

CAPT. STRAWBERRY

His real name was Luigi, but everybody called him strawberry, because of his round face, colored like terra cotta. He did not mind it, however; on the contrary, he would have preferred to see his nickname on the ship's log-book, the bill of lading, or the declarations of the custom house.

He never knew his mother nor his father; he was found on the fine sand of the beach one August morning, naked as a fish and red like a strawberry.

Some said that he was the son of a sea-monster. Others that the tide had been his mother. Nobody ever knew, who he was or where he came from, and at 12 years Strawberry found himself great without knowing whom to thank or how he had happened to be of that age.

As first he helped the fishermen to throw their nets or string fish upon a cord, or point wooden nails for the bottom of boats, but he never seemed at his ease upon shore. He felt that he was the son of the sea, and intended from the beginning to live upon it; its dark green waves, its opaline transparency, its silver shining enraptured him, and he passed hours at a time, seated upon some overhanging rock, watching the huge waves rolling in and breaking upon the stern cliff in wasteful foam.

At 12 years he became cabin-boy, in which capacity his dexterity was equalled by no one. It was fine to see him suspended by the teeth amid lines and cordage, or winding up the ship's cable with those immense arms and legs, disproportionate to his body, which made him resemble one of those great sea-spiders which scamp away between the loose rocks and stones.

Owing to the hard life on shipboard his body became like rubber, his skin like parchment, his back like a camel; his legs were lean and thin; his beard like hemp, his face large, red and salty, and he lacked one eye, having caught a small iron hook in the pupil once in throwing a buoy. They did not disturb him much however; the other always remained, and for that sufficed. As to the aesthetic side of the question, was he not, any way, considered as a whole, a perpetual insult to the beautiful?

Hundreds of times he found himself face to face with death, but he always succeeded in escaping, although he more willingly believed that it was by his own tact than by the help of Providence. Once in the West Indies he saw his captain become pale; the boat was dancing upon the waves like a signal buoy, and Strawberry—then 15 years of age—was the watch upon the main topsail, looking out for the dangerous coast of the shore which could be easily distinguished from the furious bursts of wind. All at once, with a frightful sound of lacerated wood, the boy felt himself and the topsail hurled into the air like two straws at the mercy of a whirlwind. An hour later he clambered aboard and related his escape to the horrified crew. Another time he fell from the top of the fore staysail, remaining suspended in midair by a foot which caught in the cordage.

His bones were hard, and he escaped all and always, because there was no one who cared whether he lived or died, and no one to remain behind to weep for him.

And thus from hurricane to hurricane, out of one danger and into another, forced to the utmost by work and privation, he came at last to be owner of a brigantine in partnership with an old captain, who took charge of the administration of affairs, while Capt. Strawberry directed the bark and braved the sea. Together they transacted considerable business on the coast and made money very easily.

At 30 years Capt Strawberry had not yet thought of love, but the salutations and embraces which he saw around him at arrival and departure, and which were all for the sailors and none for the captain, produced a certain effect.

One night a cabin-boy—a youth of 18 years—died and went ashore, knowing full well the severe punishment that awaited him on his return, but still with the courage to disobey, because somewhere there upon the land his sweetheart expected him.

"Then," said the captain, thoughtfully to himself, "there really exists such love!" One day he landed alone, finished his business and prepared to depart, returning to his bark late at night, cleaving the water in the direction of the brigantine with powerful strokes of oars.

The night was splendid; one of those nights of Sicily, when the stars shine and tremble like a woman's eyes full of tears, and Capt. Strawberry rowed slowly, looking with pleasure at the long, graceful lines of his ship lying against the clear, pearly sky.

All at once in the silence of the night resounded the cry of an infant. The captain looked around him; not a boat was to be seen, and he became aware that the sound proceeded from the end of his skiff. Rising to investigate, he found a girl-child beating its tiny hands and feet in the night breeze, and, taking her in his arms, he covered her as best as he could and gazed upon her by the pale light of the moon. She was beautiful and healthy and had the voice of a marine guard.

A thought, which to him seemed a sublime idea flashed through his mind, and looking again earnestly at the child, he said to himself: "This will be my wife!"

He reasoned in this wise: "Without me the child would have been dead; I instead will care for her, and will keep her as if she were mine, and when she is grown and asks me of her mother I will say to her: 'I am your mother; you live because of me; you owe all to me.' And she will love me; will love me passionately, because I will be the only man to whom she will owe allegiance, and she will not notice my ugliness!"

In a few words he had created himself a wife, brought her up according to his pleasure, and when the opportune moment arrived married her.

