I'm watching here in the rafley To eatch the first glad rift In the night clouds hanging over-Gray clouds that soon shall lift.

Whenever night shades are deepest Then loudest is my song, In the shadow of the valley Hope speeds my feet along.

Aye, deep is the night, my brother, But bright the coming day, And the time for dawn and sunrise Is never far away. -Los Angeles Herald

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT.

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hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His henvy brows were drawn over his grry eyes, and under an unkempt beard his mouth worked uneasily. When he finished, he strode over to the cashier. "You cheat me?" he cried, thickly. "By Jee, you cheat me twenty dollar!"

"Nonsense, Andrew," said the cashier; "you're off. Your account is Just eighty-three dollars and six bits due you. Not a cent more. Our books don't lie."

The fisherman hitched up his trousers, and his voice fell two notes. "You cheat me," he muttered, doggedly, "I bring in two hundred pound more fish. It's down in my book. See?"

The young fellow who had charge of the fish delivery books received gingerly the greasy pages thrust in at him, and rapidly compared the entries there with those in his ledger. Every now and then he jotted a number on a pad of blank paper before him, and when he had run through all the pages of the fish book he added together his jottings, and looked up with a weary smile. "You're wrong, Andrew," he said. "See here, where you've gone off your reckoning. This entry calls for only twenty pounds of fish, and you've read it two hundred. This here is forty-five pounds of steelhead, and you've made it salmon. You better becareful how you say we chest you. You are trying to do some cheating yourself with a darned blunt pencil. Take your book and clear out.

The heavy eyed captain of boat No. 345 loosed his neckerchief and pulled again at his trousers. "You cheat me!" he yelled, shrilly. "Ole, he put him down that way, and I know how much fish I bring in. I don't charge him in the book. You cheat me!"

A rough order to clear out was the only response, and Andrew blew like a porpoise. Then his clumsy tongue gathered articulateness, and he called down the curse of God upon the Astoria Crescent, with special reference to the white-faced cashier and Ole, the weigher. His strident tones resounded in the building, and presently the manager of the cannery came from his private office to see what the matter was Andrew turned to him with a cry for justice.

"But your account is all straight," said the manager, after a quick glance at the book the fisherman held out to "What the dayll do you mean by making such a fuss?"

"But Ole make the wrong number," Andrew expostulated. "He put down twenty pound of fish on your book when I have two hundred on mine. He cheat me!"

"If you make any more howl," said the manager, roughly, "I'll seize your bont. You owe us a hundred on last season."

There was a deep silence, while the huge fellow shambled back as if to gather himself for a blow. Then in some way he realized his helpiessness and strove to subdue his voice. 'It ain't right, he mumbled. Towe you no ting. I pay bim all oop. Ole make wrong number. You can't take my

Possibly the manager of the cannery was doubtful of his own position, or else the was incited by a charitable thought of Andrew's wife and small baby. He pulled a gold piece from his. pocket and floor it at the fisherman, bled in its rude columns. But hate hear noy more of your nonsense. That's a brand-new ten-dollar piece, and I'll bef you spend it in a saloen, and curse me over your glass. Now

Hausen looked at the money in his calloused paim, and then at the retreating form of the manager. "Clear out!" said the clerk, "or we'll throw you out, you darned beggar!"

Mrs. Hansen wept when her husband told her curtly that she was to bave no new dress. When he refused to buy a baby carriage for the firstborn, there was deep gloom in the Httle' house tucked up under the hill whose legs were sure, according to his mother, to be bent like the staves of a fish borrel did be have no carriage

Two days later Andrew paid off his don't-puller. It took all the money to blew past him was alive, not dead his credit at the cannery. Then he from long drifting. In his wide sweep went out to the racks on which his net was bung, and worked there for a week. Later, he drew his boat out on the beach, and scraped and cleaned her through without painting a strake. From that time till September 10th he ent on the wabbling wharf over the do, and figured in his smeary fish took, and seemed to be nursing some t sorrow, so that his acquaint-

NDREW HANSEN apent an | ill husband, and was spending his season's wages in sullen drinking.

But when he quietly put his net in No. 345 on the 10th, and started out "fall fishing," the nods of head changed to open-mouthed astonishment. For Andrew was forehanded in his way, and enjoyed the reputation of making enough, even in a poor summer, to avoid the necessity for drifting for the slimy salmon that enter the Columbia in the later months.

