A Life Preserver

They were homeward bound from Otago, and they had run the Assyrian (Black Star clipper) till she could not run any longer, because the big seas, running faster than she did, caught her and tried hard to swamp her.

They would have done it, too, only her skipper brought her to the wind 300 miles to the south'ard of the Horn. She lay hove to like a duck, and after the first big smother, when the helm was put up, as dry as a cork.

It is not every ship that will do this. But the Assyrian was one of them.

She rode gently up one big watery slope and down the next yawning valley—down till her white t'gallant crosstrees looked black in the shadow cast by the green hill, then up again into the cold southern ocean sunlight.

The wind howled and shrieked through the rigging, bare and stiff, and swept along the yards in vain attempts to tear the canvas from its gaskets and, failing miserably, swooped down with a wild roar on to the tarpaulin stretched in the mizzen rigging, which it flattened till the ratlines showed through it like the ribs of a skeleton.

It was blowing as it only can blow down there—five or six gales lashed together with round sennit.

One watch, sea booted, oil skinned and mittened, was hanging about for'ard and under the break of the foc'sle.

The other one had turned in, all standing and ready for a call. In such weather no man knows from minute to minute what may happen.

It was bitterly cold. The skipper and the chief were below. The second mate stamped the poop, squinting doubtfully every time he turned aft at the great sea mountains which curled bullying up, overhung the taffrail for a minute and then, as the ship rose, rolled away with a deep, hoarse bellow of disappointment.

To leeward, over the white, soapy swirl of the breaking combers, swooped, fluttered and screamed a flock of mollyhawks and pape pigeons, while a few albatrosses sailed majestically around.

Presently the second mate, coming to the poop rail, sang out, "Johnson!"

"Aye, aye," came back from the group for'ard as a man lurched aft.

"There's an Irish pennant on the starboard fore t'gallant brace, Johnson," said the second mate. "Up ye go an' get it off. Look slippy, now!"

The man, a tall, rawboned, powerful "bluenose," got on to the rail and, standing there, with his hand on the shear pole, said disgustedly: "Another work up job! Hazin' agen is you, you greaser hound, a-sendin' a man on a boy's errand."

"None o' yer lip!" exclaimed the second mate savagely, for he was in an evil temper, the steward having stopped his grog. "None o' yer lip, or I'll log ye!"

"If 'twasn't that I don't want a bad discharge out of her," retorted the other, slowly beginning to climb under the gale which pinned him to the rigging, "I'd come over an' kick yer head off! But when I get ashore I'll hang for you!"

This in such a tone of deep conviction as allowed of no doubt whatever. And so the "greaser" appeared to think, for, without arguing the point, he resumed his walk, and the other his long unnecessary journey.

And all hands for'ard, having nothing else to do, watched the yellow figure like some great lizard blown flat into the shrouds and crawling up them a ratline at a time.

"Ugh!" exclaimed one. "It's a sneezer up there! Wonder how Mr. Greaser hisself ud fancy it? Reg'lar hazer, 'e is! An' 'e's allus 'ad a down on Dan."

"A man as ud send another up there when it's a-freezin' fit to cut the top hanks off a Greenland man's jib ain't got the feelin's of a cannibal savidge!" remarked another, "an' all for the sake o' a bit o' parcelin' as wouldn't tie up a sore finger."

"Never mind," put in a third soothingly as he shivered. "Another week or two, an' we'll be doin' the toff around Lime-us, dressed up to the knocker an' a-smokin' of our seegars, 'orty an' hindependent, don't care a button. An' no more sea for this chicken. I'll go a-costerin', with a barrer an' a big lump o' hokey pokey an' a bushel o' rotten fruit, fust."

"My vort!" said a stout little Dutchman. "It is plowin' as the duyvel oop sides. Janshun haf took his oilskin off mid in der top."

And then they all stood silently chewing and watching the spread eagle yellow figure as it slowly ascended the topmast rigging, then shinned up on to the t'gallant yard, and, laying out to leeward, tried to reach and untwist the little bit of canvas blown from deck or stay till caught around the standing part of the brace.

