-but now, at the end of the sixth day, is obedience to the law of attraction, was bu

the captain made out with his glass to be

"The barometer acts queer."

nitely into the color of the larger elements

clew up. Down wi' the flyin'-jib. Bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand."

The men needed no encouragement. They saw the portent in the southern sky and

mercury's | below 20," he said

and earnest.

A Tale of the Main Royal Yard.

By Morgan Robertson.

"While my child lives and I am here to ! teach him, he will not know the meaning of the words-light, color or darkness. He will grow up ignorant of his condition and

So said Lieutenant Braisted, retired naval So said Lieutenant Braisted, retired naval officer, to the physicians who had examined the expressionless blue eyes of his infant "Oh, the idea. No," she laughed merrily; the expressionless blue eyes of his infant "No hope," they had said. The trouble was with the optic nerve or the inner connection with the brain. He would never know light from darkness, though the eye, being well nourished, would grow with the body and retain its color,

The wife and mother had died in giving birth to the little one, and, as there were no solicitous relatives on either side to interfere, the doubly afflicted man was free to educate his child as he wished. He erected a high wall around his property, gave emphatic notice to the villagers to keep out and retired into the darkened world of his son. While none of the villagers approved of his plan, few cared to question or openly criticise the stern, iron-faced man who o casionally appeared on the streets, and in time, as they died off or moved away, the strange existence unfolding within those

walls was forgotten. walls was forgotten.

The child grew, healthy and strong. With his father for teacher and a few trusted servants, his only companions, he passed his childhood and early youth, and was educated as are the blind—with this difference: Nothing was taught him that in his father's judgment would lead him into inquiry as to his true condition. His four remaining senses became abnormally keen; he heard distant sounds that the others could not detect, could taste an odor in the air, and could feel, besides colors, the faintest of shadows on the wall-which latter changing phenomena was given him as an uncertain attribute of heat.

In his, too, developed to a remarkable degree what has been called the magnetic sense, which enables the blind to distinguish the proximity of a solid object or an open So strong was this perception that he needed no cane to traverse at a run the rooms and passages of the house or the winding paths of the garden. And, to reduce the list of embargoed words, and because in a measure it did the work of his missing sense, to this faculty was given the name, sight. Hence he would say that "saw" something, when he merely meant

that he felt its presence.

To the extent that he was influenced by external impressions, he was happy, but in-stincts within him, aided by maturing reasoning power, became, as he neared man-hood, fruitful causes of suspicion. The sounds beyond the garden wall—the making of his clothes by some one unknown to him-the occasional presence of silent men, who worked quickly with tools and made changes in doors and passages-the continuous supply of food from without, and the great ont door-locked from his earliest remem brince, were problems to his now logical mind that he would solve. They indicated the existence of a sphere of action far beyond his present environment. He tor-tured his father with speculations one day, and his education stopped.

"I have taught him too much," groaned the unhappy man. "I started wrong. I should have made him deaf and dumb be-

The father took refuge in direct deceitascribing some of the phenomena which troubled the boy to the Great Unknown, others to the wisdom and experience of other men-which would all come to him in time. He thus, temporarily, eliminated all factors but one—that of the locked front door—and could only meet the boy's demand to be allowed passage through by a downright refusal. The result was a

The father retired to his study, sorrowing over the first, harsh words he had given his son, and the boy sought the extreme corner of the garden, where, sitting on a rustic wall, a new one, and felt the presence of some one near and above him. Not need-ing to raise his head to assist his consciousness, he asked: "Who is it?"
"Me," came a musical voice.

came a musical voice. "Who?" he asked again, with a puzzled Oh, auntle says I'm a tomboy. Do you live here? My, what a pretty garden. May

"Yes, come," he answered, understanding

'Look out. No, I'll get the ladder, I couldn't climb back if I jumped." A black-eyed, dark-haired sprite of 15 on



TEARS CAME TO HER EYES

top of the wall pulled up a ladder, lowered 'You're not polite; you might have helped me," she said, with a coquettish firt of her curls, as she faced the immovable boy. "What's your-Oh, I didn't know. I'm so

Tears came to her eyes and a look of womanly pity swept over her childish face She had seen his expressionless, half-closed

