Darkness and Dawn

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE

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comes to many an hour, a day or a bowels of the ship the half drowned week when the dead weight of black stokers came swarming. despair crushes the last hope and the thought of earthly existence fills them | the only woman passenger should with a weariness unutterable. Then have been the purser ran and threw it is that certain natures walk to the open the door. Her hat and wraps Brink, and half-fascinated by its aw- lay upon the bed, but the girl was not ful mystery, stand staring into the there. Number 17, the stateroom assilent depths, while the lcy sweat signed to the gentleman, was also vagathers on their brows and their limbs | cant. shake like wind-thrummed reeds.

been. Still, his experience was but boats vanished into the night. the story of a man-bitterer than most men's, possibly-yet commonplace enough to make the details unhad looked from sunset until dawn into the muzzle of his own gun, and now was telling himself that he had and that he would have no more of it. It was not worth its suffering.

far forward as she forced her slender form against the burly strength of the wind

"You are going to a boat?" he inquired.

She looked at his face for the first time and answered him rapidly: "Yes, must hurry." pavement and Kent stood watching the red flow with her handkerchief. her fighting against the wind. A wild impulse surged within him.

What better way to end it all than a plunge from the deck? A brief struggle with the waves, a dream of great unconsciousness. No one would ever know what had become of him. Gossiping tongues could say no more than that he had disappeared.

"I am going to the Senator also," he shouted, hurrying to her side. "Take my arm and hang on hard."

She stopped short, shot him a quick upward glance and then he felt her fingers close upon his sleeve. Flushed and breathing heavily they crossed the gangway and stood before the office of the purser.

of fact tone. "The cargo has got to braced against it. go, gale or no gale. But all our passengers have canceled their berths and you two will have the salon to yourselves. Of course, you understand it is going to be pretty rough

She nodded and both made their iway to the salon.

From out of the great northeast there swept that night a gale that whipped itself into a hurricane. Huger and more huge rose the steep hills before the laboring Senator, black, solid, battering her front with herculean blows, twisting her steel frame like a giant wrestler.

From the depths of his big chair in the salon Kent watched the girl as she sat nearly opposite him. She had listlessly thrown aside her hat and under the lights of the cabin the dark masses of her hair shone with the luster of polished ebony.

Then suddenly she arose and glancing neither to right or left went within a stateroom, while the man, sinking lower in the chair, let his eyelids fall Endlessly the huge rollers came thundering over the wallowing Senator, burying her beneath their black weight, crushing her down into the depths, but each time she arose like some half drowned thing and shudderingly shook herself free.

For an hour Kent's eyes swept the length of the dim cabin listlesslythen suddenly he leaned forward From her stateroom the girl came creeping and, with one hand against the wall to steady her, she slowly made her way towards where he sat. The man caught his breath and drew further into the shadow as she passed him in the half darkness. A moment later her fingers closed upon the knob of the door leading to the deck as she twisted and tugged at it vainly.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, as she turned away and covered her face with her hands. A sudden lurch of the ship forgot about myself. I only wanted threw her towards him and, springing to his feet, Kent caught her by the

Kent knew that one motive only could have actuated her to seek that his coat closely about him, huddling surge-swept deck; and her motive had | in it to escape the chill. been his motive of the hour before. But for a woman like her! He grew

cold at the thought. "Go back to your stateroom!" he began sternly, then caught her a second time, for her knees had grown limp and she was slipping to the floor. Then as he looked about the deck rose beneath his feet in a mighty upheaval and the dull crash of rent wood and funnels in black streamers, a lake iron filled his ears. Rendered awk- liner was wallowing. ward by his burden Kent's feet tripped upon a threshold and he fell they are coming," said he with a heavily forward dimly conscious that laugh as he turned upon the girl. something had struck him violently upon the head. And the next roll of mouth of the Pit-and together we the ship banging the door shut left go back to new life, new work, new him and the one he had borne motion- hope-yes, perhaps even to a new less upon the floor of the smoking love."

