

# CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN  
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(Continued.)

She was the first to speak, and then she turned to herself to him and said: "I don't think they are the best people I ever knew," she said.

"Oh, all of them! The captain and Mrs. Snow, and Captain Davis and his sister. They are so simple and kind and generous. And the best of it is, they don't seem to know it, and wouldn't believe it if you told them."

Ralph nodded emphatically. "I imagine you would get a good deal to convince Davis or any of these station men that there was anything heroic in their lives," he said. "As for Captain Eri, I have known him only a month or two, but I don't know of any one more noble than he."

"He has been so kind to grandfather and me," said Elsie, "that I am sure we never could repay. When we came down here I knew that to Orham, and his and Captain Jerry and Captain Perez have made me feel more at home than I have ever felt before. You know," she added, "grandfather is the only relative I have."

"I suppose you will go back to your studies when your grandfather recovers."

"I don't know. If grandfather is well enough I think I shall try to persuade him to come up to Boston and live with me. Then I might perhaps teach. This was to have been my last year at Radcliffe, so my giving it up will not make so much difference. Do you intend to stay here long?"

"I suppose you do. Your profession, I know, means so much to you, and your work at the station must be very interesting."

"It would be more so if I had some one who was interested with me. Langley is kind, but he is so wrapped up in his own work that I see very little of him. I took the place because I thought it would give me a good deal of spare time that I might use in pursuing some experiments of my own. Electricity is my hobby, and I have one or two ideas that I am foolish enough to hope may be worth developing. I have had time enough, goodness knows, but it's a lonesome sort of life. If it had not been for the captain—and you—I think I should have given it up before this."

"Oh, I hope you won't."

"Why—why, because it seems like running away, doesn't it? If it is worth doing, I think the satisfaction in doing it is ever so much greater, don't you? I know it must be lonely for you; but then, it is lonely for Mr. Langley and the other men too. Langley would be happy anywhere else, and the other men are married, most of them, and live over in the village."

Now there isn't any real reason why this simple remark should have caused a halt in the conversation, but it did. Miss Preston said, "Oh, indeed?" rather hurriedly, and her next speech was concerning the height of a particularly big wave. Mr. Hazeltine answered this, commonplace somewhat absent-mindedly. He acted like a man to whom a startling idea had suddenly occurred. Just then they heard Captain Eri calling them.

The captain was standing on a sandy dune near the station, shouting their names through a speaking trumpet formed by placing his hands about his mouth. As the pair came strolling toward him he shifted his hands to his trousers pockets and stood watching the young couple with a sort of half smile.

"I suppose if Jerry was here now," he mused, "he'd think his scheme was workin'." Well, maybe 'tis, maybe 'tis. You can't never tell. Well, I wish 'twas the captain who was called forth by the sight of Captain Perez and Miss Patience, who suddenly came into view around the corner of the station. The captain was gallantly assisting his companion over the rough place, and the path, and she was leaning upon his arm in a manner that implied implicit confidence. Captain Eri glanced from one couple to the other, and then frowned broadly. The grin had not entirely disappeared when Captain Perez came up, and the latter rather crisply asked what the joke was.

"Oh, nothing!" was the reply. "I was jest thinkin' we must be playin' some kind of a game, and I wish 'twas 'H'r' queried Miss Patience, puzzled.

"Why, yes, I'm kinder like 'Rastus Bailey used to do at the dances when you and me was younger, Perez. Old man Alexander—was the best. He used to sing out, 'Choose partners for Hull's victory,' or something like that, and it always took 'Ras so long to make up his mind what girl to choose that he generally got left altogether. Then he'd set on the settee all through the dance and never cared much for Hull's victory anyway. Seems to me I'm the only one that ain't choosed, partners. How 'bout it, Perez?"

"More fool you, that's all I've got to say," replied Captain Perez, who said to Miss Patience laughed so heartily at this rejoinder that Perez began to think he had said a very good thing indeed, and so repeated it for greater effect.

"You want to look out for him, Miss Davis," said Captain Eri. "He's the most fascinat'ng, youngster of his age I ever see. Me and Jerry's been thinkin' we'd have to build a fence round the house to keep the girls away when he's home. Why, 'Missy Binsten' said."

