AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

"Go forth in thy turn." said the Lord of the years to the year we greet today. "Ge forth to succor my people, who are throughng the world's highway.

"Carry them health and comfort, carry them joy and light, The grace of the eager dawning, the ease of the restful night.

"Take them the flying snowflake, and the hope of the hastening spring, The green of the leaf unrolling, the gleam of the bluebird's wing.

"Give them the gladness of children, the strength of sinew and nerve, The pluck of the man in battle who may fall, but will never swerve. "Send them the lilt of the singer, the sword that is swift to smite In the headlong rush of the onset, when the wrong resists the right."

"Bour on them peace that crowneth hosts which have bravely striven.

Over them throw the mantle they wear who are God forgiven.

"Shrive them of sin and of blunders. Oh, make my people free!
Let this year among years be thought of
as a time of jubice.

"Throbbing with notes triumphant, wav-ing with banners fair.

A year of the grace of the Highest to vanguish human despair.

"For sorrow and sighing send them, O year, the dance of mirth and banish the moan and the crying from the struggling, orphaned earth.

"Go forth in thy turn, C blithe new year," said the Lord of the passing days, and the angels in heaven heard him and lifted a paean of praise.

Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Ba-

THE DIVER'S STORY.

"Waiter, salt for six here! Wilderspin's going to give us that deadly experience of his. New, captain, forge ahead. It's glasses round for the first man who interrupts. Touch and go with death, you say, and yet your hair kept its original color. How on earth was it?"

Another laugh rippled along the table, but it soon subsided. The old diver's twit hing lips made it clear that his thoughts were elsewhere. He simply sat back, stared fixedly at the shaded candle before him and broke into the silence with a steady impressiveness that soon had the company spellbound.

"You'll please yourselves about swallowing this when you've stood in my parlor and seen the newspaper cuttings on the wall, framed in a bit of the Witch's timber. As for excitement you mightn't care to sleep through a few of the dreams I've had since. Aye, but the real extraordinary part about it was, if you like, that I should have walked into Lacy Truman's office in Hobart Town as the clock struck 11 that morning, for I'd Leen hanging about the docks hungry and savage for weeks, and I'd left Jess-my young wife-with the words that, come no luck, I was simply going to steal the money to take us back to England meant that.

"They were ship brokers, Lacy Truman and his brother. I walked into their outer office without being invited, up to the boss clerk and told him in so many words I'd come to the end of my tether in that country. 'The old tale! What are you? Anything, eh? Sit, down there,' he says. I went to do it when the door dies open and the senior partner—I fnew them both by sight—staggers in with a face like—like death itself. He stood there and rattled out: Will, quick! She's gone downdown, within a mile of dock)

"That was it. Bang goes the inner door, and the other steps out, white tough, too, in a trice. 'What, the whisper. 'I'll never believe it. red Lacy, you're fooling! We've ered her for £8,000."

"Gone down!' repeats his brothas if he wanted to catch some edy's throat. 'I met Coombes' clerk ning up here. Raced back and sew the owners and the captain himself. There's no log saved—nothing at all. They simply say that water was pouring in at the fore hold all day yesterday, no one knows how, and they just had time to put off in the boats before she lurched and settled down at 10 o'clock. That's four since March! We're absolutely

each other. You could have heard a things go, I'd heard. But four since

"Never believe it, 'says Will Truman again, waking up. "There's something wrong. Old she was, but good for years yet, I'll swear. My hat! Within a mile? Lacy, surely we can get some of the cargo up be-

"'Yes, to light fires with. The salt will spoil those silk bales in less than three days, man.' He was a sight, I tell you. 'To go down like that in smooth water! I told Coombes plainly I woludn't pay out a farthing antil an investigation had been I'd take action at once.'

"'You were a fool to hint at anything of the sort.'

"'Aye, perhaps I was. We ought to have sent a man down straightcome here this minute. I'll know the truth of this.'

"They went into the inner office together. I sat there hanging on to withe buzz of their talk and fairly tching to do or say something. Then leys, and there was the Witch, lying in about 15 minutes back tears their | three parts over on a bit of rising clerk with the word that Saunders was very sorry, but the owners had | down at our heads-a sad enough that very minute engaged him to make an investigation next morn- deckrail in a jiffy, got his grappling ing, and he didn't think there was another diver worth a cent in the | before I could take it in. When I place just then. He'd find out.

didn't need words to show what the dull sound of an axe hacking and looked at each other, and it and could almost swear there was

they were thinking. That was in; chance if ever, and before I knew it

go down and welcome. If you think there's anything underhanded, leave it to me. "'You!' They'd never noticed me. 'Who are you, then?' asked the sen-

about it?' " 'A good deal, sir-that's to say, I haven't done any deep sea work to speak of, but I was five years over in Sunderland going down and stopping leaks and strains before they had the drydock built. That's somethin, sir. I was here to ask for work, and there it is. If the silk can be saved-or that £8,000-I'm your man. Try me.'