Instead of six cents, fish now commanded only one cent at the cannery scales, and Andrew grew gaunt and haggard before September was out. One day he brought in two hundred and fifty pounds, his biggest catch. His balance at the Astoria Crescent was bettered some nine dollars by two weeks' work. And Andrew had no boat puller to share his profits, but toiled alone, he and his alarm clock that warned him to wake and work when sleep was heavy upon him.

One Sunday at noon Andrew came down from the little house under the hill, shambling sullenly out on the wharf to where his boat lay nosing a fender pile. His pipe was gripped in his teeth, and he raged that the day should be so fine when he must go out and spend it in a dirty boat alone, while his wife sat in white anger at his parting silence.

After a slow look over the bay he joited down the ladder, pulled his boat in sharply and dropped on the net heaped amidships. Then with quick jerks he stepped the mast, threw off the riding line, and with a thrust of an oar was out in the stream. Five minutes later No. 345 was speeding across toward the deep calm in the lee of the Washington hills. Bowed in the stern was Andrew Hansen, clutching his tiller in one hairy hand and hold ing the sheet in the other. Only once did be glance back, to see if the fish warden's launch was still tied up by her dock. For Sunday, until six o'clock in the evening, is "closed."

Sunset found him below Sand Island stowing the last fathoms of bis reeking net. A dozen poor fish slid back and forth in the well to the tumble of the boat. Andrew flung in the last armful of net, and stood up to ease his aching back. His eye caughta solitary plak cloud riding high in the evening sky, and his gaze fastened on it truenlently. Gradually the ocean wind chilled,

and the dusk came on like puffs of smoke before it. The crystal of the 345 was steaded into the wind though lee shores dimmmed, and the leaned higher against the blackened embers of the west. The clear gleam from a lighthouse threaded the twilight, and No. 345 plunged wildly over gray combers. Still Andrew poised his bulk over the boat, and as the seas, rising with the tide, tossed it angrilly, his grim face hardened. Before his mind rose the image of the manager who had cheated him, of the fellow fisherfolk who had looked at him quizziently, or hostilely, or pityingly. His big fists clenched because, were it not for one thing he was strong enough to fend against them all. That one thing had ridden his heart till the very thought of it made his teeth fasten in his lips and the blood swell his veins to bursting.

With a sudden access of rage, he pulled out of his lacket pocket his fish book and held its almost obliterated pages up before him. The crabbed ernwls of many weighers were jum-Take this, Andraw, and don't let me knew the false entries, and his finger, shriveled by the cold brine, shook as it traced them out. Then the vision of the little home under the hill, a pale-faced wife, and a babe with tiny fists, blurred his sight and effaced the sordid characters. And then a sandinden wave fell on No. 345, and flooded it till Andrew was knoe-deep in water.

With a leap he seized an oar, swnng the boat round till it met the next roller head or, and with a few swift jerks raised the sail. The wind was getting up 'ast but in pure defiance he put is the sprit, and, before No. 345 could yield is agreeously to its pressure, drove the boat sato the eye of the above the gas works. But Andrew gale with another sweep of the oar, did not explain, though he gazed a and then fell apen-the tiller. The long time at the white haired son, fish-book floates in the water among the slimy chums.'

It was black night, and Andrew set to scanning the lights before running up the bay. The roar of the surf was growing shriller and the foam that of the river's mouth he caught sight of a strange in A off the south end of the bar. - He looked again and again. He forgot his ...ath in this new matter, and peered under . . . oot of his shaking sail, careless of ! e fact that his boat was half was riogged and that his catch was slopping about in the bottom. For Andrew knew that that gilmmer was on another boat, and nodded their beads, and said from its position he also knew that w. a mapy oaths that Andrew was an it was driving into the terror of all

Clatsop Spit.

Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book, and the barsh injustice of the manager, he would not now be out in the night, belplessly watching some unknown fellow struggling with death. He seemed to catch a glimpse of a smart house, with a red fire in a grate, and the manager of the Astoria Crescent toasting himself and talking to his wife. His own clothes were sour upon him, and the brine hardening about his eyes made it torture to look into the wind. Then, with a defiant curse at the transient vision, he stooped to his net, and, raising it fathoms at an armful, thrust it over the side. It is the last sacrifice a Columbia river fisherman makes. But out in the tossing surges of the bar he saw still a wavering light.

