MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

BY OLIVE HARPER.

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[CONTINUED.]

With that they seized the handle of the door, and with one jerk it flew open and George raised his cutlass, and Max squared off with his fists, but the state room was so small and the number of his assailants so large that all they could do proved fruitless, and George and Max were both seized and carried like bags of cotton up the companion way, and then they were tied and set down beside the captain and mate, who were just beginning to show signs of returning consciousness.

In a few minutes more the sick second mate was on deck, and then the men began to lower the long boat, and in it they placed a keg of water and some provisions, a sail and compass and the oars, then the three helpless officers were laid in the bottom, not ungently, and the boat carefully lowered to the water. Then Maxwell was untied and told to go down, which he did, and George followed with what alacrity he could; and they were then ordered to "cast off."

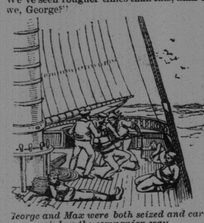
In a few seconds more the brig Absolute went about and wore off and on due west, leaving the five men abandoned in the middle of the ocean and in the middle of the night.

George and Maxwell untied the captain and mate and tried to rouse them by chafing their hands and moistening their faces, but it was not until the dawn showed gray in the sky that they became conscious of their condition.

The sick mate seemed to rally, and in the course of the day to sit up and eat a little, but the captain and first officer complained of terrible headaches.

The captain seemed heartbroken at his disaster, and moaned something about his wife and children from time to time, and though their situation was anything but pleasant Maxwell tried to put a good face on it.

"What is the use of crying over spilt milk?" said he; "we have all lost everything we had but our lives, and what astonishes me is that them fellers had grace enough to let us go with our heads. We can't be more than two days' sail from land, and with this 'ere trade wind and at this season we're pretty sure to make it. They've gin us enough grub to last us, and water, so we might be wus off. We've seen rougher times than this, hain't we, George?"



George and Max were both seized and carried up the companion way.

"We have, indeed," replied George; "so cheer up, captain; perhaps matters won't be so bad as you think when we reach land. You can count on my doing all in my power to repay you for your loss."

"I know that, but they have robbed you, too."

"Well, who knows what may turn up for us? The principal thing is to reach land," said George, sorely tempted to tell the captain of the jewels that he carried in his bosom, but he thought, "Who knows what he might do? So I'll say nothing until we reach land."

All this day and the night, too, they sailed due east as near as was possible on account of the wind, which set toward the northward, hoping to make San Diego bay. Failing in that, they intended to skirt the coast and make the first port they came to, if they were not picked up by some steamer, but though they looked night and day no sign of any reached them and it was not until the afternoon of the third day that land was sighted.

The greater part of the labor of sailing the boat came upon George and Maxwell, for all three of the others seemed almost overcome with chagrin, pain and the discouragement at their helpless condition, for they were about to land in a strange place, penniless and unknown.

By great good fortune Maxwell happened to have in his capacious pockets some twenty Spanish doubloons, which he placed there for the pleasure of feeling them and hearing them jingle, and that gave him courage.

All night long they sailed, following their course by the light of the stars. They had no moon nor any light by which they could see the compass, and they longed for daylight, which seemed to linger unwarrantably, and the night passed in almost complete silence, for George and Maxwell were nearly spent with fatigue and lack of sleep.

When daylight appeared the poor men in the long boat set up a lusty cheer, for there, not over two miles away, was land, and as near as the captain could make it out, it was the entrance to San Diego bay; and while they ate a few biscuits they rapidly approached and found their surmises correct, and never did land look so beautiful before to mortal as it did to George. Naturally the rest of them were also glad, but George had been so long away, despairing for so long of ever beholding his native land again, and thinking that thus Starling, that monster of iniquity, would pass unpunished, that now he had double cause for rejoicing.

At daybreak they had sighted land, and at 10 o'clock they stepped on shore in San Diego and walked in a sad little procession up to Horton's hotel, where their spirits were somewhat revived by a bountiful breakfast, which Maxwell paid for in money long out of date and unknown; still, under the circumstances, it passed current.

The next day a steamer was to sail for San Francisco and the five castaways engaged passage on her, and went on board that night. The long boat was sold for enough to pay for the three ship's officers, and Maxwell and George paid in the old Spanish coin, which, being gold, is good for its weight anywhere.