Twice and thrice they saw him stretch his full length, holding on to the lift by one hand. But the fluttering rag was just out of reach.

Drawing his sheathknife, he once more stretched out. At that moment the second mate, also watching, went over, and without a word of warning let go the brace on deck.

The yard swung round, and the yellow bundle crouching at its farthest extremity darted down for twenty feet with amazing swiftness; then, seeming to expand itself to four times its natural size, sailed gently off to leeward.

"Man overboard!"

"Oh, you murderin' villain!" shouted a couple as they all rushed aft.

"I thought as how he'd 'a' hung on an' pulled it in to him," quavered the second mate as with trembling fingers he cut a life buoy adrift.

For a moment it looked as if he was to follow Dan, as the men, with black scowls and loud curses, crowded around him.

But the skipper and the mate rushed up and between, hearing the while many words hot and bitter.

The watch below, too, came padding aft with naked feet and sleepy eyes.

And presently on the smooth, oily summit of a comber far away they saw their shipmate, floating high, with a crowd of birds hovering about him.

But had they been 2,000 instead of twenty they could do nothing more than uselessly throw life buoys and hencoops overboard and watch through contracted eyes, with little moans of pity. One can do no more hove to in the southern ocean, with a forty foot sea running.

"God help him!" said the skipper. "He was a good man." And he shut the glass with a snap, giving the second mate a look that meant mischief.

"He's riding high," said the chief officer, peering. "The wind that kept him up isn't out of his clothes yet. But the birds are at him. Poor beggar! There's one big brute right on his head."

At this there was a growl and a wicked sort of move of men toward the second mate, standing aloof and sullen.

The captain had walked away aft and was staring up at the Irish pennant, still fluttering from the slackened brace.

The chief still peered through his glass.

Seeing murder in many eyes, the second mate gave a loud cry and snatched an iron belaying pin out of the rail.

The cry was echoed by one of amazement from the chief, who, dancing with excitement, roared: "He's gripped him! Stand by, all hands, with your bowlines! Here he comes like a house afire! Hooray!"

And the men yelled again and fell to knotting bowlines furiously as they looked and saw Dan borne breast high out of the water, hanging on like grim death to the legs of a huge albatross, towed up one green comber and down another, but always coming closer.

Heralded by shrill screamings of rage and terror and the quick flapping of mighty wings, the strange procession came until almost close aboard, abreast of the mizzen rigging.

Then as a big sea passed, leaving a smooth valley, somewhat sheltered by the ship, Dan let go, and a score of bowlines flew around him in so many seconds.

Hauled on deck, nearly naked, with bleeding head and hands, he staggered to his feet, and, singling out the second mate, he fell upon him and would have choked him had his strength held.

But it did not. So presently, wrapped in warm blankets and with six inches of hot rum qualifying the salt water, he was put in his bunk.

The great bird still sailed about the ship, swooping down for the pieces of biscuit cast to it with a liberal hand by the men, when the skipper went up to the second mate.

"Go and get that Irish pennant down," said he.

The man went without a word. When he reached the deck again, blue with cold and his teeth rattling, the skipper said:

"You can go into the foc'sle now, Brown, and stay there. You won't be wanted aft any more. And I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

And he did.

A Gentle Hint.

X. was not overscrupulous about his personal appearance. One day in the studio of a celebrated painter he was fumbling in his pockets.

"What are you looking for?" inquired the witty artist.

"A pencil. I only wanted to jot down a word or two on my shirt cuff."

"See, here is a bit of chalk," was the amiable rejoinder.—From the French.

OUR FASHION LETTER.

