"Young Si."

I.

Mr. Bentley had just driven into the front yard with the new summer boarder, and Mrs. Bentley and her daughter were peeping covertly at her from behind the parlor curtains, with the keen interest that they—shut up as they were in their restricted farm life—always felt in any visitor from the unknown world, lying beyond their boundary of purple-misted hills. Mrs. Bentley was a plump, rosy-cheeked woman, with a motherly smile. Agnes was a fair, slim, fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, as tall as her mother, with a sweet face, and a promise of peach-blossom prettiness in the years to come. The arrival of a summer boarder was always an event in her quiet life.

"Laws, ain't she pretty," whispered Mrs. Bentley admiringly, as the girl came slowly up the green slope before the house, "ain't she, Agnes? I do hope she's nice. You can generally calc'late on men-boarders, but them girls is doubtful. Preserve me from a nasty boarder. I've had enough of them. I kinder like her looks, though. Come child, let's go and meet her."

Ethel Lennox had reached the door when Mrs. Bentley and her daughter came into the hall. Agnes gazed over her mother's shoulder with unenvious admiration of the stranger, who had paused on the stone steps, just where the big chestnut at the door cast flickering shadows and fantastic gleams of sunshine over her dress and shining hair.

The girl herself was tall, and gowned in some simple white material that fell in graceful folds about her. She wore a cluster of pink roses at her belt, and a big, picturesque white hat drooped over her face, and the glossy clinging masses of her red hair—hair that was neither auburn nor chestnut nor golden, but simply red. Nor would anyone have wished it otherwise, having once seen that glorious shiny mass, with all its wonderful possibilities of rippling luxuriance.

Her complexion was of that waxy, perfect whiteness which is never found save with burnished red hair and the darkest of dilated violet eyes; the delicately chiselled features wore what might have been a somewhat too decided impress of spirit and independence were it not for the sweet mouth, dimpled and curving and ripe that parted in a slow, charming smile, as Mrs. Bentley came forward with her kindly welcome. In her heart the good woman was thinking. "Oh, if my Agnes could only look like that," but aloud she only said, "You must be real tired, Miss Lennox, it's a long drive from the train down here. Agnes take Miss Lennox up to her room and tea 'll be ready when you come down."

Agnes came forward with the shy grace that always won her friends, and the two girls went slowly up the broad, old-fashioned staircase, while Mrs. Bentley bustled away to bring in tea and set a goblet of damask roses on the table.

"She looks like a picture, don't she, John?" she confided to her husband. "I never saw such a face—and that hair, too. Would you have believed a red-haired girl could be so handsome? She seems real friendly, too—none of your stuck-up fine ladies. I've had more than I want of them, I can tell you."

"Sh-h," said Mr. Bentley, warningly, as Ethel Lennox came in with her arm about Agnes. She looked even more lovely without her hat, with the soft red tendrils of hair clinging over her forehead.

Mrs. Bentley sent a telegraphic message of admiration across the table to her husband who was helping the cold tongue and feeling his way to a conversation.

"You'll fine it quiet here, Miss Lennox. We're plain folks, and there ain't much going and coming. Mebbe you don't mind that, though?"

"I like it. When one has been teaching school all the year, in a noisy city, quiet seems the one thing to be desired. Besides I like to fancy myself something of an artist. I paint and sketch a little, when I have time, and Miss Courtland, who was here last summer, said I sould not find a more suitable spot. So I came because I knew that mackerel fishing was carried on along the shore, and I would have a chance to study character among the fishermen."

"Well, the shore ain't far away and it is pretty—though, mebbe us folks here don't appreciate it rightly, being as we're so used to it. Strangers are always going crazy over its picturesqueness, as they call it. As for "character" I reckon you'll find all you want of that among the pointers anyway; never seed such critters as they are. When you get tired of paintin', mebbe you can amuse yourself tryin' to get to the bottom of our mystery."

"Oh, have you a mystery? How interesting!"

"Yes, a mystery—a mystery," repeated Mr. Bentley, solemnly, "and a mystery that nobody hain't ever been able to solve so far. I've give it up—so's everyone else. Mebbe you'll have better luck."

