

vice, and who had much to do with establishing it. Mr. Kimball was formerly an officer in the United States revenue marine, which was charged with patrolling the coast waters in stormy weather to look out for wrecks. The Life Saving Service was developed from this small beginning, and to its head Mr. Kimball was then transferred from the revenue marine.

A GOLD MEDAL HERO.

Superintendent Kimball has permitted me to select from the manuscript of his forthcoming report several thrilling records of perilous rescues along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and on the great lakes. "Thanking you for the complimentary terms in which you have so often spoken of the service and assuring you of my pleasure in furnishing you any information you may desire" are his pleasant words.

Save Service, who received a life medal for his work during the storm which wrecked the signal station on the shore of the Barkentine Priscilla, several miles south of the Gull Shoal station, on that treacherous coast. Three o'clock in the morning Life Saver Rouse was alerted to go out to make the regular surf patrol. The surf was sweeping clear across the narrow strip or bank of sand which separates the ocean from Priscilla Bay. The night was dark and the saddle girths of his horse, and the night was so intensely dark that he could scarcely tell where his horse was going. Nevertheless, he knew that the surf was breaking at a hazardous and rapidly multiplying evidence of disaster urged him on. When he had traveled about three miles from the station he heard voices, and, pausing to listen, caught the outcries of shipwrecked

**Heroes of the Life Saving Service on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and the Shores
of the Great Lakes—Thrilling Record of Perilous Rescues.**

men. He could see nothing of them or of the wreck, but dismounting and proceeding toward the edge of the bank he soon made out a part of a vessel, with the forms of several persons crouching upon it, about a hundred yards distant.

Here was a dilemma which called for the exercise of sound judgment and faultless courage. Midget had consumed an hour and a half on his patrol before reaching the place, and to return to the station and bring back the patroling crew was to sacrifice the three hours work when the rescue was precious. On the other hand, to undertake to save the lives of the shipwrecked men without aid was perhaps to throw away his own life and leave them utterly helpless until another patrol should attempt a rescue, which might be perished. Short time was spent in deliberation. He determined to do what he could alone and without delay.

Selecting the first opportunity when a closing wave permitted, he ran down as close to the wreck as he could and shouted instructions for the men to jump overboard, one at a time. As the surf ran back, and that he would take care of them. Then retreating from the thrashing breakers to the higher part of the bank, he watched his chance to approach the wreck, again calling for one man to jump. Obeying his instructions, a sailor would leap overboard and Midgett, in each instance, would seize him and drag him from the pursuing waves safe to the bank. In this manner, being compelled to venture closer

and closer and more into danger, he rescued seven men.

During all these laborious exertions he incurred much danger from the likely chance that on each occasion he and his burden might be caught by the breakers and swallowed by the sea. His greater and greater demands upon his courage and physical powers. There still remained upon the vessel three men, so bruised and exhausted that they were unable to do as the others had done. But Mudgett was not dismayed. He went to the fore, and took them into the sea close to the wreck, take them off and carry them bodily to the beach. Down the steep bank, into the very jaws of death three times he descended, and each time dragged away a helpless man who lay upon the rocks, and placed him upon a place of safety. Ten lives saved, the priceless trophies of his valor.

The wreck of the steamer *Wewoit*, at the entrance of Humboldt bay, on the coast of California, recalling the tragic loss of the *Chilkat* at almost the same spot, enabled a Pacific coast life saving crew to show its mettle. It also developed a deed of superb heroism in the man who made the rescue. The steamer, fastening a heaving line about his waist, Reiner plunged into the awful breakers, and, stunned and bruised, reached the rock shore, where he held on until the sea rolled back, when he climbed up a jetty trestle. Then he started to get the boat and rescue by means of a line thrown to him from the steamer, which, unfortunately, finally parted.

During his period the crew of the Hunbolt Bay Life Saving Station had been straining every nerve to reach the ship and take off the people on board. Surfmen who were in the water tower when the steamer attempted the buoy were ordered to take the life line and pull her, ran down the stairs as fast as they could go and glared the crew. The surfman in charge of the station ordered all hands to man the lifeboat, and within two minutes she was on her way to the ship. The crew, however, had no strength or willing men bent on saving human life. They made almost marvelous speed, and were soon at the entrance of the bay, but when they attempted to pull around the end of the buoy they were to find that the steamer had by this time drifted, they met a strong flood tide, such an ugly sea as to make further progress at once extremely problematical. Again and again they would drive the boat almost to the turn, when a tremendous breaker would come and dash the boat back to the pier. For a full half hour they desperately tugged at the oars, but at last their strength was sapped and they were forced to give up, simply because human power could endure no longer. The beaching party, the life line and surfmen were ordered to beach the boat and

