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A REDHEADED GIRL

By C. B. LEWIS

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It was while the brig Daisy, Captain Josiah Barnes, master, lay at Port au Prince, after loading up, that a red-headed girl came aboard to secure passage to Boston. She had gone to the island from Salem two years before with an American family as governess, but had become tired of it and desired to get back to the United States. The wife of Captain Barnes was aboard, and his crew numbered seven men. He had also taken as passengers two American sea captains whose vessels had been shipwrecked among the West Indian islands. If it hadn't been that one of the captains offered to surrender his stateroom to the redheaded girl and sleep in the main cabin on a shake-down she could not have taken passage by the Daisy. Indeed it was a close shave at best, as Mrs. Barnes, who was fat, forty and plain faced, looked her over and said to her husband:

"Josiah, she's redheaded, and that means that she's giddy and sassy."
"Yes; she's got red hair," replied the captain, "but I don't see nothin' giddy about her. She looks as sober as any gal with any colored hair, and that passage money will come in handy for us. She'll probably be seasick clear up to Boston light and not eat \$2 worth of provisions."

"Well, we'll take her," said Mrs. Barnes, with a doubtful shake of the head, "but you see if it don't result in a tornado, waterpout or calamity of some kind. Redheaded girls are born to make trouble."

A day later the Daisy weighed anchor and set out on her return voyage, and the attitude of the redheaded girl as she moved about was so demure that the captain almost felt like patting her on the head and speaking words of sympathy and encouragement. The brig sailed at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the girl passenger did not make her appearance at the table at noon. Mrs. Barnes' motherly heart forced her to look into the stateroom and offer her services, but at the same time she was secretly glad to find the redheaded girl in her berth and apparently suffering the pangs of seasickness.

Something like a surprise party awaited the dame when supper time came



THE REDHEADED GIRL WALKED THE DECK WITH A CAPTAIN ON EACH SIDE.

round. She was thinking of making a cup of tea with her own hands and adding a slice of dry toast when the redheaded girl suddenly appeared in the cabin fully dressed and looking as pert and saucy as if the old bird rested in a cornfield instead of climbing up and down watery hills of exceeding steepness.

"La, but haven't you been seasick?" exclaimed the captain's wife after a long stare.

"Of course not," was the reply. "And you ain't goin' to be?"
"I hope not. Where are the gentlemen? They must have missed me. I'm so glad I'm the only girl aboard, as I will have them all to myself. Do you know if both captains are married men?"

"Yes, ma'am; I know what they are, and each one is the father of at least 'leven children," replied Mrs. Barnes, with great emphasis, being determined to crush the redheaded girl at the very outset.

"Well, they can flirt with me for a few days just the same," said the girl as she surveyed herself in the cracked mirror hanging over the table.

At supper the redheaded girl made herself thoroughly "at home." She laughed and chatted and made eyes, and Mrs. Barnes could not help but see that her own captain, as well as the two others, was more than interested. She grew red in the face, and her blood boiled, and as soon as the meal was finished and the girl had gone on deck, escorted by the two other captains, she drew herself up before her liege lord with folded arms and demanded:

"Josiah Barnes of Providence, what did I tell you?"

"I dunno," he absently replied.

"Don't lie to me, sir! I told you that redheaded girl was an impudent minx,



When a woman is nervous her imagination gives fantastic and threatening shapes to the most familiar objects. By day she starts in fear at every sudden or unfamiliar sound. By night the furniture of her room takes on affrighting forms of ghost or goblin. You can't reason with the nerves. Neither logic nor love can quiet them. They must be driven out of the system by tonic and nerve than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the diseases which produce nervousness in women, irregularity, debility, indigestion, inflammation, ulceration, and female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite, and induces refreshing sleep.

