

## CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Continued.

"Marthy," he said in an awed tone, "do you know what I was thinkin' of when I was pullin' through the west of it this mornin'?" I was thinkin' of you. I thought of Luther and the rest of them poor souls, of course, but I thought of you most of the time. It kept comin' back to me that if I went under I shouldn't see you agin. And you was thinkin' of me."

"Yes. When that Mayo man said he had awful news I felt sure 'twas you he was goin' to tell about. I never fainted away in my life that I know of, but I think I most fainted then."

"And you cared as much as that?"

"Yes."

Somehow both were speaking quietly, but as if it was useless longer to keep back anything. To speak the exact truth without reserve seemed the most natural thing in the world.

"Well, well, well," said the captain reverently and still in the same low tone. "I said once afore that I'd loved you. You was sent here, and now I'm sure of it. It seemed as if you was sent to me, didn't it?"

"The housekeeper still looked out of the window, but she answered slowly, 'I don't know.'"

"It does. It does so. Marthy, we've been happy together while you've been here. De you 'bieve you could be happy with me always—if you married me, I mean?"

"Mrs. Snow turned and looked at him. There were tears in her eyes, but she did not wipe them away."

"Yes," she said.

"Think now, Marthy. I ain't very young, and I ain't very rich."

"What am I?" with a little smile.

"And you really think you could be happy if you was the wife of an old codger like me?"

"Yes." The answer was short, but it was convincing.

Captain Eri rose to his feet.

"Good-bye," he said in a sort of unbellying whisper. "Marthy, are you willin' to try?"

And again Mrs. Snow said "Yes."

When Dr. Palmer came he found Luther Davis still in bed, but Captain Eri was up and dressed, and there was such a quiet air of happiness about him that the man of medicine was amazed.

"Good Lord, man," he exclaimed, "I expected to find you dead on your back, and you look better than I've seen you for years. Taking a salt water bath in midwinter must agree with you."

"It ain't so much that," replied the captain serenely. "It's the way I got takin' it."

When the doctor saw Perez alone he asked the latter to keep a close watch on Captain Eri's behavior. He said he was afraid that the exertion and exposure might have affected the captain's brain.

Perez, alarmed by this caution, did not watch his friend very closely, but he saw nothing to frighten him until his friend suddenly struck his thigh a resounding slap.

"Jerry," he groaned distressfully, "I clean forgot. I've gone back on Jerry!"

CHAPTER-XXI.

ELISE and Captain Eri were kept busy that afternoon. Abner Mayo's news spread quickly, and people gathered at the postoffice, the stores and the billiard room to discuss it. Some of the men, notably Cy Warner and Rufe Smith, local representatives of the big Boston dailies, hurried off to the telegraph station to get the facts at first hand. Others came down to talk with Captain Eri and Elsie, when Daniel bugged through the gate, drawing the buggy containing Josiah, Mrs. Snow and Captain Eri.

For a man who had been described as "half dead" Captain Eri looked very well, indeed. Jerry ran to help him from the carriage, but he jumped out himself and then assisted the housekeeper to alight and get the facts at first hand. Others came down to talk with Captain Eri and Elsie, when Daniel bugged through the gate, drawing the buggy containing Josiah, Mrs. Snow and Captain Eri.

Vaguely wondering what the private conversation might be, Jerry followed his friend upstairs. When they were in the room Captain Eri closed the door and faced his companion. He was confused and stammered a little as he said, "Jerry, I've—I've got something to say to you 'bout Mrs. Snow."

Then it was Captain Jerry's turn to be confused.

"Now, Eri," he protested, "ain't fair to keep pesterin' me like this. I know I ain't said 'nothin' to her yet, but I'm goin' to. I had a week, anyhow, and it ain't 'ha' over. Let me alone till my time's up, can't you?"

"I was jest goin' to tell you that you won't have to say. I've been talkin' to her myself, and"

The sacrifice springing out of his chair, "Eri Hedge," he exclaimed indignantly, "I thought you was a friend of mine! I give you my word I'd do it in a week, and the less you could have done, seems to me, would have been to wait and give me the chance. What did she say?" he asked suddenly.