"Oh, give us a rest, Eri!" exclaimed Perez, with even more indignation than was necessary. "Missy Binsten!"

Just then Ralph and Elsie came up, and Captain Eri explained that he had called them because it was time to be going if they wanted to get across to the mainland without swimming. They walked around to the back door of the station and there found Mrs. Snow and Captain Davis by the back door. The lady from Natchuck had discovered a sick chicken in the collection, and she was holding it in her lap and at the same time discoursing learnedly on the

relative value of Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds as layers.

"See there!" exclaimed Captain Eri, pointing to the suffering creature. "What do I tell you? 'D' you wonder was plucked her out for nuss for John, father? Even a sick hen knows enough to go to her."

They hurried to Daniel to the carry-all and showed the living frigate aboard. Although Captain Perez protested that he had eaten so much dinner he didn't know he'd be able to hang on the way he did coming down. Then they said farewell to Captain Davis and his sister and stepped for a moment to the members of the crew, such of them as were about the station, waved good-by to them as they passed.

"Things kind of average up in this world, don't they?" said Captain Eri reflectively as he steered Daniel and so forth toward the ford. "We're all the time readin' 'bout fellers that work for the gov'ment gettin' high salaries and doin' next to nothin'. Now, there's a gang—the life savin' crew, I mean—that does what you and me would call almost hard work and get paid next to nothin' for it. Uncle Sam gets dollars a month and find yourself ain't gittin' edged wages for bein' froze and drowned and blown to pieces ten months out of the year, is it?"

The tide was higher when they came to the crossing than it had been when they drove over before, but they made the passage all right, although there was some nervousness displayed by the feminine portion of the party. When they reached home they found Captain Jerry contentedly smoking his pipe, the sick man was asleep, and everything was serene. Josiah appeared from behind the barn, where he had been smoking a cigarette.

They pressed Mr. Hazeltine to stay to supper, but he declined, alleging that he had been away from business too long already. He had been remarkably silent during the homeward ride, and Elsie, too, had seemed busy with her thoughts. She was full of fun at the supper table, however, and the meal was a jolly one. Just as it was finished Captain Jerry struck the table a bang with his palm that made the knives and forks jump and so forth, and he said, "I'm glad to see you're all here."

"Land of love!" ejaculated the victim, mopping his chin and his tie with his napkin. "It's bad enough to see a feller go down and scaldin' him at the same time. What did you do that for?"

"I jest thought of somethin'," exclaimed Captain Jerry, going through one pocket after the other.

"Well, I wish you'd have your thinkin' fit in the barn or somewhere else next time. I put this shirt on clean this mornin' and now look at it!"

His friend was too busy to pay any attention to this advice. The pocket search apparently being unsatisfactory, he rose from the table and hurriedly made a round of the room, looking on the mantelpiece and under chairs.

"I had it when I come in," he soliloquized. "I know I did, 'cause I was wearin' it when I went out to see to the hens. I don't see where."

"If it's your hat you're looking for," observed Josiah, "I saw Mrs. Snow hang it up on the nail behind the door. There it is now."

"This reply to his was merely a grumble which may or may not have expressed approval. At any rate, the hat was apparently the object of his search, for he took it from the nail, looked inside, and with a sigh of relief took out a crumpled envelope.

"I know I put it somewhere," he said. "It's a letter for you, Elsie. Josiah, here, he brought it down from the postoffice when he come from school this afternoon. I meant to give it to you at the station, but I forgot."

Captain Eri, who sat next to the young lady, noticed that the envelope was addressed in an irregular, sprawling hand to "Miss Elizabeth Preston, Orham, Mass." Elsie looked it over in the absent way in which so many of us examine the outside of a letter which comes unexpectedly.

"I wonder who it is from?" she said. She did not open it at once, but tucking it into her waist, announced that Mrs. Snow might come down to supper. The housekeeper did come down a few minutes later, and, as she was interested to know more about the letter, she and the captain talked for some time.

It was after 8 o'clock when Mrs. Snow, having finished washing the dishes, allowed no one to assist her in this operation since the lady who was sitting at the table had absented mindedly using the dust rag instead of the dishcloth—went upstairs to her patient. Shortly afterward Elsie came down, wearing her hat and jacket.

