

THE LAND OF YESTERDAY.

Oh, take me back to that dear old land,
To the Land of Yesterday!
Where Youth's fresh flowers on every
hand

In a wild profusion play,
Where the loving smiles of a mother
greet
The world with their tender light;
Where I hear that loved voice, soft and
sweet,
As she bade me fond good night:

"Good night, good night, my boy!
God keep you ever, ever safe, I pray!
Good night! May Fortune smile
When far from home and kindred
you may stray.

Good night!—so low, so sweet!
It sounds there, through the years,
away, away!
"Good night, good night, my boy!"
Dear echoes from the Land of Yes-
terday.

Love ne'er grows cold in that old, old
land,
In the Land of Yesterday!
'Tis the same warm clasp from each
friend's hand
That cheered me on my way,
The same blue sky, and the same sweet
birds
Their love in warblings tell—
Dear music, that, for a mother's words
As she bids her son farewell:

"Good night, good night, my boy!
God keep you ever, ever safe, I pray!
Good night! May Fortune smile
When far from home and kindred
you may stray.

Good night!—so low, so sweet!
It sounds there, through the years,
away, away!
"Good night, good night, my boy!"
Dear echoes from the Land of Yes-
terday.

A HAPPY ENDING.

One of those cases which convince us
that truth is stranger than fiction, came
to my knowledge when I was serving
what might be termed an apprenticeship
in our profession. My experience with
the world had been comparatively small
and the facts that I am about to relate
made a much greater impression upon
me than they might have done later in
life.

I knew from the first day that I en-
tered into the employ of Harvey Thurmer
that his head bookkeeper was a
pronounced favorite with him. This was
understood and accepted throughout
the immense establishment, yet, strange
as the fact may seem, it created no
jealousies or heartburnings. The book-
keeper was Twing Gordon, as hand-
some a specimen of manhood as you
would see in a lifetime, possessed of
brilliant talents, naturally charming
in his manners because of a good heart,
magnetic, the soul of honor, and, in
brief, one of those rare men whom you
like and trust on sight. This may seem
a questionable laudation of a young
man of 20, but he was so large, so cap-
able and so thoughtful in all he did
that every one thought of him as a
man of business.

Thurmer was one of the best men I
ever knew. He was yet in the prime of
life, yet he had come from somewhere
in the country, commenced his career
in a small way and steadily built up an
enormous business. His extensive char-
ities were quietly bestowed, he had built
a hospital and there was no cause for
the good of the city that he did not
liberally promote. His paper was as
current as legal tender and his credit
without limit among those who knew
him. He was generous with all those in
his employ, paying them what their
services were worth and advancing their
salaries as they deserved this substan-
tial recognition.

The first time I saw Thurmer depart
from the even tenor of his way, marks
the beginning of my story. He walked
briskly into the office one morning and
nodded a smiling recognition to each
one of us. On the top of Gordon's neat
desk was a vase of flowers, white lilies,
hellebores, japonicas and roses, and it
is easy to believe that their fragrance
filled the room. I saw Thurmer look
at them with a frown of impatience
that came dangerously near being an-
ger.

"It is very close in here," he remark-
ed as he walked to a window. "stifling
—what kind of flowers are those? They
must be poisonous, to judge from their
sickening odor."

This was like a bolt from a clear sky
to all of us, but Gordon said nothing.
He simply took the flowers and placed
them in a closet.

"What do you mean by that?" asked
Thurmer, in a tone that was new to us.
"The flowers must not offend you, sir.
They are too pretty to destroy and I
shall take them home with me."

Thurmer paced the floor for a few
minutes and then going to Gordon's
desk, asked him to step into the private
office.

Those of us who were left looked at
each other and then began the low buzz
of conversation. I will not repeat it,
but we wondered why so handsome and
so noble a young fellow as Gordon
might not enjoy the beauty and
sweets of blooming flowers. As one
sentimental maiden put it, he was as
Lebanon, and it was a funny thing if
he was to be lectured, possibly dis-
charged, just because he sought to
brighten their surroundings and make
them more attractive.

culable benefit in building up the im-
mense business that he now controlled.
Gordon also left a wife and two sons.
One was Twing, already introduced,
and the other, Henry, a physical con-
trast to his older brother, being small,
incapable of manual labor and almost
an invalid. He was a constant student,
however, and gave promise of fine
scholarship.