The lashings of the life hoats were

In the fullness of their lives there | cut, the falls manned and out of the

Down to stateroom number 12 where

"They must have got out of the So it came about that Kent stood cabin somehow and been swept overlooking from the black doorway of board," said the captain, as last man the warehouse into the early night. of all he took his place in the stern It was a long time since Kent had sheets of a life boat. "Anyway, we been happy, so long, in fact, that he have got to get out of this." He gave sometimes doubted that he ever had the order to lower away and the small

Twenty miles east of Point Ontonoggin the lake shoals to a depth of 50 feet, and it so happened that it necessary telling. Suffice to say, he was at this point that the Senator made her final plunge. There she lay, with her head upon the bottom and stern afloat, submerged to the waist seen enough of this thing called Life, and with the seas broaching over her.

An hour passed and the girl awoke. Half bewildered and merely seeking He turned up his collar and looked to get out of the dark den in which from the doorway again. Coming she found herself, she got upon hands down the empty street that led to the and knees and crawled across the wharves he saw a woman who leaned floor that slanted almost like a roof. A moment later she came across the prostrate form of a man, and after her first instinctive recoil approached him again and found that he breathed. Then she searched his vest pocket, found matches and struck one into a flame. She saw that his head was the Senator. It sails at nine and I bleeding and without hesitation took She stepped to the it in her lap, and strove to staunch

The gray dawn filtered through the windows and Kent opened his eyes and stared blankly at her until returning memory told him who she was. Next he smiled a bit and got fields and music, and then the last upon his feet with a good deal of trouble. The girl was sitting with hands clasped and face averted, and without addressing her he scrambled; into the vestibule and from that out to the slant deck.

The wind had dropped to half a gale, and the seas, although still plenty high enough, ran smoothly and no longer broke over the floating stern. He called to her, telling her to get a rug, and when she had dore that he half dragged her up the steep incline, wrapped the rug about her and to-"Yes, the ship is going to sail to gether they sat upon the deck in the night," said that official in a matter lee of the cabin with their backs

Silently they watched the gray rollers race into the west, and the low flights of the scurrying storm clouds;

each knowing what the other thought. "We have stood hand in hand upon the Brink and gazed as deep as mor-



Caught Her a Second Time.

tals can into eternity," he said, gravely. "Are you glad we got no further?" She turned her face towards his own, looking steadily into his eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "I am glad." Then after a moment's pause:

'Have you, too, changed your mind?" He looked across the waste. "Yes," he said at length. "When I saw you trying to gain that deck and realized why you wished to gain it-well, I to reason you back to sanity."

"And except for that?" "Except for that I should have found a way to the deck." He drew

The planks beneath them heaved and sunk, the spume fell about them in spatters and above their heads the

gulls wheeled and cried. A hoarse roar came across the waters and Kent springing to his feet scrambled to the rail and waved his arms frantically. A quarter of a mile away, the smoke whipping from her

"They are lowering a surf boat-"Together we have walked to the

He helped her to her feet and hand in hand they stood upon the deck, Capt. Peterson went about the deck | watching the life boat as it came giving his orders with cool precision. steadily towards them over the crests of the heaving sea

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST.

The American Settler Is Welcomed to Canada.

A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homesteads entries there in July of this year, as against 3,571 in July, 1905. Canada plumes herself over this fact, with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 97 Canadians who recrossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, or of the 808 from Great Britain, or of the 1,236 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in

"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming states, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way, they are welcome over there."

As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The Ameriacn farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canalian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years.

In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knews what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer. The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the manners and customs of the farmer from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the Maritime provinces and the Ontario tiller of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteads of the Canadian West, and there are hundreds of thousands of them left, that is extended to the settler from the Western States.

Tea on the Down Grade.