And as he planned so he acted; carrying the child to his country, where he gave her into the charge of a peasant woman who had another baby; tarrying patiently till she became a woman that he might marry her, like one awaiting grapes to ripen for harvest. From that time on he did not feel that mysterious sense of pain in seeing those embraces and loving greetings at home coming and departure. "Happy days will come for me also!" he thought, and he waited with the same indifference with which in time of calms he waited for the wind to freshen.

Twice a month, when he returned from his usual voyage, he went to see the child, and finding her running thoughtlessly on the shore, springing from rock to rock like a sea-bird, or teasing her latent upon fishing like her foster brother, the dusky light of the sunset making her appear more blond and more beautiful, he felt better pleased than ever with what he had done, and with no idea of concealing his thought he said to everybody:—

"My Gianetta is a rose which I cultivate in a greenhouse with all care. One day this rose will expand, and all her perfume will be for me!"

He was proud of what awaited him in a near future.

When Gianetta was 20 he married her, the girl allowing herself to be wedded to the only man to whom she had ever looked for protection. He was 50 years old, and the ugliest captain that ever commanded a ship; she the most beautiful girl of the Riviera.

Capt. Strawberry seemed to be happy. He established her in a little white house on the shore, surrounded with roses and lime trees, then returned to his brigantine, his voyages, his business, never thinking that in taking a wife a part of his life ought also to change. He had married Gianetta for the sake of having near him a beautiful little pale face, for the pleasure of seeing somebody on the pier waiting for him when he returned, and to have good woolen socks for wear in winter.

Fortnightly he passed a couple of days ashore, going home to his bride only after all business had been arranged; he treated her as one would treat a good chum, with no thought of exalting himself to please her, and believing firmly that she was deeply interested in what interested him. He told her that when the bees lingered close to the beehive and the dogs' coats smelled strong that it was unsafe to put out to sea, because a storm threatened; he taught her how to preserve cigars in rum and how to manage a boat with a lateen sail. He made long conversations with her on the merit of sugar, marmalade and cigars, and of the leather, sulphur and oil so much in demand, interlarding his talk with all manner of marine and commercial terms to which the little rosy ears of the 20-year-old bride were strangers. He treated her like a ship. He commanded her as he would have commanded troops. "Veer, tack, heave out cable, larboard, starboard!" All this he would say to her, and, to please him she was obliged to understand.

Time passed and they had been married a year, when one night the captain, greedy for business, returned a day before the usual time, but because of a dreadful storm the brigantine could not enter the harbor. When every sail was furled the captain made two sailors row him ashore. As he touched land the hurricane burst in all its fury. The sun had long since disappeared, and already a most frightful night enveloped the Riviera. By the sinister blazes of the lightning the captain found the path which led to his little home, and ascended it as best he could by the fitful gleaming. He felt a strange inquietness; it seemed to him that the house receded the nearer he approached it; but finally he arrived at the garden, and searched in the darkness for the latch of the gate.

All at once, not far from him, a burst of merry laughter and heavy, hurrying footsteps made him thrill. In spite of the uproar of the hurricane he recognized the voice of Gianetta, his wife, answering laughingly to another voice, the gay, careless tones of a young man. Strawberry felt the joy pervade him as they had never trembled to the rocking of the vessel. He waited. His heart seemed to bound out of him, a fog veiled his sight. He had only the time to step hastily between two bushes, when, wrapped in a mariner's cloak, a young man, the foster-brother of Gianetta, carrying the wife of Strawberry, with her arms around his neck like a child, ran by with great strides, and, opening the gate, disappeared among the paths of the garden. The two lovers had been surprised by the hurricane on the hill, where they had gone to hide their happiness.

The captain divined the truth at once, and remained as if petrified upon the spot. If the man who had broken his life had been a captain, with bronzed face and broad shoulders, he would have run after him and strangled him; but before that boy of 21 years, blonde and pale like a girl, incapable to guide a ship or to anchor it in a duck pond he felt himself bitterly humiliated, with a terrible sense of shame.

Meanwhile, in the garden, every sound of mirth had vanished, and the Riviera, in its entirety, was given over to the dark powers of the tempest.

Capt. Strawberry trembled, passed a hand slowly over his forehead and bit his nails till the blood flowed as the swift knowledge of the mistake he had made dawned upon his stunned intelligence.

The he turned and stumbled blindly backward to the cliff. Out at sea a short distance lay the brigantine, its three lights gleaming with a comfortable snugness in the heavy gloom of the stormy night. When the captain reached his ship he sent all on board below to sleep, stating briefly that he would keep watch.

Then he went slowly into the rigging.

The first rays of the morning sun, touching with golden caress the mountains on shore, fell upon the topsail of the brigantine and on the body of Capt. Strawberry, which, suspended from a ship's rope swung heavily toward the east.



