

UNAFRAID.

So deep is the night, my brother,  
But bright the coming day,  
And the time for dawn and sunrise  
Is never far away.

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

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT.

ANDREW HANSEN spent an hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His heavy brows were drawn over his gray 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."

His 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 of drifting 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.

who use Astoria Bay, the chops off Clatsop Spit. Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book, and the harsh injustice of the manager, he would not now be out in the night, helplessly 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 tilted 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.

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 now." 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 to—?" Andrew halted on the ladder, with his grim face at the level of the planks. "You cheat me!" he said, harshly. "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.

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 "crisis" printer in the days before the Mergenthaler machine revolutionized the usages of the craft. "The picturesque and ancient town of Carnarvon, 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 floated into the narrow channel with the tide. As these were very valuable it was in the interest of the townspeople to prevent their escape; so every one turned out to help. All the boats available were drawn across the entrance to the straits, and each boat was apparently loaded with a crowd of maniacs, for guns, pistols, tin pans, and shouting were the means employed 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 to three of the monsters, which were driven ashore, and with much difficulty killed. Then came my part in this stirring adventure. I had been in one of the foremost boats when at last the whales were driven high upon the 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. I 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.



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-dimethylamine, 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 than a year, the wireless telegraph system has been put in operation between these islands, and recently it was thrown open to the public. Our Consul in Guadeloupe reports that the service is satisfactory, and that on the average sixty messages a day are transmitted each way. There are occasional interruptions, ascribed to weather conditions, but these are not frequent. Under an English patent a manufactory near Steffin, Germany, is turning out skein silk made from wood pulp. It is said that no special kind of wood is needed to furnish the pulp. The latter, after undergoing a chemical treatment, is driven by hydraulic pressure through very fine tubes. The strands thus formed are, separately, hardly perceptible to the eye. Eighteen of them twisted together make a 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 demand for it in Steffin. The Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine has recently opened an extensive set of buildings, comprising laboratories and studios, on the summit of a small hill at Queensberry Lodge in Herts. The work to be carried on consists largely in the preparation and testing of antitoxins to be employed for the treatment of diphtheria, tetanus, and other diseases. The laboratories have been arranged upon the plan of providing separate buildings and isolated rooms for the handling of different kinds of serums, thus avoiding the risk of contamination. The rooms have pyralith floors, with rounded corners, white glazed adamant walls with dados of white tiles, and an abundance of window space. The best dry oil, stated by the French Consul at Canton, to enter into Chinese lacquer is pressed from the fruit of the oil-tree (Coccoloba vernicia, cordata or verucosa), which grows in China, Southern Japan and Cochin China. The fruit yields about 40 per cent of oil. This has a density of 0.940, is golden yellow in color, rapidly hardens through absorbing oxygen, and has some curious properties, such as that of hardening when heated to 200 degrees C., and of losing this property when kept for a time at 180 degrees. The oil serves in varnishes and for waterproofing fabrics. It is gradually becoming better known, but, although introduced into Europe about forty years ago, its export to Germany, America and England in 1897 had reached only seventy tons out of a total production of 2,800 tons. Its light color gives it an important advantage over linseed oil. 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, tedious 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 equalled nowhere for the benefits which would accrue. If the whole desert lay below the level of the Atlantic, the flooding of it would create a sea more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but, as the Sahara is 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 is a gigantic and pleasant dream.—London Answers. Valuable Snakes. "Many men have fads," said Mark Twain, the other day. "Some collect one thing and some another. Among the most curious is that of a man near my summer home at Elmira, who has a collection of snakes. They are of 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 die."

BARBARIANS AT PLAY.

Miss Edith was horrified till she learned the truth. 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 reeking odors of the place she had just left, she leaned against the area railing, oblivious of the chattering, shrieking group of small children playing in the gutter across the street. Presently their shrill shouts attracted her attention, and she watched them intently. They seemed to be playing 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 and a vest of his father's, at least twenty sizes too large for his gaunt little shoulders. All about him in the gutter were gathered a dozen or more little girls. Each of them was armed with some instrument of torture. A majority carried pins and needles, one 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 out: "I went in de fuderist dat time." "You wicked, wicked children!" cried Miss Edith, "what do you mean by abusing that poor little child?" "The 'poor little child' on top of the garbage box looked up at Miss Edith and grinned complacently through his dirt. The rest giggled aggressively. "Don't you know you might lame him for life?" she demanded. "Aw, go-an," said the girl with the hatpin, finally. "It don't hurt him none. He's got a plasperk cask on his leg—see?"—Chicago Tribune. Sorcerers of Lincoln. 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 biography, 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 none." "Show him up," commanded Mr. Lincoln at once. "He's a curiosity."

The Sea of Sahara.

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Goethe's Terror.

It was only after years and years of 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 lodgers, would chase him back disguised as a fantastic hobgoblin. Between the Lines. She—The paper says "his method of receiving his guests was quite unconventional." I wonder what that means. He—It means simply that he is boresome, 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. Made Up for It Then. "How did you discover that Van Major was one of the breakfast advocates?" "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.

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