2500.

While Mr. Thompson's home is in Santa Barbara, he has an extensive ranch in Ventura County, California, and it is here that he makes use of his notable property. The saddle is of typical Mexican patterns, with a high pommel, well-hollowed seat and the most elaborate of trappings.

The saddle is of fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes; the pommel is encased with silver, the corners of the apron are tipped with it and the stirrups are faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

The girth which secures the saddle in place is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is fully eight inches broad. The reins, martingale and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver with large silver rosettes at the side, and an elaborate nose-piece with a silver chain under the jaw. The bridle, reins and accessories weigh over twelve pounds.

Every year Mr. Thompson adds something to the exquisite beauty and value of the saddle, although it has already cost a sum which represents a very comfortable yearly income.—Philadelphia Press.

Dug Up Pounds of Gold.

David Ward, who returned from Alaska recently, is enthusiastic over a find he made on the American side of the Klondike region, which he believes will pan out far richer than any of the territory that has been worked. He has with him a number of nuggets which are unusually large.

Speaking of his discovery, Mr. Ward said: "I had two Indians with me, working as guides and companions. After a hard day's tramp I gave the order to get ready for pitching a camp, and directed the Indians where to place the cache. Being dead tired I threw myself on the ground beside the river to take a rest. I was just dozing off when the Indians came to me and said the location would have to be changed, as they had struck rock which made it impossible to sink the holes deep enough to hold. I got up and examined the dirt they had dug out and found that it was thick with nuggets. This turned out to be a pocket, and I got nearly four pounds by washing out the few cubic yards of dirt.

"It is to this locality," said Mr. Ward, "that I propose to take my party. After we stake off our claims there will be room for twenty thousand miners, and everybody will be able to get a plenty if they will only work for it.

"One needs neither skill, money nor knowledge of mining in order to be successful in Alaska. What he does require, and that to the very fullest extent, is pluck and industry. Then he is almost certain of success. It doesn't even depend upon luck, for taking that element out, if a man will only work he will win."—Washington Star.

Red Eagle, Now of the Volunteers.

Red Eagle, a French-Iroquois Indian, who was present at the death of Sitting Bull during the Sioux uprising in the winter of 1890, described the incident at the Volunteer barracks last night. Red Eagle is a young man, tall and rather handsome, in feature giving little token of his Indian descent. He dresses in an Indian costume of some stuff resembling buckskin, plentifully frilled and fringed about the edges, and covered over with bangles and baubles that set off by their glister the red and yellow of his coverings. His long black hair falling loosely about his shoulders, adds a picturesque effect to his general make-up, which, however, [illegible] his [illegible].

Red Eagle has a remarkable command of English. His talk is humorous and flavored with a rough and ready wit that seems to take immensely with his hearers. He is a type of the traditional Indian orator in that he possesses a certain simple eloquence coupled with a power of putting things that hold the attention of his audience throughout. For the last seven years he has been engaged in missionary work, chiefly among the Indians. Now he is traveling in the interests of the Volunteers of America.—Omaha Bee.

The Pipe-Smoking Duchess.

The news that the Duchess of Bourbon smokes a pipe will convey a shock to the world of fashion in two hemispheres. This Duchess has always been regarded as a paragon of dignity, respectability and good form. She is a trusted friend of Queen Victoria, and that means a great deal.—New York Journal.

LUMBER CAMP HEROES.

DARING FEATS IN WHICH LOG DRIVERS RISK LIMB AND LIFE.

Picturesque Figures Are They as They Leap Nimbly from One Rolling Log to Another—Exploits of Rackett River Joe, a Remarkable Saw-Log Sailor.

Down the foaming channel of every river that flows from the mountain lakes and tangled swamps of the Adirondack wilderness flotillas of brown spruce logs are now coming in steady procession towards the lumber and pulp mills in the surrounding villages, where the gang saws and circulars are waiting grimly for them, says a Watertown (N. Y.) dispatch to the New York Sun. This is a sight that will be seen here for only a few years more, for the accessible parts of the great forest region are being stripped of this kind of lumber.

The river driver, the hero of the lumber woods, is a picturesque figure as he leaps nimbly from one rolling log to another, clad in bright-hued flannel mackinaws, with long-legged spiked boots, grasping his formidable peavey, or cant hook, or his sixteen-foot pike hook, as he calls the pike pole, which he deftly uses. He sleeps rolled up in a blanket on the damp ground, after standing, perhaps, all day waist-deep in the icy water, and eats his four hearty meals of baked beans, boiled pork, saleratus biscuit and molasses, sitting beside a roaring camp fire, or, maybe, out on a jam of logs amid the foam. No other work requires so much skill and agility.

After the logs with a great crashing of ice have been tumbled into the stream from the roll ways, where the lumbermen's sleds deposited them, they go rushing down with the spring freshet, and then begins the dangerous and difficult part of the river driver's task. One gang follows along the banks of the stream to keep all the logs moving, while a smaller party, known as the rear drive, follows in big river boats to pick up all stray logs. The head drivers have no more substantial craft on which to cross and recross the foaming river than a green spruce log. Standing erect on this, with his spiked boots giving him a foothold, and the long pike hook used like a rope walker's balancing pole, or to propel his slippery craft, the driver will shoot rapids where the current swirls around huge rocks, with the logs tumbling all about him.

