

The mist crept in from the sea,  
Out of the void and the vast;  
And it bore the silver rain,  
A shimmering guest in its train,  
And many a murmuring strain  
Of the ships that sailed in the past,  
Soft as sleep's footfalls be  
The mist crept in from the sea.

The mist crept in from the sea,  
And folded the length of the shore  
In the clasp of its mothering arms  
As though it would shield from harms;  
And lulled were the loud alarms,  
And lost was the rage and roar  
Of the surge, so soothingly  
The mist crept in from the sea.

The mist crept in from the sea,  
White, impalpable, strange;  
Full of the wafture of wings,  
Of eerie and eldritch things,  
Of visions and vanishings  
Ever in shift and change;  
Silently, hauntingly,  
The mist crept in from the sea.

The mist crept in from the sea,  
And bode for a space, and then  
It heard the imperious call  
Of the deep transcending all  
And it knew itself as the thrall  
Of the world old master of men,  
So, still as the dreams that flee  
The mist crept back to the sea.  
—New York Sun.

# FITZGERALD'S LUCK.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

The topsail schooner Molly Harwood lay in Carlisle Bay, off the sweltering city of Bridgetown, Barbados. She was a Newfoundland vessel, just up from Brazil, in ballast, and was now awaiting orders. Her master, Captain Wooly, was ashore at the consignee's office.

Mr. Fitzgerald, the mate, was painting the life-preservers that hung under the rail aft. He wore a wide straw hat, blue cotton shirt and paint-debauched overalls. As you see, he was no fancy mariner. In port as on the high seas he had his work to do. He did it, but of late silently and without joy.

The cause of his gloom was the fact that his master's certificate was three years old, and he was still mate of the Molly Harwood.

He had sailed the seas ever since his fourteenth birthday—that was sixteen years ago—and always in Newfoundland "wind-jammers," with their eternal outward freights of "fish."

He was a good seaman and a capable officer. His navigation was sound, and his courage and caution were above criticism. But ashore, especially in the owner's office, he displayed a flustered countenance and a stuttering tongue. For this reason he had been kept from a master's berth. A small thing will sometimes belie a man's true worth in the eyes of his employers.

As Mr. Fitzgerald moodily but thoroughly slapped the white paint over the life-preservers, he kept a veiled eye on a trim vessel that lay about thirty yards aft of the Molly Harwood. The trim craft was the schooner-rigged auxiliary yacht *Venturer* of the New York Yacht Club.

Mr. Fitzgerald had been keeping his eye on the *Venturer* for the past two days. He was in love with her. Already every slow-sweeping line of her hull and every characteristic of spars and rigging were printed on his mind. To sail a vessel like that would be the crowning accomplishment of a seafaring life, it seemed to him.

But not all of Fitzgerald's attention was given to the yacht, for there was a stout, red-faced man aboard the *Venturer* who excited his animosity as greatly as the craft herself excited her affection. The reason for it was no reason at all, for a sailor has his whims and fancies, his unfounded likes and dislikes, as illogical as those of a schoolgirl or a poet. The stout, red-faced man on the *Venturer* had never done anything to offend the mate of the Molly Harwood, but for all that, Mr. Fitzgerald eyed him with ever-growing disfavour.

He did not like the cut of his jib. He did not like to see him leaning so casually on the rail of the yacht, and defiling the bright deck with cigar ashes. It grieved him to see a man who was so evidently a landlubber making himself so free and easy aboard such a craft as that. His prejudiced eyes beheld in that stout stranger a subject upon which to vent all his chagrin at still being mate of a topsail schooner. He did so in muttered epithets that would have amazed the other could he have heard them.

While Fitzgerald was still improving the appearance of the ancient life-preservers, the stout man put off from the *Venturer* in a varnished and upholstered gig. He sat alone in the stern-sheets, a vision of white clothing, white helmet and red face. Three sailors, dressed man-of-war style, in neat blue and white, manned the oars.

As the boat passed under the counter of the little freighter, the man glanced up at Fitzgerald.

"That's good," said he. "A little of the same treatment wouldn't hurt the rest of her."