"I'm going out for a little while," she said. "I don't want any one to go with me. I'll be back soon."

Her back was turned to the three captains as she spoke, but, as she opened the door, the lamplight showed for an instant on her face, and Captain Eri noticed, or fancied that he did, that she was paler than usual. He rose and again offered to accompany her, but met with such a firm refusal that he could not insist further.

"Now, that's kind of funny, ain't it?" remarked Perez. "I don't believe she's been out alone after dark since she's been here."

"Where did you get that letter, Josiah?" asked Captain Eri. "It may as well be explained here that Captain Perez's grandnephew was a thorn in the flesh of every one, including his indulgent relative. He was a little scamp of a boy, and he was a good deal better than his any one else, but that is not saying a great deal. He was in mischief in school two-thirds of the time, and his reports, made out by the teacher, were anything but complimentary. He was a good looking boy, the image of his mother, who had been her uncle's favorite; and he was popular with a certain class of youngsters. Also, and this was worse, his work at theivery stable had thrown him in contact with a sort of gang of men like Squealer Wixon, Web Saunders and others of their class, and they appreciated his New York street training and made much of him. Captain Perez, mindful of his promise to the boy's mother, did not use the necessary measures to control him, and Captain Eri and Captain Jerry did not like to interfere.

Just now he was seated in the corner.

# I Can't Praise Them Too Much

SO SAYS CHARLES BELL OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He had Rheumatism for Ten Years and the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Him Completely.

North Range, Digby Co., N. S. (Special). "I am so glad to be able to praise them so highly. These are the words of Mr. Charles Bell, a man who has been freed from the tortures of rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered terribly from rheumatism for ten years," Mr. Bell continues, "I was so bad I could scarcely get in and out of bed. After trying various medicines without getting any relief, a friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cleaned the Rheumatism right out of me. I do not know how to express my gratitude to them. They do this simply and naturally. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood, and these pills strain this uric acid out of the blood. With no uric acid in the blood there can be no Rheumatism. Consequently, to cure Rheumatism, clean your kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys."

The Venus of Milo explained. "Pulled 'em off hanging on car straps," she said briefly.

Thus we learn beauty does not always obtain a seat.—New York Sun.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator.

"See here," said the irate roomer to the chambermaid, "don't you ever sweep under the bed?"

"I always do," answered the girl innocently. "It's so much handier than usin' a dustpan."—Chicago Daily News.

# TOO LITTLE BLOOD

Responsible for Nearly all of the Misery Women Endure.

Anemia is written on the features of ninety women out of a hundred. It is the cause of all the signs of "too little blood." The weaker sex is assailed at all stages by the evils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who has had gone Captain Jerry said, "Perez, you're spillin' that boy."

"I s'pose I am, I s'pose I am, but I can't bear to be cross to him, somehow. Poor Lizzie, she made me promise I wouldn't be, and I jest can't, that's all. You understand how 'tis, don't you, Eri?"

The captain nodded. "I understand," he said. "I'm sorry I said anything. I

hadn't ought to be givin' orders 'bout what's none of my affair. What time is it now?"

It was bedtime, and that he was going to turn in. Perez, still looking worried and anxious, said that he also was going to turn in, and that he would sit up for awhile.

Another hour and still another went by, and the captain sat there in his rocker. His two friends were sound asleep. Mrs. Snow called to know if Elsie had come back, and where on earth she could be. Captain Eri's answers were cheery and to the effect that the young lady had an errand upstairs, and would be home pretty soon, he guessed. Nevertheless, it might have been noticed that he glanced at the clock every few minutes, and grew more and more fidgety.

It was after 11 when Elsie came in. She had a very pale face, and with some confusion apologized for being so late, and thanked the captain for sitting up for her. She made no offer to explain her long absence, and as she went upstairs Captain Eri noticed that her face was, if anything, paler than when she went out, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying. He wanted to ask her some questions, but didn't because she evidently did not wish to talk. He pondered over the matter while undressing, and for a long time after that lay awake thinking. That the girl was in trouble of some sort was plain, but he could not understand what she had said nothing about it, or what its cause might be. She had been her bright, happy self all day and a part of the evening. Then she had suddenly changed. The captain wondered what was Eri doing in the dark of it.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

"I notice a man who had a cold in his head has committed suicide."