Unburdened, No. 345 answered her helm quickly. With one hand on the tilled Andrew baled in wild haste with the other, throwing the water to leeward and looking to the lashings of the heavy ballast-bags. Then, when all was clear as he could make it, he dexterously undid his cumbersome jacket and stuffed it under the thwart. Another lull in the wind allowed him to unlash a second oar, and he, with this in reserve, settled himself down stolidly to his task.

The breasts of the fishboat threw the waves aside in blinding spray as he neared the chops, and when a roaring sea swept across the tumbling raffle Andrew tautened every muscle The sea passed in thunder into the darkness, whither he dared not look, and left the sturdy craft still heading on the starboard tack toward the feeble gleam in the , urk ahead. The sail was wet to the top of the mast, and from the folds where the sprit wrinkled it the wind blew the water in white t an. Then a short expanse of less troubled sea intervened, and Hansen managed by a quick leap and hot return to throw the sprit out. He was just in time; for a mountain of water shut out the wind, and, as the boat fell away, be ske in boiling foam. Two minutes later No. 345 was again on her course, half filled hard to hold, and dipping deeply at every plunge, But the light was close aboard and the fisherman saw to becward of him the blotted outlines of a small yacht. It was under hare poics, and every lurch sent the spray soaring toward the shrilling stars from its bluff sides.

When he got within a hundred yards of it Hansen shouted and luffed. The gale bore him down on the yacht in an instant, and as he was driven past he saw a man wave his arm frantically, and then the light went out.

Stendying No. 345 with one powerful hand on the tiller, Le-ping her almost in the eye of the wind, Andrew Hansen waited. Suddenly his free arm went out and caught something. A strong pull, and a white face was lifted to the thwort; with a wrench that started Lis joints, he dragged a girl into his boot. Still be waited, edging up a little whenever he saw the chance, but still walting. An arm was flung out at him from a rush of foam. and again Andrew snatched his prey. This time it was a man, and he fell beside the gtrl. "Is that all?" yelled the fisherman over them.

There was no answer, and again No the streaming waves now carried a thrill that warned the fisherman that but little time was left to try the last

But no other form was seen, and when a towering wall of spumy water tossed the capsized yacht within ten fathoms of his boat, Andrew eased the sheet from about his leg, and then started on his way to catch the thread of the tide. He knew that for three hours yet it would be flooding in, and he felt that no mortal hand could save No. 345, unless he could make this instreaming current, and there lie to until he was beyond the clutch of the deyouring bar. So inch by inch he ate his way out, rushing his plunging boat over the smaller waves, and hanging her ligh ly on the sheer steps of crum bling combers only to flirt her over when the cataract fell,

Time and again No. 345 rolled in helplessness till her skipper could furiously clear her of some of the inpouring water; and he gave little heed o the man and the girl lying acrost his feet, except to avoid them as hamoved. But his efforts told, and foot by foot he crept out of the edge of tha chops and into the more regular wilderness of the deeper channel.

Once out of the deadly trap where every surge carried death, Andrew refaxed a little and peered down at the two people he had saved. When he got a moment's breathing space he put his hand on the girl and she stirred under it. The man shuddered to his knees and threw his hands out to the fisher-Satisfied, Andrew threw his weight on the tiller and eased the sheet slightly. Five minutes later they stemmed the main rush of the tide, and Andrew fied the bars together and made them first to the painter, and, onte the order." threw them overside so that No. 345 rode to them, shipping no more water than could be baled out. Then Hansen pulled out his flask and addressed

himself to his passengers. It was nearly dawn when Andrew threw his boat's nose in by the whart of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. He clambered forward and groped for the ladder. When his hands, grasped it he made the boat fast and climbed up to the roadway. He returned with a lantern and set it at the ladder's head. Then he went down into the rolling craft again and picked up the girl Followed by the man, he bore her up the ladder and set her down on the planks. The other stopped in the feeble light of the lantern and fumbled

who use Astoria Bay, the chops off in his sodden clothes. Andrew glanced at him, and awkwardly stooped to wring the water from the girl's skirts. She shivered, and laid her cold hands on his, and spoke to him through her chattering teeth. He replied with a gesture, and picked up the lantern. Its pale rays fell on the face of the manager of the cannery, who was dragging out his purse.