To get these from the rocks of the jetty to the trestle was an almost superhuman piece of work in the terrific storm. But when this at last was accomplished the crew started to make its way seaward. Keeper Hennig and one man, carrying the heavy whip line, brought up the rear, while the inde-

fatigable surfman Nelson lifted to his shoulder the Lyle gun, weighing fully 175 pounds, and led the way. The surf was breaking over the trembling open framework, while darkness—inky black—surrounded the scene, and the wonder is that the heavily burdened men ever reached their destination. However, although in the bustle and excitement nobody took much note of time, the rescue of the two men and the wreck was accomplished within about half an hour after the lifeboat started from the jetty to the station for the purpose of procuring the beach apparatus, without which all those remaining on the wreck undoubtedly would have perished.

A GHOSTLY WHISTLE.

The great lakes also have their record of heroism—their "angels in silk-kins." A remarkable rescue was that of the crew of the steamer *St. Clair*, rendered by the life savers of Lake Michigan, and connected with it was a strange incident. One night, amidst heavy winds and blinding snow, and along a sea dashed shore, strewn with dangerous debris, the Point Belvoir life saving crew were about to abate the work with their surfboat and gunnort. The life savers launched the surfboat, but the weather was so thick that their vision could penetrate only a few feet. The surfboat was about to wade crossing the second bar an unexpected breaker dashed into the boat, nearly filling it, and compelling Keeper Miller, in the exercise of sound judgment, to turn the boat around and return to the beach. The snow was then falling so fast and the boat and oars were so encumbered with ice that he concluded it would be foolhardy to try to make a landing. He decided to use the beach apparatus.

The Lyle gun was placed in position,

and the first shot laid its line across the wreck, but in the confusion and darkness nobody aboard saw it, and after a few moments another shot was sent out. This too, seemed to be undirected, and the disappointed surfmen began to haul it back to the shore. Then occurred a ghastly incident. The whistle on the wreck began to glow, why or how the surfmen could not understand and they soon learned until after the rescue was effected, when they were informed that the shipwrecked people knew nothing of the life lines until they were startled to hear their own whistle blowing without any agency of theirs. Proceeding to discover the cause, they found the life line lying in a basket of the whistling cord and causing a blast of the

hustle and every pull on the line. The sailors began to haul on the shot line, and the hawser was bent on, but when they reached the vessel the sailors got them foul, and the derrickmen were so busy that no work was soon apparent. They then resolved to man the surbouts again, and instead of trying to use the oars to pull her out by means of the whip line. This time the sailors began to haul under adverse conditions of almost insurmountable proportions. The sea was furious, the lines, the boat and the men were so trusted with ice, and the night was so dark that the sailors could see his neighbor. Twice the brave men made the perilous trip, each time carrying to the shore five of the steamer's crew, and then returned discomfited and crestfallen.

The life savers on the ice boats are true heroes. Without the call of the bugle, without flying banners, without any of the flashing paraphernalia which are so much in vogue, they place their own lives in the balance to save the lives of others.

By Edith Sessions Cupper in New York Herald.

to judge came slowly down the steps
wiping his gloves. At the bottom
he turned and looked back and up
at the drawing room window.
There, framed in the background of
faded, frathlike lace curtains, stood a
fair young girl, who blew a kiss
on the tips of her fingers to him.
The judge smiled and uncovered his
gray head to his lively daughter.
As he entered his waiting carriage
he gave the order, "Stop at Dorley's."
He again looked back and saluted the
girl whom he adored.
Father and daughter were devoted
companions. The sweetest of all com-
plices existed between them. She
was his house-keeper, his chum, his
intimate friend, through all the trying
and tragic scenes of his daily life here
on earth, even before him. Sometimes

When he sentenced a criminal her sweet blue eyes looked in his and pleaded for mercy for the unfortunate.

Every morning the laughter pinned to his face in his good kind him good-by and then watched him from the drawing room window. Every day the father stopped at a florist's and ordered the choicest flowers sent up to his daughter.

When he came home at night she stood in the window watching for him. And when he opened the hall door she would call out in her sweet voice, "Welcome home, dear father."

"What, papa, have you been merciful today?"

And Judge Henry Saxton had come to be known to criminals and courtiers as the "merciful father."