"When I began taking your medicine I was not able to stand on my feet ten minutes at a time," writes Mrs. Hattie Bonadine, of 113 Spring Street, Nashville, Tenn. "I had falling of uterus and kidney and liver disease, and was so weak and nervous I could not keep still. Would take nervous spells and almost die at times. I had several different doctors attending me, but they could not do me any good. The last one I had said I would never get up again. Told him that I was taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and he said, 'Right just as well take that much water each day.' But I thought I would give the medicine a fair trial. Before I had finished the first two bottles I was able to get outside the house and walk around the yard. I kept on taking the medicines and they cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

and my words have come true. She even made eyes at you across the table."
"I-I didn't see 'em if she did."
"You saw 'em and almost blushed. Josiah Barnes, that girl has got to stop or she'll get a piece of my mind that will make her red hair curl. I won't stand by and see no such chit make fools of three or four men who ought to know better."

The captain's advice was for her to go slow, and he was glad to get on deck and out of reach of her tongue. That was the beginning of things. That night the redheaded girl walked the deck with a captain on each side of her.

The next day the "minx" got a piece of Mrs. Barnes' mind. It was a liberal piece and ought to have brought her to her knees, but it didn't. On the contrary, after she got fairly started the redheaded girl got off three words to the other's one and read her a long and severe lecture on minding her own business. In this lecture were included a few observations on false teeth and gray hairs, and when the battle was over it was the motherly Mrs. Barnes who didn't know where she was at. She tried to get even by calling her husband into the cabin and telling him what was what and that she'd take good care to see that everybody in Providence heard of it, but his reply was:

"It's all nonsense in your sayin' that I've fallen in love with that girl, but I'm tellin' you that redheaded women are just the nicest things out, and I don't care who hears me say so."

Inside of four days the redheaded girl was flirting with everything and everybody clear down to the cook, and of course jealous crept in. The three captains bursted sarcastic remarks at each other, and the mate and carpenter had a glare in their eyes and a feeling of revenge in their breasts. Mrs. Barnes tried again and again to stem the tide, but in vain, and at length she took refuge in tears and predictions.

The Daisy sailed on and on, and the flirtations went on and on, and as the brig crept up the coast Mrs. Barnes "felt it in her bones" that Boston would never be reached. The redheaded girl had brought disorganization from cabin to bowsprit and almost taken command.

"You jest wait, Josiah Barnes—you jest wait for Cape Cod," the captain's wife grimly repeated a dozen times a day, and Cape Cod was finally reached. Then a gale sprang up, the big brig lost her foremast, and, though the redheaded girl sought her stateroom and the crew was left free to battle with the storm, the craft was driven ashore and became a total wreck. Crew and passengers were saved, and in due time Captain Barnes appeared at the office of the owners in Boston to tell how it all happened. He was listened to until he had finished, and then the head of the firm handed him a letter that had been received the day before. It was from Martha, and it read:

I want to report that the Daisy is ashore on Cape Cod and a total wreck, and I want to report that a redheaded gal and a lot of fool men are the cause of it.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Quickness is Relative. The careful American observer soon finds that the standard of quickness is to be determined in England, as everywhere else, by the point of view. People who go slowly on new ground may turn out to be quick enough when wholly at home with any particular line of thought.

How odious and complicated, for instance, seems to an American observer the computation of pounds, shillings and pence! It seems strange that any nation should consent for a day to employ anything but a decimal currency. Yet with what lightning rapidity does a London bookkeeper make his computations! What a life of tedious formality seems that of an English house servant! Yet there was no slowness of intellect in that footman in an earl's family who, when his young lord fell over the banisters and the next of kin called to ask if the elder boy was hurt, answered promptly, "Killed, my lord," thus accomplishing in an instant the transfer of the title appertaining to an earl's eldest son and heir only.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

A Precious Manuscript.

There is now in St. Petersburg the oldest known MS. of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by the merest chance many years ago. Crossing the hall of a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Constantine Tischendorf saw a basketful of parchment leaves on their way to be burned. Two baskets had already gone, he was told, and all that he could secure for himself was a small bundle of odd leaves. But the monks, now interested in the "waste paper," saved the rest from the fire, and nine years after, on a return visit to the convent, Tischendorf found that the steward had, wrapped in a red cloth, a bulky kind of volume, which proved to be the whole of the New Testament, with parts hitherto unknown, and parts of the Old, which had long been sought. He begged the volume for the czar, and today it lies, well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, among the treasures of the Russian capital.—London Mail.

