

# O. Henry Stories

VI.—Phoebe

By O. HENRY

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"Kearny did not seek to cast off one iota of the burden of our danger from the shoulders of his fatal horoscope. He weathered every storm on deck, smoking a black pipe, to keep which alight rain and sea water seemed but as oil. And he shook his fist at the black clouds behind with his hateful star winked its unseen eye. When the skies cleared one evening he reviled his malignant guardian with grim humor.

"On watch, aren't you, you red-headed vixen? Out making it hot for little Francis Kearny and his friends, according to Hoyle. Twinkle, twinkle, little devil! You're a lady, aren't you—dogging a man with bad luck just because he happened to be a sailor?"

"Get busy, you one-eyed banshee!"

"Our Jonah swallowed the bad credit of it with appealing frankness, but that scarcely lessened the hardships our cause was made to suffer.

"At last one afternoon we steamed into the calm estuary of the little Rio Escondido. Three miles up this we crept, feeling for the shallow channel between the low banks that were crowded to the edge with gigantic trees and riotous vegetation. Then our whistle gave a little toot, and in five minutes we heard a shout, and Carlos—my brave Carlos Quintana—crashed through the tangled vines waving his cap madly for joy.

"A hundred yards away was his camp, where 300 chosen patriots of Esperando—were awaiting our coming. For a month Carlos had been drilling them there in the tactics of war and filling them with the spirit of revolution and liberty.

"My captain—compadre mio! shouted Carlos, while yet my boat was being lowered. You should see them in the drill by companies—in the column wheel—in the march by four—they are superb! In the manual of arms—but alas, performed only with sticks of bamboo. The guns, captain—say that you have brought the guns!"

"A thousand good rifles, Carlos," I called to him. "And two Gatlings."

"Valgame Dios!" he cried, throwing his cap in the air. "We shall sweep the world!"

"At that moment Kearny tumbled from the steamer's side into the river. He could not swim, so the crew threw him a rope and drew him back aboard. I caught his eye and his look of pathetic but still bright and undaunted consciousness of his guilty luck. I told myself that, although he might be a man to shun, he was also one to be admired.

"I gave orders to the sailing master that the arms, ammunition and provisions were to be landed at once. That was easy in the steamer's boats, except for the two Gatling guns. For their transportation ashore we carried a stout float.

"In the meantime I walked with Carlos to the camp and made the soldiers a little speech in Spanish, which they received with enthusiasm, and then I had some wine and a cigarette in Carlos' tent.

"The small arms and provisions were already ashore, and the petty officers had squads of men conveying them to camp. One Gatling had been safely hoisted over the side of the vessel as we arrived. I noticed Kearny darting about on board, seeming to have the ambition of ten men and to be doing the work of five. I think his zeal bubbled over when he saw Carlos and me. A rope's end was swinging loose from some part of the tackle. Kearny leaped impetuously and caught it. There was a crackle and a hiss and a smoke of scorching hemp, and the Gatling dropped straight as a plummet through the bottom of the float and buried itself in twenty feet of water and five feet of river mud.

"I turned my back on the scene. I heard Carlos' loud cries as if from some extreme grief too poignant for words. I heard the complaining murmur of the crew and the maledictions of Torres, the sailing master. I could not bear to look.

"By night some degree of order had been restored in camp. Military rules were not drawn strictly, and the men were grouped about the fires of their several messes, playing games of chance, singing their native songs or discussing with voluble animation the you realize that Bad Luck Kearny is still on deck. It was a shame, now, about that gun. She only needed to

be slewed two inches to clear the rail, and that's why I grabbed that rope's end. Who'd have thought that a sailor, even a Sicilian lubber on a banana-boat, would have fastened a line in a bowknot. Don't think I'm trying to dodge the responsibility, captain. It's my luck."

"There are men, Kearny," said I gravely, "who pass through life blaming upon luck and chance the mistakes that result from their own faults and incompetency. I do not say that you are such a man. But if all your mishaps are traceable to that tiny star that sooner we endow our colleges with chairs of moral astronomy the better."

"It isn't the size of the star that counts," said Kearny, "it's the quality. Just the way it is with women. That's why they gave the biggest planets masculine names and the little stars feminine ones—to ereen things up when it comes to getting their work in. Suppose they had called my star Agamemnon or Bill McCarty or some thing like that instead of Phoebe. Every time one of those old boys touched their calamity button and sent me down one of their wireless pieces of bad luck I could talk back and tell 'em I thought of 'em in suitable terms. But you can't address such remarks to a Phoebe."

"It pleases you to make a joke of it, Kearny," said I without smiling. "But it is no joke to me to think of my Gatling mired in the river ooze."

"As to that," said Kearny, abandoning his light mood at once, "I have already done what I could. I have had some experience with the mirk and I have already spliced three hawsers and stretched them from the steamer's stern to a tree on shore. We will rig a tackle and have the gun on terra firma before noon tomorrow."

"One could not remain long at outs with Bad Luck Kearny."

"Once more," said I to him, "we will waive this question of luck. Have you ever had experience in drilling raw troops?"

"For eight days gales and squalls and waterspouts beat us from our course. Five days only should have landed us in Esperando. Our Jonah swallowed the bad credit of it with appealing frankness, but that scarcely lessened the hardships our cause was made to suffer.

