THE STILL.

"There's no use cooking any more salt pork. Then I can't eat another mouthful of anything till I have some water. Come down to the boat."

Then a brawny negro boy of eighteen or twenty, barefooted, with his trousers rolled to his knees, his shirt open at the throat and a tattered straw hat on his head, followed to a boat that lay well up on the beach with a great hole stove in her side.

"I brought you down here," said Harry Waterford, leaning his back against the boat and looking seriously at the colored boy, "because I don't want Samson to hear what I say. But this thing is coming to an end. Not one have Samson sits there with his head on his knees, looking at the water. He's been that way all day. That's the thirst. He feels it worse than we do because he is a mulatto, and they haven't the strength of a pure black or a pure white. But we'll be the same way by tomorrow and Samson will be worse. This is the third day without water, and in another twenty-four hours we'll not be able to help ourselves."

"That's true, boss," Theo replied; "cracks is salt, and they make a powerful thirst; but what are we going to do?"

"I am going to throw the ballast out of this boat, patch her up and try to take her to Nassau. It is a slim chance, but I might as well die on the high seas of thirst."

"They were on Pelican island, these boys, only twelve miles from Nassau, in the Bahamas. But in the terrific hurricane that was blowing the night as well have been a thousand miles away, even if they had not helped their best while landing on the island.

Harry Waterford, an American boy spending the winter in the hotel in Nassau with his father, had gone out fishing with the two colored boatmen, and when the storm suddenly broke up they had managed to reach Pelican island, with no food, and with their water jug smashed full of salt sea water.

The lack of food was a small matter, for plenty of conchs are to be found near the shores of these islands, and conchs when properly prepared are as wholesome as clams.

But the water! Pelican island was not more than an acre in extent, a solid limestone rock, with thin soil on top and not a drop of fresh water.

They had suffered terribly for three days and now they had reached the danger point.

"Might as well throw yourself into the sea at once, boss," Theo answered. "There is no small boat made could live in this sea. And the wind would pick it right out of the water. This is what we call a long pale—the wind keeps in the same quarter. It may blow so for five or six days. There wouldn't no Nassau boatman come out while it lasts for no money."

"I am going to try it," Harry replied. "It is sure death to stay here. You and Samson can do as you like, but I have made up my mind to go. Tomorrow Nassau dead for Nassau, and I shall lash the sail over this hole in the side and try it with a double reefed jib."

"You'll go down, boss, sure," Theo expostulated.

"Sure she sink if we throw out the ballast," Harry added. "If she lift she'll still float. She'll be as good as a raft."

"You don't know what a sea is breaking on the Nassau shore!" Theo urged.

"No," said Harry, "but I know what a thirst is killing us here. Give me a hand with those planks, and we'll get the ballast out."

Harry picked up the end of one of the planks that formed a false bottom for the boat, under which the ballast lay, and Theo, seeing it useless to expostulate, seized the other end and the plank was thrown over the side.

Harry did not stoop to lift another plank. Snatching up there in the bottom of the boat that his eyes fixed upon. He looked and looked as though fascinated and dreading to move lest he find it all a mistake.

"What's the matter, boss? Theo asked at length.

"What is this boat ballasted with, Theo?"

"Lead pipe," Theo answered. "It was better than sandbags, because it took less room. We bought it out of the big Spanish steamer that was wrecked a year ago."

"And didn't I"——

Harry's throat was so parched and he was so much excited he could not speak.

"What is it, boss? That plank must have been too heavy for you. Sit down a few minutes and rest."

"Oh, I'm all right. Didn't I see a teakettle in the locker?"

"Yes; we always bring that copper teakettle along. Most boatmen like coffee, but we like tea."

Before he had finished Harry had jumped out of the boat and was waving his hat frantically. "Hurrah! Water! Water! Oh, I can taste it already!"

"The fever's took yo, boss," said Theo, following Harry out of the boat and grasping his arm.

"Nonsense," Harry shouted. "It's water. I tell you we shall have all the water we want inside of two hours. Don't think I'm crazy; I'm all right. Lend pipe and a teakettle. Don't you know that lead pipe and a teakettle are as good as a spring? Go and rouse Samson and get to work and you shall soon have all the water you can drink."

Theo walked off toward Samson, but not without looking doubtfully over his shoulder at Harry, whose sudden excitement he could not understand.

