

much reflection brought into his fingers an almost uncontrollable tendency to loose their hold on the frail support which was within their grasp.

There were moments when he felt convinced that this would not be so bad a plan; but before he yielded to their temptation, he invariably considered the old man who was bound there upon the grating and who was certain to perish in his helplessness if he, Parton, did not keep courage. The fact that that same loss of courage would bring his own death did not seem important to him.

He loosened one set of stiffened fingers after the other and gazed with salt-blurred eyes at them.

His hands were wrinkled by the sea as a laundress' are wrinkled by her suds. Then, suddenly, he realized that he was thirsty.

He had been attacked by the worst of all the many enemies that might seek to destroy him there at sea.

The fatigue which made his every bone and muscle cry out with pain for a repose which he knew was utterly impossible was nothing. The continually increasing cold which was creeping upward from his feet was nothing. The dangers that the winds might rise and that the swells on which he rose and fell so easily would be capped by overwhelming, beating, stifling crests of broken sea and foam were nothing.

The danger that he might lose consciousness and fall to keep his lungs sufficiently filled with air to support his dangling body was nothing. The indefinite longing in his stomach for solid food was nothing.

But the thirst for fresh water—as he floated there in that vast, illimitable liquid wilderness of salt—was everything!

He tried to thrust the thought of thirst away; but could not. From time to time traces of ocean brine found their way into his mouth, no matter how he tried to keep it tightly closed. In all his life he had never known so maddening a sensation. Its agonies increased with sickening rapidity. It was hard for him even to guess at the hour from his rare and fleeting glimpses of the sinking sun. But he knew from the fading daylight that night would soon be on him—night when, even if some ship should pass close to him, there would be almost no possibility that he would be discovered and picked up.

His increasing weariness and weakness were becoming so great that he had small hope of being able to support himself until daylight should come again. He considered the idea of lashing himself to the grating which supported the captain, but, testing it, he found that a very little further pressure would submerge it and that thus neither would be saved.

He felt no hesitation in arriving at his resolution to hang on as long as he could without jeopardizing the captain's support, and then to let go and slip down into the deep as quietly as he could. He wondered if he would struggle when the time came for this final cessation of resistance against the fate that pursued him with such apparent relentlessness.

He did not feel at all certain that he would be able to resist the impulse to fight death in case there remained in him strength enough to make it possible.

He tried to summon vitality enough to enable him to rise in the water sufficiently to peer into the face of the silent sailor, but found it impossible. Even when he tried to shout to him—he had a strangely sentimental desire to bid the old man farewell—he had to give the effort over.

His breath was coming in short, quick gasps. It had been a long time since he had been able to really fill his lungs with satisfying inspiration. His lips began to crack from the action of the salt water and the fever of the excitement into which the events of the day had plunged him. He knew, too, that his fever was increasing, for he continually felt warmer, whereas not long before he had been oppressed by a constantly increasing chilliness.

That the end of his endurance could not be far away he was convinced, because of several symptoms which he definitely felt, but still could scarcely recognize as personal. His hands had become so stiffened that when there was a slight additional strain brought upon him by the heaving of a wave he felt his set fingers slip, each time a little nearer to the corner of the grating, and there was no power in them to unloose and take a new and firmer hold.

He felt, too, that his mind was wandering. Another attempt to rouse the captain with a shout resulted in the emission of nothing louder than a husky whisper.

His consciousness, he reflected, did not seem to be slipping from him, but he felt certain that it was becoming deranged.

He hovered curiously in a strange borderland between sanity and delirium. He knew that many of the thoughts which flitted through his throbbing brain were vagaries, but it was at times difficult to tell which were facts and which were fancies.

Once or twice he caught himself trying to force what seemed to be a secondary mind to believe that he was again lying out upon the veldt in Africa and that the ocean and the horrors which had recently occurred upon it were the dream; only, a moment later, to believe that he was really on the sea and that the undulating plain he saw before him was the dream.

He did not realize that one of the looped lines with which the captain had been tied upon the raft had been loosened and drifted backward in a noose which had caught him around the shoulders and was helping to support him—that he had been unconsciously and loosely lashed to the improvised raft in such a way that the additional strain of his weight was as cunningly swung from its middle as if the ropes had been ingeniously adjusted for the purpose.

As he turned his face was less frequently wetted by the waves. He did not become wholly unconscious, but he must have been near to it.

For a time he dimly knew that he was

floating almost flat upon his back and he vaguely wondered why his hand still clasped the grating. In reality it had become wedged beneath the ropes, and his wrist had dislocated as his body had been swung over by the action of the waves.