"She said yes to what I asked her," was the reply, with a half smile.

Upon Captain Jerry's face settled the look of one who accepts the melancholy inevitable. He sat down again.

"I s'posed she would," he said, with a sigh. "She's known me for quite a spell now, and she's had a chance to see what kind of a man I be. Well, what else did you do? Ain't settled the wedding day, have you?" This with marked sarcasm.

"Not yet. Jerry, you've made a mistake. I didn't ask her for you."

"Didn't ask her—didn't. What are you talkin' 'bout then?"

"I asked her for myself. She's goin' to marry me."

The sacrifice—a sacrifice no longer—sat silent, but curious changes of expression were passing over his face—surprise, amazement, relief and now a sort of gloved resignation.

"The sacrifice—small enough, 'bout the way I've treated you, Jerry," continued Captain Eri. "I didn't mean to—but there, it's done, and all I can do is say I'm sorry and that I meant to give you your chance. I shan't blame you if you git mad, not a bit, but I hope you won't."

Captain Jerry sighed. When he spoke it was in a tone of sublime forgiveness.

"But," he said, "I ain't mad. I won't say my feelin's ain't hurt, 'cause—'cause—well, never mind. If a wife and a home ain't for me, why, I ought to be glad that you're goin' to have 'em. I wish you both luck and good-bye. Now, do you talk to me for a few minutes. Let me git sort of used to it."

So they shook hands, and Captain Eri, with a troubled look at his friend, went out. After he had gone Captain Jerry got up and danced three steps of an improvised jig, his face one broad grin.

If the announcement of Captain Perez's engagement caused a surprise, that of Captain Eri's certainly did. The part of those let into the secret, for it was decided to say nothing to outsiders as yet. Ralph came over that evening, and they told him about it, and he was as pleased as the rest.

The storm had wrecked every wire and stalled every train, and Orham was isolated for two days. Then communication was established once more, and the Boston dailies received the news of the loss of the life savers and the crew of the schooner. And they made the most of it. Sensational items were scarce just then, and the editors welcomed this one.

The life saving station and the house by the shore were besieged by photographers and newspaper men. Captain Eri indignantly refused to pose for his photograph, so he was "snapped" as they went out to the barn and had the pleasure of seeing a likeness of himself, somewhat out of focus and with one leg stiffly elevated, in the Sunday Blanket. The reporters waylaid him at the postoffice, or at his fish shop, and begged for interviews. They got them, brief and pointedly personal, and though these were not printed, columns describing him as "a bluff, big hearted hero" were.

For over a month what the life saving station, that man was the captain. In the first place, as he said, what he had done was nothing more than any other man longshore would have done, and, secondly, it was nobody's business. That again he said, and with truth.

"This whole fuss makes me sick. Here's them fellers in the crew been goin' out season after season takin' folks off wrecks, and the fool papers never say nothin' 'bout it, but they go on this time and don't save nobody and git drowned themselves, and they're raisin' money up to Boston to give to the widows and orphans. Well, that's all right, but they'd better go on and git the gov'ment to false the salaries of them that's left in the service."

Shortly after 4 o'clock one afternoon of the week following that of the wreck Captain Eri ventured to walk up to the village, keeping a weather eye out for reporters and smoking his pipe. He made several stops, one of them being at the schoolhouse where Josiah, now back at his desk, was studying overtime to catch up with his class.

As the captain was strolling along some one touched him from behind, and he turned to face Ralph Hazeltine. The electrician had been a pretty regular caller at the house of late, but Captain Eri had seen but little of him for reasons unnecessary to state.

"Hello, captain," said Ralph. "Talkin' a constitutional?"

"Oh, say," said Captain Eri, "I've been meanin' to ask you somethin'. Made up your mind 'bout that western job yet?"