'Sorry? What for?" he asked. you came? I'm glad. Who are you?" He passed his hand lightly over her shoulders

and face.
"I'm sorry for you. I didn't know you were blind. Indeed, I didn't."
"Blind? What is that. Why, you are a boy like me, aren't you? But your hair is

mine is light. How old are I am 18. "No. I'm not a boy," she answered indig-nantly. "I thought you were blind, but you can see my hair. You mustn't handle me like this, you mustn't. I'll go back." He feit that he had offended her, and

instinctively-for entertaining visitors as well as a perilous knowledge of another had not been included in his curricu-he became deferential and invited her

She did so, at a safe distance-'Nice evening, isn't it?" she said, break-

ing the embarrassing silence, but before he could asser this puzzling remark went on:

"What alls your eyes? What makes you keep them half closed?"
"I don't know. Do I?" He felt of them opened them wide and turned his face toward her. She was struck again by their indefinable lack of expression. "Tell me about yourself," he resumed. "Where did you come from?"
"The Lidon't live here" said the maiden.

you come from?"
"Oh, I don't live here," said the maiden.
"I'm just visiting Aunt Mary and thought
I'd climb the fence. I don't live anywhere;
I've been aboard papa's ship all my life.
He's coming for me tonight, because we sail

******* We're going to Shanghal this

This was unintelligible, but from the list f strange words he selected one and asked what a ship was, "Why, don't you know? A vessel, square will be educated from expurgated books for rigged on all three masts. The Franklyn'the blind. I shall be his teacher and as carries double to gallant sails and sky sail far as is in my power shall lighten his yards. Papa says he'll try her with stunsails next voyage."
"I never learned of these things," said the

> but the laugh changed to a little scream. "There's a caterpillar," she said. "Take it away, Quick. Knock it off. Ugh." She sprang toward him. "On my dress," she ex-

Where. What is it?" he swered, reaching out both hands in the vacant air. His knowledge of caterpillars was nearly as limited as his knowledge of dresses. She brushed the creeping thing away with her handkerchief, and sitting down, composed herself-much as a bird smooths its ruffled feathers-then looked intently at the sightless eyes of the boy, staring straight over her head. "What was it?" he asked. "What hurt

'Nothing; it's all right now. You are blind, aren't you?" she said gently.
"I don't know," he answered, a little im-"You said that before. What does 'blind' mean?'

"Why, you can't see." 'Yes. I can.'

"But your eyes were wide open and you didn't see the caterpillar. It was right under your nose, too."
"I don't see with my nose. And what difference does it make if my eyes were open? What are they good for, anyway?" "To see with, lof course. Didn't you

"To see with? Eyes are good to see with! Do you see with your eyes?"
"Yes. Didn't you really know what eyes were for? Didn't you know that they were to see with? Couldn't you see when you

were little?"

"Not with my eyes. I see with something inside of me; a sort of consciousness of things. How do you see with your eyes? What is it like? I thought I was the same "Why," answered the girl with a little

quaver in her voice; "we see the sky, and the sun and stars, and flowers, and people and houses and—and—Oh, we see everything—that is daytime. In the night we can't see because it's dark." She was crying "How far away can you see with your

eyes?" asked the boy, eagtrly. "I can see "Oh, we can see miles and miles. We can see everything in front of us.'

"And is every one that way but me?"
"Most every one. There are a few blind people. But, tell me" said the girl, wiping her eyes, "how do you know the color of my "With my fingers. Do you tell colors with

your eyes?"
"Mary!" roared a breezy voice from over ne wall. "Mary! Bear a hand, now, my lrl. Where are you?" "Oh, there's papa." she exclaimed. "I She moved toward the ladder.

must go."
"Goodby." "Don't go," he cried, following her. Come back." She turned, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, you poor-poor boy," she cried in a burst of infinite pity and grief, "Stone blind, and you never and grief. "Stone blind, and you have have it." She kissed him again and with knew it." She kissed him again and with her great, sympathizing heart near to break-ing its narrow confines, bounded up the ladder and over the wall.