The mate leaned over the rail, paint-brush in hand. He had something scathing to reply, but instead of saying it he could only stutter angrily, and glare at the grinning man in the fast-receding boat.

When Captain Wooly came aboard in the afternoon he brought word that the sailing-master of the *Venturer* was in hospital with sunstroke, and that Mr. Benton, the owner, was looking out for a substitute.

"You should apply for the job, Mr. Fitzgerald," said he. "You're just the style for that sort of craft, and I guess the bosun and I could sail the Molly home all right."

The mate scowled. He did not relish the captain's efforts at wit.

"Try it for yourself, sir," he replied.

"Aye, but I've think the owners

would let me go?" asked Wooly, self-complacently.

A few minutes later the captain returned to the shore in the boat that had brought him off. He was a busy man while in port.

"It may be late when I come aboard!" he called back to Fitzgerald. "I'm going to dine with a friend out of town."

Until six bells the mate kept the men busy at laying a couple of new planks in the topgallant-forecastle-head. After supper he got his nautical almanac from his berth, and settled himself comfortably in the outer cabin. But he could not keep his mind on the printed pages. The light was bad and the print was small. Outside the night was black with the fat clouds of the rainy season. Forward the men were singing a "Come-all-ye," to the accompaniment of Pat Phinney's concertina:

"Come all ye hardy fisher boys  
An' listen to my lay  
Of how the fore-an'-after Kate  
Got nipped in Murphy's Bay."

There were twenty-nine stanzas to the song, and Fitzgerald wondered if he would not have been wiser to devote his leisure to the inventing of "Come-all-ye's" instead of to the unprofitable study of navigation. At least he would have had more fun, and fewer hurts to his pride.

Suddenly there came a swirl of wind and rain that blew out the cabin lamp and sent the singers bolting into the fore-castle. Fitzgerald shouted to the steward to shut the skylight and look to the ports. Then he hurried into his oilskins and went on deck. Through the blackness the lights of the yacht blinked feebly, and over the side the wind-torn water gleamed white. The rain was hurled across the decks in deluging sheets.

The Molly Harwood, pressed down by the squall and wrenched about by the seething water, rode up to her cable with trembling skips, like a nervous pony. Fitzgerald tied his southwester under his chin and clung to the starboard mizzen-stay. The tumult drove the gloom from his thoughts and the discontent from his blood. The rain drenched his face and ran through his beard. He leaned forward, sideways. He had caught a sound that was not of the raging elements.

It was hurled from that point in the darkness where the *Venturer's* lights blinked through the wet. It sounded like the crashing of a bulk of wood against rock or iron. Then he heard cries of desperation.

He tore the life-preservers from their fastenings and hurled them aft. Then he pulled off his boots, oilskins and southwester, and dived into the black-and-white tumult astern.

It is a strange fact that few Newfoundlanders can swim. Those who can have acquired the accomplishment in other places. It chanced that Fitzgerald was one of the few, and he was a giant in the water.

Fifteen minutes later Fitzgerald caught hold of one of the *Venturer's* patent life-rafts with his right hand. With his left he had a firm grip on the collar of the stout owner of the yacht.

With a tremendous effort he got the half-conscious man partially out of the water, and made him fast to the raft with the pieces of line that floated from it. Then, after recovering his breath, he began shouting for help.

By this time both wind and rain had spent most of their violence, and the mate's voice carried far and wide. The yacht's lifeboat picked them up within twenty-five minutes of the accident, in which the gig had been crushed and upset at the very foot of the Jacob's-ladder. Two of the gig's crew had reached the ladder safely. The other had encountered one of the Molly Harwood's preservers, and had

kept afloat until found by the life-boat.

Fitzgerald felt none the worse for his adventure, but Mr. Benton had to be taken in hand by his friend and passenger, Dr. Van Thorpe. At last he opened his eyes.

"Where's the big fellow who picked me up?" he inquired.

They sent for Fitzgerald, who was composedly drinking coffee in the galley.

"You are one of the crew of the Molly Harwood, I believe, said the owner of the yacht.