Pity was a veritable passion in Thur-
mer's heart. He learned later that Gor-
don had died in prison. The spirit of
vengeance suggested that he let the
widow and orphans of the man who had
wronged him shift for themselves, but
the man's better self prevailed and he
started out one fine evening to find
Twing Gordon, who, he had learned,
was a newsboy. The great man of af-
fairs bought a paper from the hustling
little merchant and was delighted to
find him a manly, honorable lad with
plenty of energy and ambition.

"Ever go to the theater?" asked
Thurmer, who was studying the boy
and knew how largely his class went
to make up the gallery gods at places of
amusement.

"No, sir. Not but what I'd like it, for
the other kids say it's the jolliest thing
going, but I can't afford it. One woman
sewing and one boy selling pa-
pers, makes it hard scratching for us
to make a living for three of us."

"How much do you earn?"
"It averages about \$2 a week. The
best I ever made was \$3.50. That was
the week of the big exposition."

"But do you turn it all over to your
mother?"
"Of course. Every cent of it. Then we
hold a regular council of war, planning
to make it go 'round. It takes some
mighty fine work sometimes, I can tell
you."

"Can't your brother help you out?"
"Yes, he gives me lessons every night
and he's a fine hand to cheer mama up.
Some day he'll write for books or go to
congress, for he's got a great head, and
when he's not studying he's thinking."

"How would you like to come to me
at \$4 a week?" asked Thurmer abrupt-
ly.

"I'd come tomorrow morning. I know
who you are and I've heard people say
that it would be a mighty good thing
for the city if it had more men like you.
I'll try to earn my wages, too, for I'm
going to be a business man myself,
some day."

"Report to me at 7:30. I'll give you a
fair chance and everything will depend
on yourself."

Thurmer walked away, realizing that
he already had a strong liking for this
attractive son of the man who had
wronged him. The boy was on hand and
his mother with him. The terms were
promptly made with her, as was the
custom in those old days, for she was
his natural guardian. Then she took
Thurmer aside, bravely restrained her
feelings that the boy might suspect
nothing, and in a womanly way thank-
ed him for the magnanimity he had
shown. She assured him that she had
good sons and that he would have none
more loyal in his employ than the child
he had just hired. And this proved to
be the case. Gordon had wonderful
adaptability and a genius for grasping
just what was required of him. He
worked like a Trojan and never seemed
to grow tired. He was cheerful every
day and the whole day long, and his
spirit of earnest devotion to the inter-
ests of his employer seemed to pervade
the entire establishment. His liking
for Thurmer went beyond veneration,
and was that strong love which one
man sometimes has for another. He
had repeatedly said that Thurmer could
ask nothing within his power to give
that he would not grant, and the boy
meant it. It was not to be wondered at
that Gordon was head bookkeeper at
twenty, and one of the best equipped
business men I ever saw.

I have given one of the lines of in-
cidents leading up to the scene in the
counting room. Another may be com-
menced with an event that set the
whole establishment to thinking one
afternoon. It was raining and the nar-
row cobblestone street, dark, muddy
and crowded with the trucks that were
coming and going presented a dismal
appearance. Entirely out of place
among those seemed a handsome car-
riage that drove past the main en-
trance, returned and stopped. Out of it
stepped a stout old gentleman, who
commanded the trucks to stand still in
a tone that secured obedience. "There's
no other way, little one," I heard him
say, for I was just talking with the
head teamster about the delivery of a
big consignment to the docks.

Then the commanding old gentleman
dove half way into the carriage and
came out again with as lively a bundle
as I ever saw, kicking, protesting and
demanding that she be permitted to
walk.

