

John Sears, do but goes and runs across that smack just where she hadn't sunk. He brings her in jest bare in time for Si to stop his insurance claim. It was lucky he had time, for he stopped what might have been a nasty sort of lookin' into things. They was some holes, you know, in that smack's bottom that looked a lot like scuttlin'—but she hadn't sunk! When John Sears picked her up he thought Si'd jest be all-fired glad to git her back. He suggested salvage to him, of course. An' Si—he had to pay it, too.

"Not long after that, Sears, he got hit one night up to Boston in a dark street, and they is them folks that thinks Si knowed who did it. Fetched him a wallop, y' know, jest for part of his thanks for a-findin' of th' smack."

By this time the sun had set and the menhaden and her tow were lost in the grey haze that softens Cape Cod air sometimes.

"I hope he ain't got nothin' now that'll git him into fights; but he is jest the Johndest man for pickin' up stuff!"

By this time they had all begun to wonder what had become of Mrs. Burgee.

"If she had to cross th' railroad," said the captain, "I sh'd be afraid; but there ain't nothin' fiercer on th' road 'twixt here an' postoffice than sand flies and a cow or two. She can handle them. I'm goin' in if you'll help me."

They had been within doors not more than fifteen minutes, and the captain was beginning to grumble peevishly, when there was the muffled sound of hurrying hoofs in the sand road outside. These were followed by a loud "Whoa!"

"That's th' doctor," said the captain. "He'd stop that horse o' his'n with a steam whistle if he could git one fastened on his gig. You'd think th' animal was deaf, by Quincy! Guess Lyddy waited to ride home with him. He can't go pullin' an' haulin' me over ag'in today. He was here this mornin'."

A moment later Mrs. Burgee, closely followed by the doctor, came into the room.

"Set, doctor," said Mrs. Burgee. "There they be. Now you can look 'em over."

The doctor glanced about the group with a good-natured grin and said with characteristic Cape Cod humor:

"They seem to remind me a leetle more of a fat stock show than they do of the hopeless ward in a hospital."

"Is the captain well enough to go down to the village on an errand for me?" asked Mrs. Burgee, edging about the room in the direction of the closet where were kept her husband's sea clothes. None of them had ever thought that they would ever be worn by him again, and he had that very day taken a melancholy satisfaction in reviewing them one by one as Norah held them up.

"I think," said the doctor, "that he could stand that trip some better than that man Parton there could stand th' v'yage to South Africky. Has the errand got to be done, Mrs. Burgee?"

"It's too bad," she replied with great solemnity, "but I guess I'll have to insist upon his goin'. He ain't even been bringin' in th' water for me lately. H'ain't been nothin' 'round th' house."

"You ought to make him work," the doctor said. "He'll eat his head off in the stall with all you folks a-waitin' on him. Make him go and do your errand."

Hopeless imbecility was only a degree lower than the mental state into which Norah, Parton and the captain had been reduced by this conversation.

Mrs. Burgee went back into the "lean-to" for a moment. The apprehensive curiosity of the others would have found vent in a volley of questions of the doctor if she had not returned, a moment later, with an armful of simple tools. There was a hatchet, a saw, a hammer, two augurs and a poker.

"There," said she, as she dropped them on the floor beside the now empty satchel. "I reckon that'll be all the tools he'll need to take with him on that errand."

This attended to, she pulled many garments from the hooks and shelves of the closet.

"I ain't a-goin' to let Obed take no gold whilst he's a-doin' of this errand for me," she said, and there was a certain grimness in her tone. The captain knew it as the same which had made protests futile in the early days of their married life when he had been ashore and she suggested that he go to church. He was entirely aware that when that look was on her face there was

no room for argument.

"Now you, Henry," said Mrs. Burgee, "you come here and help me git the Cap'n ready."

In a few moments his thin legs were encased in a great pair of sea boots reaching to the hips. His helpless arms were thrust into the sleeves of a vast pea-jacket. About his neck was twisted many times a muffer knit years before by Mrs. Burgee's own untiring fingers, and a glazed sou'wester was put upon his head and pulled well down about his ears.