When he notices that the current is getting sluggish and the stream is [illegible], the word is passed back to the [illegible] that there is a jam ahead. Leaping from log to log, and running over the surface of the moving field of timber, the picked men of the crew gather at the scene of the trouble, where, piled against some [illegible], a constantly gathering mountain of logs [illegible] from bank to bank. The practiced eye of the boss soon picks out the key log that is causing the trouble. This is generally located at the centre of the jam and at the lower side of the overhanging mountain of logs. It must be pried loose or chopped away. Some one must go out beneath that mountain of timbers, which, when the key log is loosened, will rush down stream with the force of an avalanche, and most deliberately set the mountain in motion. [illegible] makes a dash for life across the tumbling logs to the shore. Sometimes he is not so fortunate as to regain the bank, and all along the headwaters of the Adirondack streams are the lonely graves of these unremembered heroes.

Some of these saw-log sailors have won reputations for daring deeds. One of these, Rackett River Joe, or Joseph Thomas, wasn't much to look at. His nose had been broken, and his face was criss-crossed with knife cuts, but he had a hero's heart. [illegible] apparently to certain death, the little Frenchman waved his old slouch hat to the breathless men on shore, pointed his log for the middle of the stream, and, as it shot over the brink, leaped far out and dived headlong into the chasm. He came to the surface far below and swam ashore.

Another well-known character along Rackett river is "Nine Lived Vet" Chase, who can lie down and regain his feet or stand on his head on a sixteen-inch log without wetting the soles of his spiked boots. "Rod" Brown is the giant of the drivers, who can shoulder a standard spruce log and walk off with it, although a heavy load for six ordinary men. "Tip" Kemp, who was recently drowned while trying to rescue a boatload of children on the Willamette river, Oregon, was the man who once jumped across the St. Regis river at Parishville, where it plunges between rocky walls sixteen feet apart. By this exploit "Tip" earned fame and escaped from a constable who had a warrant for him.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PUMP.

It Can Deliver 2,500,000 Gallons of Water Per Hour.

In a letter to the Chicago Record from Houghton, Mich., a correspondent describes the Calumet and Hecla pump, named the Michigan, and the largest in the world. It can deliver 2,500,000 gallons of water every hour in the 24, without being crowded to its limit of capacity, and it will do the work with scarcely as much noise as is made by the operation of an old-style sewing machine. Outside the doors of the great building which houses it, no sound is heard from within, and, standing beside the monster, upon the brink of the pit connected with the lake from which the water is taken, almost the only sound heard is the noise of the suction, as with every stroke more than 1000 gallons are lifted.

Briefly, it is a triple expansion pumping engine, with a capacity of 60,000,000 gallons, standing nearly 50 feet in height, and requiring 1500 horse power for its operation. It has been proved by actual tests that the nominal capacity can be easily maintained for an indefinite time without undue strain, and that pushed to its full capacity the pump could handle approximately 75,000,000 gallons in 24 consecutive hours.

The duty of the pump is to furnish water for the great stamp mills of the Calumet and Hecla company, which has twenty-two steam pumps in continuous operation, daily pulverizing 5000 tons of conglomerate rock into sand so fine that it can be carried away by a stream of gently running water. This pump is housed in a special building near the shore of Torch lake, and below the mills, and it forces a steady stream of water to the mills, where innumerable small jets play upon the great slime tables and [illegible]. Here the specific gravity of the fine particles of copper contained in the rock, separate the mineral from worthless sand, and the size and force of the streams of water are so nicely regulated as to wash away the sand, and yet carry with it the minimum of copper.

A Japanese Flag Festival.

Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes about "The Little Japanese at Home," in St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says:

In a nation whose chief glory in the past was in its warrior class, it is natural that flags should play a chief part in the sports and displays of the children. The flag festival, which is celebrated on the fifth day of the fifth month, is the great day of the New Year boys. All the toys displayed in the shops for some time previous are especially for these. Flags and banners, toy weapons of all kinds, with images of heroes, soldiers, footsoldiers, generals and the national heroes, are widely sold. Among the samurai families it was the custom to buy a complete set of these toys for each son born, and on this feast day they are [illegible] and displayed with great magnificence in the [illegible] of the house. In the streets [illegible] poles are planted at intervals, with a [illegible] of gilded paper [illegible] paper [illegible]. Many of the [illegible] with family [illegible] some with [illegible]. Before most houses [illegible] the [illegible] to the family. Boys in [illegible] up and down the streets, [illegible] little [illegible] small banners, and others [illegible] large wooden swords tied with gay ribbons on their shoulders. It is a beautiful and inspiring sight, and [illegible] day to make the young [illegible] heart beat high with pride and [illegible].

Where Stone Is Scarce.

"When you consider," said a railroad man, "that when people in the extreme southern section of New Jersey have need of stone for building purposes they have to go a hundred or more miles for it, it is not surprising that the houses down there and even the big hotels are invariably constructed of wood. Now, at Cape May, for instance, they have a seawall of stone, and every pound of rock in it had to be hauled from Trenton, 130 miles away. Just now the Reading railway is [illegible] to secure stone for little more than the cost of [illegible] of the operation upon the Reading subway in this city. There are several big stretches of solid rock along the line of this work, and much of the stone is now being sent down to Atlantic City to be used by [illegible] where the railroad company is raising its tracks across the meadows.—Philadelphia Record.

How Men Regard the Oft-Engaged Girl.

Edward W. Bok writes of the importance of the betrothal with characteristic force and earnestness in the Ladies' Home Journal. An engagement to marry he considers one of the most serious compacts in life, as sacred as marriage, and only the most extraordinary circumstances would warrant its being broken. Only one other agency should be responsible for more broken hearts and wrecked lives than broken betrothals. Mr. Bok frankly says that a man looks upon an oft-engaged girl as he does upon a peach with much of the bloom rubbed off.