"You've saved our lives," said the manager, hoarsely. "If I can ever do anything for you, say it. Take this

Andrew thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and pulled out a handkerchief. He unknotted it, and there rolled into his palm a coin, glittering moistly. With a jerk he dropped it into the manager's hand, and strode to the ladder, taking no notice of the purse held out.

"But where are you going?" asked the other, shivering with the chill. What's this for? Ain't you going

Andrew halted on the ladder, with his grim face at the level of the planks. "You cheat me!" he said, barshiy. "You make wrong number, by Jee!"

The manager stumbled hastily forward. His foot struck the lantern and knocked it overboard. As its glimmer vanished in the black water he called, shrilly: "Where are you going? Come back and let me pay you!"

There was no response. But in the faint light No. 345 put out into the channel again. Andrew was going to retrieve his net, if haply he might find it, and as he settled down in his reeking clothes he glanced up to the little house tucked under the hill above the gas works, and smiled. He was thinking of his honor, now unstained .- San Francisco Argonaut.

BARBARIANS AT PLAY.

Miss Edith Was Horrified Till She

The sun glared fiercely on the oily pools of water standing in the street as Miss Edith stepped from the entrance of the tenement house. Half overcome by the recking odors of the place she had just left, she leaned against the area railing, oblivious of the chatter- I was publishing a weekly paper at urg, shricking group of small children | Americus, a town of 500 inhabitants, playing in the gutter across the street. My office was in a room about 100 Presently their shrill shouts attracted her attaction, and she watched them | forty feet, the bulance being filled with

intently. They seemed to be playing the surplus stock of a merchant next some game. On the top of a wooden garbage box, standing at the curb line, sat a wee and dirty-faced boy, attired in a pink undershirt, a blue calico shirt | their | presence - even | familiar | with and a vest of his father's, at least them, as you shall learn. The room twenty sizes too large for his gaunt | was heated by a good stove at my end little shoulders. All about him in the of the building, but as the chimney gutter were gathered a dozen or more was at the extreme other end of it little girls. Each of them was armed necessitated the use of a very long majority carried pins and needles, one up caskets. One bitter cold night 1 or two hairpins, and the leader and largest, a long hatpin. They were "taking turns" sticking their respective weapons into the tender leg of the baby on the garbage can.

"The little fiends!" said Miss Edith aloud, and rushed across the street to stop the torture. As she came near she heard the girl with the hatpin cry cut: "I went in de furderist dat time."

100 wicked, wicked children!" cried Miss Edith, "what do you mean by abusing that poor little child?"

The "poor little child" on top of the carbage box looked up at Miss Edith grown—the coffins must be warm, too. and grinned complacently through his In another minute I had climbed to dirt. The rest giggled aggressively. "Don't you know you might lame

bim for life?" she demanded. "Aw, go-an," said the girl with the hatpin, finally. "It don't hurt him that winter, nor morbid thoughts of a none. He's got a plasker cask on his

jeg-see?"-Chicago Tribune.

S.or es of Lancoin. Among the accepted anecdotes of Lincoln, some are perennially welcome, because they are characteristic of the man as tradition paints him. One day, we are told, in William E. Curtis' new blography, a merchant visited the White House and sent up his card among a quantity of others from eager office seekers. Under his name he had written, "Holds no office, and wants notic."

"Show him up." commanded Mr. Lincoin at once. "He's a curiosity."

The merchant passed the long line of coppliants, and had a delightful talk with the most harassed man in the

Although Lincoln was the quaintest f men, ready to put even serious facts in light, and picturesque language, whe the "time for swords" came be w s ready.

In an exigency, Secretary Stanton refessed to carry out an order of the Desident in regard to the enlistment of Confederate prisoners who wished to enter the Union services. The order was repeated, only to be a second time denied. Then followed a talk about it. "Now, Mr. President," sald Stanton,

"those are the facts. You must see that your orders cannot be executed." "Now, Mr. Secretary," said Lincoln, quietly, "I reckon you'll have to exe-

"Mr. President," said Stanton, "I ennuot do it." Lincoln fixed his eyes upon the other

man, and said, in a vaice the firmness of which admitted no appeal; "Mr. Secretary, it will buye to be :one."