In the morning the steamer sailed, and George felt his heart rise at the prospect of landing in a great city like San Francisco, where he could sell the jewels and set the poor captain's mind free from anxiety. Perhaps he misjudged the value of the jewels; what then? Ah, but he would not think of that, as Maxwell said, "It's enough to cry to-morrow for to-morrow's troubles," and so he tried to argue himself into quiet again.

On the steamer was a man toward whom George felt a strong attraction, and it seemed that the sentiment was mutual. At any rate they made each other's acquaintance, and when the man, whose name was Frank Osborne, asked George the particulars of his disastrous voyage, and heard the strange and exciting tale, he grasped George's hand, saying:

"And now, what do you propose to do? What are your plans for the future? Shall you go to sea again?"

George had not told him of the reason of his going to sea at first, and of course he knew nothing of the man's object.

"I don't know yet what I shall do," said George. "Of course, the first thing is to get something to do to earn a living for myself and Maxwell. I've had all the sea I want, and I have no plans other than that I want to go east in about four years. I have something to attend to there."

"Well, then, suppose you and your friend, who seems a brave fellow, go back with me to my ranch when we have finished our business up to 'Frisco. I've got two ranges there—one cattle, the other sheep—and I will pay you $35 a month each and furnish your board, lodging and passage from here to there; and I'll let you have money enough to get you an outfit of suitable clothes. What do you say?"

"I will go there for four years if Max consents and you think we can do what you want."

"I know you can; and I like you well enough to teach you. The old man need not do much; just potter around; but I should expect full work from you. Can you ride horseback?"

A sudden sob rose in George's throat as he thought of his pretty pony that he had ridden in the old days, when his mother was alive, and he almost saw her as she used to look at him, with eyes full of mother love and pride. How changed it all was now. It was a full minute before George could command himself sufficiently to answer:

"I used to."

"Well, you can now, then, for that is something one never forgets."

Maxwell was, of course, willing to go wherever George wished to go, and he was greatly touched at George's consideration, and the whole affair was settled in a short time, so when the steamer sailed in the Golden Gate and up to her dock George did not feel so desolate nor alone in a strange place as he had thought he should.

The whole party went to the same hotel, where the ranchero insisted upon assuming the expense.

When, the next day after their arrival, the unfortunate captain and his mates were discussing their position George produced his package of jewels and told them that whatever they might bring was to be divided between them, one half to the captain and the remainder between the two mates.

Explanations followed, and finally the captain was prevailed upon to accept one fourth on condition that George kept the other fourth for himself and Max. George felt that it was his fault, indirectly at least, that this crushing disaster had fallen upon the captain.

"That is in a measure true," said the captain, "but I was overconfident. I should have watched the men closer. These gentlemen can get other ships as mates, for they were not responsible, but my career is ended. I can never command another ship, for where is the owner who would trust me with his vessel when he knew that I could not govern the one I had? No, boys, there is nothing for me now but to go home and sit by my fire all the rest of my life, for I could never ship under any one else. But I cannot feel that it is right or honest to take this lad's sole sustenance."

"Don't you fret," said Osborne, with a suspicious moisture in his bright, keen eyes. "I adopt this youngster. I do, by jingo, for he's worth it. I am so rich, by jingo, that I can't count my money, and he'll never need anything as long as I live; no, nor when I die, either. As to them shiny stones, we'll all go down to Tucker's and get his assay on them, and then I'll buy them myself, for I've got a sister somewhere away down east, and when George goes there I'll send them to her."

So they all went to Tucker's, and the head man examined the stones critically and valued them at $40,000.

It took the ranchero scarcely ten minutes to complete the bargain, and as soon as they could reach the bank the unfortunate captain was in possession of ten thousand and the two mates of six much each, and there was the same for George, who wished to still persuade the captain to take that also. But the captain said, with grateful emotion: "You are noble and generous, but not only do you owe it to yourself to keep it, but also to your friend and companion in troubles. He is not young and is disabled."

"You are right," said George; "you are right, and I ought to be ashamed of taking it all upon myself. He owns just as much of this as I do."

"No I don't, George, no I don't. I was going to throw them down for no good when you said you know them was diminds and rubies and such like, 'cause you'd seen your mother wear—I mean you knew what they was and I didn't, and that's all there is about it, and if they was mine I'd a done the same thing you have with 'em, least-a-wise if I could." So, captain, sir, you are welcome, and if you and he began to recuperate, but he had an unfortunate fondness for liquor which he could hardly overcome even enough for decency's sake while a guest at this hospitable ranch. Every possible excuse he would make to persuade Maxwell to let him have a little of the liquor that they kept on hand to be used only in cases of great emergency, but one day he got a chance when Maxwell was away and he filled a canteen from the keg in the store room and went off by himself and drank it, and was soon as drunk as he could be and walk.