Gradually he felt that some strange change must be coming in the old man's condition, for he could hear his heart beat. That seemed most extraordinary, and he tried to speak to him, but could not. That strange beating of the captain's heart grew louder. He felt a mild wonder at this pathological marvel, but could not fix his mind on it.

Then he heard Nora's voice. It was not quite as musical and pleasant as it had been in the house at Russell Square, but he was sure it was her voice. Also it called him "Parton" many times, and he wondered at her omission of the "Mister." It was pleasant to have her leave it out, but it would have been pleasanter if she would have called him by his first name.

Again the waves slowly shifted his position and her face became more clearly outlined to his fancy. She was singing in a loud, somewhat harsh, monotone, which rose and fell strangely and was very penetrating. The whole air seemed to vibrate with the greatness of the sound. As he idly gazed at her between the waves—for now every moment or two a wave seemed to rise between her face and his—she seemed to become strangely swart, and her face grew very large.

Larger and larger grew that face and there was a strange change about the eyes.

One of them altered from the beautiful gray blue, which he so well remembered, and became a vivid, brilliant green. The other changed to gleaming red, and they rose, slowly, as if they had been some distance off from him and were now approaching swiftly.

He heard her speak. It was not her voice that came from her, but many voices, and there seemed to be a strange confusion of tongues.

Her face loomed larger on the water—grew terrifyingly, overwhelmingly large—and the many voices assailed his ears with sound, which was strangely and almost stupefyingly interrupted by three loud, quick, hoarse screams, such as he could not remember ever having heard a human being emit before.

It passed him with a tremendous rush of waters and a strange hissing as of steam, and then a wave washed quite over him, and for a second brought him back to sense again. His conscious moment was not long; but it was not too brief for him to realize that the face had been a great steamer's bow which had swept past him, that the eyes had been her port and starboard lights, that the great voice had been her siren whistle, that the lesser murmurings had been shoutings from its deck.

How long afterwards it was that he felt strong arms reach under him and lift him into a ship's boat which floated by him on the water, while others cut the captain loose and took him in, he never felt certain from his own impressions.

The people on the ship who had seen the

floating gratings and their human freight, told him later that it was not more than a few moments. He lost consciousness—even that distorted, semi-delirious consciousness which had changed vivid actualities into puzzling apparitions.

When he awoke the sun was shining into a snug state room on the steamship East-erland. He was comfortably settled in a wide berth with deliciously clean, white blankets wrapped around him. Standing at his side was the ship's doctor in his natty uniform, and his eyes gradually grew to look intelligently upon the scene and his brain slowly awoke to the consciousness that he had been picked up by a steamship.

He gazed inquiringly at the doctor, who returned his earnest stare with a good-natured grin and a pleasant but somewhat disconcerting order not to tire himself by trying to talk. Then, as he looked into his eyes, he saw them shift quickly toward the foot of the berth in which he was lying and caught a fleeting glimpse of a graceful, skirted figure which had been standing there, but which quickly disappeared through the cabin door.

He made no attempt to comment on it, but turned over and closed his eyes with that pleasant sensation which comes to all of us when we are conscious that we are about to fall into restful slumber.

He had small curiosity about anything just then. He could feel that his right arm was in splints, but it did not interest him particularly. He only wished to go to sleep.

He heard some one say to him that Captain Burger was better, and he was very glad to know it; but he did not feel it necessary to make the effort which an answer would require.

The last dim impression that fell unimportantly upon his mind was that some one had stuck a red head into the state-room door and said in a loud whisper:

"The captain's compliments, sir; and would you step on deck, sir?"

Then he felt a delicious thrill of restfulness spread through his body. It almost seemed as if the ship must share it, for as it stole over him there came that indescribable sensation which thrills every part of a steamship when its engines are reduced in speed. He dreamily realized that the throbblings of the screw became less frequent and finally stopped. Then he went to sleep, to dream pleasant dreams about the girl he loved, in which the nightmare of his flight from London, of his struggles with the mate on the Lydia Skoffeld, of the wreck of that gallant barkentine and his subsequent escape with its helpless captain, played no part, but through which there ran instead a delicious monotone as of her voice; in which there were dim, dream-built and delightful visions of her face, and through which and in which there was no hint of unpleasantness or pain, but peace and joy and restfulness and—Her!

(To Be Continued.)



Brownie and the Bolo

(Continued from Page Four.)

weight when lifted by one end or the middle. Thus treated, the strip is used for weaving in the basic plan of the roof. A lattice of these strips is laid on the unshaven bamboo poles as supports, the poles themselves being fastened to the sills and comb by strings made of a native grass or rattan cord. As a matter of fact these poles are sewed down, the needle being made out of a piece of bamboo. In some instances the bamboo "nail" is used, being driven into a hole cut in the bamboo pole.

