

CAPTAIN STORMS.

Captain Storms put the glass to his eye, and took a long look. Far on, black against the silvery horizon line, the shapeless speck showed. What was it? Captain Storms' prolonged survey ended, he slowly dropped the glass, and turned to Mr. Scott, the mate.

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

And then Captain Storms lifted up his voice—a stentorian 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 seaman, in his off-hand seafaring costume. He had a beard, and he had a mustache, big and brown, like himself; and, from the crown of his glazed 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 waivered.

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

Again that unexpectably mournful wail. Captain Storms strode across to where a heap 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 making that feeble moan of dumb agony.

"My child!" Captain Storms said, pitifully. "My child, what is this?" The ghastly little creature lifted 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 hungry," she cried, piteously. "Peace is sick and cold, and mother's dead."

And then as the strong 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—while the *Lovely Lass* sailed along the southern seas, and the dead woman lay quietly under the great Pacific—the little rescued wail lay fluttering between death and life. And during these endless days and nights, the big sun-browned sailor watched over his little girl as a father—nay as a mother—might have done, until the flustering spirit ceased its struggles and grew calm in strength and health once more.

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

"There had been a great storm—oh a dreadful storm!" Peace said, with a shudder; and they went away in boats—all the men did—and left behind; and Peace stayed with mamma and was left behind, too. And then mamma came up, and she died, and Peace sobbed, and was so ill and so cold; and then you came, looking gratefully at the captain, and Peace doesn't remember any more. "Does my little Peace know where mamma came from, and where she was going?" Captain Storms asked.

"Yes, Peace knows. Mamma came from New York and was going to China to papa. Pa lived in China and was rich!"

But that was all she could tell; and Captain Storms knew that among all the most unlikely things on this earth, the most unlikely now was that papa and his little girl 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 behind next voyage," Captain Storms said. "I have a sister who keeps a school in Philadelphia, a fashionable young ladies' academy—and Peace 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, 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 clasped her hands—that would be lovely. So, by-and-by, when Philadelphia was reached, the captain of the *Lovely Lass* assigned his little girl—a willing captive—into the hands of Mrs. Lee. Not but that she shed a few tears at parting, too, and was very sorry when it came to the last, and the good by kiss was given.

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

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

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 afraid, of his little Peace and her grief.

"Dear, good guardian," thought Peace; "he's so kind and so good-natured; and it was nice playing on the deck of the *Lovely Lass*; but, for all that, I had rather be here and wear pretty dresses, and play with Mrs. Lee's boarders, and never be afraid of shipwrecks any more."

Captain Storms sailed for New Zealand; and on windy nights, when the doors and windows rattled, and great sounds came down the chimney, Peace lay awake, and thought of him on the terrible ocean, and said her simple child's prayers for his safe keeping.

Two years went by, and Peace 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 p-ternaturally long limbs, that were always in her way; high shoulders and prominent cheek bones. And so Captain Storms found her when, more bearded and sunbrowned than ever, he walked, with his sea-swing, into Mrs. Lee's parlor.

"Peace 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 headlong into his blue pilot-coat."

"Oh, 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 let 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 thin—Mrs. Lee says so. And now what have you brought me from New Zealand?"

"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 and waltzes.

"And I can read French, guardy," whirling gaily round on the stool, and drawing pencil 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 promised, and rose up to take his leave. 'I'm going to China this voyage,' he said, pulling her long, brown braids. 'If I see papa, I'm to give him his little girl's love, I suppose?'"

"Ah! if 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 for me when you go there."

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

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

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

So once again the captain of the *Lovely Lass* left this little girl, to sail merrily over the world; and once more peace went back to her horn book and a fancy work.

But the months strung themselves out, and the years rolled slowly backward and Captain Storms, 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.

But the sixth and last announced his coming, 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 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 face 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!"

Yes, Peace, beyond doubt; but, oh, so unutterably changed. Captain Storms reddened under his brown skin, and actually stammered.

"You surely know me, I see," she smiled brightly. "I dare say I have grown out of all reason. Am I taller than the mainmast now? I was almost as tall, if you remember, six years ago."

She recollected what he had said all these years, and Captain Storms' face 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 shining eyes.

"Talk to me as you used to, and call me Little Peace. Ah, guardy, how I have longed for your coming. And my father—tell me of him."

Captain 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. Captain 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 Lass* with sweetest melody; her clear voice rang out over the purple midnight sea, in songs sweeter than the siren strains of the mermaids; and her beautiful 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 42nd year—old enough and big enough to know better—told madly desperately and ridiculously in love. He lost his sleep and he lost his appetite; and he hung on a girl's foolish words, and existed only in the radiance of a pair of laughing girl's eyes.

"But 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 Lass*."

And yet, sometimes he wildly hoped. She talked to him so happily, she smiled upon him so sweetly, she was so glad when he came, so regretful when he went. And girls of 18 had married men of 42 before now; and, oh, 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 arms.

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

Captain Storms was to stay three weeks to stay three weeks in the Celestial City—to visit it, 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 Storms, must you go?"

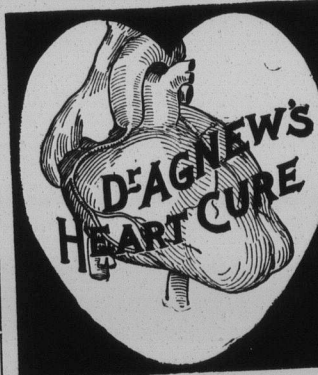
And then that bashful giant took leave of grace, as a landsman would have done weeks before.

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

But Peace had thrown her arms impetuously around him, and kissed the dark, 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 should have died of disappointment, I know, if you had left me behind."

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



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A BLUNDER IN CRETE.

Explanation Given by a French Paper of the Bombardment at Malaxa.

The Paris *Figaro* gives the following account of the bombardment by the fleets of the powers of the blockhouse at Malaxa, near Canes, Crete, which the despatches converted into a serious warlike demonstration.

"During the night the insurgents commenced to fire a few shots at the blockhouse. It was purely a platonic demonstration. The shots were fired at intervals of half an hour, and did no damage whatever."

"Sixty Turkish soldiers, well armed and commanded by a Captain occupied the blockhouse. They had sufficient provisions 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 perceived the white



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HARD STUDY IN SCHOOL.

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

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable—Could Not Use Her Hands and Found It Difficult to Walk—Health Restored. From the *Napac 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 twitching 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 following 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 afraid 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 seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and 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 slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles."

Dr. 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 medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel 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.

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First Tramp—What do they mean by hangin' a man in effigy?
Second Tramp—That'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.

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

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