"'Well, if this isn't a coincidence,' says he, incredulous like. 'Will, what do you think? There's no time to lose, that's certain. We must arrange to have our man down with theirs, you know. Come, I'll take you at your word, Mr.-er-Wilderspin. I want that fore hold quietly inspected, you understand. After that the cargo. Got an outfit! Then we'll see to that. Come in here, will you? I hardly know what I'm about.

"It seemed past believing one way and another. I left that office, mates, with my full instructions and a couple of shiners as well and just sailed home on air. And, would any one believe it, when I'd blurted out the morning's tale to Jess she hangs round my neck; didn't want me to do it. There's a woman all over for you. I can see her poor, pinched face, white and gloomerous as anything, just as if it was against my shoulder this very minute. But, there, I mustn't talk. I came nigh never seeing it again in this world.

"Dead to the minute I was down at the docks next morning ready for anything. Lacy Truman-he'd been on his feet all night I could tellhad made all the arrangements, and he meant business. So did the other party, it was plain. Saunders and I, it was agreed, were to go down together and report afterward. They'd hired a small cutter between them, and appeared to be friendly enough on the outside. But there was something in the air right enough. Oh, aye!

"Well, the moment the tide had turned off we started, with the sal vage boat and a dozen others after us to see what there might be to see. I knew Mr. Lacy had an idea the other party meant to hamper us if possible, but it didn't appear so. In less than an hour they'd made the spot. Saunders and some of the by the next week's steamer. And I Witch's crew were straining their eyes over the side.

> "There she lies, mate, in ten fathoms or I'm a Dutchman,' he says quietly to me. 'Can ye go the depth? Right. Nothing like pluck, eh? We'll soon know all about her cargo now. Get your things on.'

"Down below I goes and was ready as soon as he. Course, being what he was, he had the sneer of me the minute he knew I was no expert. But he seemed affable enough, and even a little friendly. Just before we stuck our headgear on and Mr. Truman was seeing my tube extra fast to the pumper he pulls out a brandy bottle and offers me a mouthful offhand. I had it to my lips when somehow I caught his eyes and that man-well, he flinched. "'Have some yourself,' says I

handing it back. "'I always do-well, no, I won't just yet,' he says, with a laugh, and tosses the bottle overboard.

"I couldn't quite get the grip of that, and perhaps it was this action that gave me a nasty, sinking sensation when I stood ready, with the helmet on and 30 pounds of solid lead on my boots, watching him go down the ladder and coolly slide into that green ten fathoms. It was a lot over my old dock depths, and I felt a bit dreamy, so to speak, when I heard the engine start pumping away from me. But there it was. had no notion of backing out then. . "The clerks sat there like bits of Down I stepped, let myself go, and stone. The two partners stared at knew not a thing more till I found myself standing still on the bottom, feather drop. They were rich, as | dizzy with the depth, sick after the suspense, and with a noise in my head as if a hundred throats had thing I knew was that I'd been ill started screeching. That lasted for a week, and that they were waitabout half a minute. Then I pulled ing for me to give evidence at the myself together, took another kink

right for Lacy Truman's job. "Where was Saunders? harbor water. You could see as well as looking at daylight through thick glasses, and there was he, standing a few yards off, flashing his diving lamp ahead. We'd tumbled on a bed of sand white as snow. I could make out mighty worms and shellfish made, and if I suspected anything | crawling over it-everything looks twice its size at that depth-and great castles of rock here and there, with sea creepers swaying about something lovely, and shoals of small fish zigzagging in and out like away to look at her. Who is there? silver spearpoints. But ne'er a sign Here, Johnson, run to Saunders, the of our ship. Then presently I saw diver, in Market street. Tell him to Saunders shaking his light and pointing. He'd located it straight

away with his experience. "After him I goes for about, I should reckon, 50 or 60 yards over slimy hillocks and down bits of valground, her mainmast pointing sight. Saunders, he was up to her hook over it, and had climbed over followed, I stopped half way, be-"The two partners spun round cause I felt the timbers shaking,

to put his helmet against mine, and sea diver."-London Tit-Bits. there was a splinter of wood stick-"'Yes, there is! Mr. Truman, I'll ing to his axe, and he was panting.