"Couldn't think of it," was all the
comfort she got. "Too muddy, too wet
and too many chances to get hurt. I'm
under contract to deliver you in good
shape. Where's Mr. Thurmer?" to me.

"I'll call him," but he had appeared,
and stood, pale and expectant. The
stout man only stopped to nod and set
the girl on her feet before commencing
business. "Thurmer," he began fami-
liarly, "this is Miss Frances Hall, a very
pretty, good-hearted, self-willed young
lady, I may say. I can't argue as to
the propriety of bringing her here, for
I'm simply obeying orders. Her mother
is dead and it was her last request that
the girl be brought to you. Here is a
sealed packet of papers that explains
everything. Will you accept the guar-
dianship or do you decline the trust?"

"I think that I understand," answer-
ed Thurmer in an unsteady voice, and
it seems to me that I am called upon
for too much. You must give me time
to consider."

first train back. She has taken the fami-
ly name of her grandfather. That was
the wish of her mother."

"Yes, Christopher Hall."
"Nobody else. The old man lost his
mind, his health and his princely for-
tune, all within an incredibly short
space of time. The girl has no dowry.
As I said before, I'm simply obeying
orders and am now awaiting your de-
cision."

The girl had taken a long look at
Thurmer and now stood holding his
hand. She was as pretty and dainty a
little creature as I ever saw, and I
could have sworn to a resemblance in
her to the man who hesitated about
becoming her guardian. "I think that
I could love you," she said with a tear-
ful smile, "but I will never go away
with that horrid man, never!" and she
stamped her foot while she put her
other dimpled hand in Thurmer's.

"I guess you'll keep her," chuckled
the stout man.

"Yes," and he led the girl to his
private office.

Half an hour later Gordon was called.
He was then a clerk in the counting
room, a mere boy of a man's stature.
"Gordon," said Thurmer, "I want you
to take this young lady out to Bexley's
place and deliver this letter to Mrs.
Bexley. I will be out to see you tomor-
row. You will find a beautiful
place and a woman who will do all she
can to make you contented."

The girl entered no objection but look-
ed admiringly upon Gordon and neither
kicked nor protested when he carried
her to the carriage that had been
called. The Bexleys had a fine subur-
ban place with immense greenhouses,
from which our house took the entire
produce, so you can see that Thurmer
had no unconquerable antipathy to
flowers. Frances was delighted with
the place and good Mrs. Bexley was
charmed with her new charge. Neither
wanted to part with the other, and
thus it was arranged without difficulty
that Bexley's was to be the home of
Thurmer's mysterious ward. He saw
little of her and she was too spirited
to openly resent this apparent neglect.
But she was provided for in the best
genial manner, was sent to the best
seminary in the city and also had the
advantage of private teachers in music
as well as some of the branches in
which previous instruction had been
neglected. She fulfilled all her girlish
promise of beauty and was a magnifi-
cent looking woman at 17.

All these years she and Gordon had
been thrown much into each other's
company, for there was scarcely an
evening they did not walk together,
and while there had been no offer or
confession of love, its existence was
mutually understood. I frequently saw
them together, but Thurmer was with
his ward so little that he thought of
her only as a very pretty and promising
young miss, whose thoughts were
wrapped up in her studies and her
school companions.

One evening Thurmer was walking
out to Bexley's with a view to arrang-
ing for the attendance of Frances upon
a week of grand opera that was near
at hand, he came up behind Gordon
and her, strolling in a way that was
unquestionably love-like. It was a
shock such as the man had not experi-
enced for years. He went home to
spend a sleepless night, and it was the
next morning that he found the flowers
on Gordon's desk.

"How old are you?" was Thurmer's
first question after they had entered the
private office.

"Twenty, sir."
"You have no guardian but your
mother?"
"None, sir, though my regard for you
has long made me think of you in that
capacity."

Thurmer sat silent for a brief time
after this expression of affection, and
then proceeded: "Those flowers were
sent by my ward, were they not?"

"Yes, sir."
"You have seen a good deal of her?"
"As much as her time and mine
would allow."

