## CAPTAIN STORMS.

and unwound the clasping arms and walked off, and straightway was whistling cheerily along the deck of the lovely Lass and quite forgetful, I am alraid, of his little Peace and her grief.

'Daar, good guardian,' thought Peace; he's so kind and so good natured; and it, was nice playing on the deek of the Lovely Lass; bu', for all that, I had rather be here and wear pretty dresses, and play with Mrs. Lee's boardere, and never be afraid of ship wrecks any more.'

Captain Storms sailed for New Zealand; and on windy nights, when the doors and windows rattled, and great sounds eam; down the chimney, Peace lay awake, and thought of him on the terrible ocean, and said her simple child's prayers for his gafe keeping. Captain Storms put the glass to his eye, and took a long look. Far on, black against the silvery horiz in line, that shapeless speck showed. What was it? Captain Storms' prolonged survey ended, he slowly dropped his glass, and turned to Mr. Scott, the mate.

'I knew I was right,' he said; 'it is a wreck, a dismantled hulk, driiting about at the mercy of wind and sea. There may be no one lett aboard, but we'll bear down and have a look."

And then Captain Storms lifted up his voice—a stentiorian voice it was—and gave the proper orders to the man at the masthead, or at the helm, or somewhere—I don't know exactly. I would tell you the precise words which Captain Storms used on this occasion, if I could; but I'm deplorably backward in nautical matters. So you'll have to be content with learning that the gallant bark, the Lovely Lass, bore straight down upon that dark mass, outlined against the sunny sky.

Captain Storms leaned over the side and lit a cigar. He was a bronzed young man, stalwart and gallant as I take it sailor men mostly are! and he looked the very beau ideal of a dashing seamar, in his off-hand senfaring costume. He had a beard, and he had a mustache, big and brown, like himtelf; and, from the crown of his gle zed hat to the sole of his boots, Captain Storms was a sailor, every inch of him.

The Lovely Lass bore down along the sunlit tropic sea and reached that floating wreck. Captain Storms was the first man to hear the moaning cry of a faint human voice. No living thing was to be seen, but from a corner of the deck that faint, plaintive cry wailed.

'There's some one alive here still,' said Captain Storms. 'Speak, friend! Who are you? Where are you?'

Again that unspeakably mournful will. Captain Storms strode across to where a hesp of torn canvas and rotten wood lay, and looked down. There in the garish sunshine. with her face upturned to the serene sky, a woman lay dead. Crouching over her, a skeleton child, with long, wild hair, sat msking that teeble moan of dumb agony.

'My child!' Captain St

wild hair, sat making that feedle mosh of dumb agony.

'My child!' Captain Storms said, pitifully "my child, what is this—"

The ghastly little creature litted a bloodless face and a pair of haggard eyes.

'Mother's dead!'

'My poor little girl,' said the sailor, bending over her as tenderly as that dead mother could have done, 'you must come with me, or you will die, too. Come!'
She rose up—a frail little shadow of ten years—and held up her skeleton arms.

'Peace is huggy,' she cried, piteously.'
Peace is is sick and cold, and mother's dead.'

dead.'
And then as the s'rong arms lifted her as though she had been a wax doll, and blue eyes closed wearily, and the weak baby drooped heavily against his breast; and hunger, and sickness, and cold, and death were all blotted out in blind darkness.

And for weary days and weary nights

death were all blotted out in blind darkness.

And for weary days and weary nights
—while the Lovely Lass sailed along the
southern seas, and the dead woman lay
quietly under the great Pac.fic—the little
rescued waif lay fluttering between ceth
and lite. And during these endless days
and nights, the big sun-browned sailor
watched over his little irl as a father—nay
as a mother—might have done, until the
fluttering spirit ceased its struggles and
grew calm in strength and health once
more.

more.
Little Peace—hr name was Priscilla
Weir, she said; Peace for short—came up
o deck by-and-by, pale and weak still
and lisped her story to the soft-hearted

There had been a great storm—oh a dreadtul storm! Peace said, with a shudder; and they went away in boats—all the men did—and mamma was sick down in the cabin, and lett behind; and all the men did—and mamma was sick down in the cabin, and left behind; and Peace stayed with mamma and was left behind, too. And then mamma came uphind, too. And then mamma came upstairs on deck, and died; and Peace sobbed, and was so ill and so cold; and then you came, looking gratefully at the captain, and told her the wonderful news that he had met her father in Hong Kong, and that she must be ready to go with him next voyage to China.

