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### Exciting Adventure of a Pearl Diver Who Encountered a Giant Bivalve.

"One does not usually regard the clam as A dangerous animal," remarked my friend, Jack Ballantine, as he shook a filver pepper box over a plate of the delectable little neck bivalves, "yet the narrowest escape of my live was from a clam." We had just sat down to dinner at the Parker house, by a front window, overlooking the stimuse of the low brashed. Frankling the stimuse of the low brashed of the start of t

Parker house, by a front window, overlooking the statues of the knee-breeched Franklin behold the marvels of which I had heard. and his compatriet, in front of the city hall across School street.

Jack Ballantine was an old schoolmate. I I announced to the captain that the next remembered him as the adventurous spirit morning I was going to dive. among the boys, but had not seen him since had been a diver himself and knew from perwe graduated from the Latin High school, a sonal encounter the dangers of the descent. dozen years before, till that very day. Com-ing down town to business in the morning, I was nigh to being for the last time. ing down town to business in the morning, I was nigh to had met him face to face by the big frog "After a light breakfast of toast and coffee pond on the Common, and we had engaged to -a full meal interferes with a diver's respidine together and bring our life stories up ration-I olled my hands and wrists, and got into the larger section of the rubber cloth

"The clam that captured me would have made a meal for a regular fairy tale giant. It weighed probably twenty pounds and its tremendous shells four or five hundred pounds more.

"You must mean the Giant Clam of East Indian waters?" observed I, inquiringly, "I believe the single shells of that great bivalve are sometimes used for holy water fonts in Catholic churches."

"Yes, and in the islands of Oceans for babies" bath tubs," said Ballantine. "The particular tridacna gigas in question, how-ever, with which I had a brief but fearful equalntance, was alive and a dozen fathoms deep in tropic waters-in the Torres strait, between Queensland and New Guinea."

"Your swimming and diving were great in the old Latin school days, I know," said 1. "but seventy odd feet is rather a fishy dive." Ballantine smilled. "It was anything but side a fish story to me at the time," said he; "and for a few horrible minutes I expected never to get to the surface to tell it." captain was giving me some final directions, two large breast-shaped plates of lead, weighing, perhaps, sixteen pounds apiece.

"But since you did, suppose you relate it

to me now." So, while the Little Neck clams were re-moved and we waited the next course, Bal-moved and we waited the next course, Bal-set and the next course, Bal-moved and we waited the next co to me now.

"I believe you went to your uncle in Lon-fon after our Latin school acquaintance." re-marked L "You wrote me on arriving there, but not afterward." There is a valve at the side of the helmet, "Yes. Uncle Ballantine had mining and "Yes. Uncle Ballantine had mining and

pearling interests in Queensland, and I went fastened to my right foot, and again by a sout almost immediately after reaching Lon-foot. I was located at Cocktown, on the is held taut by the tender, whose business it to answer signals, one jerk meaning 'pull up,' two, 'more air,' three, 'lower bag,'

'Named after Captain Cook, I suppose." "Yes, and the river on which the town is located was named after his ship, the Enthat the old sea explorer put for repairs a cen-tury before the town was founded in 1770." So, on the newest of continents, you found

and dive as we used to from the South Bos-ton wharves in the old Latin school days, but, instead, I slipped off the wet lower historic ground." PEARLING NEAR QUEENSLAND. PEARLING NEAR QUEENSLAND. round and sank, sank, down, down,

"I did. The region and the life were full of interest to me, and I soon became familiar with mining on land and pearling at sea, We had quite a fleet of luggers-vestels of five to twenty tons, two short masts, and manned with crews of half a dozen natives, Konakas, Japa, Chinese, or Malays maybe Dne of our captains was an old Nantucket whaler, and I now and then went out to the fishing grounds with him.

fishing grounds with him. "On one of these pearling trips we went up the coast, around Cape York, into Torres strait. It was there I had my narrow escape from a clam.

pierced each ear as if to clash in my brain. I struggied spasmodically. I believe I shricked "Almost at the start we struck rich bottom, and our diver was bringing up three or four hundred pairs of shells a day—worth about that number of dollars. By the end of the month we had a cargo of eight or ten ions. Of course the mother-of-poarl lining of the shells is the bread and butter of the below the tossing blue waves of the shells is the bread and butter of the bolter of the bolter

prehension had departed and I rejoiced in the novelty of the scane. "White coral growths boomed beside me, branching, tree-like, a reefy forest, and again in rounded shapes like huge tondstools topsy There were sea fans, and swaying turvy.