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## LOYD GEORGE ON CAMPAIGN OF THE TIGRIS

### Difficulties Arise Because of Peculiar Relations of Britain to India

London, July 22.—David Lloyd George, secretary for war, in the House of Commons gave a long explanation of the Mesopotamian difficulties, which, he said, had arisen largely through the peculiar relations existing between the government in India and the home authorities. Thus he stated, while Sir William R. Robertson, chief of the Imperial staff, directed the military operations, the Indian Government supplied the forces and the commander-in-chief in India was responsible for the supplies. Every requisition made on the war office for aid for the sick and wounded and for transport had been honored, the secretary asserted.

New Arrangement Made  
A new arrangement had been made with the Indian Government, Mr. Lloyd-George said, by which India would remain the main base of the forces, which would confine to the Mesopotamia expedition, which Mr. Lloyd-George declared, no difficulty in finding four or five men who could be trusted with the most confidential information.

Action Before Enquiry  
The first duty, the speaker said,



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## NEWS NOTES

The Rev. E. A. Farchman, B.A., B.D., has been invited to accept a call to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church at Port Hope.

An electric storm which swept over Douro district carried considerable destruction and loss of valuable herds and damage to buildings in its path.

Norval LaJolie, aged ten, of Belle River, was drowned in the village yesterday when he stepped into a deep hole while wading in the river close to shore.

Theodore Banks and Elizabeth Tedford, both of Harwich Township, appeared in the County Police Court at Chatham yesterday, charged with leaving a residence in Harwich Township which was quarantined for smallpox, without the consent of the medical officer. They were remanded to reappear again when free from contagion.

Orders, he said, had been given in England for the construction of river steamers and river craft of all kinds, and arrangements had been made for the construction of a light railway along the portion of the line of communication. The secretary said he desired to point out that General Robertson, who was responsible for the inception of either of these campaigns, and, therefore, had no motive to shield himself, had agreed with the army council, that it was against public interest to publish papers dealing with the campaign. There ought to be Mr. Lloyd-George declared, no difficulty in finding four or five men who could be trusted with the most confidential information.

Defended Indian Government  
J. Austin Chamberlain, secretary for India, also spoke, mainly to defend the Indian Government from the charge of having financially starved the Mesopotamia expedition, which charge, he said, was unfounded. Mr. Chamberlain also reminded the House of India's valuable contributions and aid in the war, quite apart from the Mesopotamia expedition.

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- "Believe the new series 75 B greatest motor car value on earth."
- "No four-cylinder motor of its size has as much 'pep,' regardless of price."
- "Its hill climbing ability makes one sit up and take notice."
- "I consider the new 75 B the best car value ever offered the American people."
- "In sand and heavy roads this new car is a wonder. It rides like a rocking chair."
- "This model is unquestionably the biggest buy, regardless of price."
- "From the standpoint of specifications, equipment, finish, and from an economical point of view, the new 75 B is a world beater."
- "New 75 is a bird. Climbed 2,000 feet in seven miles on high at 25 miles an hour. That is going some."
- "If I paid several times the price of a new 75 B my satisfaction could not have been more complete."
- "The greatest buy on the automobile counter."

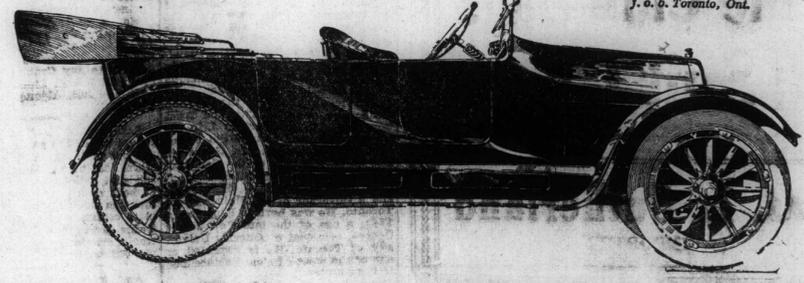
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J. A. B. Toronto, Ont.



Admiral Jellicoe  
Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, whose report on the Jutland fight has just been made public, is head of Britain's fighting forces on the sea and is regarded as one of the world's ablest forty-four years at sea, working his way up from a minor position to the head of the world's mightiest navy. Jellicoe is a small, clean-shaven, soft-spoken man with a quiet manner, who gives one the impression of thoroughness and efficiency. He only remained for me to arrive at stern. Jellicoe served in the Egyptian War, where he won the Khedive Star for bravery, was wounded in the Crimea during the siege of Sevastopol, and has seen service in every part of the British Empire. For nearly two years he has had the German navy bottled up and her commerce driven from the seas.

It is expected that important measures will be adopted by the Imperial Government with a view to better regulation of the sale of home products while the war lasts, chiefly wheat.

PERMANENT MUSCULAR STRENGTH cannot exist where there is not blood strength. Young men, giving attention to muscular development should bear this in mind. Hood's exercises build blood strength and builds up the whole system.

## DA... IS SH...



YOU can talk never were today. The most of their time of their OUT...

## Thru...

WHERE STORY-T...  
W... OF us does not Since that trouble the first hunter the chase and told of venture through wilds victor, until this day's lives to live two lives, that which he receives through word of mo



A Catania Stor...  
phrase. We are born to bear stories and things we do as child told "a story." As child to believe that all we it actually happened.

## Three

Apple C...  
Pare, cars, and pounds of apples; the one pound of butter, rind of a lemon, with a grated nutmeg. Washen thoroughly together in small rounds upon oiled paper. Place in bake until firm—about hour. The cakes, were kept in an airtight

A New P...  
In a large basin mixed cheese, one tea-spoonful of pepper and a grate of fat or boiling milk, or melted butter, the yolks whites well beaten into a buttered puddle for 15 minutes. Serve