"But what is this mystery?"

"The mystery," said Mr. Bentley, dramatically, "the mystery is—Young Si, he's the mystery. Last spring, just when the herring struck in, a young chap suddenly appeared at the Point—he appeared. From what corner of the globe nobody hain't ever been able to find out. He bought a boat and went into a sort of mackerel partnership with Snuffy Curtis—Snuffy supplying the experience and this young fellow the cash, I reckon. Snuffy's as poor as Job's turkey; it was a windfall for him—and they've fished all summer."

"But his name—Young Si?"

"Well, of course, that isn't his name. He did give himself out as Brown, but nobody believes that is it—sounds onnatteral here. He bought his establishment from old Si, who used to fish down there and was a mysterious old creetur in his way, too. So when this young fellow stepped in from goodness knows whar, some of them Pointers christened him Young Si, for a joke, and he never gets anything else. Doesn't seem to mind it. He's a moody, keep-to-himself sort of chap—nothing can be got out of him. Yet he ain't on-pop'lar along the shore, I believe. Snuffy was telling me they all like him real well, if he is unsociable. Anyway he's as handsome a chap as ever I seed—and well eddicated He ain't none of your ordinary fishermen. Some of us as kinder think he's a sort of runaway—got into some scrape or other, mebbe, and skulking around here to keep out of gaol; but wife here won't give in to that."

"No, I never will," said Mrs. Bentley, firmly. "Young Si comes here near every day for milk or butter, and he's a perfect gentleman—a perfect gentleman. No one 'll ever convince me that Young Si 's done anything to be ashamed of, whatever is his reason for wasting his life down there at that shore."

"He ain't wasting his life," returned her husband; "he's making money, Young Si is. Though he don't seem to keer about that a mite. This has been a big year for mackerel, and he's smart. If he didn't know much when he begun he's ahead of Snuffy now. And as for work—I never saw his beat. He seems possessed. Up afore sunrise every blessed morning, and never in bed till midnight; and just tearing away all between time. I said to him 'tother day, "Young Si," ses I, "you'll have to let up on this sort of thing and take a rest. You can't stand it. You're not a Pointer. Pointers can stand anything, but it'll kill you." He laughed one of them bitter laughs of his. Ses he, "It's no diff'rence if it does. Nobody'd keer," and off he walks, sulky-like. There's something about Young Si I can't understand," concluded Mr. Bentley.

Ethel Lennox was interested. A melancholy, mysterious hero, in a setting of silver-rimmed sand hills, and wide blue sweeps of ocean was something that ought to lend piquancy to her vacation.

"I should like to see this mysterious prince in disguise," she suggested. "It all sounds very romantic."

"I'll take you to the shore after tea, if you'd like," said Agnes, eagerly. Si's just splendid," she continued in a confidential aside, as they rose from table. Pa doesn't half like him, because he thinks there's something queer about him. but I do. He's a gentleman, as ma says. I don't care, I don't believe he's done anything wrong. You just wait till you see him."

II.

Ethel Lennox sauntered out into the orchard to wait until Agnes would be ready to go. She sat down under an apple tree and began to read, but soon the book slipped from her hands and the beautiful red head leaned back against the gray crinkled trunk of the old tree. The smile faded out of the fair face, and the sweet mouth drooped wistfully. There was a sad far-away look in the violet eyes. The face was not that of a happy girl. So thought Agnes, as she came down the apple tree avenue, a little later.

"But how pretty she is," she thought, exultingly. "Won't the folks around h're stare at her? They always do at our boarders, but we've never had one like her."

Ethel sprang up as she saw Agnes. "I had no idea you would be ready so soon," she said brightly. "Just wait till I get my hat."

When she came out the two girls started, and presently found themselves walking down a grassy, deep-rutted lane, that ran through mown hay fields, green with their rich after-growth, and sheets of pale ripening oats and golden-green wheat, until it lost itself in the rolling sand-hills at the foot of the slope.

Beyond the sand-hills stretched the shining expanse of ocean, in tint the faint, bleached blue of hot August seas, and stretching out into a horizon laced with long trails of pinkish cloud. Numberless fishing boats dotted the shimmering reaches.