Testing a Horse's Eyes.

The unsuspecting farmer is often "bit" by the professional horse trader in having a horse with defective sight palmed off on him. The trader makes a John L. pass at the horse's eye with his fist, and the force of the air causes the horse to bat or blink his eyes, though he may be totally blind in one eye and weak in the other.

If the farmer will blindfold one of the animal's eyes and make gentle passes at five and ten feet from it, he can tell how strong the animal's sight is in that eye. Then blind the examined eye and go through the same process with the other.

This little hint may save you getting the "small end" of a swap.

Hours and Luck.

As strong as the superstition of Friday is that concerning certain hours in European and oriental countries.

In Paris the superstition is so prevalent that an enterprising business is that of selling cards on which are printed the hours that should be avoided.

The famous Gambetta consulted a reader of cards as to the auspicious day for embarking on any important enterprise.

President Carnot was skeptical of such things, and he chose an unlucky hour for his journey to Lyons, where he was assassinated.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Ralph Thoresby, writing in 1717 of the family of Culverley of Culverley, Yorkshire, says: "Roger was a person of renowned hospitality, since at this time the obsolete tune of 'Roger a Culverley' is referred to him. He was a knight and lived in the time of Richard I." This passage carries the date of the origin of the tune back to about 1100. The Spectator in a description of Sir Roger, now called "de Coverley," says, "His great-grandfather was the inventor of the famous country dance which is called after him."

A Matter of Doubt.

A minister in a certain city said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken. And now the question under discussion is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher or much the reverse.

Maxims For All Purposes.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent man, "that a penny saved is a penny earned."

"That's so," replied the reckless youth. "The trouble with me is that I am always getting hold of the wrong proverb. I was thinking, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'"

The Terrible Boy.

The Mother-Kunee, was there any kissing in that pantomime you and the others were rehearsing in the parlor last evening? The Daughter-Why, of course. Herbert and I had to kiss, but it was in pantomime. Johnny—No it wasn't, mamma. I heard it!

So Unsentimental.

May—Jane behaves like an old married woman already. Maud—Why, you can't get her to go anywhere without him. May—No; but she can call him up without kissing the phone.

The extravagance of a woman who spends a quarter for chocolate bonbons makes the man who smokes fifty-cent cigars a terrible pessimist.—New York Press.



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The Germans, in most instances, altogether discard bread crumbs for their sauces, and when they do use them moisten them with milk or water, but the Italians refuse to put any bread into their sauces, and they claim that their famous "Bolognese mortadella" is at once a more nourishing and a more economical sausage than the very best German wurst, inasmuch as the "mortadella" must be boiled three times before it is properly cooked, and the water in which it has been boiled constitutes a strong clear soup. The Romans make likewise a highly ambitious sausage, in which no kind of bread is allowed to enter. They call it "zampino," which is the foot and leg of young pork, the best of which is obtained from Modena.

A leg freshly salted is chosen and carefully skinned, the trotter being preserved; then the meat is finely minced and after being seasoned is replaced in the "zampino," which is tied with string and simmered in an oval pan for two hours. Wholly innocent of bread crumbs are also the renowned "cervelas" of Strasburg.

A View of Robespierre.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls was the Comte de Jorgo, and he was brought to Mme. Tussaud that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and when liberated he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Mme. Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for the same purpose. While descending the narrow stairs her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand and just prevented her from coming to the ground. "It would indeed have been a great pity if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.—"Monsieur de Anna Maria Pickering."

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and one in the morning will remove the trouble. It is the world's greatest system treatment. It is a guaranteed cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, or constipation. If you want to prove its merit, write WILSON & FILLIS, Chatham, N.S. Sold by druggists. 50 cents per box.