palm-like seaweeds twenty feet in height. "Then this under-world was vivid in bril liant colorings. I felt as if the kaleidoscope of my boyhood had 'suffered a sea change into comething vast and strange, and I was zet at its center. "Curlous fish, fantastic in form and gor

but there about me all was motionless, all

geous in hue, gathered about in a staring inquisitive circle, like the crowd around some zoological wonder at a circus. "Everything was magnified to twice, its real size. I did not realize this familiar

fact at first, and gave the life line three "The captain tried to dissuade me. He hurried jerks for the shell bag, because I believed I had discovered cysters of enor-mous and unprecedented size, but they went into the bag's mouth without difficulty. "Presently the drawing of the life line told me that the boat was drifting faster

than the rope was being paid out, and that must move in the same direction. Pear oysters are not found in beds, but scattered over the bottom, and the fisher has to scarch "Not being a dyspeptic or otherwise im-paired in your body," said I, smiling across to his sturdy, bronzed face, "your terrible clam could hardly have been of the Little "Hardly," replied Ballantine, with a laugh. "The clam that captured me would have works a meak for a security for a security for a security for the security of a security for a sec was to ease this tight wristband over the hands that I olled them. the boat.

"Next, over the stocking-bottomed trous-ers, I pulled on leather boots-canvas boots "I, therefore, screwed up the waste air valve to gain the buoyancy of compressed air within my armor, and went bounding are a common substitute-with six or eight pounds of lead on the bottom of each. "The neck of the combination suit is large over the sea bottom like an India rubber ennis ball.

of course, as the body has to follow the feet and legs through it. The neck is next fas-tened into a brass corselet, and then the big "In the midst of this exhilarating spurt l pulled up suddenly. A TERRIFYING SITUATION. "As if it had instantly materialized from

copper helmot is set over the head and screwed to the corselet. "I was now encased from head to foot, the sea water, I was face to face with a gigantic shark. I quickly remembered, howwith the exception of the hands, and an opening in the front of the helmet into ver, that while naked native divers are occasionally devoured by these demons of the deep, they never attack the armored diver. which the face-glass was shortly to be fitted. The helmet has three windows, one each side Indeed, I fancy now that the shark was quite as startled as the diver, for after a second he wheeled and glided off to one side. and the face glass in front, which is the most important, and is kept for clearness in a pail of water till the diver goes over the

"As I started on once more, I was stopped second time, not by an obstacle before, "Before taking this step, and while the but by a sharp pull on the air-pipe behind my helmet, which jerked me over, sprawling on my back. "My first thought was that the shark had

were suspended over back and chest, after attacked me in the rear, but on scrambling to my feet and facing about, I saw that the air-pipe, which in my first sudden stop had probably slackened till it lay on the bottom. was apparently caught against some proobject

"I hastened back to release it, when, to my surprise. I found it held fast between the shells of a giant clam. "I gave the stout wire-lined tubing a twitch, then a strong pull, bracing my feet against the great bivalve. Then I clutched the rims of the shell and strove to separate

'But the vice-like jaws were relentless. As easily might I have rended a granite ledge at some seam in its center. At last the face-glass was set in place, and I stepped over the side of the lugger. Once "The chill of alarm began to steal through on the short ladder that led down to the my heart. Once more I wrenched and strog-gied vainly with the air-tube and the im-

movable jaws of the clam. "Then I turned to the life-line to signal the tender in the boat. As I did so I saw that it, too, had become slack and was tangled in a branching ceral. I dashed forward to disengage it, but before I reached it I was

again twitched backward by the airpipe. "Then, for the first time, I realized the full

significance of the situation. My air supply was stopped, communication with the upper

"But the unquenchable instinct for life roused me. Once more I tried to reach the life-line, with only the terrible tantalization of barely touching it with the tips of my

fingers. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

I had no knife; in that sudden backward fali I had lost hold of it. I now looked about "For a brief space I leaned against a mass of coral and looked about. The harrowing apwildly, but it was nowhere visible. "Then, as I lifted my eyes in a last despairing search for succor, I beheld, resting in the branching coral before me-and to this day I marvel at the miracle of it-an iron bar,

pointed at one end, a veritable crowbar. "All these events came swifter than the telling. In an instant I was prying at the jaws of the Giant clam, with the leverage of the bar and the strength of desperation. For a sufficiating moment the struggzly was unalling, then one rim split away and the piph was free.