"That furthest off boat is Young Si's," said Agnes. "He always goes to that particular spot."

"Is he really all your father says?" questioned Miss Lennox, curiously.

"Indeed he is—and more! Young Si's no more like the rest of the shore men than—I don't know what. He's queer, of course. I don't believe he's happy. It seems to me he's worrying over something; but I'm sure it's nothing wrong. Here we are," she added, as they passed the sand-hills and came out on the long, level beach. To their left the shore curved around in a semicircle of dazzling whiteness; at their right stood a small gray fish-house. Two or three dories floated on the water in front of it.

"That's Young Si's place," said Agnes. "He lives there night and day. Wouldn't it make anyone melancholy? No wonder he's mysterious. I'm going in to get his eyeglass. He told me I might always take it."

She pushed open the door and entered. Ethel followed, stooping her bright head as she passed the low entrance. The interior was rough but clean. It was a small room, lighted by one tiny window looking out on the water, with a rough ladder in one corner, leading up to a loft above. The bare, lathed walls were hung with fishing jackets, nets, mackerel lines and other shore appurtenances. A little stove bore a kettle and a frying pan. A low board table was strewn with dishes and the cold remnants of some hasty repast; rough benches were placed along the walls. A fat be-whiskered kitten, looking as if it might have been cut out of black velvet, was dozing on the window sill.

"This is Young Si's cat," explained Agnes, pausing in her search after the spyglass to pat the creature. It purred joyously and opened its sleepy green eyes. "It's the only thing he cares for, I believe. When he comes up to our place he always carries it on his shoulder. Witch! Witch! How are you, Witch? Ah, here's that glass. Let's go up on the sand-hills." "Si's catching mackerel," announced Agnes, a few minutes later, after she had scrutinized each boat in turn, "and he won't be in for an hour yet. If you like, we have time for a walk up the shore." The sun slipped lower and lower in the creamy sky, leaving a trail of sparkles, that ran across the waters and lost itself in the west. Seagulls soared and dipped afar out and tiny sandpeeps flitted along the beach. Just as the red rim of the sun dipped in the purpling sea the boats began to come in from the fishing ground.

"They'll mostly all go around to the point," explained Agnes, with a contemptuous sweep of her hand towards a long headland running out before them. "They belong there and they're a rough crowd. You don't catch Young Li associating with the Pointers. Theres he's getting up his sail. We'll just about get back by the time he's in if we turn now."

They hurried back across the dampening sand as the sun disappeared, leaening sand as the sun disappeared, leaving a fiery spot behind him. The shore was no longer quiet or deserted. The little spot where the fishing houses stood, had suddenly started into life. Roughly clad boys were running hither and thither, carrying fish or water. The boats were hauled up on the skids. A couple of shaggy old tars, who had strolled over from the Point to hear about Young Si's catch, were smoking their pipes at the corner of his shanty. A mellow after light was shining over sea and shore. The whole scene delighted Ethel's artist eyes. Agnes nudged her companion. "There, if you want to see Young Si," she whispered, pointing to the skids, where a busy figure was discernible in a large boat. "That's him with his back to us in the cream-colored boat. He's counting out mackerel. If you go over to that platform behind him you'll get a good look at him when he turns around. I'm going to coax a mackerel out of Snuffy—if I can; he's as stingy as I don't know what." She tripped off and Ethel walked slowly over to the boats. She still wore her white dress and her hat had slipped back from her face. The men stared at her in open-mouthed amazement, as she passed them and walked out on the platform behind Young Si. She meant to be discreetly careless of his presence and to steal a look at him, herself unnoticed. There was no one near them. The others were all assembled around Snuffy's boat. Young Si was throwing out the mackerel with marvellous rapidity, but, at the sound of a footstep behind him, he turned and straightened up his tall form. They stood face to face.

"Miles!"

"Ethel!"

The exclamations were simultaneous. Young Si had staggered back against the mast, letting two silvery bloaters slip out of his hands into the water. His handsome sun-burned face was very white.

