

## The Rousing of Mr. Rugby

A Story of Stress and Storm

CHAPTER I.

Thomas Weatherford Rugby stood on the very verge of the breakwater, watching the schooner *Lovely Mary* sailing into Gloucester Harbor. Mrs. Rugby occupied a wicker rocking chair on the piazza of the Restful View, a hundred feet back from the wall that rose sheer above a narrow sandy beach. It was a clean drop of ten feet from the top of the wall, where Mr. Rugby balanced daintily on his toes, and Mrs. Rugby was viewing with increasing apprehension this new adventurous spirit in fat, placid Thomas Weatherford. Presently she called out to him in a voice that carried up and down the narrow beach and caused a general turning of heads and some impatient comment among the nurse maids sprawled in the sand:

"Thomas," she cried, "you must be careful out there, Mr. Hollis (the man called the proprietor of the Restful View 'Pussy' Hollis) said that yesterday a stone fell out of the wall up near the pond." Mr. Rugby stepped cautiously back to turn. His wife drew young Richard Rugby, aged ten, to her side, to wipe ten sticky fingers on her handkerchief, put a flapping blue sailor blouse into place, kiss an unwilling mouth with vigor, and instruct a deaf young ear as follows:

"Richard, you must not go down to Andy's any more without first coming and asking me if you can go. You know very well that blackjack candy makes you ill. Now, go right down there and tell your father that Mr. Hollis says that Capt. Wicklin's boat can be hired for this afternoon, and that I want him to go over to the Laurel Tavern and ask—well, now, hurry, dear, and tell your father I want him."

Young Richard pulled away from an embrace that promised to become violent once more, and raced out to the lawn at the piazza end, where he began to yell frenzied commands to "Daw-rottee!" to come up from the sand and play with him. Mrs. Rugby flung a rustling mass of skirts and, touching an iron-grey lock into place at the back of her bare head, went dignifiedly down the piazza steps to deliver in person the message that the boy had not deigned to hear. Mr. Rugby, ruddy faced, with clean grey moustache and close-cut grey hair showing below the rim of a jaunty Panama, stepped forward as jaunty as 250 pounds of hampering flesh would permit.

"I was just watching that fishing schooner, Sarah," began Mr. Rugby. "I see she's a two-master, and probably just getting in from the Banks. She's tacking in, and I reckon she'll make the dock pretty soon." Mr. Rugby's nautical lore was limited—extremely limited—for all his four long summers of watching the sleek, swift black boats sail in as the glory for crimsoning sunsets flooded the western piazza of the Restful View.

"Mr. Rugby was told, with customary emphasis, to go straight to Captain Wicklin and engage the Captain's launch little boat, the *Curlew*, for an afternoon's sailing. Then he was to go to Laurel Tavern—the 'swell-west' of the group of hotels, which Mrs. Rugby would have patronized, only it was too noisy and distracting for the children—and insist upon getting Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh and 'dear Harold' to join them. 'And don't forget that Mildred is going with us, I think Dorothy and Richard will better stay and play with the Preston children. Now, hurry up, Thomas, dear!' Mrs. Rugby came up the steps dignifiedly, smiling sweetly at dear old Mrs. Winters, who came up to shout a question, 'Where was Mr. Rugby off to just now, moving so spry?'"

Mrs. Rugby put her plump mouth close to Mrs. Winters' ear and shrieked: "We've invited the Macintoshes from Laurel Tavern to go sailing this afternoon—we've got Captain Wicklin's boat!"

"Oh, yes! going sailing, are you?" roared Mrs. Winters. "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if the wind came up strong late in the afternoon," she added cheerfully.

In response to Mr. Rugby's invitation Mrs. McIntosh said that both Harold and herself would be charmed to join the sailing party, but that Mr. McIntosh must be excused, for it was too unsettling to a man of his age who had never been a good sailor.

