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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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BETWEEN THE TIDES.

In the seaside village of Littleport the title to the affairs of men which leads to fortune is taken at its flood.

At high water few signs of life are to be seen about the docks. The harbor opens majestically into Long Island sound, bounded by the Southboro lighthouse on the right, and the curving shores of Point No Point on the left. But an hour after the tide has set in the whole town swarms to the sea shore to see may discern a green streak in the very midst of the waters of the bay, which lately seemed to be the side and side of the deep sea currents, and greatly stretching midway across the mouth of the harbor, runs silver lip which, at low tide becomes an island for white sand and shells. In Littleport harbor flood tide means comfort and security.

Each fisherman, as soon as the water subsides, seeks his favorite mooring ground, and Silver Bar was Ben Fryer's special preserve.

Near Ben's little house lived a Mrs. Goldfoy and her son, Mark, a boy of 16. Between the latter and the elan pedler there existed a tender friendship fostered by long habit.

"I wonder, Mark," he now began with seldom effort.

"Well, what do you wonder, Ben?"

"You see, Mark," Ben observed, "somehow I reset you. You say what you mean, and you are pretty sure to do what you say. Think so with everybody. Some people hang on more than they work."

Mark did not sear the force of this tribute by any weak response.

"But it sure strike you," said Ben, "then when it comes winter I feel that the evenings are rather long?"

"My mother sometimes says you must be lonely," Mark replied.

"That is kind of her. That is what I should have expected of her," said Ben.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Mark, eager that Ben should come to the point.

"About your mother?"

"I mean about your evenings."

"Oh, just so," said Ben, pleased to find an easy road to full confession. "I had thought of" — Here he broke off, confused. "I'm 30 years old," he remarked, plaintively.

"What of that?" said Mark.

"My mother used to tell me I ought to get married," explained Ben. "But while she lived I never thought much about it. You see, a mere mode to get a fixed idea in his mind. And so long as we got around to look out any entanglements I didn't like to offer any inducements."

"I should think not," said Mark, with natural scorn.

"And," Ben opened, "it's a widow."

"You don't mean to say you are actually going to get married, Ben?"

"Well, you, Mark. She seems to calculate on it. Marriage hasn't been a habit of mine, and perhaps it is one of the things a man ought to begin on when he is young, but Mrs. Brown says better late than never."

Ben was, in fact, to be married on the following day.

Mark instantly grasped his friend's meaning.

"Ben," said he, forcibly and briefly, "you go on your wedding journey, and I'll dig the clams and peddle them till you come back."

This settled all difficulties, for Mark knew all the secrets of Silver Bar, having many a time helped to load up the boat with clams.

This went on all the week. Day by day, of course, the tides grew later, and on Friday it was high water at 3 o'clock.

Mark stared out at dawn and again one somewhat trip then, as an east wind was blowing and the sky was half veiled with clouds, he decided to go again in the afternoon and choose a more shippy of clams for Saturday, before bad weather should come.

The strong east wind held the waters in the bay, and although it was almost three hours past the turn of the tide the bay was still half submerged when Mark reached it.

However, he drew up his skiff, set to work, and by 5:30 had filled two baskets with clams, had dragged them across the sands and was about to empty them into his boat when he paused and raised his eyes.

Where was the boat?

He had, as usual, pulled it as high as possible out of the water, and there was the very furrow he had made in the firm, white sand. But the boat itself was gone.

Looking across the bay, Mark thought he caught it beyond the beacon, near the lighthouse rocks.

Half laughing at the absurdity of the predicament, he fastened his handkerchief to the end of his clam pole and set it up in the sand, then gazed ruefully toward Point No Point a mile away, and wondered if he could swim the distance.

Not very far away was a schooner, mainly laden with shingles, all sails set. She was beating her course in the face of the east wind, and Mark could see from the harbor mouth to gain purchase for her long tack. This gave Mark an opportunity. He seized his pick, ran to the very verge of the bar, and waved his signal frantically toward the vessel, shouting at the top of his lungs. By good fortune some one on deck happened to be looking through a glass at Littleport.