Captain Storms, hale and brown, and handsome despite his middle age, rang Mrs. Lee's door-bell, and strode, like a sun-burnt giant; into the boarding-school

Captain Storms asked.
Yes, Peace knows. Mamma came from

"Yes, Peace knows. Mamma came from New York and was going to China to papa. Pa a lived in China and was rich." But that was all she could tell; and Cap-tain Storms knew that among all the un-likely things on this earth, the most unlike-ly now was that papa and his little girl would ever meet.

would ever meet.

The Lovely Lass spent nine long months on the Pacific coast, and then sailed back

for America.
And I shall leave my little Peace be-And I shall leave my little Feace behind next voyage,' Captain Storms said.
'I have a sister who keeps a school in Pailadelphia, a fashionable young ladies'
academy—and Peace shall stay there and academy—and reace shall stay there and learn to play the piano, and talk French and paint pictures, and grow up a pretty young girl.

'And I shall have silk dresses and lots

of pictures and story books!' Peace asked,

of pictures and story books! Peace assets, with interest.

'Heaps of 'em, Peace! And nice little girls to play with, and music, and dancing, and everything beautiful all the day long.'

Peace clapped hir hands—that would be lovely. So, by-and-by, when Philadelphia was reached, the captain of the Lovely Lass consigned his little girl—a willing captive—into the hands o! Mrs. Lee. Not but that she sted a few tears at parting, too, and clung to the sailor's neck, and was very sorry when it came to the last, and the good by kiss was givin.

clung to the sailor's meets, and the good by kiss was giv.n

'There—there, my little Peace!' Captain Storms said, unclasping the clinging arms; you mustn't cry like that; it will redden your eyes and swell your nose, and make you look ugly. Keep up heart, little Peace I will come back in a year or two with a cartload of lovely presents tor my little girl. Kiss me again, and let me go.

Captain Storms imprinted a sounding smack on the wistful little tear-wet face,

land?'
Bushels of things, Peace. They'll be here by-and-by. How does the learning progress? Let us hear you at the piano.'
Peace sat down and rattled off polkas

Of course, Captain Storma devoutly pro-

the last.

'You'll write to me often this time, won't you, dear guardy? You only sent me one little stingy letter last time, you know.

'All right, Peace,' the captain said. 'I'll try. I never was much of a tole, but this time I'll do my best.'

So once again the captain of the Lovely Lass lett this little girl, to sail merrily over the world; and once more peace went back to her horn book an I tancy work.

But the months strung themselves out, and the years rolled slowly backward and Captain Sorms, sailing to and fro in golden eastern and southern climes, never came to take this little girl from school His letters were few and far between, despite his promises, only six in six long years, and in answers he had at least received sixty.

sun-burnt giant, into the boarding-school parlor.

'But of course she couldn't know I was coming,' he thought, as he sent up his name, 'poor little girl. I hope she'll be glad to see guardy.'

The door opened and a young lady walked in. A tall and stately and graceful young lady, with a dark handsome fare and waves of sunny brown hair. Surely, surely, this was not 'Little Peace.'

'My dear guardian, welcome back! Oh, how happy I am to see you once more!'

Y(s, Peace, beyond doubt; but, ob, so unutterably changed. Captain Storms reddened under his brown skip, and actually stammered.

stammered.
'You surely know me, I see,' the smiled You surely know me, I see, the smiled brightly. 'I dare say I have grown out of all reason. Am I talke than the mainmast now? I was almost as tail, if you remember, six years ago.'
She recollected what he had said all these years, and Captain Storms' face beamed.

beamed.
I expected to find my little Peace, and I find a young lady so stately and womanly that I am at a loss what to say to her. I'm not used to ladies' society, you see.'
She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up in his honest sailor face with deep, sweetly shiping ayes.

sweetly shining eyes.

