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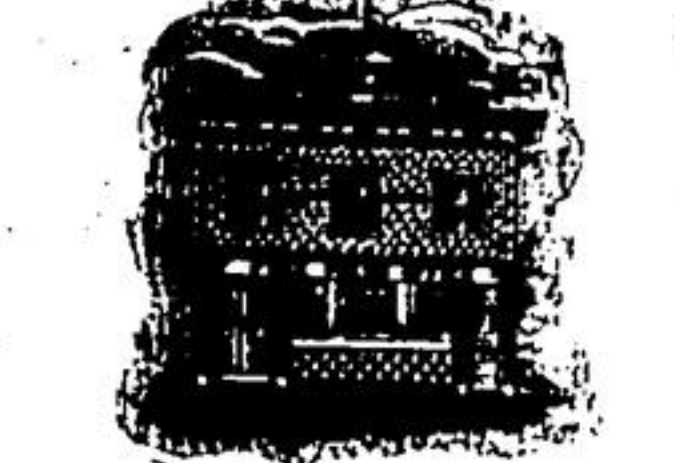
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Select Family Reading

GRLT
By Henry W. Fortess

THEY were sitting at the table in the kitchen. The father was reading the paper, the mother was sewing, and the children were playing.

"Your father's speaking to you, Johnny," said Mrs. Ableswhite, busy about the kitchen.

"I hear him," the boy who had jumped nervously at the instant the stop of the sander had begun clicking on the anvil. "But—didn't I catch all he said."

"He says to meet him at the end of the lane, when he comes. He is riding out with Hiram Post and will have some packages," said a voice in the doorway.

John crossed the room, tapped an O. K. on the telephone key, and then joined the others.

"I'll never learn to read Morse as you do in a hundred years, Uncle Ann," he sighed.

"Your father and I have been tagging the 'Key' for twenty years. You can't learn to read Morse as you do in a hundred years, Uncle Ann," he sighed.

"And I don't know much more about reading from the wire than—that that chicken," the boy exclaimed, nodding at the fowl pecking about the door.

"Humph! That chicken, eh?" said Anne Ableswhite, with a smile. "Hey Johnny, what keeps that chicken healthy and bustling about?"

"Why the grit in its craw! And that's what you've got to have. Grit is a man's strength, that puts him humbly before the Lord, that puts him ahead. You've got to have grit if you want to be an operator. Stick to it, it'll pay you."

The lesson lesson stuck in John Ableswhite's mind. He concluded at the telephone key until he could send as smoothly as his own father, who was station agent at Hamilton, on the Northern Seaboard Line.

Horror-stricken young John Ableswhite's soul. The barge drifted steadily landward, with the waves beating completely over her. Her smokestacks were torn away, and the waves of the sea were breaking over her.

And to stand here idle and see the wrecked and her crew beaten to death against the rocks—ah, that was more than John Ableswhite could stand. He either had to do something to help the unfortunate or he had to run away from the sight of their terrible end.

He ran back to the shanty but there was no call for him. He did not know whether the railroad company would bring down the life-saving crew and their paraphernalia, or not. If there was anything to be done for the barge crew, John felt as though he had to do it.

He didn't give up the problem; he couldn't. That was the grit in the boy. While the fishermen helplessly watched the barge drifting shoreward John Ableswhite started a fire under the boiler of the huge crane.

The superintendent and a gang of men arrived at Burgess Point just as the barge was being hoisted. The first time against the rocks. Steam was up in the boiler and John had learned how to manipulate the hoisting gear. The crane swung out over the sea and at the end of the arm hung a sling which the fishermen had made. The weight dropped to the boating dock of the wreck, and by two and three the crew of the barge were snatched up from death.

It was all over in five minutes, and the barge was being hoisted. The crane was sunk with her cargo, right at the foot of the rock, filling the basin which the railroad company had planned to use as a dock with a heap of wreckage.

But the materials for these structures had to come before carpenters, and it was during this time of waiting that John saw his first storm on the coast. He was an inland boy and the sea held all the usual mystery and

Porter.

A SONG OF HOPE
Never you worry,
Never you fret!
Flowers shall blossom
Everywhere yet.

Thus must the sky be
Gleams will show over
Another sweet day.
Never you worry,
Never you fret!

Spring hasn't floated
The old world yet.
Never you worry,
Never you fret!

Sorrow can't hurt
Joy shall come yet!
Lo, the day falleth;
Night mounts the sky;

Walk to the starlight
To all that is bright
Never you worry,
Never you fret!

With the old world yet.
Never you worry,
Never you fret!

Green grass will grow
The grass will grow yet!
Thine heart long for
Draw near to you!

Keep yourself true.
Keep your memory.
The best has happened
To any boy yet.

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charm for him which it holds for the most of us who are strangers to it. The fear of it is always there; but it takes a storm such as the one which visited John Ableswhite to put fear into one's soul.

The superintendent of construction telegraphed early in the morning, when the sea was already roaring with the coming storm, that a steam barge with a cargo of hardware was due that day. John went out to stand under the framework of the crane and look off across the heaving water.

He wondered how any vessel could get into the open anchorage safely, when wind and waves were driving so determinedly inland.

The superintendent turned from the cap of the breakers as they dashed high against the wall of the point out the boy's face; but it could not blind him to the object far out to sea and heading seaward. He saw, too, a group of the local fishermen on the shore near the village also watching the craft. He wondered what they thought—those old water dogs—of the chance for the N. S. barge to get safely to her anchorage.

The uncertainty dragged him back again and again to the overlook. He had wild headquarters that the barge was in sight, and several times before noon he was asked about her. The superintendent would not say, but John wondered how the men aboard the barge felt.

There was a treacherous lull in the storm just at midnight. The wind fell to a calm, and the sea was smooth. The barge increased her speed; John could see the black smoke pouring from her stacks, and she grew large each moment as she watched.

It was plainly the intention of the captain of the barge to get to the open anchorage and there lie until the sea went down, so that she could be warped in under the rocky wall of the promontory on which the crane was erected. But halfway across the cove, the full sweep of the heavy sea behind her dashed the wind again and the waters about the barge became a seething cauldron. They pitched the huge vessel about like a chip in a mill race. John Ableswhite could scarcely keep his feet in the face of the waves.

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