Mr. Rugby thought it unfortunate that he was to have no special companion on the sail, for he would be compelled either to listen with an assumption of interest to his wife and Mrs. McIntosh at their eternal chatter of marriages and dresses, or to become interested in Capt. Wicklin, who had one long, familiar story about the part he took in a great naval battle of the civil war. Mr. Rugby had thrilled at the tale four years before—now he knew exactly when Capt. Wicklin would put the tiller under his left arm to illustrate with both hands free, the way he picked a sputtering bomb off the Mentor's deck and heaved it overboard a quarter of a minute before it exploded.

But Mr. Rugby had a deep, full-fed philosophy that precluded sustained worry. He followed Mrs. Rugby and the laughing Mildred to the boat, his arms loaded with wraps and cushions.

Harold cut into the middle of his greeting with, "Hello, Mil, we're in for it again. Get jolly well soaked, if I can read the weather."

"Go on Hal, ferret it," taunted Mildred, putting out her hand to be assisted into the boat.

"Mildred!" rebuked Mrs. Rugby. She had heard her daughter's Bowery intonation. "Children grow up nowadays with such wild notions of language," complained the mother to Mrs. McIntosh.

The Curlew beat up the harbor, with Mildred and Harold gazing attentively over the bow, with Mrs. McIntosh and Mrs. Rugby well wrapped in the tiny pit, settling in direct discourse the destinies of the Preston children, and every eligible maid on Eastern Point. Not with words, but with approving nods and occasional flutters of parental caution to the noisy pair forward, they blessed the two young hearts.

It was Mrs. McIntosh's firm conviction that Mr. Rugby was "close" with his money, that he might have summered at Laurel Tavern just as well as at the Restful View, where the guests were well mixed. It made a sensation—no less—when a man brought his valet to the Restful View early in the season, whereas at Laurel Tavern, Mildred would surely bring money to dear Harold, who was so extravagant. Mrs. Rugby knew to a penny what the McIntoshes' weekly bill at the Tavern totalled.

Mr. Rugby listened patiently to Capt. Wicklin's civil war story, heard the bomb hiss in the waters as it sank, read the thanks of Congress through the willing narrator's lips, and wished that the infernal north-west wind would not blow so keenly.

Off Norman's Woe, yielding with graceful reluctance to the combined persuasion of Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Rugby and Harold, Mildred recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "Do you know," commented Mrs. McIntosh, "they say Longfellow never even saw the reef of Norman's Woe until long after he wrote that piece."

"It might have been high tide when Longfellow came down to see the Hesperus after she struck," ventured Mr. Rugby, with facetious intent. "Here at Gloucester the sea has a rise and fall of nine feet, and the reef, you see, is pretty well covered up half of the time."

"Thomas, how can you talk so!" Mrs. Rugby was familiar with the wit that attempted to cheapen the accomplishment of any member of his family. Mildred's elocution had seemed so effective and appropriate just now. Mrs. McIntosh called Mrs. Rugby's attention to the "grand sweep" of the Magnolia shore coming into view, and Thomas Weatherford Rugby sighed. He settled back to pour his elementary, fatuous talk of fishermen and lighthouses and tides into Capt. Wicklin's ears, eliciting from that grey skipper occasional half-contemptuous grunts. Then he relapsed into silence, casting his weather eye about the horizon of restless sea and far-wooded hills for a subject that might serve to win him a part in the general conversation.

It came—an innocent, scarcely discernible flash of lightning in the northwest. Instantly Mr. Rugby's memory reverted to one of Proprietor Hollis' most exciting sea tales, which began: "Along this coast, whenever you see lightning in the northwest, you can begin to take in sail, for it's sure to blow a gale of wind in a mighty short time." And here was the Curlew scudding before that north-west breeze with topsail and two jibs, in addition to the mainsail belling powerfully. Mr. Rugby called out:

"Captain, we're going to have a blow—better haul down your tops' and jibs."

