'SAILOR JIM" AND HIS PRECIOUS BIBLE

"Bailor Jim" is a prodigy in the cances. He is big and husky for an old man, and came from England away up on the Scottish border half a century or more ago. He served on 'er majesty's Imperial, 16 guns, for a year or two, then sought adventures in the west. But that is more inter-

esting in "Sailor Jim's" own story.
"Sailor Jim" might be taken either for a Scotchman or a German, if it wasn't for his "h's" and his "r's," and he hange like grim death to the costume of two decades ago. There is a mystery about Jim, and the rough men in the River Place all know it. Something had happened many years ago, even before the war, and ever since then he had faithfully worn a little leather-bound testament inside his shirt. Jim wasn't a christian, and the book was a mystery. He told the story one howling night, when most of the other sallors were drinking or saleep.
"Say," said he, tipping his glass to

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an old man who sat on the other side of the rough board table, and whose only reputation in the River street place was that his lucky stars had destined him to be born upon the sea, "d'ye r'member, th' hold United States, an' 'ow th' bloody tub done f'r six on 'er crew off th' rocks of G'org'in bay in '64'... an'

was been in the salt-

stood alone in th' bow, but Hi could 'ear th' strangle in 'is vice wen 'e spoke.

"'Jim.' sez 'e, 'whe's goin'.'
"'E left ag'in, an' Hi knew 'e meant 'is wife."

"Five minutes later, Hi saw hit, lads, comin' straight hover th' sea from th' rocks! hit's eyes a-gleamin', hand its 'ead in th' center of a ball o' flame!"

"Sallor Jim" was excited. jumped from his chair and souted himself on the adge of the rough table, while the man who was to sail on the Zapoteo drow back in the shadow of the wall. The unnautical

youth stood like a stone.
"Twee a hangel, lads, as God 'ears me, han angel with 'air o' fire-gold hand eyes that shot straight at me like dazzling points o' flame. From straight hover th' rocks she nearer-nearer-nearer-hand as she floated past on th' wings o' th' gale she "seemed t' smile, lads, smile hat me!

... Sez I, 'she's dead, band 'ung t' a

broken 'alyard.
"Then' th' lurch come-sounded like a punkin w'en y' throw hit on a rock! Hover we went, an'-

"Sailor Jim" paused. The unnauti-cal youth was feverish, the Zapotec band interested.

"W'en th' wave went over something





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smay of the Banks, and who was aleady booked for the Zapotes of Marine City for the coming season, hadn't heard, for that was before rheumatic legs and bad kidneys had encouraged him to wander a little bit inland. He would like to know, however, why Saflor Jim so inconvenienced himself as always to wear the worn, little tes-tament inside his grimy shirt.

heard she was a right peaky craft," ventured an overgrown, un-nautical lad, who had sailed a season or two, and in one way or enother had

managed to pick up a little history.
"Pesky? 'Oly 'esvensi Cap'n Ji Cap'n Jason, that was 'is name, picked 'er up after Cleveland parties, who used t' run 'er twice a week t' Detroit, 'ad dumped 'er than 'owling good rot f'r th' 'E didn't want 'er f'r cargo, did Jason, hand there was suth in myster ious about our trip t' th' Bay; but th' secret died with th' cap'n, lads, we'en 'e went down with th' other five."

The unnautical youth, who was trying to get his bearing and act at east in good company, awkwardly motioned to the man behind the bar.
"Wet yer whistles, gents?"

"Sailor Jim" winced as he listened to the whistling of the wind and the beating of the elect against the window outside. The River Place is a gloomy place at night, and he shuffied a pack of cards uneasily.

"Owls jes' like th' night I saw 'er s-comin' over th' rocks," he shud-dered. "Listen! Don't she wall like a blizzard 'mong th' ropes, like th' de'll o' a mess in th' riggin'?"