AN ENGLISH CORONATION.

Some of the Customs That are Observed at the Ceremony

By hereditary right many persons have special dignities and duties at this time, and proceeding a coronation a special Court of Claims is appointed to investigate these ancient rights and privileges.

The prerogative of the lord of the Manor of Workop is to present a glove and to support the sovereign's arm when holding the sceptre, and also to hold the office of chief butler, which entitles him to receive a cup of pure gold. The ceremony of enthroning is called "lifting to the throne," derived from the custom of our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers, who when their king was enthroned, lifted him from the ground.

Amongst the curious claims of service is a certain baron to carry the great spurs, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury to make a mess of pottage, called Dillegroust.

Certain offerings are made, among which are an ingot of gold and an altar pall composed of ten yards of gold-barré, gold-tinged, flowered brocade lined with rich sarsenet and with deep gold fringe.

The oaken chair on which the sovereign is seated has been in use since the time of Edward II, and beneath it is the coronation stone, which was conveyed to Westminster from Scotland by Edward I.; a wild legend declares it to be the stone on which Jacob laid his head when he slept at Bethel.

The most solemn function is the anointing during which four Knights of the Garter hold a canopy over the sovereign, while the archbishop pours the anointing oil with a spoon which is the most ancient of all the regalia, and with which many sovereigns have been anointed.

The strange survival of all is the claim of the Dymoke family to the office of King's Champion. His duty is to appear on horseback in full armor at the royal banquet after the coronation accompanied by the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable. The champion then makes a challenge, according to the old-time form of words and throws down his gauntlet. The challenge not being accepted, the sovereign drinks the health of the champion in a silver cup, which is presented to the brave defender of English monarchy, who then backs his horse out of the hall.



DELAY MEANS DEATH.

One Dose Relieves—A few Bottles Always Cures.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have made my life miserable. When dropsy set in my physicians said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort, I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my dropsy, and brought me out of bed, and five bottles have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affection, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y."

THE PEANUT.

Some Interesting Facts About the Great American Luxury.

Everybody eats peanuts, and scarcely anyone knows anything about them. The peanut crop is one of the most profitable of the South. The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 4,000,000 bushels of 22 pounds each, the bulk of the crop being produced in Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina. These 4,000,000 bushels constitute but a small proportion of the peanut crop of the world, as the exportation from Africa and India to Europe in 1892 amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds half of which went to Marseilles to be made into oil.

The largest amount of the American crop is sold by street vendors, but quantities are used by confectioners, chocolate manufacturers and oilmakers. Peanut oil is used for lubricating and for soap, and is a good substitute for olive oil, lard, cotton

seed and butter. The residue from oil-making, known as "peanut cake" in Europe is highly valued as a cattle fodder, and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food.

The Virginia running variety of peanut is the typical American peanut. Its vines are large, with spreading branches, growing flat on the ground and bearing pods over their entire length. The pods are large and white. There are many other varieties grown in the other States, some of them being upright bushes instead of vines.

The peanut is sorted in the factory into four grades, the first three being sold to vendors and the fourth to confectioners for making "burned almond" and cheap candies. The \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts America uses are not counted in the staple food, but are eaten at all intervals as a luxury. The peanut is used by the planter as a fattener of his hogs.

In the old world millions of bushels are made into oil, in which the nuts are very rich, 30 or 40 per cent. of the shelled nut being oil. It has an agreeable taste, and is more luscious than olive oil. Peanut oil is used as a lighting oil, but does not give a very brilliant flame. The peanut cake left after the oil is extracted is sold for \$30 a ton in Germany, and fed to the cattle and sheep. Experiments were made in Germany on an army biscuit to be made from peanut flour, but they were not successful, though the flour is most nourishing.

A POPULAR GERMAN CITIZEN.

Well-Known in Hamilton for the Past 40 Years—What He Has to Say About Kidney Trouble.

Mr. George Schumacher, 98 McNamara-street north, Hamilton, Ont., well known in business circles in Hamilton during the past 40 years as a skillful cabinet maker, an adept at such delicate work as repairing billiard tables, etc., gave the following account of his rescue from the clutches of sciatica through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Said Mr. Schumacher: "For a number of years prior to May last I have had sciatica in my left hip, at times so bad as to incapacitate me from working. The pain extended down my left leg and across my back just above the hips. I was so sore that I could not bear the weight of my body, and so stiff that it was only with a painful effort I managed to walk."

