UP AND AWAY IN THE MORNING.

Tide's at full: the wave breaks white
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Blue is the blown grass, red is the height:
Washed with the sun the sail shines white
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

Wide is the world in the laughing sun
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Work's to be done and wealth's to be won
Ere a man turns home with the homing sun
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

Long is the heart's hope, long as the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Heart has its will and hand has its way
Till the world rolls over and ends the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

It's home that we toil for all day long
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Hand on the line and heart in the song,
The labor of love will not seem long
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
—Charles G.D. Roberts.

Pirate and Whaler.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

When Captain Ned Low, one of the most formidable pirate leaders in Colonial days, committed his depredations along the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Panama, he took special delight in wreaking vengeance upon the crews and captains of New England vessels.

The reason for this is found in the accounts of his exploits by an old historian. The sturdy colonists would not permit him to perform his outrages without some sort of retaliation. So formidable a foe did they send after the noted pirate chief that more than once he was cornered and nearly captured.

In June, 1723, Captain Low formed a partnership with a successful pirate of lesser note known as Charles Harris. The two united forces and directed their energies toward the New England coast. They soon aroused such indignation in the New England coast towns that the warship Greyhound was sent out after the pirates, and, disguised as a merchantman, she soon fell in with the enemy. The warship was manned with twenty guns and one hundred and twenty men. When she sighted the pirates her captain pretended to be in great consternation, and the vessel stood away for two hours, with the pirates close at her heels.

When Low and Harris were in gunshot the warship suddenly turned around and delivered several broadsides into the chasing vessels. During the conflict which followed Captain Low escaped on his fleet vessel; but Harris and his crew were captured and hanged near Newport on July 10, 1723.

This incident created a feeling of relief and rejoicing throughout New England, but it was of short duration. Instead of being frightened away by the fate of his partner and his crew, Captain Low increased his activity and scoured the seas after New England vessels.

At that time New England was sending out large fleets of whaling boats, and the sturdy, innocent seaman of these were bothered by the pirates probably more than any other class. They carried very little merchandise that was of any value to the pirates, but out of a sense of revenge Captain Low took special delight in destroying the whaling vessels and in setting their crews adrift in small boats or killing them.

Matters went on this way for a few months, when the noted pirate chief either became frightened at the number of warships searching for him or he felt that he had been sufficiently revenged for the hanging of his partner, for after the winter of 1723 there is no record to show that he ever again visited the American coast. His operations thereafter were confined chiefly to the African coast and among the Canaries and Cape Verde islands.

But one incident of his career among the New England whalers before he left for southern waters will illustrate the pluck and ingenuity of the sturdy seamen of that day.

The Carrie Bald, of Boston, sailed from that city manned with a crew of fifteen sailors, and after ten weeks of successful whaling she turned her prow toward home loaded down with blubber and whale oil. Her crew were in the best of spirits, anticipating large profits from their cargo and a hearty welcome home by their wives, children and sweethearts.

On July 10th she sighted land, which proved to be a rocky headland on the Maine coast. With this guide-post telling the captain and crew that they would be in Boston harbor in a few days everybody began to make preparations for landing. Everything about the vessel was put ship-shape, and the old sailors even got their belongings together and packed them in bags and old sail-cloth.

But before Mount Desert island was sighted a sail was seen heading toward the coast, standing up from the sea like a great, white cloud. Captain Bald of the Carrie grew anxious as the sail approached nearer and displayed a flag at the mizzen masthead which he could not make out. One reason for his running so far ashore had been to escape the notice of any piratical craft that might be cruising up and down the coast. Most of the trading vessels stood well out from the rocky Maine shore.

Half an hour later Captain Bald felt reasonably sure that the approaching sail meant mischief, and that his whaler was in imminent danger.

"We'll run in a bit," he remarked to his first mate.

Long familiarity with the New Englang coast now stood him in good service. He ran his craft so close to the shore that it was dangerous for one not familiar with the channels to follow.

"It's no use, Captain," the first mate said after a long pause. "If that's Captain Low he knows every inch of this water. He's better acquainted with this coast than any whaling captain from Portland to New Bedford."

"Well, if it ain't Ned Low, we'll give him a chase among these rocks that he won't forget very soon," replied gruff Captain Bald, pulling his long whiskers nervously.

In a short time the black flag of the pirates indicated even to the crew what mission the ship was bent on. There was a short time of general fear when stout hearts quaked and rugged faces turned pale. Every sailor knew the cruelty of the pirate captain and his horde of savages.