An instant later down dropped a boat, two red shirted sailors jumped into her and wound with all their might toward the bar. In less than ten minutes Mark had scrambled into this welcome duty, having first thrown in his clams, which the men said would be a welcome addition to their supper.

Almost before he had realized what had happened Mark was on the deck of the schooner, answering the skipper's questions.

By this time the sun had looked and frown, brought a barrier in the back of Bloom to the west, sending forth the forty gleams, then but soon beneath the horizon.

Night descended almost on the instant, for the white face of the water by the time was covered with mist.

The captain said Mark he could not spare the time or the men to send him ashore, but that they would take him to New London, for which port they were pressing all sail, and which they hoped to reach by daylight.

Mark could only accept the situation. He took supper with the captain and his little daughter, a girl of 12.

She was a delicate, pretty creature, with great sky eyes and yellow hair a-wind.

Her father told Mark she had been very ill in the spring, but that the long voyage in the Antarctic with him had quite made her over.

They were already fifty-six days out from Galveston, having been driven off their course by violent storms as they rounded the cape.

There had been anxious hours at 1 one, no doubt, the captain said, looking at his little girl, who smiled back; but, please God, they would be safe and sound in New London to-morrow.

Mr. Briggs kept his pun generally of the house, but occasionally walked the length of the schooner, and finally Mark leaning against the rail, stopped and listed him a word.

"A black night, Lucky. I know every inch of the sound from Hell Gate to Point Judith," or again:

"The captain always says I have eyes like a cat, and can see better in the dark than in the light."

A dozen times he had kept along with the Aurora for some time in an imitating way, curse crowding on all steam and passing them, then falling back.

Once or twice it had approached in a way which made Mr. Briggs use strong language. Here it was again altering its course, and apparently bearing down upon them, ready to try to run them to ram.

"What does the fellow mean?" screamed Mr. Briggs. "Port your helm!" he ordered to the man at the wheel. "Port, I say!"

The launch slackened just their bow, or more, as it neared, grating them. At the same moment Mark's boat swung which made him run with a sweeping upon lunation.

A sudden flash struck his eyes, which seemed to come almost from the north; below was a huge lighted nose which was advancing upon them with tremendous speed.

Mr. Briggs was still gazing wrathfully after the steam launch.

"Starboard your helm!" shouted Mark, in a voice he did not recognize as his own. "Hard to starboard."

The order was heard on the deck of the steamer so well. There was a shriek of the whistles, the engines slackened.

The two vessels almost touched, then the Aurora caught the wind, and in another instant they were in safety.

The captain had heard the word of command, the ranking of fast and the sharp turn of the wheel, and was already on the companionway.

"Mr. Briggs," he shouted, in a voice of Stentorian, "an earth very near that steamer!"

"We saw her," said Mr. Briggs.

By dawn they were off New London, and the mate himself offered to use Mark another time he might catch the early train. As they neared the wharf Mr. Briggs took off his gold watch and chain and handed it to Mark.

"What is that?" inquired the boy.

"I should like to present it to you," said Mr. Briggs.

"I should not like to take it," said Mark, "thanking you all the same!"

"But you did me a good service," said Mr. Briggs.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that we should have been run down by the steamer if you hadn't spoken in time. We would not have had the chance of a chance. We were burning no lights on our lee side. I feel grateful to you for my life, but you probably saved the captain's life, his little girl's life, everybody's life on board, perhaps."

"If I did," said Mark, "then certainly I need no present. I shall have something to thank God for all my days."

And the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of the captain's little daughter sleeping in her berth.

He bade Mr. Briggs good by, took the early train and reached Littleport at 10 o'clock.

It was a wet day, with a gale of wind. As he neared the inlet he saw to his surprise and relief one of the fishermen putting in with Ben Fryer's skiff in tow.

The tremendous tide of the night before had carried it quite inshore high up on the green slopes of the lighthouse promontory.