Talk to me as you used to, and call me
Little Peace. Ab, guardy, how I have
loaged for your coming. And my father

tell me of him.

cap ain Storms told her how, by merest accident, he had met, how he was rich and lonely and longing for her, but unable to come to America; how she was to return with him, and that the steward of the Lovely Lass was to take out his wife with him to wait upon her. And Peace listened like one in a peaceful dream. It was being a heroine—it was living a chapter out of

one of her pet novels, to romantic Peace.

So they sailed for that far-off celestial land of tea and pig-tails. Captsin Storms and his handsome ward. And Peace had her fairy dreams realized, and there was a Brussels carpet in the cabin, and a piano, and lots of new novels; and she was as happy as the days were long. Her music filled the Lovely Luss with aweetest melody; her clear voice rang out over the purple midnight sea, in songs sweeter than the siren strains of the mermaids; and her beautitul face lit up the grim old ship like the summer sunshine itself. Peace was bright and bewitching, and happy as a bird. The sailors adored her as an angel of light and the captain—ah, the captain!—adored her too. Sailing along, by day and by night, through days of amber sunshine and nights of misty moonlight, to that distant land, Captain Storms, in his 42 id year—old enough and big enough to know better—tell madly desperately and ridiculously in love. He lost his sleep and he lost his appetite; and he huag on a pirls foollish words, and existed only in the radience of a pair of laughing girlith eyes.

'Fool that I am for my pains!' he thought, sometimes, in bitter moodiness: 'I am more than double her age; and I am rough and black and weather-beaten as the timbers of my old ship. No, no. Harry Storms; the only wife for you, my boy, is the Lovely Luss.'

And yet, sometimes he wildly hoped. She talked to him so happily, she smiled upon him so sweetly, she was ever so glad when he came, so regretful when he went. And girls of 18 had married men of 42 before now; and, ob, why should it not happen again, and Harry Storms be the most blessed among men?

They reached China—they reached Hong Kong—and Peace was folded in her father's thought of him on the terrible ocean, and said her simple child's prayers for his safe keeping.

Two years went by, and Paice had just one letter from 'guardy' (guardian) in all that time, and that one to say he was coming back. She was a tall, rather awkward looking school girl of twelve now, with preternaturally long lim's, that were always in her way; high shoulders and prominent cheek bones. And so Captain Storms found her when, more bearded and aunbrowned than ever, he walked, with his sea-swing, into Mrs. Lee's prim parlor.

Pace sat at the piano singing. 'My Willie's On the Dark-Blue Sea,' and, with a shrill cry of joy, she jumped up, and flung herself headforemost into his blue pilot-coat.

Ob, guardy! dear, darling guardy! I'm so glad to see you again! So glad—so glad!

And so am I, little Peace. Don't choke me with those long arms, my girl. Heads up, and lat us see you.'

Why, how my little woman's grown, getting as tall as the mainmast, by George! and as thin as a shadow. Don't they give you enough to eat Peace?

Plenty, guardy; but growing girls are always thim—Mrs. Lee says so. And now what have you brought me from New Z:aland?'

Bushels of things, Peace. They'll be

sed among men p They reached China—they reached Hong Kong—and Peace was folded in her father's Kong-

They reached China—they reacted Hong Kong—and Peace was folded in her father's airms.

'So like your mother,' he said his, tears falling. 'Oh, my child! So like your lost mother.

Captain Storms was to stay three weeks was to stay three weeks in the Celestial City—to visit ir, perhaps, never again. He made the most of his stay; visiting Peace every day in her palatial home, and growing moodier and moodier every visit. Peace too, drooped a little, and looked at him wistfully. and lost some of that bright happiness that made her the light of all places. And when the last day came, and he stood up to say good by, she broke down altogether and cried like a very child.

'And I shall never see you again,' she said; 'you who saved my life! Oh, Captain Storme, must you go?'