George had always had a peculiar feeling toward this man, and he was always under the influence of a sensation as if he was searching to recall a dream or vision, which in some way connected this man and himself, but always without avail until this day, when he returned from a long trip after "rounding up."

The owner of the ranch had made arrangements to build a number of sheds to shield his sheep, and the lumber was arriving in large quantities and was piled up in several places. As George rode along his thoughts went back toward the day when he sat crouched in the lumber yard near the river and heard the conversation between Starling and Randall and which had decided his own fate. Just at this instant the man he had rescued staggered into sight and in a second George recognized him as Randall, the engineer. The association of ideas had brought about this recognition. The man slunk back as soon as he could. And George was afraid now to let him escape from his sight, and he sprang from his pony and followed the man, who had given the name of John Samuels to George and his employer.

George's heart beat to suffocation as he followed the wretch, and he was undecided how to act. Finally he thought:

"The best thing I can do is to let circumstances decide for me. If he does not know me (and how should he) I will get him back to the ranch, and then I will tell the whole story to Mr. Osborne, and let him and Max advise me. But I will never let him go."

So George went to where Randall had already fallen into an uneasy slumber, and roused him and made him go back with him to the ranch, telling him that he ought not to expose himself that way among new lumber, for he certainly would splinter by a tarantula or centipede, and at last he managed to get him back, when he was put to bed, and a young Mexican was stationed at the door to prevent his escape.

Then George called Mr. Osborne and Maxwell and said:

"I want to speak to you both on a most important matter, and I want to be alone with you both."

"If it's the gold mine up on the sheep walk, I know all about it already," said Mr. Osborne.

"No, it is not, but I beg your attention all the same, though this is a matter which concerns only myself. You know, Max, but I must begin at the beginning that you may be able to understand. Mr. Osborne," and then George told the whole story of his certainty of his father and mother's foul murders, and of the plan to take his own life, of his escape and intention to bring the murderer to justice; and then he told them that the drunken wretch in yonder knew and had witnessed the crime. When this was all told George took his precious bag from around his neck and showed it to Mr. Osborne with the faded portraits, and the purse with his grandfather's name in it, and the pierced $5 piece. When Mr. Osborne took the two pictures in his hand he turned pale as if death had seized him, and then when he read the name in the purse and took the money in his hand, he burst into tears, and heavy sobs shook his frame. After a while he managed to gain calm enough to say brokenly:

"George, Mary Morris, your mother, was my beloved sister, and your grandfather is my father, and you are my nephew. I ran away from homethe same father, who was very strict, whipped me severely for a fault which I did not do, and which was wrongfully laid to me, and I wandered off and made all over the world. My sister was just married to your father then. I called myself Frank Osborne, leaving off the Morris. At last I drifted here and settled down and I got rich with my cattle in spite of myself, and I always intended to go back to my folks some day. Three years ago I wrote to your mother, George, and now I know why I took to you so—you look just like her."

Here he held out his arms, and George threw himself on that broad heart with a new feeling of comfort and consolation he had never experienced since his double loss. At this point, I am sorry to say, he cried freely, and pretended that it was the smoke that had got into his eyes.

"What you want to do now, George," said Maxwell, "is to tell this feller who you are, and that you know he was a accessery afore the fact, as they call it in courts, and if he don't offer to give his diary in evidence, and that ar paper, whatever it is, if so be as he's relly got one, why you'd better offer to buy it of him. We've a long ways off, and he's my opinion he's one one of them kind as likes whisky so well 'et he'd sell his own head to get it. What do you say, Mr. Osborne?"

"I think you are right, Max, and as soon as he sobers up we'll try him."

"He won't get no more chance at that keg agin," says Max, firmly. "But say, wouldn't it be a good plan to search him and see if he's got that paper he spoke of? It belongs to George of right, anyhow, if he has, and as we're so far from a court, let's constitute ourselves into one, and try and recover George's stolen property."

"I think he's right, George, and we'll do it."

The three then went to the room where the drunken brute lay asleep, and in a short time they found a package of papers tied up securely in an oilskin wrapping, and this they took away to examine.