Ethel Lennox turned abruptly and silently, and walked swiftly across the sand. Agnes felt her arm touched and turned to see Ethel standing, white and erect, beside her.

"Let us go home," said the latter unsteadily. "It is very damp here—I feel chilled."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Agnes, penitently. "I ought to have told you to bring a shawl—it's always damp on the shore after sunset. Here, Snuffy, give me my mackerel. Thank you. I'm ready, Miss Lennox." They had reached the lane before Agnes remembered to ask the question Ethel dreaded.

"Oh, yes! I forgot. Did you see Young Si? and what do you think of him?"

Ethel turned her face away and answered with a studied carelessness.

"He seems to be quite a superior fisherman, as far as I could see, in the dim light. It's very dusky there, you know—and I did not look at him closely. Let us walk a little faster. My shoes are quite wet."

When they got home Miss Lennox excused herself, on the plea of weariness, and went straight to her room.

"What did Miss Lennox think of Young Si?" asked Mrs. Bentley, anxiously.

"She didn't seem much interested in him," answered Agnes, disappointedly. "She wasn't talking to him. I suppose he doesn't seem as—as—well, as much out of the common run to her as he does to us, ma. She didn't say much about him."

III.

Young Si speedily recovered himself and stooped to his work. His face was set and expressionless. A dull red burned in each bronzed cheek. He threw out the mackerel mechanically, but his hands trembled. Snuffy strolled over to the boat. "See that han'some girl, Si?" he asked, lazily. "One of the Bentley's boarders, I hear. Looks as if she mought hev stepped out of a picter frame, don't she?" "We've no time to waste, Curtis," said Young Si, harshly, "with all these fish to clean before bed-time. Stop talking and get to work."

Snuffy shrugged his shoulders and obeyed in silence. Young Si was not a person to be trifled with. The catch was large and it was late before they finished. Snuffy surveyed the full barrels complacently.

"Good day's work," he muttered, "but hard—I'm dead beat out. 'Low I'll go ter bed. In the name o' goodness, Si, whar be you agoin' ter?"

Young Si had got into the dory and untied it. He made us answer, but rowed out from the shore. Snuffy stared at the dory blankly, until it was lost in the gloom.

"For the land sake!" he ejaculated, "ef that don't beat all. I wonder ef Si is in his right senses. He's been actin' quar right along, an' now ter start off Lord knows whar, at this hour of the night. I reely don't b'leeve it's safe ter say her ealone with him." He shook his unkempt head dubiously.

Young Si rowed steadily out over the dark water. An eastern breeze was blowing up and bringing in a damp sea-fog, that blurred darkly across the outlines of horizon and shore. The young fisherman found himself alone in a world of water and gray mist. He stopped rowing and leaned forward on his oars.

"To see her here, of all places," he muttered, "the last spot in the world I should have expected her to come to. And as unforgiving as ever—she has not softened any. Her manner showed that, all too plainly. Not a word of feeling, not a look, after all this long heart-break. Well, I can be as proud, too. His face hardened, "She need not fear Ishall annoy her by my presence, or seek to force an interview on her—yet to know she is so near—so near, and I love her more than ever. But that is where it stings, I thought that in this rough life, amid all these rough associates, where nothing could remind me of her, I might forget her. And, now—" He clinched the oars. The mist was all around, and about him, creeping, impalpable, ghostly. The dory rocked gently in the swell. From afar came the low, persistent murmuring of the ocean.

(To be continued.)

CZARS IN ENGLAND.

A Lapse in Their Visits Between the Years 1844 and 1896.