Since the boat was safe Mark could hardly regret his adventure, although his mother had been terribly anxious.—Ellen Olney Kirke in Boston Globe.

The Great Deserts.

There was once a gentleman who spent a day in Verona, and it rained all that day. Five years afterward the gentleman spent another day in that fair city, and it rained all that day. And the gentleman afterward wrote a book, and on the ground of his experiences asserted that it always rained in Verona. As with Verona so it has been with the deserts of the globe. The great American desert shrinks every year it is better known. On the precisely desert land of a thirteen age the finest sheep in the world are now raised. The desert was mapped on hasty generalizations on insufficient samples.

But it was with the American deserts, as it is with the Asiatic deserts, as it is with the African deserts. Thirty years ago the map of the Sahara showed an unbroken stretch of sand. The map of today shows a tract of country with patches of sand, but diversified with hills and water courses, and even in places consisting of light, airy park land, with widespread grassy tracts interspersed with forest.—New York Ledger.

A Snake Linguist.

Some Americans who were recently going through the Jardine des Plantes of Paris stopped to look at a big rattlesnake in a cage. It lay motionless, apparently asleep, but when two of the party, who had lingered behind, began to converse in English the snake moved, lifted up its head and gave every sign of being intensely interested. They hastened to tell their companions that the snake understood English. The whole party then returned to the cage. The snake was apparently asleep again.

They conversed loudly in French, but the snake did not give the least sign of being conscious of its surroundings; then some one spoke in English. Instantly the reptile raised his head and moved its body back and forth, showing the same alertness that he had when the language was spoken in his hearing a few moments before. This curious experiment was tried a number of times, always with the same effect. On inquiry the party learned that the snake was from Virginia.—St. Louis Republic.

A Strange Experience.

Merchant—Anything remarkable happen on your last trip?

Drummer—Remarkable! One of the most phenomenal occurrences ever heard of gave me such a start that I haven't got over it yet. It was on the night express out.

"Well! Well! What was it?"

"The train suddenly stopped, and when the passengers began asking the conductor what was the matter he didn't run away, nor how nor how, nor anything. He just stood still and told them.—Good News.

Every State from Mile.

A process for the production of a new material called lactin, or milk lacey, has been invented, skim milk being the substance from which it is made. It is stated that the invention has been put into practical working shape, and a factory is to start operations in Ireland. Lactin bears a close resemblance to real lacey, but can be made in black or any color desired. Its special adaptation is for electrical fittings, buttons, door knobs, etc.—Boston Transcript.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post office at Salt Lake City, Utah, March 9th, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen Miss Jessie	Hallenbeck J	Lawrence Mrs James	Rodgers Jos
Brown Mrs Mary	Hall Mrs Mary	Lee Miss Mary	Sanders Jas
Brockway Mrs Annie	Hall Mrs Annie	Marson Mrs Karen	Sanders Jas
Bell Miss Mary	Hall Mrs Mary E	Mathe Miss Annie	Sanders Jas
Cowan Mrs C	Hall Mrs Mary	Mead Miss Mary E	Sanders Jas
Cowan Miss Ella	Hayes Mrs	Morris Miss	Sanders Jas
Cowan Mrs Rachel	Hayes Miss Mary	Nelson Mrs Mary	Sanders Jas
Davis Mrs Lee	Hayes Mrs Annie	Nelson Mrs Annie	Sanders Jas
Davenport Bessie	Hayes Mrs	Parker Jessie	Sanders Jas
Johnson Miss Julia	Hoffmann Mrs Emma	Middleton Mrs Emma	Sanders Jas
Johnson Mrs Mary	Hoffmann Mrs Mary	Pratt Mrs Mary	Sanders Jas
Jones Mrs L M	Hoffmann Mrs Annie	Robinson Mrs	Sanders Jas
Jones Mrs Lee	Hoffmann Mrs Annie	Robinson Mrs	Sanders Jas
Jones Mrs Annie