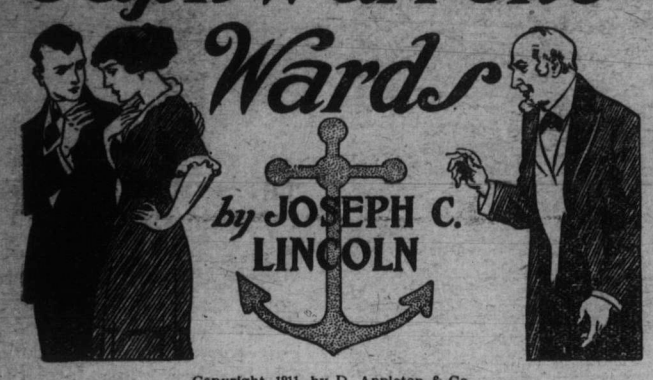
QUALITEE INFERIEURE



# Cap'n Warren's Ward



by JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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## FOREWORD.

This delightful story of a Cape Cod sea captain's adventures in New York is one of the best romances from the pen of Joseph C. Lincoln. There is a real plot, and the story is full of genuine humor and splendid character drawing.

### CHAPTER I.

**"A Person Named Elisha Warren."**

"OSTABLE!" screamed the brakeman, opening the car door and yelling his loudest, so as to be heard above the rattle of the train and the shriek of the wind. "Ostable!"

The brakeman's cap was soaked through, his hair was plastered down on his forehead, and in the yellow light from the car lamps his wet nose glistened as if varnished. The windows streamed as each succeeding gust flung its miniature freshet against them.

The passengers in the car did not seem greatly interested in the brakeman's announcement. The red faced person in the seat nearest the rear slept soundly, as he had done for the last hour and a half. He had boarded the train at Brockton and after requesting the conductor not to "lemme git by Bayport, Bill," at first favored his fellow travelers with a song and then sank into slumber.

Mr. Atwood Graves, junior partner in the New York firm of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves, lawyers, stirred uneasily on the lumpy plush cushion, looked at his watch, then at the time table in his hand, noted that the train was now seventy-two minutes late and for at least the fifteenth time mentally cursed the railway company, the whole of Cape Cod from Sandwich to Provincetown and the fates which had brought him there.

The train slowed down in a jerky, hiccupy sort of way and crept on till the car in which Mr. Graves was seated was abreast the lighted windows of a small station, where it stopped. Peering through the water streaked pane at the end of his seat, the lawyer saw dim silhouettes of uncertain outline moving about. They moved with provoking slowness.

Then, behind the door which the brakeman, after announcing the station, had closed again, sounded a big laugh. The heartiness of it grated on Mr. Graves' nerves. What idiot could laugh on such a night as this aboard a train over an hour late?

The laugh was repeated. Then the door was flung briskly open, and a man entered the car. He was a big man, broad shouldered, inclined to stoutness, wearing a cloth cap with a visor and a heavy ulster, the collar of which was turned up. Through the gap between the open ends of the collar bristled a short grayish beard. The face above the beard and below the visor was sunburned, with little wrinkles about the eyes and curving lines from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth. The upper lip was shaved, and the eyebrows were heavy and grayish black. Cap, face and ulster were dripping with water.

"Well, I tell you, Ezra," he called over his shoulder, "if it's too deep to wade maybe I can swim. Fat floats, they tell me, and Abbie says I'm gettin' fleshier every day. So long."

He closed the door and, smiling broadly, swung down the aisle.

"Hello, cap'n!" cried one passenger. "What's the south shore doin' over here in this flood?"

"What's the matter, cap'n?" demanded another. "Broke loose from your moorin's, have you? Did you ever see such a night in your life?"

The man in the ulster shook hands with each of his questioners, removing a pair of wet, heavy leather gloves as he did so.

"Don't know's I ever did, Dan," he answered. "Couldn't see much of this one but its color, and that's black. I come over this mornin' to attend to some business at the courthouse—deeds to some cranberry bog property I just bought—and Judge Baxter made me go home with him to dinner. Stayed at his house all the afternoon, and then his man, Ezra Hallet, undertook to drive me up here to the depot. Talk about blind pilotin'! Whew! The judge's horse was a new one, not used to the roads; Ezra's nearsighted, and I couldn't use my glasses 'count of the rain. Let alone that, 'twas darker'n the fore hold of Noah's ark. Ho, ho! Sometimes we was in the ruts, and sometimes we was in the bushes. I told Ez we'd ought to have fetched along a dipsy lead, then maybe we could get our bearin's by soundin's. 'Couldn't see 'em if we did get 'em,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'but we could taste 'em. Man that's driven through as much Ostable mud as you have ought to know the taste of every road in town.'"