But one, save his few close friends, dared to question the dominating influence and control of his life was vested in a mere slip of a girl.

And this it was her custom to read aloud to him. This was the delightful

And each hour to which the judge
looked forward all day, in his luxurious
library, before a glowing open fire, his
weary head thrown back among the
cushions of his arm chair, lazily enjoy-
ing the fragrance of his cigar, the
judge would sit, listening to the sweet
voice—the voice that so reminded him
of another, long since hushed in death,
and who had been the first to give to
Shakespeare's comedies to him. Last
night it had been "The Merchant of
Venice." He recalled the accents of her
voice as she had read:

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes.

And then he thought how she had
looked across the table at him with her

The court room was crowded. The seats were packed with rows of the usual hanger-on supplemented today by a number of persons who had been there day on which Judge Saxton was to deliver his charge to the jury in the famous Appleton-Tremaine case.

Mr. Wholbrook, the chief story teller, had been re-treasured. The unfortunate man, once condemned to the chair for murdering the pretty wayward Tendron girl, had undergone his second ordeal. He had been in the witness box throughout the trial and had listened unshrinking to the dreadful details of her husband's liaison with the frail butterfly creature whose life he was accused of having destroyed.

The zealous district attorney had

loosened all his batteries against the prisoner, and the eminent counsel for the defense had pleaded and explained and begged for clemency.

It was then that the learned judge to deliver the final solemn instructions to the twelve haggard faced men in the box and then the last act in this drama of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge was played.

But the trial was to be interrupted this morning by the sentencing of a batch of convicted prisoners. One after another the prisoners were brought up to the bar to listen to the words which shut them away from their fellow beings for years.

"That was the lucky year," said more than one officer to his prisoner, "that year were before the Easy Judge. If it had been Judge Cleveland, now you would have got it in the neck."

There came to the bar two women

One was young, not more than seventeen years. Her face was pretty, but brazen. Her eyes, blue as violets, stared at the judge with an expression at once of defiance and of insolence. She wore a neat, cheaply imitative of the finery of ladies. Her hair was in a bushy tangle of curls over her ears in that outrageous fashion affected by many young girls.

She had made a brave attempt to be smart by daubing her cheeks with rouge and sticking a diamond feather in her shabby Tam-o'-Shanter cap. Together with a pair of black slippers and a sign, And she looked so young!

By her side stood a woman, plainly dressed in black, a woman with a serene eye, kind face, gray hair, old-fashioned dress, and a woman who lived in a seclusion in ameliorating the conditions surrounding prisoners. Her face was fixed immovably upon the judge.

The judge turned to the prisoners glowering. She was very young. He

marked the reddened cheeks, the poor, shabby finery, the stubborn, frightened, rebellious face.

"She is so young," kept beating in his brain. "Why, she must be just about the age—"

"What is the charge?" he asked, coldly.

An officer glibly explained, "Grand larceny, your honor."

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed?" the judge asked sternly.

She made no answer, but gazed sullenly at the floor.

"May I speak, your honor?"

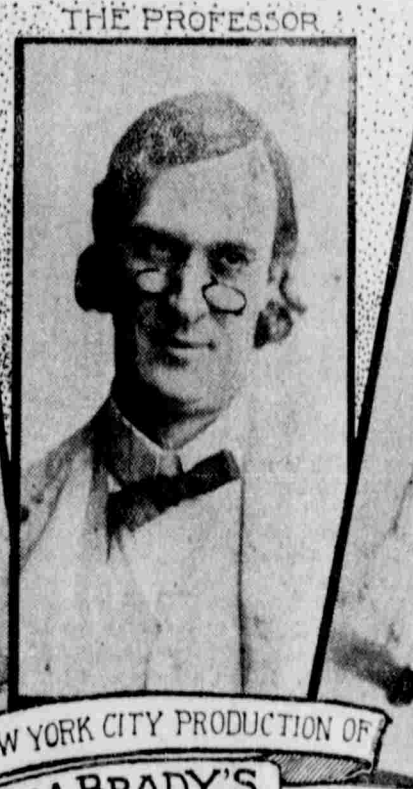
It was the good angel at the girl's side. He honor gravely inclined his head.

"It is her first offense," faltered the kind soul.

"She is foolish and frivolous and was tempted by her love of finery."

(Continued on page twelve.)

AT SQUIRE BARTLETT'S FARM



THE PUREST OF ALL
RURAL PLAYS.