In it they found several letters, one or two with full signature, and which spoke of inclosures of money, and complaining of what he called this man's exigencies, and saying each time that that was the last money he would ever send. George thought these must be from Starling. There were two or three from some one else, who signed his name Jim, and in these were a complete history of Starling's actions, and they showed that the writer lived near Starling, and watched his every movement. One of them said:

"When the little hussar ran away there was a terrible hullabalioo for a while, and it seemed as though Starling would raise the dead to find him, but he never has been found. Starling completely hoodwinked the old man Morris, and he finally went home, and Starling dare not touch the boy's money, as he could have done if he could have kept him in his own clutches or have put him out of the way. Of course he has all the 'surance money, and all the boy's property is in his hands, but what enrages him is that he cannot realize it and leave here. He has been here nearly four years and has two children, the oldest a boy and the other a girl, and he just worships them, but he don't treat his wife well. She was that Ashton girl, and is very rich in her own right. But Starling is rich, respected, religious and prosperous, while you, according to your short story, don't have enough to live on. I'd make him shell out, for he is just rolling in riches and is on the top of the heap. There is talk of running him for mayor next fall," etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One of Milan Obrenovitch's latest indecencies was to appoint M. Christian minister to Berlin. He is the shameless husband of that particular one of King Milan's concubines whom that monarch attempted to force Queen Natalie to kiss in public and treat with honor. "Kiss your paramour yourself," replied the queen, and divorce followed.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

AN OPENING DAY CRUSH.

OLIVE HARPER DESCRIBES A SHOPPING SCENE IN NEW YORK.

She Also Tells Something About the Dress Goods She Saw on a Recent Excursion. Some Tea Dresses and Ball Costumes That Are Perfectly Entrancing.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—The past week has been hard for the searcher for new things, for every house has its specialty in style of patterns, goods or customers, so that it would never do to miss one solitary "opening," and opening in New York language means a jam, a crush, a squeeze and a scrouge all boiled down and condensed into absolute suffering. Words cannot express the unpleasantness of the effort to get sight of the "new dress goods" counters in our largest stores. The compact mass of women in front, on both sides and behind, and each one wearing some different perfume, and each one intent on reaching that counter, no matter who suffers, makes locomotion more difficult than storming a fortress. I thought, after the battle of pushing women with aggressive parasols and obstreperous boot heels, that I, at least, should not have suffered much worse had I been in an actual storming party—but I saw the stylest

NEW STYLES IN HAIR DRESSING.

Ah, what a sigh of solid satisfaction heaves my womanly breast when I remember that I saw those new styles before they were all pulled and hauled about and bought by that army of women on summer dresses intent, and I mentally exulted in my small boy's sentiment as he remarked on my return: "There are no flies on you, mamma." I had 'got there' on time, had seen the new summer silks and gotten home alive, and, as he remarked, there were no flies on me. They would certainly have been smashed up to infinitesimal atoms had they been in such a crush.

For any one who lives out of a large city such a sight as an enormous store, occupying half a block, so jammed and packed with eager buyers, would seem to be impossible, but this very thing is repeated in every large dry goods store in the city on opening days.

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The dancing season will revive again after Lent, and many of the novelties are for such occasions, and it requires a mind closed to artistic beauty that can pass those lovely dresses without mention. They are arranged so that the brocaded silk forms a court train and the front is a confused mass of tulle or silk net, or silk muslin, and at the side the masses of goods are gathered together with great bunches of water lilies with transparent green trailing grasses an inch wide. The pink and silver brocades and pink or green tulle go together; pale electric and moonlight blue and silver also have their heavy bunches of pond lilies; the delicate silvery greens also are made in the same way, and these are arranged in bunches of trailing lilies form appropriate garniture.

Pure white and cream white tulle, and white and silver brocade, are often trimmed with great masses of blush roses and vines, or even jack roses, cloth of gold, or ten roses. Other flowers are occasionally seen, but all are massed in large loose bunches, and a large flat bouquet is frequently placed on the left shoulder. Some of the tulle dresses have bunches of three ostrich tips placed here and there. Fans for these costumes are of gauze stretched over mother of pearl sticks, or real lace, or ostrich plumes.

One peculiar ball dress is made up with a striped front, with pink and silver stripes, the pink ones being moire. Around the bottom are sewn two bands of black velvet ribbon. Across the front and down the sides is a puffed drapery of white tulle. The corsage is of pink moire draped with tulle. The train is formed of two breadths of moire, over which is tacked a white lace shawl,

A NEW IDEA.

which is fastened at the shoulders and each side with close bunches of pink rose buds. Larger bunches are at the sides. A full boa of black lace is worn about the throat. This costume affords a very pretty means of utilizing a lace shawl, whether black or white. Very many ladies have shawls which have lain by many years "out of fashion," which make elegant additions to toilets like this. China crepe shawls also can be used as draperies and are always beautiful.