And then that bashul giant took leurt of grace, as a landsman would have done woeks before.

'I must go,' he said, 'but we need not part, my darling Peace, if you say so, for I love you d-arly; and if yon will be my wife, we will sail together, for ever and ever, as you once wishe! until our heads grow gray. Mine is notso far from it now,, he added, ruefully.

But Peace had thrown her arms impetuously around him, and kissed the dark, criep locks.

'And if every hair were white as the foam Peace sat down and Fattrau day and walfzes.

'And I can read French, guardy,' whirling gayly round on the stool, 'and draw percil drawing, you know, and do fancy work. I like everthing! And, guardy, when I grow up and am a young lady, and my education is finished, I want you to fit up the cabin of the Lovely Lass with a Brussels carpet, and a piano, and heaps of new novels, and take me to sea with you all the time until I'm an old woman, won't you?

Of course, Captain Storms devoutly promited, and rose up to take his leave.

'I'm going to China this voyage,' he said, pulling ter long, brown braids. 'If I see papa, I'm to give him his little girl's love, I suppose?'

'Ah! at you would only see him!' Peace cried, clasping her hands. 'Darling Papa! Guardy, he used to be in Hong Kong, I know. Try if you can find him tor me when you go there.'

Captain Storms promised this also and departed. Peace clung to him soobing at the last.

'You'll write to me often this time, won't you, dear guardy? You only sent me one

crisp locks.

'And if every hair were white as the foam of the sea. I should love you, and go with you, just the same. Why. Captain Storms, you have been my hero all these long years; and I shou'd have died of disappointment, I know, it you had left me behind.'

So the China merchant lost his daughter, and the Lovely Lass had a second common-der; and in all the years to come Peace will reign perennial in the heart of Storms.



Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in a: cases of Organic or Sympathet c Heart
Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure.
It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shoriness
of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Lett Side and
all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose
wircos. This is the only randy known of the
medical world that will relieve in a few moments, and
cure absolutely. The ingredients of Dagass'a
Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither
it nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

ABLUNDER IN CRETE. Explanation Given by a French Paper of the

Bombardment at Malaxa The Paris Figaro gives the following ac count of the bombardment by the fleets of the powers of the blockhouse at Malaxa, near Canea, Crete, which the despatches converted into a serious warlike demonstra.

'During the night the insurgents con nenced to fire a few shots at the blockouse. It was purely a platonic demonstration. The shots were fired at intervals of half an hour, and did no damage what-

'Sixty Turkish soldiers, well armed and commanded by a Captain occupied the blockhouse. They had sufficient pro visions to last them for several days, and consequently, might have held out in tranquillity. But what was the surprise of the insurgents when in the morning, after those few cannon shots, fired so to say, pro forma, they preceived the white



flag floating over the fort. At first the HARD STUDY IN SCHOOL. Cretans thought that it was a snare; but there was no mistaking it; it was a flag of truce. They were bound to see what it meant Three Greek officers, who had previously resigned to take their places among the insurgents, and the correspondent of an American journal advanced toward the blockhouse. They were soon followed by a crowd of iusurgents. The commander of the fort, who, no doubt, was tired of the blockade, told them that he was ready to surrender with all his men, provisions and ammunition on the condition that the lives of himself and of his little troop would be spared. Then and there the bargain was made, The insurgents were absolutely delighted to comply with those conditions, and the Turks proceeded immediately to deliver up their

proceeded immediately to deliver up their arms.

'But, all of a sudden, when this operation was going on, a change of scene occurred. From the Bay of Suda the Admiral noticed upon the blockhouse the white flug instead of the red flag of the Turks. They fancied that it was the Greek flag. Immediately the order was given to fire uyon that position, and more than sixty shots were fired, including ten from the French cruiser Admiral Charner. One can essily imagine the amazement of the Cretans and Turks, engaged as they were in their little family settlement. The shells demolished a portion of the wall, which fell upon five Turkish soldiers and four Cretans, and their codies were afterwards taken out atterly crushed.

