less pontoon drifted out toward the open sea.

Then came "Waving Annie" with her little open launch to throw a line to the drifting raft and tow it with its human freight to a place of safety in the salt marshes.

So now the story of "Waving Annie" become something more than merely a sad romance. It becomes a romance not only tragic but heroic. Before, it was merely pathetic. No the pathos has assumed a certain quality of dignity, almost of grandeur, that always goes with any deed of signal heroism such as that to which the men of Dredge No. 15, owe their lives.

CHAPTER FOUR—

There really is no Chapter Four. Unless it can be considered a chapter to say that Annie still keeps her vigil—that she goes out on the balcony still, day and night with her kerchief or her lantern, to wave to the ships as they go by.

But that's hardly what you'd call a chapter. Strictly speaking, Annie's story does not end. It just drags on—day in and day out of watching for a ship that never comes—day upon day and night upon night, till the days string into months and the months into years, and so till bright eyes lose their luster—

"But men must work and woman must weep,
Though storm be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning."

KIDNAPED WOMAN FINDS CLUE TO LOST MOTHER

Mrs. Henry Himbert.

New Orleans, Nov. 9.—Mrs. Henry Himbert, wife of Bourbon street butcher, has found clues she believes will lead to the discovery of her parentage. She was kidnaped when a baby and 19 when she learned the woman she was living with was not her mother. For 10 years she has sought her parents.

A quarrel caused her foster-mother to tell her she was a foundling. A few days ago, a stranger from Europe told her that her mother was Mrs. Minnie Coombs of San Francisco. The San Francisco police are looking for Mrs. Coombs.

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We are living in mighty interesting times.