Ralph shook his head. "Not yet," he said slowly. "I shall very soon, though. I think I am not anxious to go myself. My present position gives me a good deal of leisure time for experimental work, and—well, I'll tell you in confidence—there's a possibility of my becoming superintendent one of these days if I wish to."

"Sho, you don't say! Mr. Langley goin' to quit?"

"He is thinking of it. The old gentleman has saved some money, and he has a sister in the west who is anxious to have him put her home there and spend the remainder of his days with her. If he does I can have his position, I guess. In fact, he has been good enough to say so."

"Well, that's pretty fine, ain't it? Langley ain't the man to chuck his good opinions round like flam shells. You ought to be proud. Is 'tother job so much better?"

"No."

Silence again. Then Ralph said, "The other position, captain, is very much like this one in some respects. It will place me in a country town, even smaller than Orham, where there are few young people, no amusements and no society in the fashionable sense of the word."

"Humph! I thought you didn't care much for them things."

"I don't."

Both seemed to be thinking, and neither spoke again until they came to a grocery store, where Hazeltine stopped, saying that he must do an errand for Mr. Langley. They said good night, and the captain turned away.

Mr. Hazeltine, if it ain't too much trouble would you mind stoppin' up to the schoolhouse when you've done your errand? I've left somethin' there with Josiah, and I'd like to have you git it. Will you?"

"Certainly," was the reply. And it was not until the captain had gone that Ralph remembered he did not know what he was to get.

When he reached the school he climbed the stairs and opened the door, expecting to find Josiah alone. Instead there was no one there but Elsie, who was sitting at the desk. She sprang like a cat when she saw him. Both were somewhat confused.

"Pardon me, Miss Preston," he said. "Captain Eri sent me here. He said"

"I s'posed she would," he said, with a sigh. "She's known me for quite a spell now, and she's had a chance to see what kind of a man I be. Well, what else did you do? Ain't settled the wedding day, have you?" This with marked sarcasm.

"Not yet. Jerry, you've made a mistake. I didn't ask her for you."

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He left something with Josiah and wished me to call for it."

"Why, I'm sure I don't know what it can be," replied Elsie. "Josiah has been gone for some time, and he said nothing to me about it."

"Perhaps it is in his desk," suggested Ralph. "Suppose we look."

So they looked, but found nothing more than the usual assortment contained in the desk of a healthy school-boy. The raised lid shut off the light from the window, and the desk's interior was rather dark. They had to grope in the corners, and occasionally their hands touched. Every time this happened Ralph thought of the decision that he must make so soon.

He thought of it still more when, after the search was abandoned, Elsie suggested that he help her with some problems that she was preparing for the next day's labors of the first class in arithmetic. In fact, as he sat beside her, pretending to figure, but really watching her dainty profile as it moved back and forth before his eyes, his own particular problem received but far more attention than did those of the class. Suddenly he spoke.

"Teacher," he said, "please may I ask a question?"

"Please consider it held up."

"Is the question as important as 'How many bushels did G. sell' which has been my particular trouble just now?"

"It is to me, certainly," Ralph was serious enough now. "It is a question that I have been wrestling with for some time. It is, I think, a question that has been offered me in the west, or shall I stay here and become superintendent of the station? The superintendent's place may be mine, I think, if I want it."

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TOO MANY WOMEN  
SUFFER IN SILENCE

When the Blood is Weak or Out of Order Disease is Inevitable.