"Did ye get a report from the weather bureau?" inquired the Captain, with a sarcastic intonation.

"No, I didn't, but—" "The Weather Bureau is so unreliable, Thomas," cut in Mrs. Rugby, noting the rising spirit of assertiveness in her husband. "Don't you remember that we looked in the Beeton papers the day before we planned to drive up to Newburyport, and—?"

"Yes, I know, Sarah, but I never said anything about a weather report. I was thinking of what Mr. Hollis was saying about—"

"Dear," impertinent Harold began to murmur:

"'Granny Hollis' came to tea, told wild tales of a stormy sea; Said sweet Nellie to Mister 'Fussy' Go right home, tell that to 'Pussy!'" Mildred laughed and supplied a second stanza descriptive of Pussy's alarm at hearing the sea tale. Mrs. Rugby and Mrs. McIntosh, after mildly chiding the irreverent young people, turned once more to the discussion of the Baxters of Marblehead Neck. Miss Baxter was to have all the money, it was reported, of that curious old Mr. Baxter, the uncle, who made 60,000 a year out of a Boston spa! Ready? That was news to Mrs. McIntosh.

### CHAPTER II.

Thomas Weatherford Rugby saw another ray of light in the almost cloudless northwest; he glanced anxiously towards Capt. Wicklin,

who steered in a dogged, injured silence. The little boat was driving magnificently before the breeze. Mr. Rugby wished to have his own selfish joy in the sail that he had not seen those lightning flashes. But he had seen them, and they had signalled to him a warning. What was the good, though, of speaking again? He would be met only by ridicule—and that treatment had not lost quite all of its bitterness. Mr. Rugby muttered an impious oath as he twisted round to face the northwest.

The little rags of clouds, out of which the lightning was occasionally flashing, drove straight on for Gloucester harbor. Mr. Rugby's anxious, watchful eye seemed to detect among the distant trees and housetops an unusual commotion, in fancy he could hear the wild shriek of the gale under the draughty eaves of the Restful View, and in the edge of the harbor he actually noted that the limp mainsail on Capt. Stewart's tug of a boat—The Bird—had suddenly come down. He touched Skipper Wicklin's arm and told him these things.

"Stewart takes in sail when he sees the shadow of a gull on the harbor!" What was expressed underneath the words was the firm determination of Capt. Wicklin to take exactly the contrary course.

As Mr. Rugby looked up again the two familiar lines of beeches that were silhouetted against the sky at the "neck" of Eastern Point were writhing in the wind. They were, perhaps, three miles away, and the question in the watcher's mind was, how soon would that gale traverse the distance? Mr. Rugby had a vague notion that sixty miles an hour was not an unusual rate for gales to travel—and, if he had seen the wind's first attack on the trees, they might still have three minutes to hand down the sail and come about in the wind.

"Captain," began Mr. Rugby sternly, "we must pull down the sails—the blow's going to strike us in less than three minutes."

"Thomas, dear, you are really spoiling the sail for Mrs. McIntosh and the children," Mrs. Rugby spoke calmly, but no one would have said she spoke dispassionately. There was something in the tone that made the words seem final. Mildred, ignoring Harold's flippant warning to "ware your Pop," added her rebuke:

"Papa, I wish you would not insist upon having a storm. Think how troublesome one might be!"

"The blow is almost upon us now—"

Mr. Rugby turned square towards the Curlew's skipper as he spoke—"will you pull down those jibs and the topsails." His voice rang out threateningly. Into his eyes there crept the light of battle, the rekindling spark of a youthful fire that should have died long ago. Under the fire the Captain quailed but a little. He blustered, to cover his weakness:

"I'll put the Curlew about, sir, and run back to the landing, if that's what you want; but to take in sail on a day like this is a fool thing that I won't do!"