"I turnid toward the life line, staggered and fell across it, insensible! "I suppose the weight of my falling body

gave the line the one Jerk which was the signal to the tender to 'pull up.' Anyway the tender got the signal, and the next I know I was lying on the deck of the lugger. the old Nantucker on his knees at my side and all the scared crew standing about "That was my last, as well, as first, de-scent as a diver."

"Truly a most extraordinary tale, as well s a terrible exp rience," I exclaimed, as Ballantine ended his story and the waiter brought on the desert. "That crowbar, for instance, is a strain on an every day bus-iness man's credulity," and I looked past my friend's face to the bronze face of Franklin across the street. "And yet it is only another instance of

truth stranger than fiction," asserted Ballan-tine, "Why, the first time the old Nantucketer I have mentioned went down, en recovering from the dage of suiden descent, he saw in a crotch of the coral before him a bottle of Bass' pale ale, and if a bottle of

beer, why not a crowbar?" I was not equal to this conundrum, so I asked as to the after effects of his alventure, "Well, of course it was a shock; of course, like every one after a descent, I bled at nor-trils, ears and mouth, and for a week coughed up blood from the bursting of minute blood vessels in the lungs. Before we got back to

Cooktown, however, I was Jack Ballantine again. And yet," he added, as he coratched a match and set fire to a cube of sugar befor dropping it into his cafe noir, "with all the courage of distance, I believe I would rather encounter today a dozen little necks than one tridaena gigas.

CHARLES STUART PRATT.

### THE FATAL EASIER EGG.

# A French Legend.

Several centuries ago it was generally be lieved that on Easter morning, at the sound of sweet bells chiming through the sunlit air fair angels, with azure wings descended from heaven, biaring baskets of eggs, which they placed in the fomes of worthy p riots. Sometimes, however, the evil one slipped into the

Such a one forms the story of an ancient egend of France. It seems there lived in a village a widow

with a dear and beautiful daughter named Jeanne, who was beloved for her many vir-tues by both rich and poer. She used to tolled out the twelve booming strokes of eggs without any especial significance should visit the hovels of the unfortunate and the sick to relieve their troubles and care for their distresses, for which she received their blessings and devotion. Although she had many lovers, her mother shrank from parting with her, and always sent them away, saying "one year more only for me, and then Jeann

shall choose a husband." One Easter morning when returning from early mass Jeanne met au old beggar woman. who asked for alms. Jeanne gave her what she had and the

stranger peered through her ragged hood at was stopped, communication with the upper world cut off, and I, Jack Bailantine, in all the vigor of young manhood, chained to my death at the bottom of Torres strait, "No wonder I reeled and fell. "But the unquenchable instinct for life roused me. Once more I tried to reach the

book of fate. On your wedding day I com-mand you to break this egg; it contains a

was drawn up half dead into the boat. But | rents of an old eastle which had long re- | Roggereen, a Dutch admiral. Its real name been built by the members of the Ministering mained untenanted, but within this year is Rapa-Nul, and its Polynesian inhabitants a young knight arrived at its gates, prolaimed himself heir to the estate, and returnished its bare and shabby rooms. Rich tapestries adorned the walls, lux-urious furniture was placed in all the apartments, and a retinne of servants was ollected. Soon visitors arrived, and the peole of the little village were astonished by the rilliant costumes, the mognificent fensis, the evidently the work of the natives bundreds of tay bunting parties, and the revelries that years ago. A few of these are crect, but

succeeded each other so rapidly. The lord of the castle chanced one day to many have fallen. ee Jeanne, and, dazzled by her beauty, sought in Rapa-Nul and retired into a cave, where her mother, saying that Sir Robert de Volpiac he carved and cut all the gigantic heads, asked for her hand in marriage. The mother consented, and the day was arranged for the which removed themselves to their present edding, which was celebrated in the chapel weiding, which was celebrated in the chapt of the castle, in the presence of the bride-groom's friends. A brilliant festival suc-invited, and much they enjoyed the splendors

f the scene and the many wonderful things human form the chief, who wished to sucwhen the feast was ended and all the cced him, agreed to search for a certain number of eggs, and the first to collect them meets had departed, the bells of the tower was appointed king. It seems singular that

are fast dying out. Comparatively few explorers have visited it, and contrary to the joyous spring name, it is a deserted place. What makes Easter Island of interest are the numbers of curious colossal stone heads and busts, called Maoi, which abound there,

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It is not, however, great deeds to which members aspire; to be kind, loving and help-ful to those at home is quite as important as building churches or educating heathon. "We must do in a small way whatever we years ago. A few of these are erect, but many have fallen. The legend says that King Tukuihu settled in Rapa-Nul and retired into a cave, where

of you here have ton fingers to work with and a warm heart to love with. Don't dream position on the island. When he became old he did not die, but all be ministering children." that you cannot be of use, that you cannot

Children's league in the United States, while

in England the league has founded any

number of homes for destitute children, and

it also supports nearly fifty cots in different hospitals for children.

part of the globe. Each has its own particular work. For instance, the children of the league in Charleston, S. C., raise \$25 each year for the support of a little orphan in Japan.