The moire or brocade for evening dresses can cost $50 a yard, if desired, but I saw some pink and white, blue and white, white and gold color and many other lovely patterns quite handsome enough for grand occasions for $1.25 a yard yesterday. Made up with tulle or net, they look every whit as rich as the others. One pure white brocade was perfectly beautiful. They can even be bought cheaper in a week or so, as they will be then "broken lots."

* * *

For young ladies who want only one party dress, and that also to be one which they can wear afternoons as well as evenings, cashmere, veiling or silk warp henriettas are the most suitable and valuable material to use. Cashmere in fine qualities costs about 75 cents, and eight yards is an abundant quantity. A little India silk, surah or crepe de chine makes the trimming, with a yard or so of lace and a few bows of ribbon. Ten dollars will buy everything for such a dress, and a pattern, such as can be easily procured, will help the young girl to obtain a costume as dainty and becoming as could be found.

The new India silks are now in such exquisite colors and delicate patterns that they are more desirable than ever before. They cost from 75 cents to $1 per yard, and it would require full fifteen yards for an entire dress, as it is but twenty-four inches wide, while the wool goods are forty-four to fifty-four inches wide.

Dresses for home made of India silk are mostly made in Empire style, or in some rather plain manner. Ribbons, and bands of plush or velvet, are often used to trim them, but they are really far prettier and more elegant quite plain. Skirts are folded in at the top and overhanded on to the waist in the old style in the most of the home dresses, in all of them in fact, where it can be done.

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The ginghams and sateens show new beauties with every new opening, the exquisitely soft and lace effects being the most sought for. The delicate tints are harmonious and attract by their refinement, while what goods there are in deeper colorings are rendered beautiful by the peculiarities of their patterns. Thus far, ginghams, plaid, striped and lace effects, sateens, colored piques, challies, mousseline de laines and soft challio silk and India silks are the chosen summer goods to the exclusion of percales—a reversal of the order of seasons. There will be, of course, many white muslin negligees and other white dresses and some white lace dresses, but thin, washable goods will be confined to the lovely lace stripe ginghams.

INDIA SILK HOME DRESS.

One of the prettiest house dresses for a young girl that I have seen this season has the back cut like a redingote, and is of dove gray cashmere. There are three large crochetted buttons set on each side just back of the hips. The front opens over an accordion pleating of cream white China crape, and down each side from neck to feet is a band of cream white felt braided with silver cord. The sleeves are flowing and open slightly over crepe bishop sleeves, and a full vest fills in the front. The pointed collar and pointed girdle are both braided with silver cord, and six large crochet buttons decorate the waist of the redingote.

* * *

Hair dressing has undergone quite a change, and that suddenly. The old fashioned chignons and braids are often seen, and while some dress their hair very high on the head, the majority spread it out more all over the head, and little curls, thick and natural, peep out among the puffs and braids along the back of the neck and behind the ears.

For evening loose braids or long twisted loops twined with small flowers are very fashionable for young ladies, while elder ones have jeweled pins and tiars here and there, as well as flowers. Fillets and Grecian effects are also seen. For bridal coiffure nothing could be more charming than the one given with this letter, and which shows a close spray of orange blossoms set in among the puffs upon the top of the head. The hair is not brought down so low over the forehead, and scarcely ever is a young lady seen now with her hair simply banged.

The hair falling over the brow is curled, and wish thinner, more natural effect. Elderly ladies wear fronts which wave from the parting with not more than one or two curls at the ends. Some affect the coronet knot low in the neck, but it is becoming to but few. There were many more things to say, but like the Duchess, I shall have to continue them in our next, hoping that the readers will live through the awful suspense.

OLIVE HARPER.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Sarratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, a positive cure for the half or paper wrapped, with the signature of the Commissioner of Customs, and the words "Tea Duty Free" in the place of the duty stamp, and the tea must be sold for not more than 25 cents per pound, or the equivalent in other denominations, the Commissioner may, in his discretion, cancel the license of the vessel in which the tea is imported, and the tea may be seized and forfeited.

Tea in packages of the value of $100 or upwards, or in any quantity for the use of any vessel, may be imported free of duty, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioner of Customs.

Tea may be exported free of duty, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioner of Customs.

Tea may be warehoused for exportation, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioner of Customs.

Tea may be sold by the importer, without being put into the warehouse