Mr. Rugby sprang to his feet, his ruddy face flaming, and his eyes snapping with the spirit that had sent old Gen. Weatherford Rugby, his father, into the fiercest charge at Gettysburg, the beloved Confederate emblem fluttering in his own hand after the color-bearer had fallen. Pointing dramatically towards a fishing-smack inside the breakwater, he shouted:

"Look there!" On the black craft with work was going forward. Even as he spoke the last jib tumbled limp on the boom, and one of the two great mainsails fluttered a moment and then crashed towards the deck like a huge winged bird hard hit.

Capt. Wicklin saw the first rush of the gale strike the fisherman, saw her career as the remaining mainsail belled suddenly and swung out with a jerk. But he was an obstinate man, and fishermen often beat into the inner harbor under only one mainsail. He turned to the women to explain that they need not be alarmed, when Mr. Rugby seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Pull down the jibs and topsail, sir. I order you to do it." Skipper Wicklin retorted hotly:

"What do you know 'a'ut sailing? What do you know about sailing? I'd as soon think of taking orders from—"

"Then stand aside, sir, and I'll pull 'em down for you!" Mr. Rugby, thrusting the astonished mariner back to his seat beside the tiller from which he had risen, stumbled forward to the mast and began to pull frantically at the halyards cleft in an apparently hopeless tangle. Mildred, blushing with mortification, and angry beyond reason, left her seat to come up to her father.

"Papa, go back to your seat—you're making us all ridiculous!" Mr. Rugby turned from the ropes to seize his daughter's arms and thrust her towards the snickering Harold. "Keep her there, sir!" he commanded, sternly, and young McIntosh suddenly became sober. Mrs. Rugby was disentangling herself from the wraps that bound her, an ominous, commanding light in her eyes. But she said nothing. Mr. Rugby tugged at the ropes, expecting at every moment her firm grip on his arm.

But before the wife could interfere, Capt. Wicklin had brought the Curlew about, the quick change dumping both Mr. and Mrs. Rugby into the pit.

"Come aft and steer, sir," called the Captain, alive at last to the danger. "Hold her steady as she runs.

The skipper had the topsail halyards loose in a jiffy. While he pulled at the jib fastenings the gale struck. The Curlew sved half round, the tiller flying from Mr. Rugby's grip. Capt. Wicklin scrambled aft to recover it, deaf to the cries of the women, leaving the mainsail flapping wildly.

Seeing the tiller safe in the Captain's hands, Mr. Rugby floundered forward, hearing in passion his wife's hysterical command to sit down and not fall out of the boat. Grasping the pitching mast firmly with one arm, he tore at the ropes again, but the mystery of their arrangement baffled him. He looked up from his work to see the pale-faced Harold scrambling into the cockpit, leaving Mildred hanging despairingly to the rail and in imminent danger of going overboard. With a daring lunge he seized his daughter and flung her in with the two women. Then he turned to Harold.

"Your knife, sir, quick!" he commanded. The young man fumbled awkwardly in his pockets, drawing forth a pretty, pocket-handled pen-knife.

"Open it, you fool!" roared Mr. Rugby. With the knife, now thoroughly roused, and surprisingly agile, capable Mr. Rugby slashed at the halyards. But the knife was a toy, too light for the work. Flunging it from him, Mr. Rugby luckily released the ropes at a frantic pull, and the Curlew's canvas was dragging in the choppy sea. The sails down, Capt. Wicklin let the boat run before the wind, and, lashing the tiller hurriedly, came forward to save the canvas.

The gale went as quickly as it came, and a soaking, chilling rain followed in its wake. Capt. Wicklin, bending on his mainsail for the run to the landing, was very cordial in his talk to Mr. Rugby, who buzzed about in the belief that he was helping. In Mrs. Rugby's eyes appeared a new light—compounded of surprise at her husband's effectiveness, of wonder at the foreknowledge he had shown of the storm's approach, and of a wholly womanly pride in his resolute manliness.

