

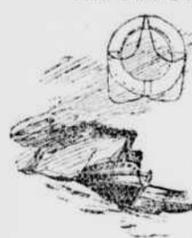
O GEMINI.

A precious pair of rascals truly,
Up to all sorts of pranks unruly,
Fun and frolic in every motion,
As many moods as the changeful ocean—
Sunshine and tempest any day,
What has become of the household quiet?
Gone, and dreams couldn't buy it!
Where did you come from anyway?
Does Leda know you have gone a-Maying—
Come from the fields of gold a-straying!
Did the watchful hosts of heaven say things
When you threw away your starry things?
How they must miss you like a day!
And such a long, dark journey—sleepy,
And all alone, and hungry, weepy!
You must have come by the milky way.

The world is brighter since you love us,
But the fields of gold are dark above us,
For now, at night, when you are calling,
The glistening stars, like tears, are falling—
Falling for their lost Gemini.
But though the weeping heavens miss you,
And Leda longs to hug and kiss you,
We cannot spare you—Glen and I.
—E. A. Jenks in Granite Monthly.

ON A RUNNING WRECK

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NE may vainly search the pages of Jules Verne or Clark Russell for an incident more strange and startling than the capsizing of the schooner Jessie Martin while being towed to safety on Lake Michigan and the

rescue of six men from the speeding hull, now leaping like a fish almost clear of the waves, now plunging out of sight beneath them. The scene was at Grand Haven harbor. On the morning of Nov. 30, 1882, Keeper De Young of the life-saving crew stood at the end of one of the piers with his boat and crew near him watching the operations of a tug sent out to pull the schooner off the bar, where she had stranded in a gale. All of a sudden he saw the tow capsize and shouted to his men to launch the boat. With a rush they shoved off and tumbled in over the stern and the gun-wales as the stanch craft took the water. A tug standing near gave the surfmen a line and steamed rapidly for the lake with the gallant life savers. The screaming whistles of distress from the towing tug were the only signals or orders needed to stir all hands to action. After pulling the lifeboat half way down the line of piers the tug cut loose and the surfmen rowed swiftly into the lake. They met the tug hurrying to get the schooner, trailing at the end of a 700 foot hawser, into still water. In a few seconds they came to the wreck, which jumped about in the water like a live monster of the deep. She lay on her sides, with her masts submerged and her hull, rigging and spars armored in ice, for the weather was intensely cold and the wind blowing 30 miles an hour. The spray cast up by the beating sea froze as it fell, and the schooner, standing out for days on the bar, had turned into a huge mass of ice.

The situation confronting the life savers was but the culmination of the disaster. The moment the hawser of the tug straightened out when she first started the wreck from the bar the schooner took a plunge that buried her out of sight in the sea. Again she mounted, with her bow pointing upward as though she was about to leave the ocean. In this way she moved forward, with the water closing over her or streaming in broad sheets from her sides as she arose and fell. At every dive the hull struck the bottom with a force that shivered every timber in her frame, and it seemed to the men on board that the masts would be lifted from their steps and hurled in the air. Passing from the bar into deep water brought no relief, for the ship labored and wallowed in the trough of the sea like so much water soaked wood. Her seams had been started, and the fresh packing put in while she lay on the bar to stop the holes made when she stranded gave way, letting in the sea in streams. Torrents of water pouring over the decks found easy passage down the hatchways, so that in a few moments she was simply a moving tank, with her decks awash at every lurch. Meanwhile the tug steamed ahead, rounding the point of the piers to enter the harbor. Far behind the schooner dragged on a curve, with the gale driving her out into the lake and the tug pulling inshore. This war of forces could not last long without a catastrophe. The strain of the tug came upon the bow while the wind struck broadside upon all that remained above water. Moreover, the hull stood broadside to the sea, which fell away from the shore, leaving great troughs in which the helpless schooner wallowed, and instead of sweeping around with the strain of the towline she rolled over to the starboard, while the line dragged the bow under water in the opposite direction. Her masts lay under water, and the hatches fell away; hence she no longer rode the sea, but plowed through it on her side.

On seeing the schooner topple the men aboard scrambled into the rigging for their lives. There were seven of them, not sailors, but men of the salvage crew, engaged to take the vessel from the bar. Owing to the intense cold weather and the exposure of the ship on the bar they were bundled up with clothing so as to

be almost helpless when it came to a life and death struggle in the turmoil of waters pouring in cascades over everything upon the ship offering refuge. Yet six of the seven managed, after frightful struggles, to lay hold of something above tide. The seventh and the unfortunate one was the master of the crew. He was at extra disadvantage because he had but one arm. When the ship went over, he stood in the passage-way alongside the cabin, and when his companions turned from their places in the rigging to view the scene on deck they saw him struggling to climb the mainboom. His cumbersome clothing had become soaked, and either for that reason or because he was caught and held by some weighty object he soon ceased to move. On went the tug, beating against a furious wind to get the wreck into calm water. When the lifeboat pulled alongside the prostrate schooner, the surfmen saw two men clinging to one horn of the fore crossrees, their bodies half submerged in the sea. Another was hanging to the main crossrees, and three were hanging in the main shrouds, which were lashed up and down with every movement of the wreck as the sea sucked under and around the plunging hull. The body of the unfortunate, drowned or drowning

below, was not then visible. The men upon the fore crossrees seemed in the greatest danger. A loose timber trailing by a rope thrashed around them, threatening to knock them from their hold. The boat was steered directly for them, although it was necessary to row above the sunken masts and rigging. As the sea fell away the boat rode upon wreckage. The rescue was made by the surfmen in the bow, who seized the unfortunate and dragged them into the boat. Unmanned by their terrible sufferings, the poor fellows begged to be put ashore at once, for fear the lifeboat would be capsized and their lives again imperiled. But Keeper De Young declared that he would save the last man of them all or perish in the attempt.