"Pez, fellow! Now what fool friend could have advised him to try that remedy?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Happy Bride (on wedding tour). "You say we are coming to a tunnel, Harry? Is it a long one?"

Bridegroom (momentarily depressed). "Yes, entirely too long. The conductor says he's waiting for you to get out before entering it."—Chicago Tribune.

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# WITTIAMS OF A QUEEN

Witticisms of Marie Leszczynska, the Wife of Louis XV.

"The wife of Louis XV. Beloved had more heart than most of the conceptions of wisdom and philosophy. That she possessed them both in a marked degree is quite evident. "To great goodness Marie Leszczynska joined great information," says Imbert de Saint-Amand in "The Court of Louis XV."

"She knew six languages—Polish, French, Italian, German, Swedish, Latin. Men of letters were struck by the shrewdness of her judgment on things of the mind. Several of her maxims have been preserved, which attest a lofty soul and a profound knowledge of the human heart. Here are some of them: "We ought not to reflect more on the faults of others than will suffice to preserve ourselves from them. "Humana religio teaches us to conceal our pride; wisdom alone destroys it." "To live peacefully in society we must open our eyes to the qualities which please us and shut them on the follies and caprices which shock us. "The women who plume themselves most on knowing what it is allowable for them to be ignorant of are those who care least about instructing themselves concerning what it is shameful not to know. "Many princes have regretted when dying that they had not a friend advised them to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cleaned the Rheumatism right out of me. I do not know how to express my gratitude to them. They do this simply and naturally. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood, and these pills strain this uric acid out of the blood. With no uric acid in the blood there can be no Rheumatism. Consequently, to cure Rheumatism, clean your kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys."

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# CRANBERRY LORE

Several Delicious Ways of Preparing This Much Used Berry.

There are all kinds of ways of preparing cranberries. Some cooks serve them as a very acid, thin sauce and take the trouble to strain it. This is a mistake. Cranberries should be heavily sweetened and cooked with little water, so that they can be molded in pretty individual molds.

A quart of cranberries require only a cupful of boiling water. Boil steadily rather rapidly for twenty minutes, add two cupfuls of sugar and cook for ten minutes longer. When the berries are in cooking cranberries for one wishes to have them jelly properly. Almost any cranberries will jelly perfectly if cooked exactly according to these directions. Do not strain them. Pour into small china molds. This gives a dark, rich looking mold that is not too acid, yet preserves all the individuality of the fruit.

Sliced cranberries are something like spiced currants. Put two even spoonfuls of ground cinnamon, tablespoonful of ground allspice into a muslin bag and tie it up. Slimmer it in a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Then add the spiced water to seven cupfuls of cranberries, three and a half cups of sugar and two cupfuls of cider vinegar. Cook slowly until thick and then seal up in jars. Some housewives serve this in place of the ordinary cranberry sauce as a novelty.

Cranberry sherbet is a refreshing dessert. It is made by freezing very stiff it is sometimes used as a unique substitute to serve at an elaborate turkey dinner. This ice melts easily, so that it should be served immediately. To make it, boil a quart of cranberries with two cupfuls of water until soft. Add two cupfuls of sugar and stir until dissolved. Let it cool, add the juice of one or two lemons and freeze. Some housewives may prefer the ice sweeter.

For a novel cranberry pie have at hand a cupful of cranberries, half a cupful of seeded raisins, a cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water, a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of vanilla if you like the flavor. The cranberries will be just as good, if not better, without it. Cut the berries in half and cover them with cold water. Let them stand while you chop the raisins and mix them with the flour, sugar, and vanilla. Add the berries and stir them into the mixture. Bake it between two crusts.

King Outside Politics. A correspondent who called the attention of the King's private secretary to New Year's letter from H. C. Brodie, Liberal M.P. for the Reigate Division of Surrey, to his constituents, in which he stated that "the ends, in which he had received a reply from Lord Knollys, in which he says:

"The King strongly disapproves of his name being used in political circles, and he would hardly say, therefore, that His Majesty's name did not appear in the communications which you forwarded to me with his permission."

