

THEY MEET.

They meet to-night, the one who closed his eyes... Unto the pain forever and the woe...



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

CHAPTER XXIII. IN THE HEART OF THE STORM.

In five minutes we were in the trough of it. Without a zephyr to steady her, the schooner wallowed like a crazy thing...

frature, and, as for the sake of all, my own necessities were paramount. I would lose no time in experiment without more warrant...

The light of the low-burning lantern swung madly from its hook in the beam...

CHAPTER XXIV. A SMALL TRAGEDY. The scuttle butt had barely disappeared...

"What's amiss there?" I roared, hanging on to the hatch with one hand and with the other showing the barrel of my pistol...

"What's amiss?" Everything's amiss! Wot kind o' treatment is this to give a man? Split me! I'd rather go overboard and stifle in a jiffy than smother by inches...

Though I wished to linger by her, I dared not; there was much to do—too much for one mortal. It was the work of a moment to clear the floor...

Since I had taken the whisky my energy had come back full fledged and in fighting mood, as though the numbness of the past few hours had been a waking slumber...

Notwithstanding the suffering his actions had entailed, I could almost have thanked him for being the cause of putting into me a sense of real existence...

"I thought you dead! O Donald! Donald! I thought you dead!" In the mere sound of a human voice there was something that stirred me to a livelier sense of myself and surroundings...

dropped near him, "I spoke ye fair, an' hae I bonied ye alongside I would be flog enough in the light, mind ye, an' 'twould be along of the leftenant's eye on me...

"Ay, that's gospel!" came from the one who had spoken of himself as a Yankee, while the third held his peace, leaning with folded arms and a skillful balancing of his person against one of the bunk uprights...

"Ye see, sir; New Bedford, sir," came his ready answer. "I was pressed in Portsmouth three years ago, sir, while on shore leave from the Sallie Mull, trader, sir...

"Blessed be thou, little bird, which sharpest my sorrows. May joy accompany thee everywhere. Thine eyes shall be blue as the sky above; thou shalt be the 'bird of God, bearer of good tidings.'"

The peasants of France, in accordance with this tradition, pierce the head of a magpie with a thorn whenever they catch one.

In Spain the swallow is considered the good bird, and they say that when the Roman soldiers pressed the crowd of thorns on Jesus' brow the swallows came and tried to remove the thorns with their beaks.

The Danian say that at the moment of the crucifixion the stork, moved with pity, cried: "Strykhai! Strykhai!" ("God, give Him strength!") and since that time the stork has been considered sacred.

A Query for Him. He had discussed learnedly, if somewhat wearily, to his friend on the influence of food upon character.

A Hard Man to Get At. The manager is a hard man to see. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know.

CHAPTER XXV. THE ROBIN'S RED BREAST. It tried to comfort Christ on the Cross, and was blessed, while the Jeering Magpie was cursed.

The part that dumb nature took in the crucifixion is interesting from the legendary side. It is said that the crown of thorns was woven from branches of the hawthorn.

Birds, too, played a part at the crucifixion, according to legend. After Jesus had been nailed to the cross, two birds came and alighted on the extended arms of the instrument of death.

The other bird was a modest little bird with gray plumage, which approached the cross timidly, uttering cries of grief.

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But She Didn't Want To. "Yes, when Jack proposed to me I thought of the grammar class when I went to school."

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