'Turks and Cretans fl-d in all directions and the bombardment continued at a livety rate, completely demolishing the fort and killing and wounding the fugitives. The poor devils who were not much inclined to hurt each other, found that they were the victims of the European fleets that had come for the purpose of preserving the peace.

The Greater Wisdom.

Watts-Don't you think that the man who know when to stop talking is about as

wise as they get? Potts—About, but not quite. The greatest brain is in the possession of the man who knows when not to begin.

Did not have to talk Much. 'Willie Wishington,' said the friend, 'is

one of those people who tell everything they know.'

'Yes', replied Miss Cayenne. wearily, 'and he doesn't talk very much either.'

## A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The Oft-Repeated Statements by Physicians that Chronic Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Refuted by Sworn Statements.

There never was a time when people were so sceptical in reference to medicine as the present; 'tis no wonder, for their credulity has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cure-alls until doubt is converted into a belief that all announce-interior science are not provided. has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cure-alls until doubt is converted into a belief that all announcements are imaginary pen pictures. Rheumatic sufferers are of the class whose intense suffering has led them to try first one thing, then another, until repeated failures convince them "there is no help for them." They hear about the startling cures made by Kootenay, but cannot overcome the suspicion that 'tis like all the rest. They do not know of the hidden power in "The new ingredient" peculiar to this preparation, that banishes Rheumatism—of how it enabled George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner Sanford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamilton, to arise from a helpless condition and take up work in the City Quarries at hard labor, discharged from the hospital with the assurance "they could do nothing for him, his system was so full of rheumatism no power on earth could drive it out;" then lying at his home for weeks unable to lift hand to mouth, having to be fed by his wife, when the King's Daughters of Hamilton brought him Kootenay. Three bottles effected a complete cure. This is not more strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy, wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave., Hamilton, whose mother love breathes thanks for the restoration of their seven year old Willie. His lower limbs were so swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he could not put his feet to the floor, the slightest touch causing intense pain, growing gradually worse, until his condition was pittiul; it seemed they were going to lose him, when Kootenay was used and three bottles completely cured him, so that he is going to school. The detailed sworn statements of above cures, with hundreds of others, can be obtained by addressing The Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. If Kootenay is not obtainable of your dealer, sent charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book, mailed free.

One bottle lasts over a month. One bottle lasts over a month.

BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF ST. VITOS' DANCE.

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miser-able—Could Not Use Her Hands and Found it Difficult to Walk—Health Restored.

Toment to Walk—Health Restored.

From the Napanee Express.

Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Salby who was badly afflicted with this trouble. He says:—'I never saw anyone suffering so badly from nervous disorder. She was violently jerking and twatching all the time, and could not use her right hand at all. Anything she would try to pick up with it would instantly fall. When she would attempt to walk, her limbs would turn and twist, the ankle often doubling down and throwing her. Lately I heard that she had been cured but doubted the truth of the statement and went out to see her. The state-



ment proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was really granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonyou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school.' Miss Gonyou gave the tollowing statement:— All is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school. Miss Gonyou gave the tollowing statement:— All through the fall of 1894 I had been feeling unwell. I did not speak to anybody about it, for I was going to school and was arraid if I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not hold my pencil. My right side was affected most, though the trouble saemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and. getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine for me. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the alightest trace of the about a month, my health was land; leave, ed. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' town a like of misery. Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles.

Er. Williams' Pink Pills create new

blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medi-cines had failed, thus establishing the claim cines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a mirvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale people." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

A Good way to Haug. First Tramp-What dol they mean by

hangin' a man in effigy? Sacond Tramp—Tnat's when they just string up a stuffed figure of him.

First Tramp—Well, if I wuz goin' ter be hung I'd like to have it done that way.

Josh Billings Sald.

Next to a clear conscience for solid com-fort give me an old shoe. Putnam's Pain-less Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-tour hours. Putnam's is the only sure, safe and painless corn ex-

Richard—How are you and Miss Smarts getting on? Does she smile on your suit? Robert—Smile on it? She actually laughs