Then Captain Bald called the crew together and addressed them in these words:

"We may as well face this little difficulty bravely, my men, and not mince matters. That's Ned Low's ship, and we know what he's after; he never shows mercy to anybody, especially to a New Englander, and we'd better die fighting than be strung up to the yardarm or have our lips and noses cut off for a fry. We've got harpoons and axes aboard, and every one of ye knows how to use 'em. So just get 'em and stick together and fight until ye're dead. Just remember that it's better to be killed than to fall in their hands. I'll use my wits to get away from them, but if worst comes to worst, we must fight. That's all."

The stout words of the grim old whaling captain lent new courage to the crew, and they gave a little cheer that meant more than the loud huzzah of a crowd. Every man felt that he was about to face death, and he was determined to do it with a brave front.

Nearer and nearer approached the threatening boat, on whose decks black swarms of armed men could be seen. A small swivel gun sent a ball ricochetting across the waves toward the whaling schooner, but the latter continued to thread her way carefully among the sunken rocks.

The pirate craft, when she reached the outlying fringe of rocks, hove to and beat up and down like a duck uncertain which way to go.

"It's dangerous water here if you don't know your way," muttered Captain Bald, and I guess you don't know it."

He was scanning the ship through his sea glasses.

"Aha! Now Captain Low takes the wheel. His pilot don't know the way. Now we're in for it!"

There was a change noticeable on board the pirate. Then she directed her course once more toward the rocks and plunged boldly between them, following the narrow, tortuous channel.

Captain Bald watched her in silence. Then his light blue eyes, shaded by thick, shaggy eyebrows, grew worried and restless. He scanned the sea and the shore, and then he returned his gaze to the pirate.

"We can't lose them here," he said finally to his first mate. "They'll overhaul us before night, and then—"

He shuddered involuntarily.

"We might run her aground and swim for the shore," he ejaculated finally. "No, we'll run her up the river. This is Machias Point, and we might reach the river ahead of 'em."

It was late in the afternoon when the Carrie sailed up the mouth of the river against a strong tide, with the pirate craft less than a mile astern. The coast at this point was bleak and deserted in those days, and it was almost as certain a death to land and desert the ship as to face the pirates.

"Still, we'll do it," Captain Bald said. "It's better to fall among the Indians than among these human fiends. I'd rather be eaten by wolves than have my tongue and eyes gonged out."

The pirates were so certain of their prey now that their loud shouts could be distinctly heard by the whaling crew. Suddenly Captain Bald started, and, knowing that the best way to keep his men brave was to find employment for them, he gave orders quickly.

"Get the whaleboats ready for action!" he shouted,

There were four of these, two on either side, and each one was manned with a crew of three sailors, and an officer. When the men had unlashed them from the davits the captain shouted:

"Form a water-bucket brigade for a fire in the hold!"

This strange order made some of the men hesitate, but explicit obedience in their captain's words had become a habit with them.

When the men were in line armed with their buckets, Captain Bald went below and in a few minutes the men were passing the buckets from one to the other, emptying their contents first into one whaleboat and then into another. But there was no fire to fight, and the men were not handling water. They were dipping the whale oil from the great tanks and hogsheads in the hold and pouring it into the small boats.

"Enough!" shouted the captain a little later. "Every man on deck!"

The novelty of the orders made the men now obey with alacrity, and they had partly forgotten their danger in their exertions. But when they assembled on deck again and saw the pirate only a short distance off their faces paled once more.

But Captain Bald realized that the moment for action had come, and he gave his orders in quick, sharp commands.

"Lower the boats and tie them together with a rope twenty feet long!"

He fastened one of the lengths of rope to the first boat himself, and threw the other end to the first mate. The pirates saw the launching of the four whaleboats, and prepared to do the same with their boats. But they little realized that the brave seamen were not making ready to escape to the shore, but were planning for their destruction.

"I want four brave men who are willing to risk their lives for the rest of us," Captain Bald said in his usual abrupt way. "Will you please step forward."

Instead of four men every one of the crew stepped forward.

"That's enough, my brave men," the captain said, while his eyes grew moist. "I'll select my men."

Then taking four of his most trustworthy sailors he gave them brief directions what to do. The sailors nodded their heads, and jumped into the boats, each carrying a life-preserver with him. The last words the captain said to them were:

"Remember the right bank! Swim toward it and I'll pick you up."

What could he mean? The sailors on board the Carrie asked this, and the pirates must have been curious also to know. They stopped a moment in their yelling and watched the peculiar proceedings of the men in the whaleboat.