The metamorphosis was absolute. The man who sat there no longer looked the invalid. Parton had seen him so a dozen times in storm and stress of weather, and, despite the queer preoccupation which Mrs. Burgee's manner caused, told Norah so in whispered words. Even in the wheeled chair of an invalid the captain looked the sailor, every inch.

Mrs. Burgee was first impressed by the metamorphosis. For a moment she stood silent and gazed at him with an almost awe-struck admiration. Then she swooped down on him and kissed his puzzled face. "Do you wonder he could run a ship?" she asked, indefinitely. "Just look at him now. Nory's the only one that ain't seen him that way. Look at him, Nory!"

And certainly the captain seemed sh-p-shape.

"Git your sack and bunnit on, Nory," said Mrs. Burgee. "Git your sack and bunnit on. Let's all go down and help Obed do his errand."

Norah, amazed, but believing that the best thing was to humor this remarkable whim of the old lady's, started for her wraps.

"Git your hat, Henry," said Mrs. Burgee. "Lyddy," said the captain, almost pitifully, "be you out of your head?"

The doctor had stepped out of the room for a moment and Mrs. Burgee surveyed the group.

"Yes," said she, "I guess I be."

She waited a moment longer amidst wondering silence. There was such an air of happiness about her, though, that the others were as expectant as they were perplexed.

Before more could be said there came a loud rapping at the door.

"There," said Mrs. Burgee, "they're come to take the captain down. The rest of us will walk along by the wagon. I guess most of the folks down to the village has come up to go along with us. Seems to me I c'n hear the crowd out there. They'll all be awful glad—most everybody like Obed."

"What be you a-talkin' about, Lyddy?" pleaded the captain.

"Oh," said she, as if she had quite forgotten such an unimportant detail, "I ain't told you, have I?"

There was a sound of many shuffling feet on the piazza and low whispers of many suppressed voices.

"No—you know you ain't, Lyddy," said her husband.

"Well," she said slowly, "well, Cap'n Sears he come in this afternoon."

She paused, as if that were reason enough to give for all her strange performances.

"Yes," said the captain, almost peevishly, "I see him pass."

"Well," said Mrs. Burgee, "did you notice that he was towin' somethin'?"

"He'd picked up a raft or suthin'," said the captain. "I see it trailin' long behind. He's allus a-pickin' up some trash or 'nother."

"What he was towin'," said Mrs. Burgee slowly, and hiding her face for a moment in the middle of the sentence behind her apron, "what he was towin', Obed, was th' Lyddy. He picked her up a-floatin' 'ere-let."

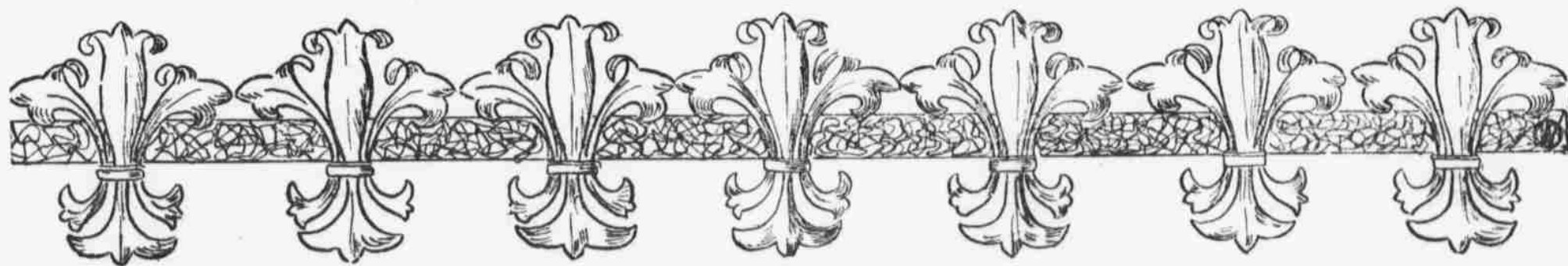
The captain gasped. Norah grasped Parton's hand almost convulsively.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burgee with a calm that was as puzzling as her recent effervescence had been, "she's tied up down there to th' dock right now. I reckoned maybe you'd all go down to see her."