"Well, you caught the train anyhow," observed Dan.

"Yup. If we'd been crippled as well as blind we could have done that." He seated himself just in front of the pair and glanced across the aisle at Mr. Graves, to find the latter looking intently at him.

"Pretty tough night," he remarked, nodding.

"Yes," replied the lawyer briefly. He did not encourage conversation with casual acquaintances. The latest arrival had caught his attention because there was something familiar about him. He must have seen him before.

Conversation across the aisle was brisk, and its subjects were many and varied. Mr. Graves became aware, more or less against his will, that the person called "cap'n" was, if not a leader in politics and local affairs, still one whose opinions counted. Some of those opinions as given were pointed and dryly descriptive—as, for instance, when a certain town meeting candidate was compared to a scalpin, "with a big head that sort of impresses you til you get close enough to realize it has to be big to make room for so much mouth."

The conductor entered the car and stopped to collect a ticket from his new passenger. It was evident that he, too, was acquainted with the latter.

"Evening, cap'n," he said politely. "Train's a little late tonight."

"It is—for tonight's train," was the prompt response, "but if it keeps on at the rate it's travelin' now it'll be a little early for tomorrow mornin's, won't it?"

The conductor laughed. "Guess you're right," he said. "This is about as wet a storm as I've run through since I've been on the road."

The brakeman swung open the door to shout: "Denboro! Denboro!" The conductor picked up his lantern and hurried away, the locomotive whistled hoarsely, and the train hiccuped alongside another little station. Mr. Graves, peering through his window, imagined that here the silhouettes on the platform moved more briskly. They seemed almost excited. He inferred that Denboro was a bigger and more wide awake village than Ostable.

But he was mistaken. The reason for the excitement was made plain by the conductor a moment afterward. That official entered the car, removed his uniform cap and rubbed a wet forehead with a wetter hand.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I've been expecting it, and here it is. Mark me down as a good prophet, will you? There's a washout a mile farther on and a telegraph pole across the track. It's blowing great guns and raining pitchforks. It'll be out of the question for us to go forward before daylight, if then. Darn a railroad man's job anyhow!"

Five minutes later Mr. Graves descended the steps of the car, his traveling bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. As soon as both feet were securely planted on the platform he put down the bag to wrestle with the umbrella and the hurricane, which was apparently blowing from four directions at once. Feeling his hat leaving his head, he became aware that the umbrella had turned inside out. He threw the wreck violently under the train and stooped to pick up the bag. The bag was no longer there.

"It's all right," said a calm voice behind him. "I've got your satchel, neighbor. Better beat for harbor, hadn't we? Here—this way."

The bewildered New Yorker felt his arm seized in a firm grip, and he was rushed across the platform, through a deluge of wind driven water, and into a small, hot, close smelling waiting room. When he pushed his hat clear of his eyes he saw that his rescuer was the big man who boarded the train at Ostable.

"Dirty weather, hey?" he observed pleasantly. "Sorry your umbrella had to go by the board. I see you was carryin' too much canvas and tried to run alongside in time to give you a tow, but you was dismasted just as I got there. Here's your dunnage, all safe and sound."

He extended the traveling bag at arm's length. Mr. Graves accepted his property and murmured thanks, not too cordially.

"Well," went on his companion, "here we are! And I for one wanted to be somewhere else. Caleb," turning to the station master, who came in at that moment, "any way of my gettin' home tonight?"

"'Fraid not, cap'n," was the answer. "I don't know of any. Guess you'll have to put up at the hotel and wait till mornin'."

"I'm booked for South Denboro, an I that's only seven miles off. I'd swim the whole seven rather than put up at Sim Titcomb's hotel. I've been there afore, thank you! Look here, Caleb, can't I hire a team and drive over?"

**(To be Continued)**


# Middle Aged Women

## Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

**Freemont, O.**—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

**North Haven, Conn.**—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

## In Such Cases

# LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

**has the greatest record for the greatest good**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.


# LATEST IN FARM FENCES

## Posts of Wood, Iron or Cement Can Be Used.

**Important Factors to Be Considered Are Cost, Durability and Service—How to Lengthen Life of Fence With Undue Costs.**

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

BLESSED is the farmer who, conscious in the security of his fences, can leave home on a day's business, or retire to rest at night, without anxiety as to possible depredation committed by straying cattle, or his own stock, to corn, roots, or grain, during his absence or rest. Brush, stump, and stone fences—relics of bygone days—can still be seen here and there, but are rapidly disappearing, and are being replaced with modern up-to-date woven wire fences that are built, not with the idea of the smallest possible initial cost, but with forethought for the future, remembering that quality and material as well as the design and construction of post fences are elements that determine its life and service.