The four boats shot out from the Carrie and were rowed directly toward the pirate, the strong current of the river helping them in their speed. The pirates did not notice at first that each boat was fastened by strong ropes to each other's prows. They were too intent in watching the strange proceedings of this attack. It might have dawned upon their obtuse minds that part of the crew of the Carrie had deserted, or that they were coming to plead for mercy.

But the four rowers were silent and active. When they were within fifty yards of the pirate the men threw away their oars simultaneously and bent over something in the middle of their whaleboats. There was a tiny spark of light, a flash and then a sudden upward blaze.

The four brave men slipped over the side of their boats and disappeared, but the flames which they had started burned furiously. The whale oil in the bottom of the boats furnished fuel that made a fire hard to extinguish. The tide was carrying the boats rapidly down the river toward the pirate. Then for the first time the pirates noticed that the boats were tied together, forming a wide line stretching half across the river.

Instantly there was a commotion on board the pirate ship. In the confusion everybody forgot the prey they had so neatly hemmed in the river. The guns were aimed at the approaching oil boats of fire, and one was actually blown to pieces, but the oil floated on the water and only spread the flames.

In a few minutes the fire boats struck the pirate ship, and the ropes holding them together drew the end boats around toward the ship in such a way that flames were soon spreading through the rigging and hull. A few priates climbed down and cut the ropes, but before they floated away the ship was a huge mass of flames and smoke.

Meantime Captain Bald had not been idle. Just as soon as his men dropped into the water from the fireboats he crowded on all sail, and, helped by the tide, he went, bowling down the river close up toward the right bank.

While the pirates were fighting the fire and trying to avert the doom of their ship, Captain Bald was leisurely picking up his four brave sailors who had caused the mischief.

"Now we'll stand out to sea," he said, "and let 'em chase us again."

But the last he saw of the priates, as his schooner rounded the point of land at the mouth of the river, was a cheering sight. Most of them were seeking safety in the water. For more than two hours a dense wreath of smoke could be seen curling upward, and as long as it was visible Captain Bald chuckled softly to himself on the forward deck.

"What wouldn't Captain Low give to catch me?" he said over and over again. "He'd cook me alive and feed me to his men."

But no one was more joyful over the outcome of the encounter with the celebrated pirate chief than the sailors of the Carrie, who ever afterward told with great glee how they helped to burn Ned Low's best ship.

TO MAKE GOOD SEEDS.

SECRETARY WILSON DISCUSSES THE CROSS FERTILIZATION.

Report That a Way Has Been Found to Grow in England Varieties of Wheat That Do Not Thrive There Now—Experiments in the United States.

"It is not new, at least to us, but I hope they have really accomplished all that the story sets forth," said Secretary of Agriculture Wilson after reading an account published in the London Daily Mail, of what was described as a discovery of the highest importance, made on the experimental farm of the Earl of Winchelsea at Sleaford.

The alleged discovery was that the principle of cross-fertilization could be applied to cereals, grasses, clovers, and all other forms of agricultural food plants. The most interesting statement next to the claim for discovery was that the Messrs. Garton, who conducted the experiments, said their discovery would enable England to take the lead in supplying the world with new varieties, and that it would be possiple to grow the varieties of wheat in England which now are imported for special qualities not hitherto attainable in English-grown varieties.

"The principle of cross-fertilization," added Secretary Wilson, "is not a new discovery. It has been understood for years, but not until recent years have experiments been made to get something out of the principle in agriculture. I see the Daily Mail says the United States has been moving in the direction followed at the farm of the Earl of Winchelsea. We have. For years the experiments have been carried on at the experiment stations, chiefly with reference to the needs of each station.

Scientific agriculturists know well that it is as practicable to improve the qualities of wheat and grasses as it is to improve horses and sheep. I do not think it has been claimed by any of our experimenters that they have succeeded in getting new varieties of wheat that will displace other varieties. More attention has been given, I believe, to securing better cereals by selection of heads of wheat and other grains, as they develop in fields, or varieties found to be suited to certain soils and climates.

"It was some years ago that in my own state of Iowa experiments in cross-fertilization brought us a new rose. We had the old-fashioned wild rose with half a dozen petals, but with abundance of fragrance and foliage. By crossing this wild rose with a Japan rose, we got a flower of some one hundred petals, a fine, fragrant thing, with the hardy quality of the wild rose, its rich foliage, and a great increase in the number of its petals.

"To jump at the conclusion that the experiments at Earl Winchelsea's farm are conclusive and the beginning of a commercial success seems to me unsafe. It takes some time to reach conclusions in such matters. There are circumstances to be accounted for; the seeds may bring plants that show reversion. But there is no doubt that if new seeds are needed, and experiments are directed to their production, they may be obtained.