His name is Sadawo Kamiyama. He is a Christian, and his little friends in Charleston hope that when he is old enough he will study for the ministry. The small sum of \$25 in gold is now sufficient for his support for one year. Not long ago Sadawo wrote a letter in Japaneses to the M. C. L., and sent his photo-graph with it. It was an interesting letter, which reads, when translated, as follows: "Far Honorable Friends: Are you honorably

The badge with the letters "M. C. L." Mem-bership cards are also given

ership cards are also given. How to start a branch.

When it is desired to start a branch of the M. C. L. in any town or village, the first step is to obtain the consent and if possible, the co-operation of the clergy. Then write into the central secretary for this country, Mrs. Lenedict, 54 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, who will supply papers and cards of memberthip.

A meeting of parents, Sunday school teachers and the children should be held and the objects of the learue fully explained. A branch secretary must be elected whose duty it will be to keep a list of the names of all who join, to send out notices of meetings, to receive the work done by the children, and aisa any money which may be collected for charitable purposes.

What can the boys do? This is the question which has often been asked. A few suggestions regarding the things which any boy can do to help those who are less fortunate than themselves, may not be amiss. A lady who has had much ex-perience as one of the secretaries of the M. L., has made out a list which, however, oes not profess to be a complete one. Scrap books, made as durable as pos-1. sible

2. Scrap books filled with newspaper clippings are always found acceptable in hos-pitals. Short poems, amusing stories, conunfrums, puzzles and paragraphs of general Magazines and illustrated papers can ba

collected and covered with thick brown paper to preserve them. Being lighter to hold than ound books they are most useful for sick ptople

Old toys can be mended and made to ook as much like new as possible. 5. Small pictures of soldiers, animals, etc.,

can be mounted on thick paper, then cut out

fall and it broke. An enormous toad leaged out of the Ministering Children's league. The association has just celebrated its tenth birthday, having been established in January, iss, by the countess of Meath, an English lady, at her home, 53 Lancester Gate, Lonto the blind, aged or sick persons, in fact there are just as many things for a boy to do as for a girl and if he is in dead carnest

# A Delibe a'e Woman.

Jeanne took the large scarlet egg and laughed a little at the prediction as she placed it in a carket: yet the possession of this weird treasure troubled her former con-tented mind, and visions of plessure, luxury and ambition filled her thought by day and by night. Not far from this village rose the tur-Not far from this village rose the tur-

placed there. Diaced there. Her husband watched her movements with great curitosity, and when she said: "My dear lord, I have promised to break this egg on my wedding day," and told him its history, he begged her to wait until mornntreaty and lifted the egg from its place, t was burning hot. With a cry she let it fall and it broke. An enormous toad leaped out of the broken shell, vomiting flames,

tongues of fire soon spread was enveloped. The next day there was nothing left but a heap of ashes, for the entire castle burned, and all of its inmates perished through the gift of that fatal Easter egg from the hands of an evil spirit. f **Easter Isiand**, f the Pacific ocean lies a lonely states. Canada, Australia, India, South Af-rica, with a branch also inter the New Zealand

at the shells is the bread and butter of the below the tossing blue waves of the surface, air tube, with a dash freed his life-line and Not far from this village rose the tur. Easter day, 1722, by a navigator named A chapel for the Indians in Dakota has life."

midnight. The bride and bridegroom went into their beautiful room, and Jeaune, taking her, arm from that of her husband, walked

AN ENORMOUS TOAD LEAPED OUT OF THE SHELL.

"To promote kindness, unselfishness and the habit of usefulness among children and to create in their minds an carnest desire to help the needy and suffering," is one ob-

B. "To promote kindness, unselfishness and the habit of usefulness among children and

Meach of England. "No day without a deed to crown it," is

over to a carved oaken chest and brought The Brautiful Work Started by Countes out a casket which she had ordered to be Mesch of England.