'Rotten, mate! A three foot leak in the outer hold,' was what he shouted, 'Hatches blocked, I'm afraid. We'll have to come down ior dully. 'What might you know get at the silk. Got your line? Say

' 'Half a minute,' I shouted back. Per haps he thought I'd had enough of it, and reckoned I should be glad to take his word for everything. As it was, being afraid to go too near the rigging, I walked round by the forepeak as smart as I could, swung myself up to the keelboard and crawled along there, feeling and looking both sides for the hole he

had made it his business to hack. "I couldn't find it, but I found something else that made the blood tingle in me very queerly. I hadn't really expected it, and only the sheerest bit of luck could have put it in my way by that light. But there, a couple of yards up the side of the forehold, were three big splingur had worked through. I made quite sure of that, got my nerves set and turned to crawl back, and there was Saunders stooping behin? me. And I was fool enough to take hold of his fingers and plug them in the holes to make him feel the inside smoothness.

"He seemed startled himself, and didn't say a word till we had clambered down to the sand again. Then as I went to tug my line, feeling a bit nervous, he catches my arm and put his glass against mine.

'Scuttled," he said. "'Aye, scuttled,' I yelled back, and the next thing I knew was that I lay on my back empty handed. He had tripped me and jerked away my lifeline. Well, all the blood rushed to my head. That's about all I know. I lay there stunned most by the thought that such villainy could find a place in any man's mind. But he was not quite quick enough. As he went to step back I caught him behind the knees with one hand, and down he came. Then came the st. uggle for life and death, and it doesn't bear describing. I had tumbled to the whole thing in a flash. He had been offered a price not to let me go up if by chance I found out anything black, and it had been big enough to make a rogue of him. That was it, and let any man here imagine a deadlier

position if he can. "I held on to him for a minute or so like a vice. But I was undermost, the weight of him on my chest and the notion of what he intended doing suffocating me almost. Clouds of the white sand went whirling up about us, and the red mist in my eyes made them seem real blood color, I recollect. Aye, he meant it that day. He knew he'd gone too far to draw back, the mad fool. Through the glass I made out his axe going up, as if he could see no way for it but to smash in my helmet and leave the water to do the rest. I just had strength enough to give one mighty screech. Then I was done. Closed my eyes and waited for the

thud. "It never came, mates. But if it wasn't touch and go with death, what was it? That he was going to do the thing I've never had a doubt. But all of a sudden there was a jerk of his line. Up he went, and I, hanging on to his ankles, had sufficient sense not to let go. Up, up-very slowly, for the line had a double weight that they didn't know of above. Up, up, and in my dreams since I've often felt the kicks he gave to get free of me. But heaven wouldn't allow it. I've no recollection of reaching the blessed surface and being hauled aboard. But it goes without saying, or I wouldn't

be telling the tale now. "Mr. Lacy told me afterward that when they unstrapped my things I was black in the face and dead to the world. They thought I was going, and put back to shore at once. But, however, once in my bed at home I got back enough sense to gasp out something that sent him off to the police, hot foot. The next trial-Truman Bros. versus the of the life line and knew I was all Owners and Captain of the Witch.

"It lasted days and days, and at first seemed as if it was going "I looked round. It wasn't like against us. An expert diver had gone down and made his report. But the owners calmly swore that the auger holes were a revelation to them, and the crew did the same. Only one thing did it. Their captain wasn't to be found or heard of, and in the end they got off with the suspicion of conspiracy to defraud and the loss of the insurance money and costs. Of course it was morally clear as daylight. They'd overinsured the cargo and arranged with the captain to scuttle the old vessel at a certain point, and it hadn't turned out quite as they meant. But all that had to be proved, and it wasn't properly done to the court's satisfaction.

"Saunders? Well, there-my blood boils now at thought of it-he got off scot free, and for all I knowwalks Hobart Town to this day as an honest man. I see him now standing up there in the dock and persisting that I'd dreamed it all; that I'd gone insensible, and really owed my life to him. Never mind. It's haunted his sleep once or twice since, I will lay. You'll hardly believe that I stuck to the work after that, but I did. And what's more, mates, I've got the best part of the Mony innor Deposit

away like fury. I just waited, and me, just put by for the day when i presently he comes clambering back have to give up business as a deep

A Much Used Bible.

Acting under orders from the authorities of the town of Bradford, England, a chemist made an analysis of a Testament which has been again and blow a hole in her side to used in the Ripon court for 60 years that it could be moved promptly in was made with a view to ascertaintice of "kissing the book." No germs of typhoid fever, tuberculosis The only germ of a dubious character was one which is usually found on wounded or sore skin. Although this germ is not necessarily harmful, there are conditions in which it might produce unpleasant complications, and the chemist said he would not kiss any surface upon which they were spread. If salivary germs could be left in that manner. tered holes that nothing but an au- other microbes of a more dangerous character could be left, which was a the book.

Nights Out or Days In.