"You do not know her story. She does
not know it herself. I have no son, but
I have loved you as one and have ar-
ranged to make you my heir. I cannot
consent to your jeopardizing all your
interests, probably wrecking your life,
by marrying this girl. It is time enough
to think of such things ten years from
now. I do not care to go into explana-
tions, but I ask that these visits and
these walks be discontinued. If you
insist upon having this girl my plans
for you must be changed and you
must make your own future."

"She is your ward," replied Gordon,
"and I must respect your wishes for
the present. For the future I cannot
promise, though it has always seemed
to me I could never refuse you any-
thing. To obey would be to take the
life out of me. Ask anything else of
me."

"Think it over, my boy, for there is
much dependent upon your determina-
tion."

"I hope you know me better than to
think that fortune or opportunity en-
ters into the subject with me. It is love
for a woman waging war with love for
a man, and gratitude advocating his
cause. I must do what seems right to
me, and I am bold enough to ask that
you also think the matter over, Mr.
Thurmer. There can be no harder po-
sition in which to place a man."

she would simply take the matter in
her own hands and place herself where
he and his authority could not reach
her. As she faced him he caught that
unmistakable resemblance that I had
detected, and wondered. His heart had
been softening from the hour of his
interview with Gordon, for he was lit-
erally incapable of carrying out any
plan of revenge.

"Oh, that I had a mother to advise
me," she exclaimed with a half-sup-
pressed sob. "You have been good and
thoughtful with your money. That is
all. Then you tried to rob me of the
only love that I have ever known."

"I will send Gordon to you," and her
impetuous kiss left him a troubled face
lighted with a smile.

"I have thought and I have with-
drawn all objections," was his saluta-
tion to Gordon, whose eyes and hand
gave full answer. "You'll find her in
my office. Don't do anything hurriedly,
and come to me this evening."

When the two men met, pursuant to
this appointment, Thurmer at once
produced the sealed package of papers.
"I have never opened them," he began,
"because I knew the whole sad story.
Frances' mother was my wife. We
married very young and she was a
minor. Her rich grandfather, Christo-
pher Hall, swore that the match should
never stand, and so powerful was his
influence that my wife was induced to
leave me, was divorced and married to
a rake of a 'good' family, of whom the
grandfather approved, all within a few
weeks. The husband made ducks and
drakes of his fortune and went to the
dogs within a year. Now you know
why I did not want to give my 'son' to
this girl of such parents, but I'm con-
vinced that it was prejudice and that
she will prove worthy of you. We'll go
through these papers together."

Thurmer glanced over one before
reading it, turned so pale that Gordon
was frightened, read again and then
threw his arms about the boy's neck.
"Read! Read!" shouted the usually self-
contained man. "Follow me in half an
hour. I'm going to my daughter."

Gordon read and was radiant with a
new born happiness. It was too good
to be true, and yet there it was in
black and white. He was more than
punctual in getting to Bexley's. There
was his staid employer with his beau-
tiful daughter in his lap, her face flushed,
her eyes shining and her half-bared
arm about his neck. Yet Gordon was
not jealous.

No sensible person can go astray in
finishing the story.

RECKLINGHOUSEN.
Venn day Martek vinds day blow und
blow,
Avay goes sometimes all day vite, vite
snow.
Of day grouw'ng sees him on St. Pat-
rick's Day
Giffs nice weather it his first von May.
Should t'ough day snow doan blow
Und stays t' behind day vitened snow,
Den looks it bad day fairst von May.
Und means it a green St. Patrick's Day.

This spontaneous effort at poetry, in
spite of the prevailing high price of
eggs, drew a shower of decayed hen
fruit upon the head of the innocent
Recklinghausen, the author of the
above verses. It was evidently intend-
ed for his many customers who patron-
ized the liquid-dispensing part of his
establishment on St. Patrick's Day.

"Oh, how could you do it sutsk?"
pleaded Bimberle. "Venn I tink on it
dat it giffs sutsk nice poemstree on
books on day libterary. You make
sutsk a bluff on Jake's Beer it makes
me shiffer. Vorser yet it drifes me on
drinking."