this pure kiss of an innocent, childish girl -his initial experience-became a turning point in his life, for it outweighed every other influence and consideration known to

felt for the ladder, climbed to the top and called-repeatedly-the name he had heard: "Mary." He was not answered. But his of the garden, where, sitting on a rustic bench, and brooding rebelliously over the sudden appearance of boundaries to investi- and pattering—with the lessening murmur of gations, he heard, among the multitude of a sweet voice, which dwindled as he listened strange, yet familiar sounds from beyond the until it became as the tinkle of a distant bell, and when this was hushed in the silene bench, feeling as might a lost soul, called to Paradise, only to receive sentence

> "Stone blind and you never knew it." repeated her last words again and again, for they rang in his ears. Others could see with their eyes and he could not. They could see things miles away and he could see but six feet. Why was it? Why had his father, from whom he had received everything, defied him this? And why, having denied him, did he prevent him from going out through the door, where, perhaps others would give him this wondrous fac ulty. It was wrong, unjust, shameful. Mary was kinder than his father.

As he thought of the generous sympathy of the girl, which he had felt without wholly appreciating, his bitter resentment toward his father increased to passionate rebellion 'Mary lives in a ship," he muttered. s no garden. It can't be far."

has no garden. It can't be far." He climbed the ladder, raised it, lowered it the other side and descended to the street. He was running sway-looking for Mary and the wonderful unknown faculty of eyesight. The patient labor of eighteen years was undone n one short ten minutes by a warm-hearted. rresponsible teonoclast in short dresses. A minute before, the father had come softly into the garden, and without seeing the ladder, had looked a moment on the brooding boy; then, from motives of delicacy, had

At the foot of the ladder he hesitated, then followed the wall to the corner, where another-or fence-began. He followed this and reached another which he knew was parallel to the one he had climbed, and here he found a movable part which swung like a door. This he opened, and the creak-ing of the hinges was answered by a deep-toned growl from behind. He had often heard this sound, and dogs had been de-scribed to him, but, never having been struck or injured in his life, he knew not the fear of physical pain, and so—though feeling an applie to flee-waited until he felt the im pact of a hairy body and the closing of pow erful jaws on his arm. Then instinct—an-tedating his reason by several thousand years—dominated his mind and he acted He was strong and active. Reach ing for the throat of the beast, he choked with all the power of his fingers, until the jaws relaxed then, flung the gasping, snarling brute from him, passed through and shut the gate—feeling within him a dim conscious ness of victory—and examined his arm. The skin was unbroken; the dog's teeth had but pinched-severely.

He had conquered in his first friction with the unknown, but very humanly became frightened when the danger was past, and not daring to return, went on, feeling the fences. He was walking on boards, which fences. soon gave way to gravel-then grass; fences of different design still guided After an hour or so these ended and he felt open space. Turning sharply to the left, he found hard ground underfoot, then more

grass. As the ground made easiest walk-ing, he held to it, turning to the right or left as he felt the grass under his feet. All night the boy followed this country road, pausing at intervals to call for Mary, wondering at the immensity of the new world he was exploring, but feeling no fea of the darkness and solitude-for this had of the darkness and solitable for this half been his life's portion—and with all fears that she might not be in front of him dominated by an indefinable impulse to go on. He was in the hands of his instincts—better guides than his eyes could have been.

rist his sowl. I'll give ye a bite."

She fed him, questioned him without satisfactory results, watched his head sink a log, with the deck hot to the feet, and the on the table in the lethargy of exhaustion and put him to bed, with injunctions to her grandson. Tim, to "l'ave him be." Then she went to her apple stand.

She had returned at nightfall and prepared her supper before he awakened; then the mutual questionings were resumed. A stubfor days had relieved the air of its furnace heat, and no cloud appeared in the metallic orn pride prevented him speaking of his sky with its promise. Off to the westward ather—or of himself, beyond asking how was a large clipper ship, which at the befather—or of himself, beyond asking how was a large clipper ship, which at the be-he could learn to see with his eyes—but ginning, had been hull-down on the horizon he demanded persistently to be taken to the ship and Mary, and became so urgent that five miles away and drifting closer each hour. To the northward was a speck, which the old woman finally called her grandson. "Tim," she said, "take him down to the docks a bit, an' try an' find his friends. Ho's lost, poor b'y, an' a bit daft. Mebbe he come down from some ship close by Bring him back if ye don't find them, Tim.' The only description of Tim that this story requires is that he was a typical gamin, fond of dog fights—one of which, in a nearby vacant lot—he was now missing.
"Dere's a ship bound out tomorrer, two
docks down," he said, as they started. "Is dat de one yer lookin' fur?"
"Does Mary live there?" asked the boy

cagerly. "Dunno; her name's Mary, I think-Mary "Dunno; her name s Mary, I think—Mary somethin'. Le's hurry."