She solemnly went the rounds, beginning and ending with the captain, and kissed each one of them. Then she turned to Parton.

"That's why I put them tools there in that bag. I reckoned they'd be useful in that diamond minin' enterprise that you're goin' to carry out. Ain't it nice that you'll be able to go right to work at it here on the Cape instead of goin' to South Africky?"

(To be Concluded.)



Garden Spot of Far East

(Continued from Page Two.)

B. Miller, in a report to the State department, says the leading industry of the city is the manufacture of flour. Eight mills are now in operation, all with modern European machinery with one exception, and that is a small one constructed with American machinery. Applications have been made and granted for the construction of two more large ones, and by the middle of 1904 ten mills will be in operation, producing 25,000 poods (302,800 pounds) of flour per day. They pay from 30 to 45 cents gold a bushel for their wheat delivered at the mills, and the wheat producing area can be increased enormously. The present value of the flour mills in Harbin is 1,200,000 rubles (\$618,000).

In the immediate vicinity of Harbin there are 200 brick-making plants, the cost of which was 500,000 rubles (\$257,500). Two of these plants were constructed by the administration, at a cost of 200,000 rubles (\$103,000). Most of the brick produced are used in the construction of the city. A very good grade of red brick is produced and sold for 6.50 rubles (\$3.25) per 1,000. Most of the work is done by Chinese, who are paid 35 kopecks (35 cents) a day.

The next industry of importance is the production of the Russian liquor, vodka. There are eight manufactories, constructed at a cost of 200,000 rubles (\$103,000). Several of these produce vodka from spirits of wine and sugar brought from Russia; some produce only the spirits of wine from the local wheat, while others produce their spirits from local wheat and the vodka from their own manufacture of spirits. The consumption of vodka in Harbin alone is 1,000 vedro (2,707 gallons) per day, and the consumption throughout Manchuria is something enormous. In Russia the production is very heavily taxed and it costs 10 rubles (\$5.15) per vedro (2,707 gallons), while in Harbin it sells at from 1.50 to 2.50 rubles (77 cents to \$1.25) per vedro; this is for 40 per cent alcohol. To make one vedro of 56 per cent of spirits of wine requires eighty-two pounds of wheat. The bottles for this vodka are at present brought from Japan, but at Imonia—in Manchuria—the Russians are now building a large bottle and glass factory.

Three breweries are now in course of construction in Harbin to cost 300,000 rubles (\$151,500). The Russians are great beer

drinkers and produce in Russia very good beer, but it is not of the quality that bears shipping long distances, hence very little Russian beer is to be seen on the Pacific coast anywhere in Manchuria. At the present time American beer has the best of the Manchurian market, as 150,000 dozen bottles are imported through one firm at Port Arthur every year. A fine quality of barley is produced in the Sungari valley and these breweries will be able to buy it at about half the cost in the United States. There is little doubt but that the Russians will soon be producing all of the

beer consumed in Manchuria. Our Pacific coast hop men ought to be able to sell them their hops, however.

There are several companies engaged in this business, with plants costing altogether \$50,000 rubles (\$25,750). They cure hams, bacon and all varieties of smoked meats and produce excellent articles. The hogs and cattle in this part of the country are grain fed and make splendid meats, and the Russians are experts in preparing it for markets. So far these concerns have not been able to supply the Manchurian markets, but the cheap labor of the country,

in combination with the cheap grain and the familiarity of the Chinese with hog raising, makes a good foundation for the growth of the industry, and I can see no reason why it should not continue to grow sufficiently to produce all that may be required for the Oriental markets.