"Why, vat's day matter mid him?"
queried Recklinghausen. "I kin maig
poemstree vat Jake's Beer neffer even
tought on. I bed you look in Jake's
books und you see nodding like mine
vords in dem."

"Dat's right," said Bimberle. "You
am oil right; you knowt al. Why you
doan't know bound poemstree alnd vort
vhile knowin. Vat you know bound it
wouldn't vill a book. You maig pomes
out vitsk Jake's Beer wouldn't dare dat
tin' no truthfulness. Aber here's day
ding vat pizles me: Vat got Pat Rick
got to mid dem? Is it vat has he?"

"Oh! Sutsk ignorances! It you vat
are dat!" replied Recklinghausen.
"Skould you know nex Frye day is
Sain Pat Rick's his day not. Skould be
possibly dat din you hear von day
green eye monstres what drove Sain
Pat Rick Day Irelan out? Alnd your
education neglect full dat you
alnd bequainted mid dat day?"

"No, did I hear of him. Alnd it dat I
reckleckt it? Vas he dere before seven-
teen Martek oder it is day fairst time
what it is? Tole me of him?" said Bi-
mberle, "denn I will know mutsk less
about it, skould you tell me vat is it?"

"Listen, denn, I vill tole you vat else
people are bequainted mid facts. Sain
Pat Rick's was a man what come von
Jewrope to Irelan to drife shnalke
avon day blace. It was day Irelan
full von kreen kraass, und it's day rea-
son efferbody veare kreen badske on
deir necks below, nex Frye day. Dis
is day sign dat shnalke alnd vhere
tis kreenness round."

"Oh, I see it now. It's because dis dat
day alnd tink on dis day cream de ce-
ment, vitsk maigs alnd so tight," said
Bimberle.

SEA ADVENTURES.

Through all the vicissitudes of this
strange voyage I had hitherto felt pret-
ty safe, and as the last thing a man
anticipates (if his digestion is all right)
is the possibility of coming to grief him-
self, while fully prepared to see every-
body else go under, so I had got to
think that whoever got killed I was not
to be—a very pleasing sentiment, and
one that carries a man far, enabling
him to face dangers with a light heart,
which otherwise would make a nerve-
less animal of him.

In this optimistic mood, then, I gayly
flung myself into my place in the
mate's boat one morning, as we were
departing in chase of a magnificent
sperm whale that had just been raised
after breakfast. There were no other
vessels in sight—much to our satisfac-
tion—the wind was light, with a cloud-
less sky, and the whale was dead to
leeward of us. We sped along at a
good rate toward our prospective vic-
tim, who was, in his leisurely enjoy-
ment of life, calmly lolling on the sur-
face, occasionally lifting his enormous
tail out of the water and letting it
fall flat upon the surface with a boom
audible for miles.

We were, as usual, first boat (much to
the mate's annoyance, when we were
a short half-mile from the whale, our
mainsheet parted. It became immedi-
ately necessary to roll the sail up, lest
its flapping should alarm the watchful
monster, and this delayed us suffi-
ciently to allow the other boats to shoot
ahead of us.

Thus the second mate got fast some
seconds before we arrived on the scene,
seeing which we furled the sail, un-
shipped the mast and went in on him
with the oars only. At first the pro-
ceedings were quite of the usual char-
acter, our chief wielding his lance in
most brilliant fashion, while not being
fast to the animal allowed us much
greater freedom in our evolutions, but
that fatal habit of the mate's—of allow-
ing his boat to take care of herself so
long as he was getting in some good
home thrusts—once more asserted it-
self.

Although the whale was exceedingly
vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty
foam over an enormous area, there we
wallowed close to him, right in the
middle of the turmoil, actually courting
disaster.

He had just settled down for a mo-
ment, when, glancing over the gunwale,
I saw his tail, like a vast shadow,
sweeping away from us toward the
second mate, who was laying off the
other side of him. Before I had time
to think, the mighty mass of gristle
leaped into the sunshine, curved back
from us like a huge bow.