They hurried—from different motives—and soon reached the dock, where, standing close up to the black, flaring bow of a full-rigged, deep-laden shop, Tim spelled out, in the light of a neighboring street lamp, the name, "Mary Croft," in gilt letters on the temperature. topgallant rail. "Mary, sure 'nough," he said; "is dat de one?"

'Is it Mary?" asked the boy, in a frenzy of excitement. "Mary," he called. "Mary, Mary. Oh, take me in, Tim; show me the of excitement "C'm on," said Tim, laconically,

He hauled, and worked, and multiplied them-

piloted him to the long gang-plank, placed | his hands on the man-rope and said, "G'wan up; dat's de ship yer lookin' fur, I guess"— then sped to the dog fight. Slowly-yet eagerly-the blind boy as-cended the gang-plank, felt the grating

and steps inside the rail, and descended to the deck-calling the name of the girl whose magnetic sympathy had enchanted to a "'tween-decks" below, formed by the extended poop or half-deck on which he stood. He felt the proximity of this hatch house and reached it, finding in the after part a door unlocked, which he opened and half of the southern horizon and stretching

the pilot was preparing to step into the waiting dingy which would take him to the station boat near the Sandy Hook light ship Then he was seen, groping under the hatch. He was hauled to the deck and into the presence of the captain and officers, a pitiathe filth of the 'tween-deck, his sightless eyes staring from deep hollows in his livid face and his temples streaked with congealed

"Stowaway," grunted the captain, glaring on the trembling boy, weak from shock and seasickness. "All right. You'll get 'That's no stowaway, captain," said the pilot, with one leg over the rail. "He's blind as a bat. I'll take him ashore if you

"What do you say, young brat?" bawled the captain. "We're short-handed, and you can stay if you want to. Do you want to go, or do you want to stay in the ship?" "I would rather stay in the ship. I want

The pilot was in a hurry, and hearing the first part of the sentence, slid down the side out of hearing of the last part—which might have delayed his departure, had he heard it. And in this ship the boy went heard it. And in this ship the boy went alone of that ship's company, insulated on alone of that ship's company. dragnets of three cities and their suburbs this pilot was gathered in—as were the old woman and Tim—and their testimony apprised a nearly crazed father of the where abouts of his son. A week later a racing yacht, provisioned for six months, left port

with Lieutenant Braisted in command. The Mary Croft was or had been a com-posite ship—that is, wooden, planked over ron frames. But this, among the other characteristics of her class, was all that was left her. During a long career, marked by numerous dismastings and refittings she had ost her iron spars and wire rigging, and had reverted to the old-fashioned wood and hemp. She was laden with her kerosene oil in tin cases, was bound to the antipodes and was manned with the usual short-handed crew, representative of all nations, so dear to the heart of the American captain. Without being asked his name, or an explanation of his presence on board, the child of nature—who had not yet heard an oath or a foul word, whose lowest ideal was eyesight-was driven, kicks and curses, forward among the crewwhere his inquiries for Mary were silenced with laughter—to work the best he could, and learn to be a sailor. Profane abuse end were the methods employed in this school of seamanship, and his affliction only increased the rigor of the tutelage, for none of them believed him actually blind. His habitual use of the word "see" and its derivatives, the keenness of the faculty that he meant, and the readiness with which he found any part of the deck where he had once been, was evidence to them that he was shamming-an outrageous violation of

As the ship neared the tropics, his education, from being confined to the work on deck, progressed on higher lines. Followed by abjurgations from the officers, he felt his way aloft one day to the mizzen royalyard, and, under the instruction of a sailor who accompanied him, learned to loose and furl the sail. This became his especial task to which, asleep or awake, night or day, he was called when sail was shortened or set. Thinly clad and hatless, he suffered torture from storm and sun, and in the watch below, the servant of the forecastle, he cleaned pots and pans, washed the shirts

that she might not be in front of him dominated by an indefinable impulse to go on. He was in the hands of his instincts—better guides than his eyes could have been with his complete tack of worldly knowledge.