There is a plant costing 25,000 rubles (\$12,875) for the preparation of bean oil for use in painting.

There is on the river a small sawmill that cost 15,000 rubles (\$7,500) and two on the railway line between Harbin and Vladivostok that cost 150,000 rubles (\$77,500).

There are many other industries in embryo, and as the place is located in the center of an extremely rich agricultural country, has splendid transportation facilities, and is doing so well in the establishment of manufacturing there is little doubt that it will increase at a very rapid rate as a manufacturing and commercial center.

The country is productive in wheat, cattle, sheep, hogs, millet, barley, oats, corn, beans, furs, hides, wool, bristles, bean oil, bean cake, hemp, tobacco and timber, and has various undeveloped mineral resources; in fact, it has all the natural elements for the foundation of a great city.

She Awoke

It was night now.

Ah, well, night was as good as the day. What did it matter?

Nothing mattered now, neither time nor tide nor circumstances, for was she not dead, the woman of his heart?

Of course, they had had their little differences—what married couple does not?—and the tears filled his eyes at memory of some of their spats. He had so often been in the wrong. She—she was an angel, and they had loved each other.

Now she lay dead before him. How had this thing happened? How had this great grief come to him? Why had the Master given her to him but to take her away?

He should not. He should not. He would hold her back out of the very arms of death. Half frenzied with his grief, he seized her. He held her. He drew her to him. She yielded. Death was being vanquished by the power of a great love.

And then a voice—her voice through the night—

"John, for gracious' sake, what are you pulling me out of bed for?"

And then he awoke.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sailing to the Tropics

AN ATTRACTIVE story is that told by Lafayette Hearn of a voyage from New York to the Spanish Main in winter, leaving the city in the midst of a cold spell such as has been experienced recently, waking each succeeding morning to greet a warmer air caressing his cheek, the water becoming greener and the sky bluer, until one can feel the warm languor and luxuriousness of the tropics creep into his very veins as he reads.

There are, however, many men in this city today to whom the charms of travel between the tropics and New York do not appeal. They are the crews of the many vessels that ply regularly between this port and the islands that lie off the coast of South and Central America, and that coast itself.

Their calling makes them wanderers, a week or ten days being a long time to stay in port, and then they are off, always for a climate greatly changed from the one they are leaving. Changes of clothing are frequent, and the shivering, muffled-up man dancing around the deck of a steamer lying at a pier in the East river, his teeth chattering from the icy blasts across the water so that he can scarcely hold a pipe in his mouth, will in a few days develop into a graceful lounge against the rail, linen suited and straw hatted, idly rolling a cigarette for occupation, and wondering how he managed to live through his experiences in New York.

These coastwise sailors can stay in no port long enough to become accustomed to the temperature, be it warm or cold, let alone becoming acclimated, and it is a

commentary on the ability of the human animal to adapt himself to his environment to see these men, shivering here under a stinging northwest wind and a temperature of 15 to 20 degrees, knowing that within six or eight days they will be sweltering in linen and drinking cooling draughts at a temperature of 90 or 100 degrees and a moist atmosphere that is more unhealthy, even when a man lives in it the year round.

There is no nobility on board one of these ships when it comes to suffering from climatic changes, though the engineers and firemen, naturally, have the least changes to contend with. They are used to a fierce heat at all times, and their daily problem is to take care of their health when they go ashore. But throughout the ship, with these exceptions, there is a democracy in the suffering of the crew. The captain on the bridge, with the responsibility of the ship and the cargo on his hands, unable to lessen his vigilance for an instant, suffers even more, if possible, than the poor roustabout on the forward deck, who has no cares beyond trying to keep warm and wondering how things are going down in the cook's galley.

It is truly a hard life, that of a coastwise sailor, and the wages paid to men sailing from this port to South America are much higher in proportion than those paid to other sailors going in and out of New York harbor. The discomforts of the life, no matter what the time of year, are the reasons for that high wage, and the men certainly earn their money.—New York Post.