

Driscoll

"Twas a bangal, lads, as God 'eard me, ban bougal with 'air of fire-gold and eyes that shot straight at me like dashing points o' flame."

spray of the Banks, and who was already booked for the Zapotec of Marine City for the coming season, hadn't heard, for that was before rheumatic legs and bad kidneys had encouraged him to wander a little bit inland. He would like to know, however, why Sailor Jim so inconvenienced himself as always to wear the worn, little testament inside his grimy shirt.

"I heard she was a right pesky craft," ventured an overgrown, unnautical lad, who had sailed a season or two, and in one way or another had managed to pick up a little history.

"Pesky? Oly 'eavens! Cap'n Jason, that was 'is name, picked 'er up after Cleveland parties, who used t' run 'er twice a week t' Detroit, 'ad dumped 'er 'as 'owling good rot f'r th' fish. 'B didn't want 'er f'r cargo, did Jason, hand there was suth'in mysterious about our trip t' th' Bay; but th' secret died with th' cap'n, lads, we'en 'e went down with th' other five."

The unnautical youth, who was trying to get his bearing and act at ease in good company, awkwardly motioned to the man behind the bar.

"Wat yer whistles, gents?"

"Sailor Jim" winced as he listened to the whistling of the wind and the beating of the sleet against the window outside. The River Place is a gloomy place at night, and he shuffled a pack of cards uneasily.

"Owls jes' like th' night I saw 'er a-comin' over th' rocks," he shuddered. "Listen! Don't she wall like a blizzard 'mong th' rocks, like th' de'll o' a mess in th' riggin'?"

It was late, and most of those who hadn't gone above were sleeping in their chairs or half reeling over the tables. Only "Sailor Jim," the Zapotec hand, and the unnautical youth were awake.

"Twas cold w'en we left, an' colder still w'en we got there," said Sailor Jim. "A de'll o' a note did th' cap'n 'ave in th' bay, but 'e paid us like 'alf bowlers, every soul, an' bloody few was th' questions we axed. Then weather struck us like an 'owkser, an' f'r almost a week we bucked an' twisted right up agin th' rocks. Hit all 'appened one black night w'en th' wind was a-'owlin' like greased fear, an' th' cap'n 'e came t' me an' sez, sez 'e, 'Jim, m' wife is dyin'!"

"'Is face was mos' awful white in th' gale, an' 'e looked at me so queer like that I trembled an' stepped back as if 'e was an' 'aunt."

"You will 'elp 'out on deck, Jim," sez 'e t' me, kinder 'usky, 'an' then turned an' went below.

"It grew blacker 'n blacker lads, an' th' sea was worse than twisting th' Horn in a gale. Thar warn't no rain, an' th' sleet died away in th' middle hot th' night. We men 'uddled in th' lee o' th' bul'ark an' shouted t' one another now an' then t' see was we all right, an' listened t' w'at we fancied was the breakin' an' thunder o' surf on th' rocks. All at once one o' th' men up an' sez, sez 'e:

"My God, we're goin'!"

"Then 'e cursed, f'r it jes' come out o' 'im sudden like, w' no cause, but hit made us all feel like suthin' was up an' we 'ugged closer.

"'Barrin' th' rocks, sez I t' strength-an' 'em, thar ain't much danger."

"But she was rotten like punk, th' bold craft, hand they knew it.

"Downed suthin' th' craft come bump

struck my foot an' settled thar. 'Twas this, lads, this 'ere."

"Sailor Jim" put his hand in his bosom and drew out the little testament. He touched it reverently.

"Hit was th' only one on deck who was saved," he said. "Hit ain't superstitious, but thar warn't no name in it an' that seems queer. Hit mout 'ave been dropped—"

"By th' angel," said the unnautical youth.

"Sailor Jim" nodded.

"Good night, Jim," said the boy.

J. O. OURWOOD.

(The United States was an old-time, tub-shaped steamer that plied between Cleveland and Detroit half a century ago, and has many stories attached to it. It was considered old and unseaworthy long before the war of the rebellion, and was the boat in which Jas. A. Roys, the retired bookseller, attempted to make the trip in between the two cities in '43. She was so capricious in a storm that Mr. Roys determined to make a change, and did so at a little port this side of Cleveland. "Sailor Jim's" story smacks of truth, and it may be so.)

BOER FAIRY STORY.

The Boers are not lacking in folk lore. Here is one of their fairy stories:

There was once a woman who had a son named Magoda. She became a cannibal and ate up all the people in the village.

One day her two nieces ran away from their home and hid in her house, but they did not know her. Their cousin Magoda came and talked to them. Then they hid. The woman said: "I smell something nice. What is it, my son? Surely I smell fat children!"

Then she went to the woods and commenced to cut down a tree with an ax. When the first chips fell a bird called ntengu sang:

Ntengu ntengu!
Chips, return to your place!
Chips, return to your place!
Chips, be quick!

The chips then went back to the tree. This happened three times. Then the woman caught the bird and swallowed it, but one of the feathers dropped out of her mouth. She tried to cut down the tree again, but this time the feather sang the same song, and the chips flew back to the tree.

The two nieces had been hiding in the branches of the tree. They saw three dogs as big as oxen. These they knew belonged to their father, so they called to the dogs, who ate up the wicked woman, and so the girls went back to their father singing the song of the feather.

The More Synonymous.

It is told of a retired farmer that after returning from a continental tour, on which he had long set his heart, he was narrating one evening to his friend the doctor how he had visited "the majestic Lake of Geneva and trodden the banks of Blue Leman."

"Excuse me," interrupted the doctor. "Lake Geneva and Lake Leman are synonymous."

"That, my dear sir," replied the farmer, "I know very well; but are you aware that Lake Leman is the more synonymous of the two?"—New York Tribune.

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