Harry climbed back into the boat and drew out a piece of half inch lead pipe about fifteen feet long. He went into the little cabin and took the copper kettle, big enough to hold two gallons.

"Now, Samson," he cried, "you take the hatchet and get plenty of firewood—a big pile—enough to last all night. They will stay here to help me."

Samson took the hatchet and started for a thicket, leaning within the shadow of the rocks that shielded him from the fury of the hurricane.

"Here, Theo, look at the end of this pipe. Now I wish you to make me a plug out of the hardest wood you can find, with the small end just big enough to fit snugly into the pipe and the largest end three times as big."

Harry twisted the pipe five times around a broken limb of a tree that lay near, five or six inches in diameter, and thus made a coil, leaving about two feet of the pipe upright at the top of the coil and a foot or more at the bottom.

"Here's the plug," said Theo, returning with it.

"Yes, and now I'll show you," Harry said. "Get me that hatchet from Samson for a minute. Now then!"

He inserted the small end of the plug into the end of the pipe and struck it six or eight smart blows with the hatchet. This drove the plug in and enlarged the bore of the end of the pipe to more than double its original size. Then he took the plug out.

"Now get me a big spike out of the boat and drive the end into any piece of wood for a handle, you know. Then heat the spike red hot in the fire."

While Theo was doing this Harry fitted the enlarged end of the pipe to the spout of the teakettle, and gently pounded it down snug and tight with the hatchet.

When the spike was hot enough he melted the edges of the pipe, and thus soldered it to the kettle.

"Now bring the wooden jug out of the boat, and that rusty tin pail you use for bailing," he ordered.

Theo brought pail and jug, and Harry managed to cut a small hole through the side of the pail almost at the bottom, through which he thrust the straight end of pipe from the lower part of the coil, then fitting the coil to the pail and stuffing above it his handkerchief into the hole beside the pipe to make it water tight.

Then he bent down about three inches of the end of pipe that protruded from the pail like a water spout.

"Now, Theo," said the thirsty young scientist, "you build me a little hearth of stones to hold the kettle just where it is now; and you, Samson, get that other old pan out of the boat and dip me up some water."

Harry scraped away sand on the side of the pail farthest from the fire until the mouth of the water jug was brought on a level with the bottom of the pail, with the bent end of the pipe running into it.

In a few minutes there was a roaring fire under the kettle, for fuel was plenty.

"Hi, boss, that little'll soon begin to sing!" Theo shouted as the fire crackled and roared.

"Kettle!" said Harry. "There is no kettle here."

"Why," Theo answered, "there's my old copper kettle that I make my tea out of."

"No," Harry corrected him. "That is not a kettle any more; it is a 'retort.' This end of pipe is a 'worm.' The water jug is a 'receiver.' The whole apparatus is a 'still.' I am going to distill water now, and you shall teach Samson the knack. In a few minutes."

A few minutes later the kettle began to sing. Too much steam escaped around the lid, and Harry tore a piece of lining from his coat, wetted it in the pail and placed it over the joints. Then he lay down on the sand and put his ear close to the water jug.

Drop, drop, he heard; but he said not a word.

Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop—it was steady now, though slow, and every sixty of these drops a spoonful! It was the sweetest music he ever heard, the falling of those drops of life. It was the singing of birds in green meadows, the dashing of cascades over mossy rocks.

"More wood on the fire, Theo. Keep her hot."

"Why not put into the jug, boss?" Theo asked after the fire had been replenished.

"Fresh water!" Harry cried.

"Oh, no, boss; you can't turn salt water into fresh."

"Can't I! Go bring me a tumbler and a tablespoon out of the boat—two tumblers."

Theo brought the tumblers and three tablespoons and Harry lifted the jug from under the end of the pipe, putting one of the tumblers in its place.

"Hold your spoons!"

Theo and Samson stood each with a spoon in his outstretched hand. Harry emptied the jug into one of the tumblers. Such a tiny bit!

He filled Theo's spoon, filled Samson's and had only a few drops left for himself—not half a spoonful.

"Now taste it."

It was warm, but sweet as the water from any well. To taste was to swallow to boys in their thirsty condition. It moistened their parched throats, gave them new life. Even Samson revived.

"That beats me, boss," said he. "That's something Samson never saw done before. But there's so little of it?"

