

HOW HE LOST HER.

"EVER go to St. John, New Brunswick?" asked the captain of the tramp steamer over at Roberts' stores. "No? Then go just as soon as you can. I've been in every port on the western ocean and a good many other oceans, but the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest dispositions that ever I fell foul of are right there on the banks of the bay of Fundy.

"You see, I was mate of the bark Croesus, carrying deals from St. John to Greenock. I made the acquaintance of this lassie the first time in port and was clean gone daft, I say, over her, and for that matter she had a soft spot in her heart for me, as I have reason to believe. And so every night I used to take leave and go ashore for two or three hours and maybe more to see her till one night the captain, who had been ashore to see his sweetheart, happened to come on board before I did and found no one on deck but the watchman and no one in the cabin at all. So, being a fair-minded man as well as one who wanted to keep the ship in order, he agreed to stay on board one night and me the next, turn about, only I was to have the first night on board, because he had a very particular engagement with his sweetheart the next night.

"It seemed like hard luck to stay at all, but I managed to send word to my girl that I couldn't come and turned in early to make the time pass quickly. I was soon asleep, but about 10 o'clock came the watchman and knocked on my door.

"There's two runners in the fore-castle trying to steal the crew," he said. Meantime he had called his son, who was watching on a bark at the wharf just astern of us named the Loller, and the son and I hid behind the long boat just abaft the foremast, while the old man went to warn the runners to leave the ship.

"They were willing enough to leave by that time, for they had one of our best men all coaxed up to go, and up they came, one of them carrying the sailor's bag, while Jack himself had his arms full of dunnage, and away the three went along the deck toward the rail.

"With that the son who was with me slips around the foremast and up behind them and welts the sailor over the head. Down goes Jack in a heap, and then father and son climbs on one of the runners and downs him.

"At that the other runner has a mind to help his mate, but he sees me coming, with a big iron belaying pin in hand. That was enough for him, and away he ran aft, but that belaying pin caught him fair in the back and bowled him over

across the main hatch as neat as a pin in a bowling alley.

"Then I mounted him and began hammering in his countenance with my fist. He made bold to fight back for a minute, and I was about to reach for the belaying pin to sooth him with it, when up went his legs in the air, and he quawked like a woman. The ship's dog, a savage brute, had heard the commotion, and coming up the gangway companion way had nipped him in the thigh till the blood flew.

"Well, now, for a few minutes, we all had a lot of fun with these two runners, and then I took them aft and locked them in a cabin closet till the captain came. The captain brought them into the saloon and stood them under the lamp. One had his nose all over at one side and a piece of scalp hanging down over his forehead so the hair and blood hid his eyes altogether. The other—that was my man—had both eyes swelled shut and his lips both split in front, while he walked with a terrible limp in the left leg where the dog had been chawing him.

"You've got enough this time," said the captain. "You'd better hunt a doctor."

"Next night it was my turn to go ashore. I found my sweet waiting for me, and a more affectionate little darling than she was that time no one ever saw. I think we must have spooned and held hands for an hour or so, and then she said to me:

"Bill, what ship do you belong to?"

"Somehow that question sent a shiver along my backbone, because it made me remember all about the licking the two runners had got the night before, and I was now in Califat, where the runners all stand together. However, I made bold to lie about it promptly and says:

"I'm mate of the Loller. Why do you ask?"

"And do you really and truly love me, Bill?" she said, so that I couldn't help saying I did, and I did too.

"I knew it, Bill," she says, "and you'll do what I want you to." You're the bulliest sailor that comes into this port, and you can lick anything. Last night my brother, what's a runner for Spud Murphy, and another one was down on the Croesus looking for a couple of sailors to go on a deep sea voyage, with two months' advance. They got one man and the promise of another when, as they were leaving her, the mate and two more jumped on them and beat them shameful, and then that mate set his big dog on my brother, and it bit a whole mouthful out of his leg. Oh, it was shameful. He can't walk a step. But the other one can, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll go down to the Croesus with you and pick a fight with the mate, and I

want you to go along and take a hand in. Will you do it, Bill? I'll just go with you first to show you my brother, and then you won't need any more coaxing."

"She was reaching for her hat on the bedpost when I stopped her.

"Wait a bit," said I. "That mate on shore. He told me where he was going, and if you want to see some fun that's worth while you get your friend and that other runner here, and I'll be back with the sucker in 15 minutes."

"Then I kissed her and took a sneak. Ah, she had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest disposition I ever saw; but, mate, I never went back to see her. She lived in Califat, up on the hill toward the bay, and they all stand together up there."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE "rest cure" is now practiced at home by many women who have come to a proper realization of its value. It used to be an expensive remedy necessitating an absence of six to eight weeks in a private hospital, with trained nurse, masseuse and the rest, including a trunkful of pretty tea gowns for the convalescence. Now the sensible woman has discovered she can take her cure in homeopathic doses without stopping her work or quitting her family.

A half hour daily of complete retirement, lying down in loose clothes, and banishing all worry, all thought indeed, if possible, works wonders if persevered in. Have the shades drawn and close the eyes. A tired brain strays restfully in darkened ways. Even mechanical eye impressions of which one does not seem to be thinking at all consume a little force. Blindness physically and mentally is what is sought, and it is this that rests and restores.

For the woman whose work is at home the half hour immediately preceding or following luncheon is apt to be one that could be spent in this way. Where there are children old enough to go to school, after the meal is better, for the little folks will have turned back to their lessons, no callers need be expected, and the afternoon's task or engagement can usually brook this little delay. For the mothers whose babies are still in arms the "rest" should be taken while their little charges sleep. Says one mother to this, "Why, that is my only chance to 'pick up' and 'catch up' with things." Spare the half hour to rest, and the picking up and catching up will be the better forwarded.

The business woman whose work must be done at office or shop must invent her chance for rest. It is a common habit of several young newspaper women reporters to step into one of the big shops or hotels, seek the parlor and con-