The rescued men were then stowed under cover in the bottom of the boat, which pulled around to the submerged bow of the schooner. Glancing over the wreck, the keeper decided that the man in the main crossrees could hold on the longest and the men in the shrouds should be saved next. He told the man his purpose, receiving a cheerful assent. A surfman in the bow of the boat then threw the painter into the shrouds, but the men there gave no sign of life, and it fell back into the water. The next effort was to attach the boat to the whirling wreck by means of a grapple, but that could not be made to hold. Bothooks were then resorted to to grapple in the rigging. By this means the boat remained alongside in the surging water until one of the unfortunates could be dragged loose and hauled over the bow. Just then a huge wave caught the boat and lifted it from the wreck, loosening the hooks and tearing them from the surfmen's hands. A second wave swept the boat around to the stern of the wreck. The oars were snatched up and the boat pulled back alongside. The man in the crossrees had meanwhile worked his way out along the rigging within reach of the life savers and was seized and dragged on board with scarcely a moment's delay. Suddenly a tremendous sea closed over the wreck and buried one of the men in the shrouds completely under water. Keeper De Young at once ordered his men to jump after him, for his head could still be seen. Surfman Van Vredenburg plunged in, but his foot caught in the sunken rigging, and he was pitched over into the sea clear of the wreck. Surfmen Van Toll and Fisher then jumped together and brought the man in the shrouds above water and managed to lay hold of the rigging themselves. They held the man up and also turned and extricated Van Vredenburg, who had to tear his foot loose from the boot. It had become entangled in the shrouds. All hands then turned to the work of getting the helpless and half drowned men into the boat. Both were unconscious and in their drenched clothing as heavy as lead. The capsized schooner, it must be borne in mind, kept steadily moving on, while the boat was frequently tossed away from her as she rolled and bounded from side to side, lashing the water like some huge monster with enormous tail and fins. The wonder is that the frail boat was not hurled over or smashed in collision with the wreck.

The keeper and two men worked steadily at the oars to keep the boat out of the deep troughs constantly forming around her and to hold it alongside the receding wreck. Two others were kept bailing. The peril on board the boat at the time seemed so great that the man last rescued wanted to jump overboard and lash himself to the wreck. Yet in spite of all the brave surfmen in the shrouds clung to their burdens and the keeper persisted in his forlorn attempt to save all or perish. Fortunately the surfmen in the water had on cork jackets and floated with little effort. Their danger lay in the thrashing of the loose timbers and lines of the wreck as they were dragged along on that fearful ride.

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SURFMEN VAN TOLL AND FISHER LEAP INTO THE SEA.

ment of the boat, at the end of a half an hour's struggle the limp bodies of the last two were safe in the boat. Van Toll and Fisher then climbed in, and the boat dropped away. Four of the rescued men lay unconscious for an hour after reaching the station house, which was soon as the gallant surfmen could pull the boat across the harbor. The man who had been longest in the water—the one dived for by Van Toll and Fisher—was as cold as a "chunk of ice." It required five hours' labor to bring him around. During all this time the surfmen didn't take time to remove their wet and frozen clothing, so zealous were they to carry out the promise to save the lives fate had placed in their keeping. Not until this was accomplished did they learn of the plight of the hapless man caught beneath the wreck when it capsized. Then the keeper had a small launch rowed to the scene. By divers the unfortunate was found underneath the mainsail, held there with a rope that had become twisted like a fetter around one leg. He had evidently imprisoned himself in his mad struggles to work his way out of the water. Having been two hours below the surface, he was of course beyond help as he had been beyond sight and reach while the surfmen battled for life beside the whirling wreck.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Woman Medical Writer.
A London writer, with due respect for women journalists, thinks that the only department of a paper that should be closed to a woman writer is the medical—unless of course she is a medical "man." He goes on to say that the medical columns of any London weekly, it is easy to perceive, are conducted by accomplished experts, but a case has recently come under his notice where a young woman who had failed as an art critic was set to answer the medical inquiries of correspondents on a country paper. "I forget to a decimal what was the exact mortality of the district," he continues, "but the proprietor said if she remained much longer on the paper he should have had no subscribers left. One of her replies was something like this: 'To Daisy—Thanks so much for your kind letter. Yes. The mistake was mine. It should have been a quarter grain of strychnine instead of a quarter of a pound for your father's complaint. How unlucky! Better luck next time, but I was so very busy. Yes. There is no better shop for mourning than Jay's.'"

A Chinese Custom.
A quaint custom practiced by Chinese mothers when a child is restless and does not sleep is to write the following verse and pin a copy of it on each of the four corners of the house that the passersby may read and the child find rest. Literally translated the verse reads:
Brilliant sparkling heaven.
Brilliant sparkling earth.
In my house there is a child who cries at night.
The gentlemen coming from the four quarters behold
Peaceful sleep till break of day.
—New York Times.

Filled the Bill.
"Yes," remarked the guest, "that dinner did fill the bill."
"Glad to hear it," said the hotel keeper.
"It surely did fill the bill. I only wish it had the same effect on me."
This time the boniface spoke not.—
Indianapolis Journal.
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Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brisquet. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.
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Jack Taylor.
P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana. Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder. Cattle brand as shown in cut. Range, Madison divide.

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