The lattice work completed, then comes the nipa. The Filipino puts on layer after layer of these broad, tough leaves, similar to the palm from which fans are made. With his hand-made needle and his natural thread—sometimes it also is hand-made, being shaved down from bamboo strips—he sews the thick thatch securely together.

Does it turn water? Shingle roofs sometimes leak, the nipa roof never, provided it is properly put on, after the most approved manner of the Filipino carpenter. It is rather slow work, but it is sure. The native stands on scaffolding made entirely of bamboo, tied with bamboo strings. If he happens to tear his trousers he patches the garment with his bamboo needle and bamboo thread. Nature is kind to the Filipino. What more could any man ask than his house building material, his furniture stock and his clothes repairing apparatus right at his elbow?

During the snow blizzard in latter January the Filipino at the World's fair kept indoors most of the time. Some of

them were very much alarmed because the snow continued to fall for nearly two days. They were afraid that they would be snowed in so that communication with the city and necessary supplies would be cut off. But as the islanders never saw any snow until they came to St. Louis their fears can be forgiven them.

One of the large buildings already completed on the Filipino tract is the Grand restaurant. In front of this building a Filipino band of forty pieces will play during the fair. The roof is of bamboo and nipa. The interior finish is in native Filipino woods, some of them of extreme hardness and splendid gloss.

The "Intrauros," or walled city of old Manila, accurately reproduced, is also completed. Visitors entering the Filipino reservation from the main part of the exposition will cross a heavy, solid looking bridge that spans the Laguna de Bay. This is reproduced from the celebrated Puente de Espana, crossing the Pasig river at Manila. The substantial masonry is excellently counterfeited in staff and wood.

There are two other bridges across the Laguna de Bay, built of bamboo. In the waters near by are little huts made entirely of native materials, thatched with nipa grass, both roof and side walls. In the trees not far away are queer-looking houses, where the tree-dwelling Filipino will have his habitat.

The walled city is 250x300 feet in dimensions. The Agriculture building, in which will be a wonderful display of resources of the island soil, is 200 feet long and 75 feet wide. The forestry of the Philippines—wonderful mahoganies, tough banava and

manave, and many other woods of high commercial value—will be shown in a building 150x100 feet. Ethnology has a structure 150x75 feet. Education occupies a building 150x50 feet. The Filipino Government building is 150x100 feet, and the native dwellings about the central plaza occupy 100x100 feet. There is to be a market place, where the natives will buy their provisions, sell their wares, loaf and swap jokes just as they do at home.

Every tribe will be represented. The non-Christian tribes of the wild interior will be seen. The dainty, dandy Filipino of the metropolis, Manila, will be there in his gladdest garb. Bewitching beauties of dusky hue will promenade the plaza, doubtless casting roguish glances—do the Filipinos flirt? at the American gallants who pass along.

The United States government is back of this Filipino exhibit. Such is the magnitude of the thing that it is called, with excellent reason, an exposition within an exposition. ROBERTUS LOVE.

Glimpse Into Mythology

Cadmus had completed the alphabet. "It will do very well for the rank and file," observed a friend, "but you ought to add a few letters for the upper crust."

Anxious to please, the learned Phoenician jotted down the characters, "R, S, V, P."

One of the centaurs had just broken the mile trotting record.

"I certainly went some!" he declared, "and think how much better I could have done had I used a wind shield!"

Throwing out his chest, he went home to

dress for the horse show.

Diomedes was boasting of his great war record during the siege of Troy.

"Hush!" said a comrade. "If you are not careful you will be boomed for president on the democratic ticket!"

Realizing the impending danger, Diomedes closed his face forthwith.

Hebe, while serving Jupiter and a party of friends with Manhattan cocktails, fell and spilled the liquor on her Worth gown.

"How careless of you!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Never mind," was the airy answer, "the drinks are on me!"

Enraged by this sally her master told her to go to the cashier and get her time.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Beveridge on Struggle

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

ness and better liquor and at the same time the profits are enormous. During 1903 they amounted to more than the total expenses of the army and navy, or to a sum equal to about one-fourth of all it costs to run our government for a year. I do not say this is right; I merely give the results.

"There is now talk of taking over the tea business in the same way. The Russians are the greatest tea drinkers on earth, not excepting the Chinese, and the revenue from the sale of tea would speedily wipe out any debt which might arise from a war with Japan."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.