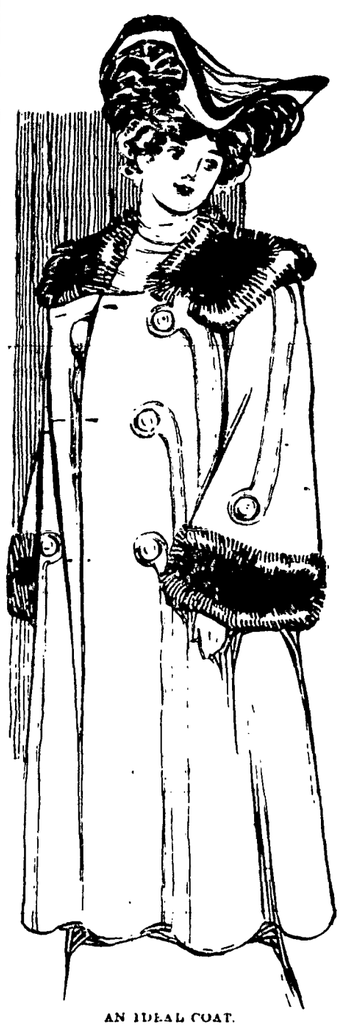
Notes and Gossip About the Latest Modes.

EMBROIDERIES AND TRIMMINGS.

Artistic Ornaments Which Lend a Chic Appearance to Plain Gowns. New Hats in All Sorts of Shapes and Many Sizes.

The long fur stoles are of a purely ornamental character, for they are quite ordinary wraps when worn close up to the neck and only acquire the graceful old world air when hanging carelessly from the arms. The flat stoles of feathers will no doubt achieve some popularity in the spring, but this fashion is not a genuine success.

Russian embroideries and the pretty woven galloons in artistic colorings which so closely represent the real



AN IDEAL COAT.

thing are to be much worn in the spring, and there are new embroidered trimmings to be worn medallion style, which inlet beautifully on soft cloth or silk and wool mixtures. Collars and trimmings of cut cloth edged with fine silk braid are also to be used on spring gowns and are most effective when mounted on white or a pale contrasting color.

Fringes are shown on many of the new French models for evening wear, but they are invariably combined with lace and used on very pale colors. One great universal feature of the evening bodice is the flounce or fringe which hangs from the bust and forms a sort of bolero.

A smart coat is shown in the sketch.

Up to Date Hats.

The flat type of hat is no wide in front and is so prettily curved that it no longer suggests the plateau. Some are raised slightly in front and have a bandeau in the center; others droop in

AFTERNOON GOWN.

the middle and curve upward at the side, where there are bows or flowers, as the stiff, ugly cockade is rapidly dying out.

Other hats are of the picture type, gracefully raised and without any decided outline. This fashion is invariably becoming, as a hard, stiff outline forms a harsh frame for the face. The severely simple pompadour coiffure still remains in vogue, but the back hair is arranged in the most varied manner, usually loosely and carelessly.

The gown shown is of royal blue cloth and beige applique.

For Tea or Coffee Coats.

Tucked silk and chiffon with stitchery between corded lines and spaced tucks are all used for tea or coffee coats with chiffon frills or flounces of lace.

White and cream tones, together with all the pale shades, are the rage for southern wear.

As the days become warmer we shall see a great deal of alpaca and serge.

GOWN OF WHITE AND SILVER.

These will be a change after the zibellines and faced goods which have been worn so much during the winter.

Silken fringe is one of the favorite trimmings, and lace of the fine as well as the coarse make is greatly used, black chantilly being particularly chic.

In cloth most of the coats are of the loose Chinese order. These are trimmed with fur, lace or embroidery. The same style of coat is very effective in Irish lace and is very often lined with cloth or for evening wear with satin and chiffon.

A pretty gown for a young girl is here shown. It is white and silver.

Evening Gown Trimmings.

Single artificial flowers are used to border flounces or outline the decolletage, and chiffon roses or lisse poppies made by the dressmaker are appliqued on to lisse and satin gowns.

The fine gossamer net generally known as tulle is less fragile than it ap

BLACK SPANGLED GOWN.

pears and acquires a cloudy appearance when mounted on one or two layers of chiffon over a foundation of satin. Contrasts in color are much affected, and dark velvet pansies are set on a pale pink or blue gown or clusters of purple lilac or iris on a pale green.

