

Cap'n Goldsack

BY WILLIAM SHARP

DOWN in the yellow bay where the scows are sleeping,
Where among the dead men the sharks flit to and
fro—

There Cap'n Goldsack goes, creeping, creeping, creeping,
Looking for his treasure down below!

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!

Down among the tangleweed where the dead are leaking
With the ebb an' flow o' water through their ribs an'
hollow bones,

Isaac Goldsack stoops alow, seeking, seeking, seeking.

What's he seeking there amidst a lot o' dead men's
bones?

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Seeking, seeking, seeking down below—

Yo! ho!

Twice a hundred year an' more are gone acrost the bay,
Down acrost the yellow bay where the dead are sleeping;
But Cap'n Goldsack gropes an' gropes from yearlong day
to day—

Cap'n Goldsack gropes below, creeping, creeping, creeping:

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!

Letter-Post

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MR. REMSEN ROBERTS—intimately, “Bobs”—sat in the club car of the north-bound “Limited,” reflecting upon the impossibility of a future in which Nan Godfrey was to have neither walking nor speaking part. Truly the proposition was an unthinkable one, for the world had been their stage ever since he could remember; the comedy of their relations had been a brilliant one, and they had played it numberless times, to the eternal mystification of all their friends and their own infinite amusement. And now at this the *n*th performance, when one would have supposed the principals letter-perfect, something had happened—a contretemps whose exact nature was still a mystery to Mr. Roberts. He had simply been informed that the play was over, so far as Miss Godfrey was concerned; she had positively declined to make her re-entry, and he had been left standing awkwardly in the centre of the stage, and compelled to mouth his finest speech to the most unappreciative of wall-papers. And it being no one’s business in particular to ring down the curtain, he finally had to make a run for it—the lime-light was beginning to scorch his wig.

To return from the byways of metaphor to the straight road of common speech, it was a hard Gradgrind fact that Bobs and Nan were no longer chums—the old frank comradeship was a thing of the past. “And what it was that upset the apple-cart,” concluded the young gentleman, miserably, “I’ll be hanged if I know.”

It was in the first part of December that Bobs had been figuratively turned out of doors (a procedure verging upon the heartless, when one recalls what a helpless innocent he always was, and a hard winter coming on), and now it was February. No Christmas remembrance from her,—how strange that seemed!—and indeed he had only seen her once or

twice all winter until this very week, when they had happened to meet at the Mortimer Fixbys’—a big house party in the Aere colony. Her greeting and subsequent manner towards him— Well, there was nothing to which he could take arguable exception, and yet at the end of the third day he had suddenly thought him of an important business interest necessitating his immediate departure. The Mortimer Fixbys, politely regretful, had insisted upon his returning at the earliest possible moment: and Nan, who happened to be standing by, had seconded the request—regretfully polite, as Bobs chose to think—and so the incident had been closed. He had left the “Log Cabin” at noon, and now for an hour or more he had been sitting over an untasted Scotch and carbonic in the darkest corner of the club car. “Click, eliek, clickety click,” sang out the wheels as they pounded upon the rail-joints. “For all the world like an interminable telegraph message,” thought Bobs, dismally. “It might be from Nan herself for all the good it would do me—can’t make out a blessed word. Click, eliek, clickety—it’s enough to drive one silly.”

The “association of ideas” is a mental process in excellent psychic standing; it may be employed with entire propriety to set in motion such a succession of thought waves in the mind of our young friend as is herewith set down:

Telegraphy, the Marconi system of wireless communication, telepathy, and finally that curious phenomenon so often associated with the simultaneous exchange of letters between friends—the mere act of writing on A’s part that appears to incite an immediate and irresistible answering impulse in the subconsciousness of B. “Not without the aid of stimulants,” muttered Bobs, and scowled darkly upon his whiskey and water. Yet the thought clung like some ridiculous mental burr, inaccessibly at-