"If we can make a spoonful, we can make a pailful," said Harry. "We've only to keep the fire going and water in the kettle. It's the simplest thing in the world. The heat turns the water into steam, which tries to escape by the pipe. The water in the pail keeps the worm cool and the steam is condensed into fresh water and runs into the pail. It's one of the first things I learned in chemistry; come now, don't it?"

"It saved three lives," said Theo solemnly.

"Now we will keep watch night and day," said Harry; "four hours on and eight off, the man on watch to keep the fire going and keep water in the kettle. Put a little more water in now, Theo; about a pint at a time. Never have the kettle more than a quarter full and never let the fire go out. Now, go and cook some more conchs for supper."

At supper time the boys had a good half tumbler of water apiece.

The kettle was kept steaming all night, and next morning the jug was more than a quarter full.

For four days after the making of the still the boys lived on conchs and distilled water. It was not a generous diet, but they made no complaints.

The storm abated on the fifth day that they were on the island. But for two days more the sea was too rough for them to venture out in the broken boat.

On the seventh day they heard a steam whistle close by and a few minutes later the steam tug City of Nassau was pulling off the beach with Harry's father on board, and the men on her cheering at sight of the three boys alive and well.

Mr. Waterford was hardly on the island before he saw the still, and he knew at a glance what it meant.

"Who made that still?" he asked.

"Mr. Harry made it, sir," Theo answered.

The father had Harry in his arms.

"My boy," he said, "you have often been told that knowledge is power, without paying much attention to it. Now you know that knowledge is life."

Harry learned afterward that his father had offered a great sum of money while the storm was raging to any boatman who would go in search of him, but no one would venture. The tug was the first boat out after the storm.

The still was boxed and sent to New York, and Theo and Samson soon afterward had a beautiful new boat, supplied with any number of copper kettles.—William Drysdale in Boston Globe.

What a Good Fit Means.

It is as foolish and absurd to try to wear a shoe too short for you, as it would be to wear gloves several sizes too small.

By a good fit it is meant that the shoe should be neither too large nor too small, should not wrinkle nor allow the foot room enough to slip around in it, but should be just large enough for the foot to comfortably fill it. They should be about three-quarters of an inch longer than your foot, measuring from the heel to the end of the big toe, and should be square toed and provided with toe, wide heels.—Detroit Free Press.

The Kabyle Woman.

Notwithstanding many barbarous customs the Kabyle woman, not being like the Arab woman, short up in her house, may obtain an unmerited free, especially besides a certain activity, power to exercise a real influence. It is she who gives warriors to the tribe. Maternity extremely honored, she is the mother of a family, and her fruitfulness is a mark of the birth of each of her sons, the dignity increases with their number. She is seated in public between them and her husband, takes part in the solemn deliberations and is nearly always consulted in the administration of affairs.

Associated with public life as well as with family life, in case of war she emerges from her retirement to appear at the front and encourage her sons by the image of the warrior. When she expires freely in the markets, toys and sells the products of the earth, and often provides at transactions. Her words are sought and her advice is heeded. Even when a widow she can take part in the diwanah, the assembly in the hollow of the sacred fig tree. In this case the husbands are expected to be her.

It is not the harem which dwarfs the Kabyle woman; it is the value of his individuality. More active than the Arab, more enterprising, more hardy, more capable of reflection, he is also more capable of initiating enterprises and of voluntary efforts.—Revue Bleue.

Mothers, Get More Sunshine.

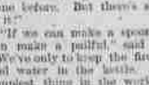
"Basking in the sun" is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and would such excuse as it achieved to the properties of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium. The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, shining morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "it is too fine a day to spend indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason.

The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out freely all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so healthy for our happiness, and often has to pay dear for it upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between sunlight and light and that "sunny" disposition, which after all is the true "philosopher's stone."—North American Review.

To Clean Engravings.

It has been found that some bleaches proper perfectly without injuring the fiber of the linen. It can be used for removing mildew and other stains from engravings that have been injured by hanging on the walls of damp rooms. The engraving should be carefully moistened and suspended in a large vessel partially filled with water. The same may be prevented by putting a piece of clean pipeclayed in the bottom of the vessel partially covered with water.—Exchange.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.



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S. E. Sacque Suits to Order, $25.00.