In the morning, faint with hunger and fatigue, with feet blistered and bleeding, he merely a subject for forecastle wit and ridicule. But into the depths of his misery and believes terror—surrounded by the norm. sation a stone doorsten and with the strange roar of the waking one in his ears, called to the passers-by, asking for Mary and the ship. None answered until a withered old woman, hobbling along on crutches, stopped and said:

"Poor by, what alls yef Oh, Mither of the world, and even his father's voice would not come back—he carried the memory of the soft, yielding features of the there was little differentiation—nothing but

selves as only a short-handed crew can. The three royals were soon hanging in the bunt lines and they manned the topgallant gear. The blind boy quickly furled his mizzen royal and came down, while the men were still tugging at topgaliant clewline and bunt-lines. The mate saw him.

"Here, you cro-jack eyed cub. Lay aloft an' stow that main-royal," he shouted. The him from home; but, as the only soul on boy obeyed, and as the captain directed the board was the watchman, very properly sound asieep in a forecastle bunk on the last night of his job, the boy's call was for a strange road, to find in his darkness, by way was the booby-hatch house, which led

ladder and over the wall.

Not once within his memory had the boy felt the pressure of lips to his own and felt the pressure of lips to his own and over. But his foot encountered emptiness, a menacing aspect of solidity—horrid to bethe hood slid back from the pressure of his hold in the velvety blackness of the center. weight, and he fell heavily to the deck which absorbed every ray of light from below, striking his head against a cask, and the western sun, reflecting none. It was lay quiet. Toward morning he aroused to the complete negation of light and color. a half consciousness, crawled aimlessly Beneath it was a narrow band of pale gray about twenty feet and swooned again. Here he lay screened from observation until the of trace of ruffling wind. The cloud—if officers and crew had come aboard in the cloud it was—seemed to move with volition morning, the ship had towed out to sea and of its own, silently, with no mutterings of the company of the comp thunder or gleam of lightning.

As the boy reached the royal yard, and the men below were manning toptail down-hauls, it gathered in its shadowy edges lifted up and came on, a mighty, roughly symmetrical ball, and hovered nearly over the ship. Tints of deep purple now appeared in the valleys of its surface, and on its western edge was a golden rim.

"Make fast all," cried the affrighted cap-"Lay aloft and furl," he roared. While the last word was still on his lips sheet of white flame enveloped the ship and a report beyond all imagination or de cription shocked the air from hotizon to orizon. The cloud above spread out to ar elongated spindle. like the black wings o mighty angel of death, and went on over head, having done its work. The Mary Croft was a disintegrated wreck. Where wood separated iron in that composite hull there was molten metal and flame. Each oaken rail was a line of fire. From the rearing furnace arose through each hatch and a dozen ragged boles in the deck, spurting, hissing columns of black smoke and burning oil and incandescent gas. Th hemp rigging slackened and with the fes-tooned carvas burst into flame, which crept and felt a small part of the terrific dis-charge of heaven's artillery that had destroyed the ship. Not a man standing within or above that iron ribbed hull had known what struck him. Each was dead before the sensory nerves could act

The boy on the yard, racked with excru clating pain in every nerve, clung to the spar with one hand and held the other to head-for in his head was the acme of his agony. Then he became conscious heat from below, with smoke, which stifled him. Choking and gasping, expecting momentarily to hear the roar of the mate, he attempted to furl the sail. Then he felt rain on his bare head—large drops, which multiplied to a shower, then to a deluge of water that compelled him to hold tight to the yard with both hands. pain in his head increased as he took away his hand, and strange, dream-like sensa-tions crowded his mind-sensations of motion, as though his brain was loosened and turning around. The heat and smoke from below ceased, then came wind—cooling and welcome—which increased, at first a breath, then a gust, then a breeze—a gale—a screaming hurricane. He heard loud creaking be-low him; the yard inclined and he shifted his position; it became upright. Then he heard a grinding crash from somewhere and, clinging tightly to the spar, felt a sickening dizziness which lasted until, coming with a swishing crash of water, he felt a concussion, which, tearing him from the yard, hurled him into a salt, enguing element that filled his mouth and nose, and choked him. Something hard struck his