Then with a roar it came at us, re-
leased from its tension of heaven knows
how many tons. Full on the broadside
it struck us, sending every soul but me
flying out of the wreckage as if fired
from catapults.

I did not go because my foot was
jammed somehow in the well of the
boat, but the wrench nearly pulled my
thigh-bone out of its socket. I had
hardly released my foot when, tower-
ing above me came the colossal head
of the great creature, as he ploughed
through the bundle of debris that had
just been a boat. There was an appall-
ing roar of water in my ears, and dark-
ness that might be felt all around.

Yet in the midst of it all, one thought
predominated as clearly as if I had
been turning it over in my mind in the
quiet of my bunk aboard—"What if he
should swallow me?" Nor to this day
can I understand how I escaped the
portals of his gullet, which of course
gaped wide as a church door.

But the agony of holding my breath
soon overpowered every other feeling
and thought, till just as something was
going to snap inside my head I rose to
the surface. I was surrounded by a
welter of bloody froth, which made it
impossible for me to see, but, oh, the
air was sweet!

I struck out blindly, instinctively, al-
though I could feel so strong an eddy
that voluntary progress was out of the
question. My hand touched and clung
to a rope, which immediately towed me
in some direction—I neither knew nor
cared whither. Soon the motion ceased,
and with a seaman's instinct, I began
to haul myself along the rope I grasped,
although no definite idea was in my
mind as to where it was attached.

Presently I came but up against
something solid, the feel of which gath-
ered all my scattered wits into a com-
pact knob of dread. It was the whale!
"Any port in a storm" I muttered, be-
ginning to haul away again on my
friendly line. By dint of hard work I
pulled myself right up the sloping, slip-
pery bank of blubber, until I reached the
iron, which, as luck would have it,
was planted in that side of the carcass
now uppermost.

Carcass I said—well, certainly I had
no idea of there being any life remain-
ing in the vast mass beneath me; yet I
had hardly time to take a couple of
turns around myself with the rope (or
whale line, as I had proved it to be),
when I felt the great animal quiver all
over and begin to forge ahead.

I was now composed enough to re-
member that help could not be far
away, and that my rescue, providing
that I could keep above water, was but
a question of a few minutes. But I
was hardly prepared for the whale's
next move. Being very near his end,
the boat, or boats, had drawn off a bit,
I supposed, for I could see nothing of
them.

Then I remembered the flurry. Al-
most at the same moment it began, and
there was I, who had with fearful ad-
miration so often watched the Titanic
convulsions of a dying cachalot, actu-
ally involved in them. The turns were
off my body, but I was able to twist
a couple of turns around my arms,
which, in case of his sounding, I could
readily let go.

Then all was lost in roar and ruck, as
of the heart of some mighty catamaran,
during which I was sometimes above,
sometimes beneath, the water, but al-
ways clinging, with every ounce of en-
ergy left, to the line. Now, one thought
was uppermost—"What if he should
breach?" I had seen them do so when
in a flurry, leaping full twenty feet in
air. Then I prayed.

Quickly as all the preceding changes
had passed came perfect peace. There
I lay, still alive, but so weak that, al-
though I could feel the turns slipping
off my arms, and knew that I should
slide off the slope of the whale's side
into the sea if they did, I could make no
effort to secure myself. Everything
then passed away from me, just as if
I had gone to sleep.

I do not at all understand how I kept
my position, nor how long, but I awoke
to the blessed sound of voices and saw
the second mate's boat alongside. Very
gently and tenderly they lifted me into
the boat, although I could hardly help
screaming with agony when they touch-
ed me, so bruised and broken up did I
feel.

My arms must have been nearly torr-
ed from their sockets, for the strands of
the whale line had cut deep into their
flesh with the strains upon it, while my
thigh was swollen enormously from the
blow I had received at the outset. Mr
Cruce was the most surprised man I
think I ever saw. For full ten minutes
he stared at me with wide-open eyes.
When at last he spoke it was with diffi-
culty, as if wanting words to express
his astonishment.