The prime factors in a fence are fair cost, durability and service. The annual up-keep of fences is considerable, and to the farmer a material that will do away with the expense of repairing, replacing, painting, or other form of maintenance, should strongly appeal to him as representing true economy, almost regardless of first cost. The opportunity for economy is found, first, in using the kind of posts which, taking into account both cost and durability are cheapest in the long run. In setting a post which will have comparatively short life, he loses not only through having to buy new posts, but also because of the additional labor involved in removing the old and setting the new one. There is, however, great difference in the lasting properties of different woods. The average life of a fence constructed of wood posts cannot be safely figured as greater than 8 or 9 years. For length of service cedar and white oak outlast all other woods. By treating the posts with creosote, coal tar or charing them, the cost of up-keep might be materially lessened.

That the end or corner posts bear all the strain, and are the foundation of the fence, is common knowledge to every experienced fence builder. They must, be well anchored, rigid and strong, and so constructed that they can be depended upon to give proper service at all times, and under all conditions. The foundation carries the strain and must, therefore, be absolutely solid and permanent, so as not to permit the fence to sag.

The setting of wood posts in cement as commonly practiced is not conducive to the longevity of the post, because a water-tight union between the post and the concrete is not secured, and ultimately decay sets in. By far the most effective way is shown in diagram (Fig. 1). The post is first notched as shown in sketch, and the concrete worked well into the notch. This sheds the water trickling down the post, and cannot possibly get between the post and concrete, and the life of the post is considerably lengthened. A post concreted in this way, and kept painted, is practically immune from decay.

However, every locality differs in the material used for fence posts—wood, steel and cement are all used. The supply of farm timber available, or the prices and condition of the local market for the other commodities determines largely the fence post used. One of the most important factor in the construction of steel posts is the anchorage. The end and corner posts and their braces should be set in concrete whenever possible, as in that way best results and maximum efficiency and service will be secured (Fig. 2).

A steel post cannot possibly give complete satisfaction, no matter how lasting the material itself may be, if it is not strong enough to withstand the use to which the average fence is subjected. It must be capable of resisting and sustaining shocks without bending or breaking.

Concrete fence posts properly reenforced and made from suitable materials, carefully selected and proportioned, should last indefinitely, and are, therefore, a good investment. Considerable variety of surface finish and ornament, limited only by the skill of the individual worker, can be given to the concrete corner, gate, and line posts (Fig. 3.)

Large heavy wires not lighter than No. 9 in woven wire fence are much more durable than finer wire, and a lasting improvement for the farm. Hinged joints in the stays make the most substantial union, so that under pressure, the stays forced out of alignment will spring back when released. Triple tension curves in the wire fabric will not be pulled out by the stretching process, and will allow for sufficient contraction and expansion. Sound and rigid posts and proper stretching of woven wire fence are the first considerations in fence building. Regardless of the type of posts, or the height or make of a wire, the farm which is fenced stock-tight is a valuable and money making farm in any section of the country.—Prof. John Evans, O. A. College, Guelph.

### Cultivation and Drainage Pays.

Loosening up a soil by cultivation increases the pore space, and with loams, mucks and clays this increases their power to absorb and retain water while at the same time allowing more free air space. Drainage also makes a soil more porous, thereby producing the same results. Coarse sands retain less water when loose than when compact.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

## LESSON FOR JUNE 29

### REVIEW: RESPONSE TO GOD'S LOVE.

SELECTION FOR READING—Phil. 3: 7-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart.—Ps. 86:12.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Showing Our Love to Our Heavenly Father.—John 14:15.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Some Things We Have Learned About God.—John 3:16.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The Marks of a Christian.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Some Fundamentals of Faith and Practice.

The method of review will largely be determined by the grade of the school. The primary teacher can use the material which shows love to the Heavenly Father; the junior teacher, that which teaches about God; the intermediate teacher, the marks of a Christian; the senior and adult teacher, the fundamentals of faith and practice. As illustrative of the method for the senior and adult, note the following:

**Lesson I.** God who was before all things is the cause of all things. The universe came into being by the will and act of the divine personality. Man himself is a creation of God, not an evolution. All things continue to be by the preserving power of God. This great being is the Father of all who believe on Jesus Christ. We should give him our undivided affection and trust him for food and raiment.