E. W. Allen of the experiment station service said the greatest improvement in seeds in this country was obtained by selection from the best fields growers favoring those specimens that promised the heaviest yield per acre with the retention of other desirable qualities in the wheat. Experiments had been conducted at some of the stations with reference to improving the value of corn as a food. It was desirable to impart a greater proportion of nitrogen to corn. The experiments had been carried on with the expectation of discovering how to get the nitrogen into the soil and then into the corn itself. Some success had attended the experiments.

"Other experiments," said Mr. Allen, "involving a recognition of the principle of cross-fertilization have been made to reduce the proportion of cob to corn. The seed growers are never weary of persisting in these experiments. The man who succeeds in finding a way of producing corn that will have the least possible cob will discover a Klondike in agriculture. A good deal of attention has been devoted to experimentation to ascertain the wheat best suited to smut resistance. Smut is one of the troubles of the farmer. If science can add a chemical or other quality to wheat that will make it reasonably immune from smut without losing any good qualities already possessed, it will have met a long-felt want.—New York Times.

Thawing Butterflies.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away.

A landslide occurred a short time ago in Sattel, Switzerland. An inn and its garden and outbuildings slid down the hillside a distance of thirty-five feet, without being in the least injured. Two stately elms in the garden were also moved without injury.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey—
Like bees, they have terrible stings,
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the bitter contest,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold or cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

HUMOROUS.

The closer money is the harder it is to get hold of it.

It is easy to find fault, but it's hard to tell what to do with it.

"How does your new belt suit you, Jane?" "Oh, middling."

Some people use very poor material when they make up their minds.

No wonder the ocean waves get angry when the wind is continually blowing them up.

The average man never fully realizes at midnight how very sleepy he is going to be at 7 o'clock the next morning.

Miss Charmynge—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman? Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.

"Isabel says she has never been in love." "Is that so?" "Yes; she was threatened with it once, but a bottle of spring bitters taken in time brought her out all right."

"Did you know that English colonial women marry more titled Englishmen than American women do?" "No. How do you explain it?" "I think they must bid higher."

"Does your wife object to your staying out so late of nights?" "A little; but what really raises her wrath is for me to come home so quietly that she doesn't know when I got in."

Husband—I've some bad news for you, my dear; that old bachelor brother of mine has failed—lost his entire fortune. Wife—Oh, John, how dreadful! And just as we had named the baby after him.

"At no time," said the cornfed philosopher, "is a man so willing to take the burden from the weak shoulders of frail woman as when she is harassed with the care of a large and paying property."

"The trouble with your wife, Mr. Spudds," said the physician, "is lack of exercise." "What can I do for it?" "I would put in a telephone, and then she will be kept busy delivering messages for the neighborhood."

"Mrs. Toddler doesn't trust her husband to wheel the baby buggy any more." "Why not?" "He's one of those scorchers, and the other night he nearly killed the baby trying to keep up with a man on a bicycle."

Mr. Dearborn—How are you getting along with your new wife? Mr. Wabash—Oh, there's trouble already. "What's wrong?" "Why, she insists on having a new wheel, and I think the one my last wife had is good enough."

"I'm not going to that female barber shop again. There's a deuced rude girl there, don't you know?" "What did she say?" "Why, she looked at my mustawsh and asked me if I would have it sponged off or rubbed in."

"Yes, I always let people know that my wife is a Republican and I'm a Democrat. It saves me lots of explanations." "In what way?" "Why, when people hear us raising merry turmoil, they think, of course, it is only a party dispute."

Sympathetic Citizen—You are not going to arrest that boy for stealing a few apples, are you? Remember you were a boy yourself, once. Storekeeper—Yes, I remember it, and that's just why I'm going to arrest him. They pulled me in a dozen times when I was a kid.

First Western Farmer (at railroad station)—You're a farmer, too, eh? Second Western Farmer—Yes; been farmin' a good many years. First Farmer—That so? Glad to meet ye. Where is your farm located—in the flood district, the drought section, the grasshopper regi n, or the cyclone belt?

The Tree Clock.

A Glasgow man has in his garden what he calls a "tree clock." Fir trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of sunlight. For example, at 9 o'clock in the morning the "9 o'clock tree" shades the dining room, while, as the sunlight changes, the "10 o'clock tree" shades the room above or the room adjoining it, and so on through the day. On a sunny day this "tree clock" insures a succession of shady places around the house.