legs, which he grasped, and soon he . It was the yard, which he knew As he climbed on the floating tangle of spar and cordage, he felt again the scorching heat and breathed the stifling smoke. Then he heard a distant report. It was an encouraging signal from the clipper ship, which, laying over to the lessening squal, was steering a course that would bring her straight to the wrest. But it friends straight to the wreck. But it frightened the boy, reminding him of the awful sound that had hurt him.: To him, this terrible experience was but little stranger than his daily contact and environment. He did not know what had happened or how he came to be in the water. ? He called for help, but hearing no answer, waited for some one to come. The soreness in his joints was leaving him, though when he opened his eyes there invariably came the pain, and the whirl, and the phantasms in his head. But this pain gradually! became endurable and the whirl was less pronounced, so that the phantasmagoria was defined and at times

o' God, he's blind. What ye doin' here, b'y?"

"I want to find Mary. I'm hungry."

"Come back, me b'y. Come back—jist roun' the carner. Me husban' was blind—

"I want to find Mary. I'm hungry."

"Come back, me b'y. Come back—jist membered, he hoped—and the reason that hopes will not totter.

"I want to find Mary. I'm hungry."

"Come back, me b'y. Come back—jist membered, he hoped—and the reason that hopes will not totter.

"I want to find Mary. I'm hungry."

"Come back, me b'y. Come back—jist membered, he hoped—and the reason that hopes will not totter. which accompanied it. instinctively shutting his eyes, and the

to her rigging sticky with oozing tar that had been hard as wood. A gale—a hurricane—would have been welcomed by the crew, who worked in the rigging or on the blistering deck, but not a cats-paw of wind new phantasm biotted out all others. Removing his hand took it away. He brought both hands together and repeated the experiment; then separating them and bring ing them together again and again, the truth came home to him.

"I see," he cried, to the sky and ocean.
"I can see with my eyes. I can see. I can

the lightning bolt had jarred it into life, but he had just found it out. he gaff-topsails of a schooner below the In his great joy he shouted with all the power of his lungs—he wanted his shipmates to know, for even they, with the whole world, must rejoice with him. His shout was answered by a distant hall, and "This is a cyclone breeder," he remarked to the first mate, as he put the glass in its went below and returned in a moment-pale he turned, and shouted again. Into als field of vision came a moving object, which slowly grew larger. He reached out his hand to touch it, but falled. He waited— "Shorten down to topsails before supper. I'm afraid of this." "Look there, captain," answered the mate, pointing to the southern herizon. Sea and shouting at intervals until the moving thing filled his eyes with its strange outline, then sky were merged in a flimy, translucent wall of light bluish gray, that shaded indefiheard the voice again. 'All right, my lad," it said, close to him; "hold on. In bow. Way enough, Dack water, starboard. Got him?" Strong hands grasped him and he was

As they looked, it grow larger. The ship to the westward was taking in royals. lifted into a boat.
"Who's left. Any one else?" asked the "In with the kites," said the captain "Call all hands," roared the mate, as he sprang forward. "Starboard watch aft," he "I can see," he answered; "I can see continued as the crew answered. "Let go royal an' gallant hall'ards, fore an' aft, an'

with my eyes."
"Poor devil, he's crazy. Back water, men; we'll look aboard, if we can, Where were you when she was struck?" asked the man nearest him. The boy was staring at the moving pic-tures filling his brain—which he knew must be men, like himself. For answer, he chut his eyes and felt the features of the ques-

"Where were you when she was struck? the man repeated. "Struck? Yes, something struck me; was on the main royal yard, and then I was in the water. I don't know. What was it? Who are you?"
"Great God, sir," san; out the man, "he was on the royal yard when the main mast "No wonder he's daft. Way enough

The flames above deck, temporarily quenched by the rain, were again break-ing forth, fed by the raging gulf below. Holding his breath, the officer climbed the weather mizzen-chains, and shading his eyes from the flerce heat, glanced once at the hecatomb of the chattered deck of the Mary Croft, and dropped back, pale and horror-

"She'll sink in half an hour," he said 'It's best, Give way."