Many women go through life suffering in silence—weak, ailing and unhappy. The languor and bloodlessness of girls and young women, with headaches, dizziness and fainting spells, the nervous ailments, back pain and all the distressing symptoms and mothers, the trials that come to all women at the turn of life, are caused usually by impoverished watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have helped more women to the joy of good health and robust strength than any other medicine in the world. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which reaches every part of the body, feeds starved nerves, strengthens organs, and makes weak girls and women bright and well. Mrs. A. Eagles, Dundas, Ont., says: "I am writing this letter out of gratitude to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. From the time I was a girl I suffered weakness on the way, and my heart would faint as often as twice in a day. I suffered from indigestion. I could not walk upstairs without stopping. I was in the habit of being so pale that people thought I was dead. I was brought to my attention and I began taking them. The first sign of improvement I noticed was an improvement in my appetite. Then I began to grow stronger; the color began to return to my face, and my heart was no longer so weak. I have been of lasting benefit to me. The fact that it is several years since I have been so well, and I have remained strong and well ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a cure for all troubles due to impure, watery blood. They cure rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, etc. Sold by druggists or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A newly elected Senator from the west was his way to Washington. He was thinking great things. When the conductor came into the car with his characteristic, "Have your tickets ready, or get out at the next station, or one pocket then another. When the conductor came to him he was still looking for his ticket."

"Did you get that ticket?" inquired the conductor, somewhat impatiently.

"Of course I did. This isn't my first trip."

"Then you couldn't have lost it?"

"Couldn't have lost it," replied the senator. "I lost a bass drum once."—Philadelphia Record.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera, and other inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These ailments are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as the laxness of the bowels may seize upon the system at any time. This Cordial will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

"Marie, you will not take offense if I ask you one question, will you?"

"Can you tell me the name of the man who perpetrated that hat of yours?"—Chicago Tribune.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

THE PRIZE APPLES.

They Were Not Submitted to the Committee on Awards.

This is a story of six prize apples, of Samuel G. Blythe, editor, writer and formerly president of the Grindstone club, and of Robert H. Davis, editor, writer and good, old-fashioned fellow.

It happened in Washington, when Davis called upon Blythe in his office.

There were six large, perfect and luscious looking apples standing in a row on the office window sill, their rays of gold and green gleaming like rubies. They tempted Davis, and he promptly ate one. Then he ate another while talking to Blythe. Then he put the third in his pocket for refreshment on the way home.

About an hour later Blythe received a note from Davis by messenger with a request to give the bearer the three remaining apples. Blythe's sense of chivalry made him comply with the request, and he wrapped up the three ruby checked prize apples, put them in a box and delivered them to the messenger boy without the least appearance of regret at relinquishing that for which he had worked and planned for months.

The apples were the largest of a specially rare variety and had been carefully cultivated by Blythe on his farm in the northern part of the state. They had arrived that morning and had been set aside for the moment, to be later packed and sent to the committee on awards at the agricultural exhibition. Blythe had hoped to get a prize for them, but he was too magnanimous and gallant to deny them to a friend, and so Davis ate all of the prize apples. Chicago Record-Herald.

A Three Legged Capital.

The only apology for the decision of the South African convention about the capital is that any other would have wrecked the scheme of union. But the fact that it was an unavoidable sacrifice to local jealousies does not make the arrangement desirable or even save it from ridicule. The legislative assembly or federal parliament is to sit at Cape Town, while the executive—i. e. the government offices—are to be at Pretoria. As a crowning absurdity the legal or supreme court of appeal is to be at Bloemfontein. Thus the provincial pride, not untinted with cupidity, of the Cape Colony, the Orange Colony and the Transvaal has each in its turn been provided for, with the result that South Africa has no capital, or rather, has three capitals.—Saturday Review.

Was Honest About It.

Many stories are told of Lord Beresford's younger days, and one of the best relates to an invitation to dinner which he received from an old college friend. For some reason or other Lord Charles was unable to keep the appointment, and at last he received from him a telegram. "Sorry cannot come," it read. "He follows to-morrow."

His Phrophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, devoted to his country, he had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history."

His foreboding was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.

W. N. U. No. 742.

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## THE GREATEST.

He never quite grew up and so

It seemed he never quite forgot. The kindly things his mother taught, just kept on doing as she said. He'd have him do, though she was dead.

He found some good in everyone. A strand of gold, a dash of fun. Nothing and no one wholly bad. And so was never wholly sad. He sought and always found the sun.

He never quite grew up and so we could not contain a draft for him. He sought and always found the sun.

Perhaps that's why we miss him so. James P. Haverston, in Toronto Saturday Night.</