Mildred had seen and marvelled, and glowed, too. When Harold McIntosh ventured the sotto voce comment, "Old Pop humped himself that time for fair!" Mildred turned upon him with the crushing rejoinder:

"My father saved your life, like a brave man. I'd like you to speak more respectfully of him if you've got to say something." Going aft, she cuddled close to Mr. Rugby, who was beginning vaguely to fear that he might come out of this a hero. Harold trailed his fingers in the water all the way from Norman's Woe to the Laurel Tavern landing. Mrs. Rugby reflected upon the accident—once she turned away to whisper to herself: "It's been hard to remember some times, but I have got a man for a husband." Few at the hotel understood Mrs. Rugby's new devotion to her placid husband, but she was serenely, happily unconscious of their perplexity.

Work out your mission. He who applies himself to aught else than the realization of this end loses in living the raison d'être of life. The egoist does so, the pleasure-seeker, the ambitious; he consumes existence as one eating the full corn in the blade—no prevents it from bearing its fruit; his life is lost. Whoever, on the contrary, makes his life serve a good higher than itself saves it in giving it. Moral precepts, which to all superficial view appear arbitrary, and seem made to spoil our zest for life, have really but one object—to preserve us from the evil of having lived in vain.

## VOICE FROM THE PRAIRIES

Tells of the Great Work Done by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Thos. L. Hubbs tells how his Kidney Strain Vanished when he used the great Kidney Remedy

Kenil, N.W.T., May 11.—(Special)—In this new country where medical attendance is often hard to get the action of special preparations is carefully watched and the results are carefully noted. Consequently, conclusions are arrived at that are of value to the public. And the almost unanimous conclusion is that as a family medicine there is nothing to compare with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

As a tonic it has made a name for itself, while its cures of all stages of Kidney Disease from Bright's Disease to Backache—might be considered miraculous if their frequency did not make them almost common.

The following story told by Thos. L. Hubbs, a farmer in Indian Head municipality, is one of the many that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their reputation.

"About one year ago," says Mr. Hubbs, "I was thrown from a wagon, causing some strain on my kidneys. I tried several medicines but could get no relief will I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills relieved me almost from the start and by the time I had finished one box my pains were gone. They have not come back either."

### A BOTTLE PISTOL.

Here's a funny story of hallucination, told by A. H. S. Landor in his book "Across Coveted Lands." While traveling in Persia the writer stopped at an inn for "a glass of tea." On entering he placed his revolver in his leather case on the table beside him. The native attendant timidly asked whether the revolver was loaded.

"I told him it was. He went to the farther end of the room, where, turning his back to me, he began to blow upon the fire which was to boil water for the tea. In the meantime I, being very thirsty, sent another man to my luggage to bring me a bottle of soda water.

"The imprisoned gases of the soda, which had been lying for the whole day in the hot sun, had so expanded that when I removed the wire the cork went off with a loud report and unfortunately hit the man in the shoulder blade.

"By association of ideas he made so certain in his mind that it was the revolver that had gone off that he absolutely collapsed in a faint, under the belief that he had been badly shot. He moaned and groaned, trying to reach with his hand what he thought was the wounded spot, and called for his son, as he felt he was about to die.

"We supported him and gave him some water and reassured him, but he had turned as pale as death. "What have I done that you will die?" he moaned, pitifully.

"But, my good man, there is no blood flowing. Look!"

"A languid, hopeless glance at the ground where he had fallen, and sure enough he could find no blood. He tried to see the wound, but his head would not turn in a sufficiently wide arc of a circle to see his shoulder blade, so in due haste we removed his coat and waistcoat and shirt, and after slow but careful, keen examination he discovered that not only were there no marks of flowing blood, but no trace whatever of a bullet hole in any of his garments. Even then he was not certain, and two small mirrors were sent for, which, by the aid of a sympathizing friend, he got at proper angles minutely to survey his whole back.

"He eventually recovered and was able to proceed with the brewing of the tea, which he served with a terribly trembling hand on the rattling saucer under the tiny little glass.