"I'm her mate," replied Fitzgerald, staring about him at the fittings of the cabin.

"I saw you doing some painting to-day."

"Aye."

"It's not much of a berth, then—mate of the Molly Harwood."

"I don't mind the painting," replied Fitzgerald. "I'd paint her fore and aft, and throw in the gilding on her name, but it's sailing mate of that little fish-drum when I've had a master's certificate in my chest these three years that makes me mad."

The unusual efforts of the past half-hour had freed his tongue of embarrassment.

"What's the reason of it? There must be a reason," said Benton.

"It's my manners," replied the mate. "The owners don't like my manners."

The doctor laughed.

"Well, they were better than mine to-day," said the big yachtman.

"And on top of that you saved me from drowning. That's the kind of politeness I like, at sea or ashore."

It was late when Captain Wooly returned to his vessel from dining with his out-of-town friend. He found the mate on the teak grating aft by the wheel.

"Everything been all right, Mr. Fitzgerald?" inquired the captain.

"Aye, sir," replied Fitzgerald.

"That was a tremendous blow we had a few hours ago, Mr. Fitzgerald," continued Wooly. He was relieved to find that the squall had done no damage.

"Stiff enough, sir," agreed the mate.

He was a man of few words, and the captain soon left him to his meditations and went below to his bed.

Soon after breakfast the next morning Dr. Van Thorpe hailed the Molly Harwood from the bridge of the *Venturer*.

"Mr. Benton wants to speak to Captain Wooly!" he shouted. "And he wants the captain to come aboard, as he is not able to leave his cabin."

Wooly changed his coat in quick time, and told the ordinary seaman to man the boat.

"That's the sociable of him," he remarked, "for I've only met him once before. But I wonder what's keeping him to his cabin."

"Maybe he's hurt himself," replied Fitzgerald, who was already busy at mending sails.

In half an hour the captain returned. He stepped up on the deck of the Molly with the air of a sleep-walker, and advanced straight upon Fitzgerald. Very slowly he drew two gold coins from his pocket.

"D'ye see those?" he inquired.

"Aye," replied the mate.

"Well," continued Wooly, "I'm taking them ashore, and I'm going to cable to the owners for your discharge—at Mr. Benton's expense."

"My discharge!" cried Fitzgerald.

"Aye," replied Wooly, "your discharge. Mr. Benton wants you to sail his yacht for him, and I'm not the kind to stand in the way of any man's promotion."—*Youth's Companion*.

### An All-Round Book.

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobbs at close range, he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afterwards with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking-chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent.

"Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book."

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"—*Youth's Companion*.

### Turning of the Cat.

There is a cunning which we in England call "The turning of the cat in the pan," which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him.—*Francis Bacon*.

## Discord That Makes Harmony.

Life's reverses enter into its final grandeur. Balloonists say that in a far off height the discords of earth blend with and are at last lost sight of in one vast harmony. Had we our own way, life's disappointments and failures would be left out of the final consummation. It all seems now like one supreme travesty.

And yet—oh, that we might find out the secret! And yet, these strange, mysterious things are a part of the mighty fabric. We cannot see their necessity now. Some day, when our vision is undimmed and our sordid sense is not quite so dull, we shall know. At last—at last, we shall know that these struggling tides are a part of life's majestic stream that rolls to an appointed end.

—J. Marvin Nichols.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



### THE BARREL-STAVE HAMMOCK.

BY HILTON R. GREER.



How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.

When fond recollection presents them to view;

The orchard and garden and blossom hedgerow,

And all the loved spots that my young-sterhood knew.

The elm-shaded porch and the summer-house near it,

The sweet jasmine vines where the humming-birds played,

And there, where the balsam breeze could caress it,

The barrel-stave hammock that swung in the shade.

The barrel-stave hammock, The old-fashioned hammock,

The friendly old hammock that swung in the shade.

How oft in those days of the bygone mid-summ'ers,

When earth seemed a-glitter with shimmering heat,

I hid with a book to its cooling embraces

And gave myself over to indolence sweet;

How often I hob-nobbed with Robinson Crusoe

And followed his footsteps through forest and glade,

But oftener still made surrender to slumber

In the barrel-stave hammock that swung in the shade.