"I have doctored a great deal for my complaint, and derived but little benefit. Last May Mr. Mason, a friend of mine, advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills as they had helped him wonderfully. I therefore got a box of the pills from Spackman's drug store, No. 1 Market Square. After taking them for four days I commenced to get better and thenceforward my improvement was rapid. I have had no pain or difficulty in getting around all summer and my health generally is better than it has been for a long time. I took just two boxes, and I assure you that they proved a great remedy for me. Should I ever become afflicted with the terrible pains of sciatica again, I shall very promptly resort to the use of this marvelous medicine. (Signed) George Schumacher, Hamilton, Ont."

Comfortable Shoes.

People who are troubled with cold feet may take heart. In Germany there has been patented a contrivance described as a "heatable shoe."

The heel is hollowed out, and in this hollow is a receptacle for a glowing substance similar to that used in Japanese hand-warmers. Between the soles, imbedded in asbestos covers, is a rubber bag which is filled with water.

The heating substance in the heel keeps the water warm, and it circulates while the wearer is walking, thus imparting a pleasant warmth to the foot. A small safety-valve is provided, so that the bag cannot burst.

The warmth given by the sole never rises above seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and will last about eight hours. Popular Science News says that the sole is not unreasonably thick, being only slightly thicker than that of a wet-weather shoe.

OH! THE MISERY.

Mrs. Galbreath of Shelburne, Ont., was a Great Sufferer from Indigestion, the Bane of so many Lives—South American Nerve Released Its Hold—It Relieves in One Day.

"I was for a long time a great sufferer from indigestion. I experienced all the misery and annoyance so common to this ailment. I tried many remedies and spent a great deal on doctors' bills without receiving any permanent benefit. I was strongly recommended to try South American Nerve. I procured and used it, after using only two bottles I am pleased to testify that I am fully restored to health, and I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble. I recommend it most heartily."

TWO SETS OF GIRLS.

How Each Party Enjoyed Their Holiday—Which was the Better Girl.

There is in one of our largest cities an immense shop owned by a man eminent in good works, as well as in business and in politics. Its employees fall naturally into little clubs or coteries, the men and women of similar tastes often going to spend their summer vacations together.

Last August four girls from this store went to a sea-coast village in New England. Their pale faces and eager delight in the sea and fields touched the hearts of the old fishermen and their wives, who speedily made friends with them, and welcomed them to their little houses.

The girls were uneducated, but they were simple sincere and modest as the finest gentlewomen. They fished, rowed and walked, striving to understand the new world around them. When their holiday was over they went back to town, rosy and strong, their brains full of new ideas, and the richer for life by a few faithful friends.

Four other girls in their turn went to the same town. They had spent their savings in plumed hats and cheap silks. A coarse perfume surrounded them; they wore gilt bangles and rhinestone brooches. Each had her hired "bike" on which she raced incessantly up and down in front of the hotel "scorching" and even "jockeying," as on a horse, bounding up and down on her seat, and shouting to her companions.

When the daily railroad train came in they were always at the station, bareheaded joking with the conductors or brakemen. The villagers watched them askance; but they were not criminal girls. There only ambition was to "catch a beau." The idle men of the village soon gathered round them, and they went back to town more vulgar and nearer ruin, than when they came to it.

This is a literally true incident. It shows that the country will give back to you the crop which you plant in it. The pure air and beauty of nature are as stimulating to the growth of weeds as of flowers. If you choose weeds they can be gathered at any wayide.

A HEALED RHEUMATISM.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven, Sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: "I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot, I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land."

BRAVE CHILDREN.

Incidents in the Lives of Several Brave Frontier Children.

The Denver Republican quotes an interesting story of childish heroism, related by Mr. Spearman, attorney for the Department of Justice at Washington. He has been taking testimony concerning some Indian depredation claims.

In taking such testimony, he says, I frequently hear interesting stories concerning early frontier life. I remember one case in particular, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver in Utah.

A ranch was attacked by Indians, and a man who was visiting the ranchman was killed, and for a while it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall a prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by Indians, and the people within defended themselves as best they could; but the ranchman, watching his opportunity, lowered his little boy and his daughter, who was but twelve years of age, from their back window and told them to try and make their way to the canon and follow it down to Beaver where they could obtain help.

The children succeeded in reaching the canon unobserved, and with presence of mind and bravery which I think remarkable for a child of that age, the boy told his sister to follow one side of the canon and he would follow the other, so that in case the Indians should find one of them the other might not be observed.

The children got safely to Beaver where a party was organized which hastened to the rescue of the besieged.

At the beginning of the siege the Indians had heard the children in the house, and missing their voices, the alert savages discovered that they had gone and endeavored to overtake them; but being unsuccessful, and knowing that help would soon arrive, they withdrew before the rescuers could reach the ranch.