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Baby's Own Soap

is so pure and of so fine a quality that it can be used for the sensitive skins of babies and young children without danger.

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take the aft companionway, sir."

"Now, look here," said Charming, with firmness, "you may be a sailor, and I may be the mate of this bobbing bucket you call a ship, but it greatly behooves you to address me in good, plain American language, and not that stuff only you fellows can understand."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Wilson, as he jumped out on deck and pointed to the cabin entrance.

Charming ambled along, the most woe-begone specimen of manhood living,—so he imagined. His hair was disheveled, his eyes bulging and red, his step unsteady, his whole demeanor that of a miscreant. But he was not afraid to face his captain and give him word for word. He reached the companionway, but there his limited steadiness left him. Down the narrow stairway he tumbled, tripping up the cabin boy, who was starting to the galley with a load of empty dishes, and causing a shower of broken crockery to add a new impetus to the captain's anger.

"How do you feel, today?" asked Captain Cammell.

"Pretty bad, pretty bad," replied Charming, rubbing his head.

"I want to know whose mate you were, before you came to me."

"Captain," said Charming, mustering up all his strength, "I must admit that the only mate I ever had was old Bill Sawyer, who was sheriff of Sleeping Vale, Wyoming, before the town burned down. Bill and I set out to tramp it to Oregon, and I ain't seen him since."

"Do you mean to sit here and tell me that you have never been to sea, before, in your life?" thundered Cammell, with the rage of a lion.

"Captain, I do," answered the sorrowful man. "I wanted work, captain,—an' I took the first chance."

"Do you know that I can have you ironed for this,—that I can take you back to America in chains, and send you to prison? Do you realize that you have jeopardized the lives and the cargo on this ship?"

The lubber sailor nodded, as if he had an idea of what the captain meant, which called forth a tirade of abuse, contumely, and contempt, from the lips of the skipper. The meeting resulted in Charming's being discharged as first mate, and put in the position of a common scullion, with the cabin boy, a fresh youngster from a Liverpool wheat clipper, to act as his boss. The deposed mate felt his disgrace keenly. He was made to do the most trying of the many tasks aboard ship; he was made to work from sunrise until far beyond sunset; he was the butt of ridicule for all the crew, for he was the lowest man on the ship; he was glibed by the sailors; he was cuffed by the captain; and, as for the cabin boy, well,—that globe-wandering Briton made him polish his boots every Sunday morning, and honored him with the stinging appellation of "my valet."

On the night of the twenty-seventh day out from San Francisco, when the moon was bright and full and shining in all its copper-colored radiance from the silent tropic sky, the tall outline that marks the island of Nukahiva appeared on the starboard bow. In the tiny broken waves of the almost tranquil ocean, the moonbeams were playing a silent game of hide-and-seek. A baffling breeze from the Leeward Islands was driving the little bark at a four-knot gait, and the bumping of the main-sheet block against the deck, the creaking of the ropes, as they worked back and forth, through the pulleys, and the doleful bell that marked the hours, were the only sounds to disturb the tranquillity of the night. All was enveloped in that cool peace that pervades the nights of the South Seas,—that wondrous, fascinating, ever charming, tropic land, where one's soul, piercing through the impurity of the flesh, beholds the nearest prototype of heaven to be seen on earth, and brings knowledge to contemplate the endless glory and termless joy,—where contentment goes hand in hand with happiness; where one can—

Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came,
To live where Plenty's seeds are sown,—
Where life and love and sunshine are the same.

"L-a-n-d H-o!" This was the long, dismal cry of the man on the look-out. It broke the stillness with more poignant effectiveness than if it had been a bolt of thunder from the sky. In a few minutes everyone aboard the ship was on deck. No matter how long a man has been at sea, the sight of land, after looking over a waste of water, is a relief to the eye. Every man, from the captain down to John T. Charming, who, at length, knew the bow of the ship from the stern, and was cognizant of the fact that the keel has nothing to do with the lee scuppers, appeared on deck and gazed at the dark outline that towered to the sky in the clear night. Could it be that it was really land, that it contained living, breathing things, and bright birds and flowers. Charming said, aloud, that he did not care if it was an uninhabited rock. If he came within swimming distance, he would leap over and make for the shore. Captain Cammell assured him that there would be no necessity for any such action on his part, for they would certainly stop there, and his deposed mate would be assisted ashore with all possible haste, and with the ship's best wishes.

Nukahiva, the island for which the "Lingering Breeze" was heading, is the largest and most important of the Marquesas group, and Taiohai is its leading city, if two score coconut-thatched houses, set on the rim of a half-moon bay, may be called a city. The entrance to the harbor is by a narrow strait between two rugged cliffs, which seem to step up and into the towering peaks of the mountains that rise majestically until they almost touch the clouds. When the wind blows from the land, it forms a series of circuitous currents, by coming in contact with these mountains, and travels, in sharp gusts, to the sea, making the bay a treacherous place for a vessel entering under sail. Captain Cammell had entered the little port three times every year for a score of years, and once claimed the proud distinction, among South Sea skippers, of having safely made port at night with naught to guide him save the port light of a copra schooner that lay at anchor. So on this night, with the moon full and resplendent, and the outlines of the towering cliffs that marked the entrance clear and distinct, he thought little of heaving-to and putting out to sea until daylight. He gave his orders to make the entrance. Wilson, the second mate, who had ranked as chief officer since the deposition of John T. Charming, took his place at the bow, and Captain Cammell, on the roof of the cabin, had a clear berth for the command. Charming was allowed to help the cook clean up his galley for a respectable appearance in port.

With her sails nicely trimmed, the white bark bore down on the entrance until the wind came abeam, and then her worthy captain turned her nose in the direction of Taiohai. Everything went well during the two long hours that it took to run abreast of the harbor. Just as the way seemed clear and the long voyage almost over, the treacherous wind suddenly veered, and, before the sailors could manage the ropes, the "Lingering Breeze" began to drift towards the shore. All the quick action, the daring, the catlike alacrity of the crew were without avail, for she had been caught by a swift current which, aided by the playful winds blowing at variance to any given point of the compass, carried her upon the rocks. Captain Cammell's hands were uplifted towards heaven in a mute appeal as he felt and heard the keel of his only pet in life, his home, his ambition, his beloved white bark, grate against the cruel rocks. But it was all too true. The staunch old boat was in a precarious position. Nothing could save her but some boat propelled by steam to pull her off. The captain was a man of quick action, and had been sufficiently long