Hid the Imperfections. Clara-How well you looked at the ancy ball.

Maud-Tillale so? Clara-Oh, yes. You had on such bee ming mask.-Town Topics,

The Ohio town that has the fewest loctors also has the smallest death rate, and the natives are trying to figare out which is the cause and which

ALL RIGHT IN A COFFIN.

It Happened in Kansas to One David

J. Roberts. A career that among its incidents comprises whale catching in Wales and sleeping in a coffin in Kansas at least has the merit of variety, and these are two of the variations in the life of David J. Roberts, foreman of the first division of the Government Printing office, a man who has run the gamut of the usual experiences of a 'tourist" printer in the days before the Mergenthaler machine revolutionized the usages of the craft. "The picturesque and ancient town

of Carnaryon, Wales," said Mr. Roberts, "is on the Menai Straits, and was the scene of great excitement one day in 1878 while I was there doing the 'peripatetic act.' When the tide came in the water was very deep in the straits, and a school of whales had than a year, the wireless telegraph sysfloated into the parrow channel with the tide. As these were very valuable these islands, and recently it was it was in the interest of the townspeople to prevent their escape; so every one turned out to help. All the service is satisfactory, and that on the boats available were drawn across the average sixty messages a day are entrance to the straits, and each boat transmitted each way. There are ocwas apparently leaded with a crowd casional interruptions, ascribed to of maniacs, for guns, pistols, tin pans, and shouting were the means employ- frequent. ed to drive the huge animals up the channel and to keep them there until low tide should prevent their escape. The efforts were successful in regard pulp. It is said that no special kind to three of the monsters, which were of wood is needed to furnish the pulp. driven ashore, and with much diffi- The latter, after undergoing a chemculty killed. Then came my part in ical treatment, is driven by hydraulic this stirring adventure. I had been in one of the foremost boats when at last the whales were driven high upon hardly perceptible to the eye. Eightthe beach and was much interested in their killing-so much so that, approaching too close, one of the beasts. in its last struggles, struck me a glancing blow on the leg with its tail, throwing me about twelve feet. 1 Stettin. awoke in the hospital, where I remained for weeks. My only souvenir of the day's fun is a bad scar on my leg, which I shall carry to my grave "The winter of 1880," continued Mr

Roberts, who was in a reminiscent mood, "was a very severe one in Kansas, as I have reason to remember. feet deep. Of this I occupied about door, and this surplus was coffins. At first they were in her grewsome to look at, but I soon grew accustomed to sought my bed at the hotel and tried to sleep, but it was too cold. I got ets around me I made another attempt. but in vain. I felt myself slowly turning into an elongated fcicle. So, in despair, I went acress the square to how hot the stovepipe had one of those directly under the pipe, pulled off the lid, slipped in, and found solid comfort. The question of a cold bed or bed room troubled me no more last resting place, either."-Washington Post.

Ghost Was a Shrewd One.

A resident of Philadelphia who was not in the least superstitious recently exorcised a "ghost" in very effective fashion. He is Mr. Edmunds, president of the board of education. The property in question consisted of a good-sized lot with a substantial house upon it in a good state of repair. Although the residence seemed a desirable one, its owner could not keep a tenant in it. The only man who could be persuaded to remain on the premises was a caretaker, who did not fear ghosts. For the house was "haunted."

Mr. Edmunds does not believe in ghosts any more than the caretaker did. He bought the house, paying \$6,000 for it, and then laid his plans for laying the ghost. After weeks of patient watching the ghost was cantured. It was the caretaker, who, by glying the house a bad name, had se enred a habitation free for a couple of years. The house has a tenant

Goethe's Terror.

effort that Goethe could overcome an ill-defined, superstitious dread. Like many children with a poetical temperament, he was sensitive and suffered from childish terrors. To overcome this his somewhat stern and opinionated father used to compel him to sleep alone, and when the lad stole away from his own bed to that of his hrothas a fantastic hobgoblin.

Between the Lines. She-The paper says "his method of

receiving his guests was quite unconventional." I wonder what that die." means. He It means simply that he is boor-

ish, but has plenty of money.-Philadelphia Press.