"It was a very narrow escape from death, sahib," he said, in a wavering voice, "for it might have been the revolver."

"There is nothing like bakshish in Persia to heal all wounds, whether real or imaginary, and an extra handsome 'tip' left the man much improved in spirit."

### SPRING IN THE VALLEY.

(May St. Nicholas.)

When the catkin's on the willow  
And the tassel on the birch,  
The wild bees from the living rocks  
Begin their honey search.

Brown wings among the browner  
grass  
And breast all brightening yellow—  
Pipes up from meadows as we pass  
The lark's call, clear and mellow;

Now wake the burnished dragonfly  
Beside the glinting river,  
That shakes with silent laughter  
Where  
The iris banners quiver;  
Now on the budding poplar boughs  
The tuncful blackbirds perch:  
For the catkin's on the willow  
And the tassel on the birch.

Now stalks the solemn crow behind  
The farmer in the furrow;  
The downy owl comes out at dusk  
And hoots beside his burrow.  
Now blows a balmy breath at morn  
To call men to the sowing;  
Now all the waterways are full,  
And all the pastures growing;  
Now trout anglers drop a line  
To catfish and to perch;  
For the catkin's on the willow  
And the tassel on the birch.

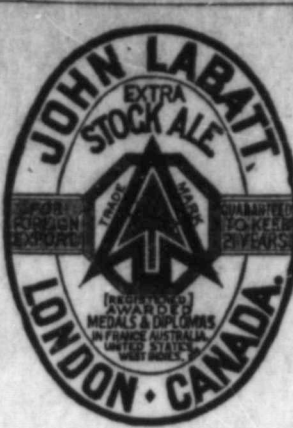
### THE EXHILARATION OF DISCOVERY.

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule.

I never felt before, I never expect to feel again, the same exhilaration of spirits, the same mental exaltation that I felt from the time we reached and passed eastward of Cape Washington till we returned to it. It was a feeling which lifted me above such petty things as weariness and hunger, aches and pains and bruises, smarting eyes and face and all the other irritations of serious Arctic work.

This whole grand coast fronting the central Polar Basin, never before seen by human eye, was mine. Each jutting cape, each ragged glacier, each snow-capped mountain, each spreading fjord had been dragged by me from obscurity and was mine by the great right of discovery. A mild form of lunacy, perhaps, yet the feeling has been in the heart of every man who has trodden for the first time on new lands, and will be in the hearts of a few more men yet before the earth yields up its last unknown mile.

Robert E. Peary in McClure's.



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### THE WINNER'S WAY.

Great teachers often imitate nature's way of silence. He was not a foolish man who said to his son: "There are the letters of the English alphabet. Go into that corner and learn them."

Maria Mitchell, an unusually successful teacher, would draw a complicated diagram on the blackboard and say: "To-morrow tell me what that means." It may have been unintelligible to the class at the moment, but the next day most of the students had discovered its application.

Such a class-room is a rehearsal for after life. The class-room where the teacher does all the thinking and the pupils none prepares one for nothing more practical than being entertained or, more likely, bored for life.

Apparatus, elucidation, opportunity—these are the crutches of the lame and the couches of the lazy. "Newton rolled up the cover of a book; he put a small glass at one end and a large brain at the other—it was enough!" The coward on the field of battle breaks his sword and flings it from him because it is not a Damascus blade. The king's son—the man with the masterful mind—pursued and weaponless, snatches up the broken sword and wins the day.—Youth's Companion.

### SEEMING FAILURE.

(By John B. Tabb, in Sunday School Times.)

O wave upon the strand!  
What urges thee in vain  
To lift the baffled hand  
In supplication again?

"The passion that impels  
The tidal energies  
In every bud that swells,  
In every soul that sighs;

"The same that on the cross  
Sustained the dying Christ,  
When Love for seeming Loss  
Alone was sacrificed."

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