It was late, and most of those who hadn't gone above were sleeping their chairs or half reclining over the tables. Only "Sailor Jim," the .Zapotec hand, and the unnautical youth

were awake.
"Twee cold w'en we left, an' colder still w'en we got there," said Sailor "A de'il o' a note did th' cap'n ave in th' bay, but 's paid us like all howners, every soul, an' bloody few was th' questions we axed. Then weather struck us like en 'owkizer, an' f'r almost a week we ar 'owkizer, an' traimost a week we aret. I men weather struck us man rocks. Hit all appened one night wen th' wind was a owlin' like greased fear, an' th' cap'n 'e came t' me an' ses, sez 'e, 'Jim, m' wife is

dying!'
"Is face was mos' awful white in th' gale, an' 'e looked at me so queer like that I trembled an' stepped back as if 'e was an' 'aunt."

"You will 'elp hout on deck, Jim." sez 'e t' me, kinder 'üsky, 'an' then turned an' went below.

"It grew blacker 'n blacker lads, an' th' sea was worse then twisting th' Horn in a gale. That warn't no rain, an' the sleet died away in th' middle hof th' night. We men 'uddled in th' les o' sh' bul'ark an' shouted t' one another now an' then t' see was we all right, an' listened t' w'et we fancied was the breakin' an' thunder o' surf on th' rocks. All at once one o'th' men

up an' sez sez 'e:
"'My God, we're goin'!'

"Then 'e cursed, f'r it jes' come out 'im sudden like, wi'no chuse, but hit made us all feel like suthin' Was up an' we 'ugged closer.

'Harrin' th' rocks,' sez I t' strengthon 'em. 'thar sin't much danger.'

But she was rotten like punk, hold craft, hand they know it. "Downed mothin, the canture

struck my foot an settled than. this, lade, this 'ere.

"Sailor Jim" put his hand in his bos om and drew out the little testament. He touched it reverently.

"HI' was th' only one on deck who was saved," he said. "Hi' ain't superstitious, but thar warn' no name in it an' that seems queer. Hit mout 'ave been dropped."

"By th' angel," said the unnautical

"Sallor Jim" nodded.

"Good night, Jim," said the box.
J. O. CURWOOD.

(The United States was an old-time, tub-shaped steamer that piled between Cleveland and Detroit half er century ago, and has many stories attached to It was considered old and unseaworthy long before the war of the rebellion, and was the boat in which Jas. A. Roys, the retired bookseller, attempted to make the trip in between the two cities in '45. She was so capricious in a storm that Mr. Roys determined to make a change, and did so at a little port this side of Cleveland. "Sailer Jim's" story smacks of truth, and it may be so.)

BOER FAIRY STORY,

The Boers are not tacking in folk lore. Here is one of their fairy stories:

There was once a woman who had a son named Magoda. She became a cannibal and ate up all the people in the village.

One day her two nieces ran away from their home and hid in her house, but they did not know her. Their cousin Magoda came and talked to them. Then they hid. The woman said: "I smell something nice. What ils it, my son? Surely I smell fat children!"

Then she went to the woods and commenced to out down a tree with an ax. When the first chips fell a bird called ntengu sang:

Ntengu! ntengu! Chips, return to your place! Chips, return to your place! Chips, be quick!

The chips then went back to the tree. This happened three times. Then the woman caught the bird and swallowed it, but one of the feathers dropped out of her mouth. She tried to cut down the tree again, but this is time the feather sang the same song, s

and the chips flew back to the tree. The two nieces had been hiding in the branches of the tree. They saw three dogs as big as oxen. These they knew belonged to their father, so they called to the dogs, who are up the wicked woman, and so the girls went back to their father singing the song of the feather.

The More Synonymous.

It is told of a retired farmer that after returning from a continental tour, on which he had long set his heart, he was narrating one evening to his friend the doctor how he had visited "the majestic Lake of Geneva and trodden the banks of Blue

visited the majustic lasse of Blue and trodden the banks of Blue Leman.

"Excuse me," interrupted the doctor. "Lake Geneva and Lake Leman are synonymous."

"That, my dear sir," replied the farmer, "I know very well; but are you aware that Lake Leman is the more synonymous of the two?—New York, Tribuse.

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