

Darkness and Dawn

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE

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In the fullness of their lives there comes to many an hour, a day or a week when the dead weight of black despair crushes the last hope and the thought of earthly existence fills them with a weariness unutterable. Then it is that certain natures walk to the brink, and half-fascinated by its awful mystery, stand staring into the silent depths, while the icy sweat gathers on their brows and their limbs shake like wind-thrashed reeds.

So it came about that Kent stood looking from the black doorway of the warehouse into the early night.

It was a long time since Kent had been happy, so long, in fact, that he sometimes doubted that he ever had been. Still, his experience was but the story of a man—bitterer than most men's, possibly—yet commonplace enough to make the details unnecessary telling. Suffice to say, he had looked from sunset until dawn into the muzzle of his own gun, and now was telling himself that he had seen enough of this thing called life, and that he would have no more of it. It was not worth his suffering.

He turned up his collar and looked from the doorway again. Coming down the empty street that led to the wharves he saw a woman who leaned 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, the Senator. It sails at nine and I must hurry." She stepped to the pavement and Kent stood watching 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 fields and music, and then the last 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.

"Yes, the ship is going to sail to-night," said that official in a matter of fact tone. "The cargo has got to 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 outside."

She nodded and both made their way 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 listlessly—then 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 threw her towards him and, springing to his feet, Kent caught her by the arm.

Kent knew that one motive only could have actuated her to seek that surge-swept deck; and her motive had 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 iron filled his ears. Rendered awkward by his burden Kent's feet tripped upon a threshold and he fell heavily forward dimly conscious that something had struck him violently upon the head. And the next roll of the ship banging the door shut left him and the one he had borne motionless upon the floor of the smoking room.

Capt. Peterson went about the deck giving his orders with cool precision. The lashings of the life boats were

cut, the falls manned and out of the bowels of the ship the half-drowned stokers came swarming.

Down to stateroom number 12 where the only woman passenger should have been the purser ran and threw open the door. Her hat and wraps lay upon the bed, but the girl was not there. Number 17, the stateroom assigned to the gentleman, was also vacant.

"They must have got out of the cabin somehow and been swept overboard," said the captain, as last man of all he took his place in the stern sheets of a life boat. "Anyway, we have got to get out of this." He gave the order to lower away and the small boats vanished into the night.

Twenty miles east of Point Ontonoggin the lake shoals to a depth of 50 feet, and it so happened that it was at this point that the Senator made her final plunge. There she lay, with her head upon the bottom and stern aloft, submerged to the waist and with the seas broaching over her.

An hour passed and the girl awoke. Half bewildered and merely seeking to get out of the dark den in which she found herself, she got upon hands and knees and crawled across the floor that glistened 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 bleeding and without hesitation took it in her lap, and strove to staunch the red flow with her handkerchief.

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 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 done that he half-dragged her up the steep incline, wrapped the rug about her and together they sat upon the deck in the lee of the cabin with their backs braced against it.

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.

tal's 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 forgot about myself. I only wanted to reason you back to sanity."

"And except for that?"

"Except for that I should have found a way to the deck." He drew his coat closely about him, huddling in it to escape the chill.

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 funnels in black streamers, a lake liner was wallowing.

"They are lowering a surf boat—they are coming," said he with a laugh as he turned upon the girl. "Together we have walked to the mouth of the Pit—and together we go back to new life, new work, new hope—yes, perhaps even to a new love."

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 subject:

"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 Canada West.

"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 American farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian 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 knows 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 York Sun.

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, Tibet and the Persian gulf, to say nothing of Ceylon.

To Wash Velvet.

Velvet 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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Habit is stronger than nature.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

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

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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, ss.

LUCAS GOVEY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath 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, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.

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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 tubs."

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READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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