A Manchester correspondent tells me of one of the latest developments of the servants' craze for imitating their mistresses, which occurred here recently. "It was," she says, "the night out of the cook of a friend of mine. The front doorbell rang, and, hearing the housemaid having a somewhat angry colloquy at the door, the lady went herself to see what it was about. She met the maid with a calling card in her hand, and on asking who had been at the door the girl replied, 'Only visitors for Miss —, naming the cook, and carried the card to the kitchen. Out of curiosity the lady went later on into the kitchen and found the card (a bonafide printed visiting one), and on it inscribed as follows, 'Miss E-W-, first and third Tuesdays.' The mystery remains as yet unrevealed whether these dates represent 'nights out' or 'days at home.' "-London Gentle-

American Bamboo. Experiments in Florida and Louisiana have shown that bamboo will grow in those states almost as well as in the hotter countries. Around Fort Myers there are bamboos that have attained to a height of 50 or 60 feet. They are of a variety which usually grows to about 70 feet in India. In Orange county there is one clump of bamboos, said to be only 10 years old, in which the stalks have attained to the height of 65 feet, the stalks averaging 13 inches in circumference. There are 80 stalks in the clump. This particular clump is of a variety from Bengal, where the wood is used for building purposes and for light

spars for vessels.—Savannah News. A Little Rough. "How is the razor, sir?" asked the barber.

"Didn't know I was being shaved," said the victim. "Very glad, I'm sure, sir," began the barber, feeling flattered.

But the victim cut him short: "I thought I was being sandpa pered."—Strand Magazine.

Kept a Good Table. Brown-Keeps a good table, does Robinson-Excellent. Solid oak.

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had never been born. Let other people do that for him.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says: In the night of the 14th Lee began to move troops to his right. Grant now directed Hancock's corps to be withdrawn and massed behind the center of our line, so and which is said to have been kiss- either direction. When the general ed by 40,000 people. The analysis got back to camp that evening, his clothes were a mass of mud from ing what danger there is in the prac- head to foot, his uniform being scarcely recognizable. He sat until bedtime without making any change or diphtheria were found. The chem- in his dress. He never seemed parist reports that he identified seven ticularly incommoded by the travel species of micro-organisms which in stained condition of his outer gara very interesting manner cover the ments, but was scrupulously careful, three divisions of the fungi order. even in the most active campaigns, about the cleanliness of his linen and his person. The only chance for a bath was in having a barrel sawed in two and using the half of it as a

The Crow and the Golfers.

A crow which haunts the Mid-Surrey links at Richmond is a bit of a humorist. He has played such pranks with the golfers' balls that the subject has been discussed by the committee. He appears to hover in attendance on players who use nice, new, white balls. "Remades," or balls that have been played with before, and on which the paint has chipped, receive none of his embarrassing attentions. Recently two players were ap-

proaching one of the holes, one player using a new ball, the other a ball that had been played with before. On walking toward their balls the players were astonished to see the crow alight near them, examine first one ball and then the other, eventually rejecting the older ball and flying away with the new one in his beak. The crow took the ball over into some marshy ground beyond the boundary of the links, where the caddie in hot pursuit could not follow him. The bird dropped the ball for an instant, looked sideways with a merry twinkle in his eye, as much as to say," "Don't you wish you may get it?" picked the ball up again, and, with offensive assurance, flew back over the heads of the players to his haunt in Kew gardens.-London Golf.

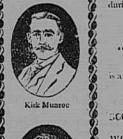
How It Came to Pass.

"Old Shilark says he is the man who started you on the road to for-

"The old villain tells the truth. All I had when I was a young man was a five acre farm, and he cheated me out of that. Then I had to come to town to get something to do and got into business and got rich."-Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Gratebar to Philip. "It is unquestionably true, Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "that it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion, but that doesn't mean, Philip, that you should be satisfied to remain a dog."-New York Sun.

T. B. Rice, a prominent druggist of Greensboro, Ga., writes as follows: "I have handled Dr. Pitts' Carminative for eight years, and have never known of a single instance where it failed to give perfect satisfaction. Parties who once use it always make permanent customers. We sell more of this article than all the other Carmina-- No man has any right to wish he | tives, soothing syrups and colic drops combined." For teething children it



during (So) will be devoted to Fiction, Travel, and Sport, and will be the TWO SERIAL STORIES Gavin Hamilton

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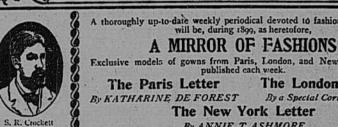
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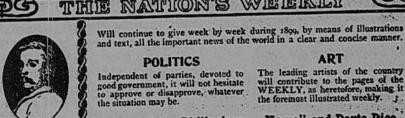
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