Tea drinkers are finding scant encouragement in a report recently made by a large tea exporting house in Yokohama to its American customers. Incidentally it indicates that the United States is not alone in facing increased cost of living. The report says: "Owing to the rapidly increasing cost of living in Japan labor costs more, and in consequence cultivation of the tea gardens is less generous and extensive than formerly, and less care and skill are expended in picking and curing the leaf. Hence the average quality of the teas now offered for sale is below that of seasons prior to the war, and for the same reasons we are not likely in the future to see any reversion to the excellence of former years."-New

Young Man Extensive Traveler.

Lord Ronaldshay, though only thirty years of age, probably has done more traveling for his age than any man living. Few people know more than he about the Himalayas and Persia. He has also found time to explore Kashmir, Baluchistan, Ladak, Thibet and the Persian gulf, to say nothing of Ceylon.

To Wash Velveteen.

Velveteen may be washed by shaking it about in warm Ivory Soap suds; then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account squeeze or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

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Quintus Curtius Rufus.

God has many names, though he is only one being.-Aristotle.

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a woman who looks nice in her old Give Defiance Starch a fair trialtry it for both hot and cold starching,

and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

If a man has a marble quarry he asks: What can I do with marble? He builds, he seeks other builders. The possession of a power, like the possession of an estate, impels to use, to gain, to service.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. The Garfield Tea Company's preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of The National Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 384, assigned by the Government, will appear on every package of their goods.

Thinks Clergy Are Losing Ground. Mr. Charles Booth, the great social scientist, in his volume on "Religion in London" is convinced that the clergy are losing ground by becoming servers of tables and organizers of charity instead of spiritual guides to their flocks.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, | 88.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes outh that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo. County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

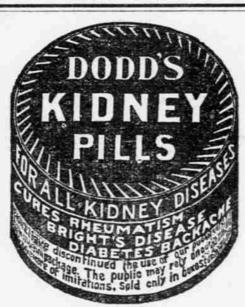
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Scheme Worked Out Badly.

Congressman Sulzer represents a densely populated district on the East side of New York city. It occurred to him some months ago that though there are no gardens in his district some of his constituents might grow plants in boxes placed on window sills or fire escapes, so he sent an assortment of seed to the inmate of a model tenement house owned by one of his friends. The latter met him a few days ago and said: "See here, Sulzer, I want you to cut out that seed business. It's the limit!" "Why, what's the matter?' asked the astonished Sulzer, and he explained why he had sent the seeds. "Oh, you meant well, all right," returned the friend, scornfully, "but when I visited the place the other day I found that about ten families were raising cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes in the bath



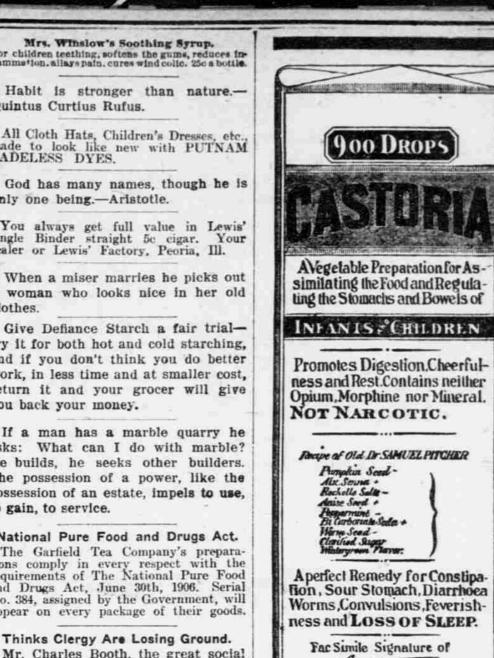
READERS of this paper de-siring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substi-tutes or imitations.

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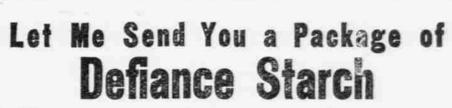
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