The little sack boleros of lace or net, which are known as coffee coats, are extremely dainty and pretty for evening wear and are invariably made transparent to admit of variation when worn with different blouses.

The picture shows a very smart black spangled gown.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Helps to Success of a Play.

Appropriate and picturesque costuming helps to the success of a play. Theatre folks, newspaper men and others, however, who have been privileged to witness stage rehearsals can understand this, for at rehearsal, when the stars go through their roles in ordinary clothes, the effect is so far lost as to be frequently ludicrous. Manager M. W. Hanley had this fact in mind in preparing the accessories for the productions to be seen here. The costuming of the drama is said to be elaborate and costly and to produce an effect at once delighting and beautiful. The company supporting Mr. Mantell is one of unusual strength.

The Historical Stage.

"The Dagger and the Cross" will be enjoyed by the lovers of the historical stage, and probably no player of our country stands in greater favor among ladies than Mr Mantell. Since his advent as a star he has been a continuous producer of these scholarly works, which makes the theatre a temple of art and education. Not only is he himself an able stage manager and sincere student, but he surrounds himself with actors of acknowledged ability, his mountings are finished and correct, and the ensemble of his presentations perfect. He carries a large equipment, and costumes the plays with marked taste and fidelity.

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THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, By the Grace of God, Free and Independent. To Mary O'Rourke, widow, of the Town of Pittsford Monroe County, New York, Bernard O'Rourke Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Bridget O'Rourke, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Anna O'Rourke, 81 Eighty-first Street, New York City, Mary O'Rourke New York City Bernard O'Rourke, residence unknown, William O'Rourke, residence unknown, Martin O'Rourke residence unknown, John O'Rourke, residence unknown Mary O'Rourke, residence unknown, Kate O'Rourke, residence unknown, William Costigan, residence unknown, John Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Kate Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County Ireland, and Finton Holland of Penfield New York and Barney Costigan, whose residence is unknown, heirs at law and next of kid of Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, and also to all other persons who are heirs at law and next of kin of said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, whose names and places of residence are unknown and cannot after diligent inquiry be ascertained and also to all other persons unknown who are heirs at law and next of kin of the said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, Send Greeting.

Whereas, Owen Burns and Thomas Burns, the Executors named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date the 18th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Bernard O'Rourke, late of the town of Pittsford, in the County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Monroe to have said instrument proved and recorded as a Will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, at his office in the City of Rochester, in said County of Monroe, New York, on the 20th day of April, 1903 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings of the probate of said Will.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court of the County of Monroe, to be hereto affixed.

[L. S.] Witness, Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of said County, at the City of Rochester, this 20th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and three.

ANDREW LUDOLPH,
Clerk Surrogate's Court.

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A. M.—*1:05 *2:05, *4.00 *5.48, *6.17 *6.48, 8.10 ac., *9.25ac., *9:42, *11:00 P. M.—*12.55 ac., *2.20, 3:25, 3.00ac., *5.20; *8.20ac *9.10 *9.25, *9:40, *10:13 11.10

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A. M.—5:00, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, 10.35 P. M.—2:40, 4.00, 5:10, *6.50, *7:53 *11:10.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8.17 9.00, *9:40, 10:50, P. M. *2:10, *4:15, 5.10 7:10, 8.50, *9:25 11.55

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:00, *2:10, *4:05, *5.45 *6.05 *7:50, *9:52, 10:55 *11.42 P. M. 12.01ac. *2:05, 3:25, *5:25 *†5.40, ac., *7:00, *9.25 *9.30, *9.45 *10:15, 11:15.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12:55, *3:13, *5:40, 6 37 †8:01 *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, 10.00ac. *11:35 P.M.—*2:10 ac. 2:22, *4:05, *5:44, *†7 50, *8.40, *9.45 *10:15.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.

A. M.—*†6.05 *†8.25, †12.30.

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LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12:07 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*4:32 A. M.—Chicago Limited.
†8:00 A. M.—National Express.
*† 7:13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
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From the East. A. M.—*12:02, *4:27 †5.53. *7:10. *10:10. P. M.—*4:18,

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