Man proposes and woman accepts and in after years they wonder how the fool killer happened to overlook

them. A woman has more faith in some patent medicine than she has in her husband



Some remarkable photographs of landscapes have been exhibited to the Vienna Photographic Society. These pictures were taken with the new light filter of Herr Eder, and they show the objects as illuminated by invisible ultra-violet rays. The filter combines cobalt glass with nitroso-dimethylanilin, a yellow dye that absorbs all visible rays but transmits the whole of the ultra-violet.

The lines of the French Cable Company between Guadeloupe and Martinique having been broken for more tem has been put in operation between thrown open to the public. Our Consul in Guadeloupe reports that the weather conditions, but these are not

Under an English patent a manufactory near Stettin, Germany, is turning out skein silk made from wood pressure through very fine tubes. The strands thus formed are, separately, een of them twisted together make & thread of silk. This silk is very soft, and of a cream color. It is not as strong as genuine silk, but there is said to be a large semand for it in

Th. Jenner Institute of Preventive Med, ine has recently opened an extensive set of buildings, comprising laboratories and stables, on the summit of a small all at Oncensherry Lodge in Herts. The wak to be carried on consists largely to the preparation and testing of arthexing to be employed for the treasurent of diphtheria, tetanue and other diseases. The laboratories have been arranged upon the plan of providing separate buildings and isolated rest & for the handling of different kinds or serums, thus avoiding the risk of contamination. The rooms have papyrollih floors, with rounded corners, white glazed adamant wails with dadoes of a hite tiles, and an abundance of v indow space.

The best dryi g oil, stated by the French Consul at Canton, to enter into Chinese lacquer is pressed from the with some instrument of torture. A stovepipe that ran back over the piled fruit of the off-tree (Ciaeococca vernicia, cordata or verucosa), which grows in China, Southern Japan and Cochin China. The fruit yields about un, dressed, and with all the blank- 40 per cent of oil. This has a density of 0.940, is golden vellow in color, rapidly hardens through absorbing oxygen, and has some curious properties, such as that of hardening when heated the office, intending to start a good to 200 degrees C., and of losing this fire and at least keep warm. Stuffing property when kept for a time at 180 the stove full of corn bundles I soon degrees. The oil serve in varnishes had a roaring fire and drew up my and for waterproofing febrics. It is chair to enjoy it. But, oh, how I did gradually becoming better known, but, want to sleep! I nodded, awoke with although introduced into Europe about a start, and nodded again. Then I forty years ago, its export to Germany. reached only seventy tons out of a total production of 2,800 tons. Its light color gives it an important advantage over linseed oil.

The Sea of Sahara.

French engineers have declared it is perfectly feasible to convert the Desert of Sahara into a vast lake, thus opening to commerce great regions of the interior of Africa which can now only be reached by long, tedlous and dangerous caravan journeys. They say that a large portion of the desert lies below the level of the Atlantic. and that by digging a canal to let in the waters of the ocean, the great change could be effected easily, and at a cost which would be swall compared to the benefits which would accrue.

If the whole desert las below the level of the Atlantic, the flooding of it would create . see more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but, as the Sahare to composed of elevated plateaux, mountain ranges and depressions, only a part would be covered with water when the waves of the ocean were let in, and the new sea thus formed would be an irregular body of water, probably of about the same size as the Mediterranean. Great commercial cities would at once spring up on its shores, and trade and civilization strike at once to the heart of Africa. The Sea of Sahara may never become a reality, but, in any event, It was only after years and years of it is a gigantic and pleasant dream. -London Answers.

Valuable Snakes.

"Many men have fads," sald Mark Twain, the other day, "Some collect one thing and some another. Among the most curjous is that of a man near my summer home at Elmira, who has a collection of snakes. They are of ers, would chase him back disguised many varieties. The man who has them thinks a great deal of them, and, in fact, would not take anything for them. The other day, however, his physician told him that if he did not take something for them he would

> Made Up for It Then. "How did you discover that Van Major was one of the ho breakfast ad-

VOCALOS 7" "I invited him out to lunch with me." Cincinnati Times-Star.

An Ohio physician recently tumbled into a well and was drowned. He should have attended the sick and let the well alone.