The barrel-stave hammock, The slow-swaying hammock,

The sleep-wooling hammock that swung in the shade.

And once, I remember, I sat with my sweetheart,

A six-summered maiden that lived by the way,

And while from the hammock our chubby legs dangled,

We laughed and made merry as little folks may.

It was just as the young moon peeped down through the lattice,

And just as I bent for a kiss, yet unpaid,

That down with a bump and a thump came a-slumping

The barrel-stave hammock that swung in the shade.

The barrel-stave hammock, The down-dumping hammock,

The treacherous hammock that swung in the shade.

### HOW TO MAKE A HAMMOCK OUT OF A BARREL.

BY JOHN RICHARDS.

To make this hammock procure a carelessly drawn out all the nails. Then draw a pencil crosswise three inches from and parallel to both ends of each stave. Then, with a five-eighth of an inch augur bit (using the pencil line as a centre), bore two holes at each end of all the staves, leaving an equal margin on both sides, and a sufficient room in the middle to prevent breakage. As some of the staves are wider than others, you will have to use your own judgment in the distance apart you bore these holes. To fasten the staves together obtain a piece of stout rope about twenty feet long. Thread the rope

first through the holes from the outside part of the staves, then through the following hole. Repeat this until one side is finished.

Thread the other side in the same manner, tie the ends of the rope together, and to the loops on either end; fasten the staves long enough to conveniently swing the hammock. A space of about one inch should be left between each stave.

The hammock thus made will be found durable and much more comfortable to recline in than one would imagine, though perhaps not as safe for swinging in as the ordinary twine hammock. But then it is a novelty.

This hammock will be found convenient for camping parties; the barrel can be used to pack camping equipments and provisions in. The holes having been bored and the rope threaded through before it has been taken apart, it can be taken to pieces and formed into a hammock on arriving at the camp grounds.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### INTERESTING GAME FOR GIRLS.

Here is a new game that requires almost no preparation, which is great fun and which demands a lot of skill to bring victory to a player.

It is a fine game for girls, for there is no jumping about, and a girl can

### Creation of a Knight.

The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various; the principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans; by this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honor of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterward changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight.

play it while wearing her prettiest party frock without the slightest danger of mousing it.

Two players only are required. They sit at opposite sides of a table, and any sized table will do. Before each girl is a little plate or saucer. Each girl has a large bone button in the place of a ping-pong bat, and a smaller button is used in the place of a ball. One player starts the game by pressing with her large button on the edge of the small button, causing it to snap across the table very much as in the old game of tiddle-de-winks.

She tries to make the button land in the other girl's saucer. When the button has landed and has stopped rolling the other player has a turn. She snaps it back and tries to make it land in her opponent's saucer. If a player snaps the button off the table her opponent scores two points. If the button does not go more than half way across the table her opponent scores two points. If the button comes to a rest against the saucer the girl making the shot scores five points; if the button should land in the saucer and slip out again she scores seven points. A lucky shot causing the button to remain in the saucer scores ten points for the player making it. Twenty-five points is a game. The players take turns snapping the button. Grown people as well as youngsters find lots of fun in this game, which is a model evening pastime.—*Good Literature*.

### A BLINDFOLD FROLIC.

A basket is placed on the carpet in the parlor and each child in turn, after being blindfolded, is given a potato which he is told to drop into the basket.

That sounds very easy, but it isn't. Whenever a player deposits his potato a tiny flag is placed in it. The little flags are made of white paper pasted to toothpick flagstaffs. The player's name is written on the flag, and in this way there is left no doubt as to whose potato it is. The potato that falls in or nearest the basket wins for its owner the prize, which may be "sugar or spice or anything nice" you may care to give. A cunning little booby prize for the one whose potato gets widest from the mark may be made of a good sized peanut with toothpick legs on, a comical expression imparted by eyes and nostrils and mouth indicated with India ink. A "small waisted" peanut makes the funniest horse.—*Home Herald*.