They left the ship and returned to their own—the clipper—where the boy, astonished that no one shared his joyousness, was lifted up the side and placed on the deck. He looked around and staggered, until, shutting his eyes, he recovered his balance. "Oh, papa, it's the blind boy," exclaimed a voice that he knew-which sent his blood

caping.
"Mary," he cried. "Mary, Mary, where are you? I can see now. I can see with my eyes." She was at his side in an instant. With his eyes still closed, he felt of her face and hair, revelling in ecstatic delight of the senses which remembered her; then, opening them, stamped his soul with her image, which he had not yet imagined. And it pleased his new-born sense more than any of the phantasms that had yet appeared to it; for Mary was a very pretty girl. "I'm so glad," she said, simply, and drew

away. The action was maidenly, ar natural, yet it pained him immeasurably. But next morning, freshened by sleep clean and dressed in clean clothes, he was more companionable and interesting; and as the great ship charged to the southward, the girl was teaching him that the masts were up and down, that the horizon was cross-ways, and that he could not grasp a schooner-yacht, which was fast overhauling them, with his fingers. Then he told the girl and her father all that he could of his account was not very clear, but enough so as to bring tears streaming down the face of the girl and a hearty burst of profane words to the captain's lips, in which he averred that the proper place for the Mary Croft, her officers and her crew, was at th bottom of the sea. The schooner-yacht ranged up on the ship's quarter and a clear, ringing

sang out:
"Ship, aboy! Have you seen the Mary "Struck by lightning yesterday and foun-"When the voice came again it was broken and hoarse. "Are there any survivors?"

That yacht carried a double crew—she was manned to "carry on"—and a shout went up from forty throats on her deck such



RAILWAY TIME CARD

Leaves BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. Omah Leaves CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & Q. Arrives
Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. Omaha
5:00pm. Chicago Vestibule. 5:00am
9:48am. Chicago Express. 4:15pm
7:50pm. Chicago and St. Louis Express. 5:00am
11:40am. Pacine junction Local. 6:10pm
Past Mail. 2:50pm

Leaves CHICAGO, MIL. & ST. PAUL. Arrives Omaha Union Depot. 19th & Mason Sts. Omaha Leaves CHICAGO & NORTHWEST'N Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 16th & Mason Sts. Omaha

EAST. 16 (46am, Allantic Express (ex. Sunday), 5:25pn 7:60pm, Night Express, 8:15an 4:56pm, Chicago Vestibuled Limited, 1:25pn (55pm, St. Paul Vestibuled Limited, 1:25pn WEST.

C., ST. P., M. & C. Arrives Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. Omah Leaves F. E. & MO VALLEY. Arrives Omaha Depot, 15th and Websier Sts. Omah Leaves R. C., St. J. & C. B. Omaha Union Depot, 18th & Mason Sts. 9:05am.....Kansas City Day Express..... 6:10pm 10:00pm.K. C. Night Ex. via U. P. Trans. 6:30an Leaves MISSOURI PACIFIC. Arrives
Omaha Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. Omaha
2.30pm Nebraska & Kansas Limited 12 2:pm
5.30pm Kansas City Express 6:00am
3.00pm Nebraska Local (cs. Sun.) 9:00am Leaves SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. .. St. Paul Limited .. 9:10an Leayes SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 16th & Mason Sta. Omaha 5 team. St. Paul Passenger. 11:19pm 7:26am. Stoux City Passenger. 5:55pm 5 5-5pm. St. Paul Limited. 5:20am \$ 10am Kearney Express \$ 20am Overland Limited \$ 20pm Beat'ce & Stromeb g Ex (ex Sun) \$ 15pm Grand Island Express (ex Sun), \$ 10pm Fast Mail.

Cenves | WARASH RAILWAY Omahalt nion Depot, 16th & Mason S 4:Dom.... St. Louis Cannon Ball...

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