At last he blurted out: "Whar you bin
all de time, ennyhow? 'Cawse ef you
bin hangin' on to dat ar wale ev' sence
you boat smash, w'y de debil you
hain't all to bits, hey?" I smiled fee-
bly, but was too weak to talk, and
presently went off again into a dead
faint.

When I recovered I was snug in my
bunk aboard, but aching in every joint,
and as sore as if I had been pounded
with a club until I was bruised all over.
During the day Mr. Count was good
enough to pay me a visit. With his
usual luck he had escaped without the
slightest injury; neither was any other
member of the boat's crew the worse
for the ducking but myself. He told
me that the whale was one of the largest
he had ever seen and as fat as butter.

The boat was an entire loss, so com-
pletely smashed to pieces that nothing
of her or her gear had been recovered.
After spending about a quarter of an
hour with me, he left me considerably
cheered up, promising to look after me
in the way of food, and also to send
me some books. He told me that I need
not worry myself about my inability
to be at work, because the old man
was not unfavorably disposed toward
me, which piece of news, gave me a
great deal of comfort.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE.
As we ran quite closely past the ship,
calling on the crew to haul up for all
they were worth, we managed actually
to squeeze past the cow whale and I
got in a deadly blow. The point of the
lance entered just between the fin and
the eye, but higher up, missing the
broad plate of the shoulder blade, and
sinking its whole four feet over the
hitches right down into the animal's
vitals. Then, for the first time, he
threw up his flukes, thrashing them
from side to side almost round to his
head, and raising such a turmoil that
we were half full of water in a mo-
ment.

After a few moments of this tremen-
dous exertion, our victim settled down,
leaving the water deeply stained with
his gushing blood. With him disap-
peared his constant companion, the
faithful cow, who had never left his
side for a minute since we first got
fast. Down, down they went, until
my line began to look very low, and
I was compelled to make signals to
the ship for more. We had hardly el-
evated the oars, when down dropped
the last boat with four men in her, ar-
riving by my side in a few minutes
with two fresh tubs of tow-line. We
took them on board, and the boat re-
turned again.

Our amazement may be imagined
when suddenly we were compelled to
slack away again, the sudden weight
on the line suggesting that the fish was
again sounding. If ever a young hand
was perplexed, it was I. Never before
had I heard of such unseemly behavior,
nor was my anxiety lessened when I
saw, a short distance away, the huge
body of my prize at the surface spout-
ing blood. At the same time I was
paying out line at a good rate, as if
I had a fast fish on which was sound-
ing briskly.

The skipper had been watching me
very closely from his seat on the taff-
rail, and had kept the ship within easy
distance. Now, suspecting something
out of the common, he sent the boat
again to my assistance, in charge of
the cooper. When that worthy ar-
rived, he said: "Th' ol' man reckens
yew've got snarled erp 'ith th' ar'
loose keow. 'n y'r' irons hev draw'd
from th' other. I'm gwine ter walk
on him, 'n get him 'longside 'soon's
he's outer his flurry. Ole man sees
yew'd best wait on what's fast 't y'es
an' never mind th' other."

Away he went, reaching my prize
just as the last feeble spout expired,
leaving the dregs of that great flood of
life trickling lazily down from the
widely expanded spiracle. To drive a
harpoon into the carcass, and run the
line on board was the simplest of jobs
for, as the captain had foreseen, my
irons were drawn clean. I had no lea-
sure to take any notice of them now,
though, for whatever was on my line
was coming up hand-over-fist.

With a bound it reached the surface
—the identical cow so long attendant
upon the dead whale. Having been so
long below for such a small whale, she
was quite exhausted, and before she
had recovered we had got alongside of
her and lanced her, so thoroughly that
she died without a struggle. The ship
was so close that we had her along-
side in a wonderfully short time, and
with scarcely any trouble.

When I reached the deck, the skip-
per called me, and said several things
that made me feel about six inches
taller.