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RACHEL.

"And Herod killed all the children that were in Bethlehem"

My arms are empty,
See, when I roll the linen
Back from my elbows whiteness,
One blue vein,
Within the hollow,
There I feel the pressure
Where a dead cheek has been.

My arms are empty
See, no harm can follow
Now if I drop them idly
Straight at my side
Or lift them high to ease the pain that [smothers
Here where the first-born died.

ANNIE PREY.

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*A Few Ideas on "Captains Courageous."**

In the "Captains Courageous," Kipling is giving evidence of ability to handle a new environment, and a new type of character. Having proved his title to sovereignty in the jungle, the barracks, and the battle-fields of beasts and men he comes to a coast of our own country—to a type of men less brute and more human.

His seizure of this new province,—of the atmosphere, the sky and air and habits of the sea which have shaped the type of men who sail the fishing schooners of Gloucester, is wonderful. Familiarity with the home speech, the words and turns of phrase as native as the sea-fog to the Gloucester fisherman, is one of the smallest ways in which his mastery is asserted. He has taken the reader with him, in the rush of the first onslaught, before we well know what has happened. We rise and work and lie down and sleep with the young seamen in spite of ourselves; and we have pulled in cod, split their sides and carved their back-bones for years,—though we may never have seen a schooner, or a salt sea wave.

We dance over the ground-swells with Disko or Long Jack at the wheel; and we can hear the taut ropes strain and the rudder groan as the little "We're Here" surges through the steaming crests.

That Disko knows his little craft and her caprices, is as plain to see as the spirit of his control which is in evidence at all times.

Tom Platt and Long Jack are men of no mean strength; but we see they are children in the hands of Disko when he is thinking "cod;" and as for the young whelp from New York, he knows his master for the first time in his pampered life.

With Dan for his teacher and chum, and with the drudgery which is "too dirty for the men to do," he is doing more working and thinking than he would have done in a thousand years at home with his two hundred dollars a month pin-money and his mother to coddle him when he whined.

The tradition and superstition and faith, the essential life and feeling of these men, are marvellously realized to us. The incident of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and the feeling of fishing folk along the coast, concerning Whittier's mistaken judgments, is in point. For the first time, perhaps, this long protest has been voiced openly and loudly.

The indifference to death so marked in these fishermen is a characteristic that

*This serial began in the November number of McClures.