**Lesson II.** Jesus, the Son of God and Israel's Messiah, is the lamb who bore our sins. Out of God's love he was given, and "whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

**Lesson III.** Jesus Christ rose from the dead. His resurrection guarantees:

1. The integrity of the Scriptures (I Cor. 15:20).

2. The reality of the divine person (Rom. 1:4).

3. The sufficiency of Christ's atoning sacrifice (Rom. 4:25).

4. Life and immortality of the believer (I Cor. 15:20).

**Lesson IV.** On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the disciples, baptizing them into the one body of which Christ is the head. The gift of the Spirit peculiarly qualified the disciples to be his witnesses.

**Lesson V.** God created man in his likeness and image and placed him at the head of creation.

**Lesson VI.** Through the fall of Adam sin has passed upon all men, bringing death, physical and spiritual, and sorrow in its train.

**Lesson VII.** Lost men are saved absolutely by God's grace. His grace means his kindness toward men through Jesus Christ.

**Lesson VIII.** At the preaching of Jonah the people of Nineveh repented. Because of their repentance God's wrath was turned aside. Those who repent of their sins and cry to God for mercy through Jesus Christ shall be saved.

**Lesson IX.** It is only through faith that man can please God. Through faith the mightiest victories have been wrought. The grand exemplar upon whom faith can rest is Jesus Christ.

**Lesson X.** The grand incentive to obedience is love to God. Calling Christ Lord will not answer for disobedience to his will. Hearing and doing his teachings is building upon the solid rock. Such building can never be destroyed by flood or storm.

**Lesson XI.** The right motive in praying is not to attract man's attention, but to have fellowship with God. God is pleased with persistency in prayer.

**Lesson XII.** The greatest of the Holy Spirit's gifts is love—the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. Love is not a mere sentiment or emotion, but a mighty dynamic which transforms the life, expressing itself in practical service to men. It abides forever.

### Staying Away From Church.

The habit of absenting one's self from the Sunday services of the church is one that some seem to acquire very easily. It is a habit to be shunned. Sometimes it is occasioned by sickness; often some small excuse, some grudge against a member, some resentment at a fellow member's fault is the occasion. Jesus will be there even if an unworthy member is present. Jesus may be present especially to meet and forgive that unworthy member; and who are we that we should judge a brother or a sister?

### Charity and Denial.

Brother men, one act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons—one denial, than whole volumes of the wisest writers on theology.—F. W. Robertson.

### Grandest Thing on Earth.

There is not a man or woman, however poor they may be, but have it in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man.—N. Macleod.

### Transcends All Substance.

God's will in the present moment is the daily bread which transcends all substance.—Madame Swetchine.

Genuine bears Signature Brent Good

## Nature's Way Is Best

**Nature's laxative is bile. If your liver is sending the bile on its way as it should, you'll never be constipated.**

**Keep the liver tuned right up to its work.**

**Take one pill regularly (more only if necessary) until your bowels act regularly, freely, naturally.**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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**Colorless faces often show the absence of Iron in the blood.**

**Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.**


## DESPERATE LEAP FOR LIFE

A British observation balloon, anchored at the western front, had its cables cut by enemy airplanes, and the balloon soared thousands of feet upward into the clouds. A writer in London Mail, who witnessed the incident, describes what followed. From the point where it vanished, he says, we presently saw one small speck, then another, dropping from the clouds. For some hundreds of feet they fell like dead weights, then parachutes opened, and the specks, now revealed as men, were steadied in their earthward course, floating rapidly, but safely, to the ground.

After the balloon got free, they had destroyed their papers and instruments, clambered over the side of the basket, and leaped for life into the great void beneath them, trusting that the parachutes strapped round their waists would open when they should.

Think of that desperate spring into the vast, gray vapory nothingness beneath the balloon; the feelings of the men as they made it, uncertain of what would happen; the awful sensation of casting yourself blindly from such an appalling height with the knowledge that only a flimsy piece of material, which might act rightly and might not, intervened between yourself and a crash into the earth many thousands of feet below; the tense strain of the stone-like drop through two hundred feet of the void before the parachute opened, and then the anxious mental query, through the later stages of the descent: "What shall I light upon?"—a matter of supreme consequence that chance governs absolutely. In this case, the men made a safe landing.


## Farmers, Attention!

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