Queen Victoria was only 23 years old, although already the mother of two children, when she last received the visit of a Czar. The news that the terrible Nicholas was coming, and that only two days hence, produced an extraordinary fluttering in the tame dove-cote of Windsor. For nearly 20 years this Emperor of Russia had been the most striking figure among the Princes of Europe. The accounts of him still fascinate the imagination. Taller by half a head than most of his own picked guard, a powerful and well-rounded form, and straight as a pine, no other man of our century has so looked the part of an autocrat. His face, particularly in profile, was as exceptional in its regularity of beauty, as Napoleon's albeit of a wholly different order. This face had a strange peculiarity. The eyelashes were curiously undeveloped, and of so pale a colour, that his big, bald, piercing eyes had the effect of no relief whatever. They frightened people who met their gaze. Still more did the tales that were told of him, of his colossal ambitions, his wild outbursts of savagery, his iron-handed grip upon the lives and thoughts and very souls of

UNCOUNTED MILLIONS

of subjects, impress the popular fancy of his time. It had been given out that he was to visit England some time in 1845, but now suddenly at the close of May, 1844, word came that he was to appear in London in two days' time. He liked to descend upon people in this abrupt and unexpected way; it was in keeping with his own conception of his character, and produced just the impression of irresponsible omnipotence which it pleased him to create in small matters not less than in large affairs.

The girlish Queen and those about her were greatly excited by this unlooked-for apparition. Victoria filled her diary with wonder-stricken exclamation points each day of his stay, and wrote long letters to her relative, King Leopold, of Belgium, detailing her emotions during the eventful ten days. "He is certainly a very striking man," she wrote; "still very handsome; his profile is beautiful and his manners most dignified and graceful, extremely civil, quite alarmingly so, as he is so full of attentions and politeness. But the expression of his eyes are unlike anything I ever saw. He gave Albert and myself, the impression of a man who is not happy, and one whom the ubrden of his immense power and position weighs heavily and painfully. He seldom smiles, and when he does the expression is not a happy one."

THE BADGE OF BRAVERY.

How Captain Whistler of the "Tacoma" Became Possessed of His Much-Prized Albert Medal.

Though brave deeds are every day performed by merchant seamen, they do not always find their way to light. The ocean is nowadays so covered with shipping that acts of heroism, quiet performances, full of manly spirit and devotion, must prove numerous among the many mariners afloat under the red ensign. The merchant sailor as a general rule has no chronicler. Publicity has happily been accorded to one remarkable example of a sailorly courage, and as a result Captain Thomas Averett Whistler, of the Northern Pacific steamship Tacoma, treasures as one of his most prized possessions the Albert medal of the first class, with which badge of honorable distinction Her Majesty the Queen, was pleased to recognize an act of bravery performed by him a few years ago while chief mate of the ship Ennerdale of Liverpool. The incident which the medal commemorates transpired on a bitterly cold night in mid-December, while the homeward bound Ennerdale was passing through the most inhospitable, melancholy, dismal tract of water in the world—off Cape Horn. The hour was 5.30 a.m., called at sea three bells in the second dog-watch, when Duncan McCallum, a young apprentice who was aloft upon some job, fell, struck the rigging and rebounded on board. An able seaman named Pochin witnessed the fall of the lad and without a moment's hesitation sprang after him, but before he could reach McCallum the poor fellow sank, By this time the ship had been brought to the wind, and Pochin, fearing the cramp might seize him, hailed the ship for a life buoy. It was at this moment, and while all hands were engaged in lowering a boat to the rescue, that Whistler, who had been asleep in his berth below was awakened by the unusual commotion and ran on deck without stopping to dress. Instantly understanding the matter, he called to the boatswain to heave him a lifebuoy, and jumped overboard. His first business on rising to the surface was to seize the lifebuoy with which he swam to Pochin. The brave sailor was on the point of sinking, but the mate with the aid of the buoy succeeded in keeping him up, even though the water was freezingly cold, and there was a small sea running, until the boat came to the rescue and both were brought safely back to the ship.

RISKY.

That fellow puzzles me, I can't make out whether he's a philosopher or a fool.

That's easy to find out.

How?

Call him, the latter. If he makes a fuss he isn't the former.

HIS LIBERTY.

Convict.—I'm in here for having five wives.

Visitor—How are you enjoying your liberty?

WALLER'S AWFUL FATE

ANOTHER STOKER DRIVEN TO MADNESS AND DEATH.

Horrors of the Steamship's Stoke Hole—Coal Passers Formerly Punished by Being Lashed in Front of Red-Hot Furnaces—Landor Roasted on the Bogota.