### WHY KITTY DISLIKES WATER.

The reason cats dislike water is because there is nothing oily about their fur. Consequently, it is easily wetted, and does not dry quickly.

### Make Fire Extinguisher.

Have at hand small fire extinguishers made in the following inexpensive manner: Take some common lime, twenty parts; common salt, five parts, and water, seventy-five parts. Mix well and put in thin bottles. In case of fire a bottle so thrown that it will break in or near the fire will put it out. This mixture is better and cheaper than many of the high-priced extinguishers sold for the purpose of fire protection.



## TIMELY RECIPES

### DISHES OF SHELLFISH TO TEMPT THE JADED APPETITE

Certain shellfish, says the New York Times, are always delicious, especially lobsters, clams and scallops. There are many ways to prepare these delicacies on the chafing dish, or with little trouble, so that they will delight the heart of the cook and tempt the jaded appetite.

In choosing lobsters one must select those that are lively; if they are merely chilled by being on the ice for some time they will soon move briskly when taken up by their backs by the fish dealer; if they fail to do this there is always a suspicion that they are dead, and a lobster should never die until it has turned a bright scarlet in the pot.

One may buy boiled lobsters at the market if one has a conscientious dealer; if not, first smother the lobster by placing it head down in warm water for a few minutes, then throw it into a pot of boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, and boil for half an hour.

When cold take the meat from the shell, rejecting the stomach, which lies directly back of the head, and can be broken with the head in one piece. The rest is all good except the little black string which runs through the tail and the gills.

The green meat is the liver, and is highly prized; the scarlet is the coral, which is used in coloring mayonnaise.

#### LOBSTER STUFFED.

Boil two lobsters and remove meat without breaking the backs. Cut into small pieces. Heat one cup of thin cream with one tablespoonful of flour and two of butter, adding yolks of three hard-boiled eggs mashed fine; two tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and a dash of paprika. Stir all together until thick and smooth. Add the lobster meat and remove from fire.

Wash dry shells, putting back and all together so as to form one piece; stuff with lobster mixture, cover with bread crumbs and brown in oven. Serve in a long dish garnished with watercress and slices of lemon sprinkled with chopped parsley.

#### LOBSTER CUTLETS.

This dainty dish, so often served at luncheons, is considered especially good. Prepare lobster mixture as for stuffed lobster, chopping the meat very fine. Spread the whole on a platter to cool. When cold cut into desired shape (cutlets are usually cut pear-shaped, flat) and dip in crumbs, beaten egg, and again in crumbs, and fry in boiling lard in a wire basket.

Serve on a napkin garnished with French peas, from which all the liquor has been poured.

Cutlets are also served with white sauce, in which are several chopped olives.

#### BROILED LOBSTER.

Kill a fresh lobster by cutting it with a sharp knife down the middle of the back, following the line in the shell. Remove stomach and intestines, butter the meat and broil, keeping the flesh side toward the fire, buttering occasionally to keep it moist.

Crack the claws and serve covered with melted butter, mixed with chopped parsley and a little lemon juice.



## HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Bread will rise more quickly in a jar than in a tin vessel.

Never go to bed hungry. Never eat heartily when over tired.

Sour yeast is as good or better than new, if you add soda enough to sweeten it just before using.

In choosing a grape fruit see that it is heavy in proportion to the size. A dry fruit is very light.

If the top of a cake is sifted with flour before icing, there is less danger of it running over the side.

To make lace curtains last longer, mend them by pasting on pieces of net with thick starch and a hot iron.

The taste of made over dishes may be improved by a few drops of onion juice, but not enough to give a strong flavor.

If rugs are sprinkled with cayenne pepper before being rolled in paper and put away, it is said to prevent moths.

A good test for boiled icing is not to take it off until it pulls up hard from the bottom of the glass when put in ice water.

See that all greens are carefully washed before eating. To do otherwise is not only uncleanly, but it may be dangerous to health.

To fill cracks in walls, etc., use vinegar instead of water in mixing plaster of Paris. It will not set for twenty minutes or so, and can be nicely smoothed over with a table knife.