Waffles in Style. "Isn't it good news that waffles are really in style? Every one has always known that waffles with syrup were extremely good, but until recently they have been half forgotten. Now they are actually fashionable, and it is quite the thing to serve them with brown sugar or maple syrup as a separate course at a luncheon.

This being the case, it is well to know just how to make them. Made with rice, they are delicious. A good recipe calls for a cup of boiled rice, three eggs, one ounce of butter, two cups of boiling water, and one teaspoonful each of salt and soda.

Stir into the rice the creamed butter and the eggs, which have been beaten to a froth. Add the salt and soda, stir in the milk and add four enough to make a thick batter.

Be sure that the waffle iron is very hot and buttered. Fill them three quarters full with the batter and bake carefully.

The Creator's Mouth. "Now, Pearl Beer," asked the Wyoming schoolmaster during the geography lesson, "what is it that volcanoes throw up?"

"Why, sir, I don't know—don't tell me!" cried Miss Beem excitedly. "It's saliv'lar Redhot saliva."—Lippincott's Magazine.

# REPEAT IT

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Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Went Him One Better. One of the occupants of a railway carriage was a gentleman who begged the time by telling some rather "yarns" of his experiences with a camels' horn tripod at a corner seat and listened without a shadow of a smile. The traveler, having concluded an impressive story, says London Punch he again: "I never see a camera but it reminds me of a sad occurrence that I recall in Italy. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and when we climbed Vesuvius nothing would satisfy him but to go to the very edge. He wanted to go to the very edge. The guides told him of the danger. It was the last seen of my poor friend! Sad, wasn't it, sir?" he added, turning to the solemn man. The latter shook his head. "Do you doubt my words?" he said. "I don't doubt your words, but I fancy your memory is failing."

"Eh? How so?" "Because," said the solemn man slowly and gravely—"because I am the man! And yet you are on the other side of the globe, but I got my view!" There was dead silence for a few minutes afterward, and the traveler got off at the next station.

Gun With a History. The modern sportsman objects to a gun weighing more than seven pounds would find burdensome a gun purchased by Arthur Seran of Wewoka, Okla., from a negro farmer, eighty years old, who lives near that place. The gun was given to his master when he was a small boy by his master in Texas. It is a double barreled eight gauge shotgun, handmade, weighing sixteen pounds, twist barrels, muzzle loader. This gun has a remarkable history, and the old negro's master, William Kimbrow, who was one of the pioneers of Texas, in Lennox county, made many a hard fight with the gun against the Indian and Mexican marauders in the old Texas republic.—Kansas City Times.

PSYCHINE THE GREATEST TONIC FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY

PSYCHINE is the greatest tonic known to medicine. It builds up the system and tones up every organ of the body, enabling it to resist and throw off disease. Weak nerves cannot exist where PSYCHINE is used consistently. Send for a trial bottle and receive the truth of these statements.

PSYCHINE is sold by all druggists and dealers, 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.

# OLD TIME SPORTS

Hard riding was an achievement in which our great grandfathers excelled, says London Tit-Bits. "Squire Osbaldeston rode 200 miles in under nine hours on relay horses, and was not back himself to ride the distance in eight hours. A queerer feat, according to our standards, was the match arranged between Horatio Ross, riding his horse Clinker, against Lord Kennedy's Radical, ridden by Captain Douglas. Ross knocked Douglas head over heels over a gate as the riders had agreed that jostling, charging, and crossing were to be allowed at the jumps and anywhere else. Those conditions of racing do not belong to our day, but the hard-wood has not left modern polo grounds. Everybody knows the story of the polo player with a broken collar-bone who rode out his man again and again as if nothing had happened."

Then there is the extraordinary record in marksmanship of Horatio Ross, who in a pigeon match with Lord Macdonald gave five yards and then won the match with a total of fifty-two pigeons out of fifty-three shots at thirty yards. An extraordinary feat not frequently performed was that he would go out and kill as many as twenty swallows before breakfast. It was Ross who offered \$2,500 to walk anybody to London for \$2,500, and nobody would accept the challenge.

# A Nervous Wreck

Now in Robust Health.

Mrs. M. E. Harron, of Newton, Ont., writes: "I must say our son would have been in a consumptive's grave long ago had it not been for PSYCHINE. He was taken down with La Grippe and a severe cold. His whole system was weak, including his lungs,