"Hades is not much worse than this, hey! Laugh. So! Ha! Ha! I see the devil's children all around me dancing." Poor Hans Waller! It was Christmas Eve and he was down in the stokehole of the freighter British King with his brain sizzling under the awful furnace heat.

A moment later he had rushed on deck and leaped over the bulwark. The night was dark. The wind was blowing up big waves. When the British King arrived at New York last week there was another stoker in Hans Waller's place.

Stories have been repeatedly printed of these tragedies of the deep—stories of madness and death, but they recur and recur, and little effectual effort seems to be made to remedy the evil.

So frequent have cases of insanity due to the injurious surroundings of the steamship furnace-room become that an English physician has prepared a monograph upon the subject.

Incredible, as it seems, the lashing of refractory firemen to ladders and stanchions in

THE BLISTERING HEAT

of their hottest furnaces was a common mode of punishment in the British merchant marine up to the time of the Bogota case, nearly forty years ago, which drew down upon the perpetrators the denunciation of the civilized world and consigned one of the principal offenders to fifteen years penal servitude.

The steamship Bogota was bound from Rio de Janeiro to England. Stoker Thomas Landor had refused to do his duty, alleging that he was ill. Twice the Bogota's physician examined Landor and twice pronounced him physically sound. Chief Engineer Buchanan and Second Engineer Mitchell then ordered the fireman tied to a ladder three feet from the hottest furnace. In thirty minutes Landor's head drooped. He was carried on deck and in a few minutes was dead.

Buchanan forfeited his bail, but Mitchell stood trial and was sent to Botany Bay. The defense produced testimony to prove that various people, some accidentally and others voluntarily, had for periods as long as twelve minutes endured in ovens and kilns perfectly dry temperatures ranging from 212 to 340 degrees Farenheit.

In commenting on the Bogota case the British medical press arrived at the humane conclusion that no man in good health ever succumbed under the circumstances in which Landor was placed.

This remarkable deduction, however, does not prove that even a comparatively low temperature in the bowels of a ship, if long endured in combination with a moist atmosphere, and a dark, sooty, illy ventilated stokehole,in which the air is

IMPURE AND STAGNANT,

will not be fatal to the life and reason of the healthiest of men.

In torrid latitudes the temperature in the stokehole is often rising 150 degrees. The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company and other lines running to the East always employ coolie fishermen, as they are supposed to be inured to heat.

Yet even the coolies succumb. One of the British steamship Ghazee's Lascar stokers rushed at night delirious from the fireroom and jumped into the Red Sea. He sought and found his paradise. Neither buoy, with a torch attachment, nor boat's crew could find him.

In some cases the victims of stokehole insanity, are physically exhausted, fatigued, crazy or sufferers from delirium tremens when they go aboard ship. The horrors of the red-hot dungeon, stifling with coal dust, with its moist, fetid atmosphere and yawning furnaces, ever hungry for more fuel, have no soothing effect upon a brain already disturbed.

The cerebral excitement of the hapless firemen becomes intense, he feels as if red-hot needles were piercing his brain; he is seized with faintness, dizziness, and anxiety, the nerves twitch, every heart beat resounds with the clamor of a trip hammer; the pulse becomes irregular, now he is hot as the grate and now just like an iceberg; before his disordered vision red devils dance; evaporation from the skin ceases; pores become paralyzed; the tortured victim, unable to make the mental or physical exertion necessary to toss one shovelful of coal, rushes to the deck, and drops himself overboard into rest and oblivion.

JAPAN'S TEMPLES.

There are in all Japan Buddhist temples to the number of 73,000 and Buddhist priests to the number of 100,000. For every square mile there are an average of three temples and four priests, and for every 540 people there is one temple, and for every 400 people there is one priest. There is contributed to these each year for the support of the priests and the maintenance of the temples yen 22,500,000, or about $12,000,000 United States money. These figures apply to Buddhism alone and do not include any items of Shintoism or other religions.

PAPER ARTILLERY.

Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannons, has lately completed a number of paper field pieces, for the use of the German infantry. Their caliber is a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one. But the resistance is greater than that of a field piece of steel of the same calibar. These paper guns are intended for use in situations where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable.