

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XIII

"Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? The king hath sent him, sure; I must dissemble."

At first, the frigate took single reef in her topsails, set topgallant sails over them, and hauled up on taut bowlines. But seeing no signs of our studding-sails coming down, she shook out her reefs, squared her yards, set topmast studding-sails, and kept off to a course that would be certain to intercept us. Little was up on our line of sailing some three weeks before we got down to her, and she kept standing off and on, hauling up her courses, and tarding her topgallant sails, and hauling down all her light sails, the jib excepted. As for the Dawn, she kept steadily on, carrying everything she could bear. We had topmast and lower studding-sails, and not a tack or sheet had been touched when we got within a quarter of a mile of the frigate. The Englishman now showed his colors, when we let him see the stars and stripes. Still no sail was touched on board us. As if surprised at our obstinacy, John Bull let fly a chase-gun, taking good care not to send the shot very near us. I thought it time, now, to shorten sail and to pretend to haul down our studding-sails, and to lay to herself. At length, having reduced the sails to the three topsails reefed, I hove-to the Dawn, and waited for a visit from the Englishman's boat. As soon as the frigate saw us fairly motionless, she shot up on our weather quarter, half a cable's length distant, swung her long, saucy-looking yards, and lay-to herself. At the same instant her lee quarter boat dropped into the water, with the crew in it, a boy of a midshipman scrambled down the ship's side and entered it also, a lieutenant followed, when away the cockpit of a thing swept on the crest of a sea, and was soon pulling round our stern. I started on a lieutenant, and examining my visitors, as they struggled against the swell, in order to get a boat-hook into our main-chains. The men were like any other main-of-war's men, neat, sturdy, and submissive in air. The rear was a well-dressed boy, evidently a gentleman's son; but the lieutenant was one of those who seldom employed in boats unless something more than common is to be done. He was a man of forty, hard-featured, peck-marked, red-faced, and scowling. I afterward ascertained he was the son of some underling about the Portsmouth dock-yard, who had worked his way up to a lieutenant's rank, and owned the privilege principally to his readiness in impressing seaweeds. His name was Sennit.

We threw Mr. Sennit a rope, as a matter of course, and Marble met him at the gangway with the usual civilities. I was amused with the meeting between these men, who had strictly the analogy to each other, while the lieutenant, in his diamond-cut diamond, each was dogmatical, positive, and full of national conceit, in his own fashion; and each hated the other's country as heartily as man could hate, while both despised Frenchmen. But Sennit knew a mate from a master, at a glance; and without noticing Marble's sea-bow, a slight for which Marble did not soon forgive him, he walked directly aft to me, not well pleased, as I thought, that a shipmaster had neglected to be at the gangway to meet a sea lieutenant.

"Your servant, sir," commenced Mr. Sennit, condescending to notice my bow; "your servant, sir; I suppose we owe the pleasure of this acquaintance just now to the circumstances of the weather's clearing."

"This sounded hostile to the go off; and I was determined to give as good as I received."

"Quite likely, sir," was my answer, uttered as coolly as I could speak; "I do not think you got much the advantage, as long as there was thick weather."

"Ay, you're a famous fellow at hide and go seek, and I do not doubt would make a long chase in a dark night. But his Majesty's ship Speedy is not to be 'do' by a Yankee."

"So it would seem, sir, by your present success."

"Man seldom run away without there is a cause for it. It's my business to find out the reason why you have attempted it; so, sir, I will thank you for the name of your ship, to begin with."

"The Dawn, of New York,"

"Ay, full-blooded Yankee. I knew you were a New England by your tri-corn."

"New York is not in New England; nor do we call a New York ship a Yankee," put in Marble.

"Ay, ay, if one were to believe all you mates from the 'other side say, he would soon fancy that King George held his throne by virtue of a commission from President Washington."

"President Washington is dead, heaven bless him!" retorted Marble, "and if one were to believe half of what you English say, he would soon fancy that President Jefferson held his office as one of King George's waiting-men."

"I made a sign for Marble to be silent, and I intimated to the lieutenant I wished to answer any further inquiries he wished to make. Sennit did not proceed however, without giving a significant look at the mate, which to me seemed to say, 'I have pressed a mate in my time.'"

part of the world, as this last war has sent the French into that part of Germany, and Hamburg is suspected of being rather too much under Boney's influence."

"And were we bound to Bordeaux, sir, what power have you to stop a neutral at this distance at sea?"

"If you put it on power, Mr. Wallingford, you depend on a crutch that will betray you. We have power enough to eat you, should that be necessary. I suppose you mean right."

"I shall not dispute with you, sir, about words."

"Well, to prove to you that I am as amicably disposed as yourself, I will say no more on the subject. With your permission, I will now examine your papers; and to show you that I feel myself among friends, I will first send my own boat back to the Speedy."

I was infinitely disgusted with this man's manner. He had that vulgar sort of criticism about even his teeth, the so much affected in his speech—the whole being deformed by a species of self-magnification, that rendered him as offensive as he seemed to me to be dangerous. I could not refuse to let a belligerent look at my papers, however, and went below to get them, while Sennit gave so many private orders to his rearer, and sent him away to his frigate.

While on this subject, the reader must excuse an old man's propensity to gossip, if I say a word on the general question of the right of search. As for the presence that was set up by some of the advocates of impressment out of neutral ships, which laid it down that the belligerent being on board in the exercise of an undoubted right to inquire into the character of the ship and cargo, he took with him the right to lay hands on all the subjects of his own sovereign he might happen to find there, it is not worthy of a serious reply. Because a man has a right to take the preliminary steps to the discharge of an admitted power, as an incident of that power, it does not follow that he can make the incident a principle, and convert it into a justification of acts unlawful in themselves. On this head, therefore, I shall say nothing holding it to be beyond dispute among those who are competent to speak on the subject at all. But the abuse of that admitted power to board and ascertain the character of a ship, has created so lively a feeling in us Americans, as to induce us to forego some of the wholesome principles that are necessary to the well-being of all civilized nations. In my judgment, that we have quite recently and erroneously laid down the doctrine that foreign vessels-of-war shall not board American ships on the coast of Africa, in a time of peace, in order to ascertain their character.

On this subject I intend to speak plainly. In the first place, I try to claim that spurious patriotism which says, "Our country, right or wrong." This may do for the rabble, but it will not do for God, to whom our first and highest obligations are due. Neither country nor man can justify that which is wrong, and I conceive it to be wrong, in a political if not in a moral sense, to national pride to be abused in its exercise, and the argument, if good for anything, is as good against this. Abuse, after it has occurred, might be a justifiable reason for suspending the exercise of an admitted right, until some remedies were applied to prevent their recurrence, but it can never be a reason for a proper argument against the right itself. If abuses occur, we can get them remedied by proper representations, and if these last fail, we have the usual appeal of nations. As well might it be said, the law of the land shall not be administered, because the sheriff's officers are guilty of abuses, as to say the law of nations shall cease to be administered, because the commercial rivalries may induce others to transcend them. When the wrong is done it will be time enough to seek the remedy.

That it is the right of a vessel-of-war to ascertain the character of a ship at sea, is dependent on her right to arrest her on the high seas. In what manner can this be done, if a private citizen obtain impunity by simply hoisting the flag of some other country, which the cruiser is obliged to respect? All that the latter asks is the power to ascertain if that flag is not an imposition; and this much every regularly-commissioned public ship should be permitted to do, in the interests of civilization, and in maintenance of the police of the seas.

The argument on the other side goes the length of saying, that a public cruiser is in the situation of a sheriff's officer on shore, who is compelled to arrest his prisoner on his own responsibility, in the first place, it may be questioned if the dogmas of the common law, which asserts the privilege of the citizen to conceal his name, is worthy of a truly enlightened political freedom. It must not be forgotten that liberty first took the aspect of franchises, in which man sought protection from the abuses of power in any manner they could, and often without regarding the justice of the general principles with which they were connected; confusion in these principles arising as a consequence. But admitting the dogma of the common law to be as inherently wise as it is confessedly a practice, there is no parallel in the necessity of ready to arrest on shore and of an arrest at sea. In the former instance, the officer may apply to witnesses; he has the man before him, and compares him with the description of the criminal; and should he make an erroneous arrest, under misleading circumstances, his punishment would be merely nominal—in many cases nothing. But the common law, while it gives the subject this protection, does not deny the right of the officer to arrest. It only punished the abuse of this power, and that is precisely what nations ought to do, in a case of the abuse of the right to arrest a merchantman.

The vessel-of-war cannot apply to witnesses, and cannot judge of national character by mere external appear-

ances, since an American-built ship can be sailed by Portuguese. The actual necessities of the case are in favor of the present English claim, as well as that great governing principle, which says that no great principal right can exist, in international law, without carrying with it all the subordinate privileges which are necessary to its discreet exercise.

Thus much I could not refrain from saying, not that I think John Bull is very often right in his controversies with ourselves, but because I think, in this case, he is; and because I believe it far safer, in the long run, for a nation, or an individual, to have justice on his side, than always to carry his point.

I was soon on deck, carrying my writing-deck under my arm. Mr. Sennit perceiving that I was making it below, he read the clearance and manifest with great attention. Afterwards he asked for the shipping articles. I could see that he examined the names of the crew with eagerness, for the man was in his element when adding a new hand to his frigate's crew.

"Let me see this Nebuchadnezzar Clawbonny, Mr. Wallingford," he said, chuckling. "The name has an allusion to its very absurdity, and I doubt not I shall see a countryman perhaps a townsman."

"By turning your head, sir, you can easily see the man. He is at the wheel."

"A black!—umph—yes; those fellows do sometimes sail under droll titles. I do not think the lad was born at Gosport."

"He was born in my father's house, sir, and is my slave."

"Slave! A pretty word in the mouth of a free and independent son of liberty, Mr. Wallingford. It is lucky you are not bound to that land of despotism, old England, or you might see the fetters fall from about the chap's limbs."

I was nettled, for I felt there was some justice in this sarcasm, and this, too, at the very moment I felt it was only half merited; and not at all, perhaps, from an Englishman. But Sennit knew so much of the history of my country as he did of his own, having obtained all he had learned of either out of papers. Nevertheless, I succeeded in keeping silent.

"Nathan Hitecock; this chap has a suspicious Yankee name; will you let me see him, sir," observed the lieutenant.

"The chap's name is not so much more than justice, for I believe he is strictly what we call a Yankee."

Nathan came aft at the call of the second mate, and Sennit no sooner saw him than he told him to go forward again. It was easy to see that the man was perfectly able to distinguish, by means of the eye alone, between the people of the two countries, though the eye would sometimes deceive even the most practiced judges. As the Speedy was not much in want of men, he was disposed not to lay his hands on any but his own countrymen.

"I shall have to ask you, sir, to muster all your people on the gangway," said Sennit, raising as he passed me the ship's papers. "I am only a supernumerary of the Speedy, and I expect we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing her first on board, the honorable Mr. Powlett. We are a nob ship, having Lord Harry Dermont for our captain, and lots of younger sons in the cockpit."

I cared little for the compliment offered the Speedy, but I felt all the degradation of submitting to have my crew mustered by a foreign officer, and this, too, with the avowed object of carrying away such portions of them as he might see fit to decide were British subjects. In my judgment it would have been more consistent, and more wise for the young Hercules to have made an effort to use his club, in resisting such an offensive and unjustifiable assumption of power, than to be setting up doubtful claims to establish principles of public law that will render the exercise of some of the most useful of all international rights perfectly nugatory. I felt it a disposition to refuse compliance with Sennit's request, and did the result only affect myself I think I should have done so; but, conscious that my men would be the sufferers, I thought it more prudent to comply. Accordingly, all the Dawn's people were ordered to muster near the quarter-deck.

While I endeavor to do justice to principles, I wish to do no injustice to Sennit. To own the truth; this man picked out the Englishman and Irishman as soon as each had answered his first questions. They were ordered to get their things ready to go on board the Speedy, and the men were soothly directed to pay their own wages that might be due. Marble was standing near when this command was given; and seeing disgust, most likely, in my countenance, he took on himself the office of replying.

"You think accounts should be balanced, then, before these men quit the ship," he asked, significantly.

"I do, sir; and it's my duty to see it done. I will thank you to attend to it at once," returned the lieutenant.

"Well, sir, that being the case, we shall be receivers instead of payers. By looking at the shipping articles, you will see that each of these men received \$50, or two month's advance; (seamen's wages were as high, frequently, in that day, as \$20 or \$30); and quite half of the 'dead-horse' remains to be worked out. We will, therefore, thank his Majesty to pay us the odd \$25 for each of the men."

"What countrymen are you?" demanded the lieutenant, with a menacing look. "Cornish, by your impudence; have care, sir; I have carried off mates, before now, in my day."

manner of my mate, had no little influence on what subsequently occurred. As things were, he waited, before he proceeded any further, for the Speedy's boat to come alongside.

Mr. Powlett turned out to be a very different sort of person from his brother lieutenant. There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, or for a sailor. Beyond a question, he owed his rank in his ship to family influence, and he was one of those scions of aristocracy (by no means the rule, however, among the high-born of England) who never was fit for anything but a carpet-knight, though trained to be a sea.

As I afterwards learned, his side held high ministerial rank; and a circumstance that accounted for his being the first lieutenant of a six-and-thirty, at twenty, with a supernumerary lieutenant under him who had been a sailor some years before he was born. But the captain of the Speedy, himself, Lord Harry Dermont, was only four-and-twenty; though he had commanded his ship two years, and fought one very creditable action in her.

After making my best bow to Mr. Powlett, and receiving a very gentlemanly salute in return, Sennit led his brother officer aside, and they had a private conference of some little length together.

"I shall not meddle with the crew, Sennit," I overheard Powlett say, in a sort of complaining tone, as he walked away from his companion. "Really, I cannot become the master of a ship, formally sold to take charge of the ship. I could see a smite of contempt on Sennit's face, at this little ceremony, though he made no objection in terms. I had expected that the first lieutenant would go to the frigate with me, but, after a short consultation with his junior, the last was deputed to do me this honor."

Sennit now appeared disposed to show me every slight and indignity it was in his power to manifest. Like all vulgar-minded men, he could not refrain from mistreating those whom he desired to injure. He made me precede him into the boat, and went up the Speedy's side first, himself, on reaching that vessel. His captain's conduct was very different. Lord Harry was not a very noble looking personage, as your worshippers of rank imagine nobility to appear, but he was decidedly well-mannered; and it was easy enough to see he commanded his own ship, and was admirably fitted to do so. I had no occasion to learn that there is a vast deal of aristocratic and democratic cant on the subject of the appearance, abilities, qualities, and conduct of Europeans of birth and station. In the first place, nature has made them very much as she makes other people; and the only practical difference there is proceeds from habit and education. Then, as to the envying effects of aristocracy, and noble effeminacy, I have seen ten times as much of it among your counter-jumpers and dealers in bobbinet, as I have seen in the sons of dukes and princes; and in my later years, my circumstances have brought me much in contact with many of these last. Maugliness of character is far more likely to be the concomitant of aristocratic birth than of Democratic I am afraid, for while those who enjoy the first, feel themselves above popular opinion, those who possess the last bow to it, as the aristocrat bows to his master, I wish I could think otherwise, but experience has convinced me of these facts, and I have learned to feel the truth of an axiom that is getting to be somewhat familiar among ourselves, namely, "that it takes an aristocrat to make a true democrat." Certain I am, that all the real, manly, independent democrats I have ever known in America, have been accused of aristocracy, and this simply because they were disposed to carry out their principles and not to let that imperious sovereign, "the neighborhood," play the tyrant over them. As for personal merit, quite as fair a proportion of talent is found among the common people as among the nobles, and he is but an *ad captivandum vulgus* sort of a philosopher who holds the contrary doctrine. Talleyrand was one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Europe, as was Turenne; while Mansfield, Erskine, Grey, Wellington, and a host of Englishmen of mark, of our time, come of noble blood. No, the common people are not inferior, has much higher and much juster distinctions to boast of, than this imaginary superiority of the humbly-born over those who come of ancient stock.

Lord Harry Dermont received me just as one of his station ought to receive one of mine, politely, without in the least condescending to my own dignity. There was a good-natured smile on his face, of which, at first, I did not know what to make. He had a private conversation with Sennit, but the smile underwent no change. In the end I came to the conclusion that it was habitual with him, and meant nothing. But, though so much disposed to smile, Lord Harry Dermont was equally disposed to listen to every suggestion of Sennit that was likely to favor the main chance. Prize money is certainly a great stain on the chivalry of all navies, but it is a stain with which the noble wishes to be as deeply dyed as the plebeian. Human nature is singularly homogeneous on the subject of money; and younger sons, in the lands of *majors*, and entails, enjoys a liveliness of longing on the subject that is quite as conspicuous as the rapacity of the veriest plebeian who ever picked a pocket.

I am very sorry, Captain Wallingford," Captain Lord Harry Dermont observed to me, when his private conference with Sennit was ended, and I returned superior to the weakness of Powlett, who would have discussed the point, "that it is my duty to send your ship into Plymouth. The French have got such an ascendancy in the continent that we are obliged to use every sort of vigilance to counteract them. Then, your cargo is of enemy's growth."

"As for the ascendancy, my lord, you will see we Americans have nothing to do with it, and my cargo, being necessarily of last year's crops, must have been grown and manufactured in a time of general peace. If it were not, I do not conceive it would legalize my capture."

"We must leave Sir William Scott to decide that, my good sir," answered the captain, with his customary smile;

and there is no use in our discussing the matter. An unpleasant duty"—as if he thought the chance of putting two or three thousand pounds in his pocket unpleasant!—"an unpleasant duty, however, need not be performed in disagreeable manner. If you will point out what portion of your people you could wish to keep in your ship, it shall be attended to. Of course, you remain by your property yourself; and I confess, whatever may be done with the cargo, I think the ship will be liberated. As the day is advancing, and it will require some little time to exchange the people, I should be exceedingly happy if you would do me the favor to lunch in my cabin."

This was gentlemanly conduct, if it were not lawful. I could foresee a plenty of evil consequences to myself in the delay, though I own I had no great apprehensions of a condemnation. There was my note to John Wallingford to meet, and two months' detention might keep me so long from home, as to put the payment at maturity quite out of the question. Then came the mortgage on Clawbonny, with its disquieting pictures; and I was in anything but a good humor to enjoy Lord Henry Dermont's hospitality. Still, I knew the uselessness of remonstrances, and the want of dignity there would be in repining, and succeeded in putting a good face on the matter. I simply requested that my chief mate, the cook and Neb, might be left in the Dawn, submitting it to the discretion of my captors to take out of her as many of the remainder of her people as they saw fit. Lord Harry remarked it was not usual to leave a mate, but to oblige me, he would comply. The frigate would go in for water in the course of a fortnight, when I might depend on having the entire crew, his Majesty's subjects excepted, restored to my command.

TO BE CONTINUED

"JAMES IGNATIUS"

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

"Well, James Ignatius, how do you feel this morning?" said the cheery voice of Dr. Storm, as he stopped at a little white bed in the children's ward of a certain hospital.

"Fine, doctor. I am ready for a prize fight," said a sweet little boy voice, and a pale, spiritual boy face from its white pillow smiled a weak little greeting.

Gruff Dr. Storm always stopped at James Ignatius' bed. He had been surgeon at the hospital for a number of years, and for four of these years he had passed the bed of little James Ignatius daily, and always paused at a greeting. The nurse said (and so did the staff) that James Ignatius was the only one who had the inside track of the doctor's heart. If they dared, his medical brethren would have teased the iron man about his favorite, but no one could with impunity be merry with Dr. Storm. He was like a bronze statue, interested in none of the amenities of life, but he was an authority in his profession. To see him in his surgeon's white gown, handling a scalpel, touching the human body with the sure, delicate touch of certain knowledge, laying his slender, steel-like fingers on tissue and muscle, vein and bone with the artistry of a master was a sight his fellow-surgeons hung upon with the delight of enthusiasts.

James Ignatius had been long in his hands, a bright little lad of nine years, full of grit and endurance, who smiled when his blood was flowing and who looked on Dr. Storm as an archangel in human form, because, though he had not been able to twist his crooked spine into shape for walking, he had given him the use of his hands and had dilled the pain from which he had never known a minute's freedom since he remembered anything at all in his thirteen years of life.

Dr. Storm despised pet names. At the beginning of his little patient's illness the nurses called him "poor little Jimmy." Then came the first operation, when the lad was obliged to feel the knife without an anesthetic, and the doctor, even with a woman's gentleness, had to hurt him sorely. The lad, with great drops of sweat standing out on his little pale face, smiled bravely and cried out in a boy's language: "Bully for you, doctor; you know how to hurt a fellow!"

No wonder a ghost of a smile circled the set faces surrounding the operating table. Even in Dr. Storm's eye appeared a shadow of a twinkle. After that the doctor always called him James.

The little fellow liked it, and when the good Bishop came to the ward one day, wearing his golden mitre and carrying his crozier, and confirmed a number of patients, James asked to have "Ignatius" added to his name.

"You see," explained the little fellow, "he was a soldier, and he had to lie in bed with a bad leg for weeks, and he never growled, and he was as brave as a lion like him." And so, after his confirmation day, he would answer to no name but James Ignatius.

There was an innate purity and refinement of soul in this little crippled lad that shone on his remarkable face. Every one who looked at him once looked again. He had delicate but masculine features. His broad forehead was crowned by wavy chestnut hair—cut short, but not too short to show its inclination to crinkle into curls. His eyes were large and gray—sometimes they looked black; nose and chin were strongly chiseled, but the mouth was sweetness itself. No one could see James Ignatius smile without realizing that it was contagious.

He lay in bed quietly, except when his nurse picked him up and placed him in a large reclining chair and wheeled him to the window where he could see the hills and the country in the distance. He had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and with the precocity so often met with in afflicted children he had a maturity of mind beyond his years.

Changing Weather

You know how hard it is to keep your hands and face nice and smooth during the winter when the weather changes so suddenly and often. CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM keeps your skin soft and nice in all kinds of weather. You can get a bottle at your druggist's for 25c, or E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

Reading was his favorite occupation—reading far in advance of his age, Scott, Shakespeare, the New Testament, a Kempis. It was amazing to see these volumes on his transparent fingers and to hear James Ignatius talk about his favorite chapters. Often Dr. Storm and he would have a passage-at-arms on the reading of the day, and the doctor was stirred to wonder at the boy's cleverness and mental development. To James Ignatius this strong faced doctor, with his six feet of height, his firm hands, his gruff voice, was an object of adoration. The great gray eyes kindled with an unmistakable love light whenever the doctor approached him.

The day Dr. Storm did not speak when he passed James Ignatius' bed was a day of languor and drooping to the little lad, and by degrees the doctor came to know it and to fall under its spell. James Ignatius found there was a gentler time for him, a thrill in the firm hand clasp, even a smile on the cast-iron face, which even a smile on the love and hero worship of his boy heart.

At last, as he grew slowly worse, and the doctor sat by his side, finger on his pulse, the boy broke through the crust of the repressed heart of the man and confidences flowed from one to the other. The old, old story of human love—not sex love, but that great, calm, beautiful, peerless love called friendship.

James Ignatius told the doctor how hard it had been for him to see other boys leaping and romping over the hills at outdoor sports, and asked him why God decreed it so. And Dr. Storm, falling back on his long-forgotten Catholic instruction in years gone by told him that Providence was always right, no matter what it seemed like, easy or hard. And James Ignatius asked the doctor if that was his religion. For once in his life Dr. Storm lost the incisive, crisp speech that was so characteristic of him, his faltering was not unnoticed by James Ignatius.

"Doctor," he said, "do you think God troubles Himself much about a poor little boy like me? Nobody cares for me but Him, and yet—"

The tone went to the man's heart and stirred the roots of a strong nature. "Don't you think I care for you, James Ignatius? Am I not your friend?"

The blood rushed wildly to the boy's pale face. Great tears stood in the large eyes. He took one strong hand of the doctor's between both of his little ones and impulsively kissed it.

Silence fell between them, a silence that was eloquent to both, for each understood. The old, old story of the fertile brain's vast learning and his starved heart, and the frail, precocious boy, lonely, suffering, loving, glorified in this seemingly unequal, strange, yet entirely comprehended friendship.

O Friendship! how sweet thou art! Let the hand but once, in its long years of throbbing, find thee in thy beauty and thy strength, be it in man or woman or child, is it not a glimpse of old Eden? What is the mad ecstasy of love in its brief passion, to the white blossom of a friend's devotion, to the tenderness of a friend's hand clasp, to the sweetness of a friend's heart-spoken words? Blessed is he who has found a friend—made of steel arc not strong enough to clasp him to one's self or hold him to one's heart forever! And Dr. Storm, with that closed and barred heart that had never unlocked to man or woman, found himself melting before the worshipful love of a little child. James Ignatius told him how great and good he seemed to him, what power he had to heal and how close he must be to the great God Who created all things, when he could handle the flesh and blood of his fellows and make those who are named whole again.

"But, James Ignatius, I haven't made you whole yet, and I fear I never can," said Dr. Storm.

"I don't count, doctor," said James Ignatius. "I never was straight or whole, like other boys, and I would have to be made over again. I am of no account."

"Yes, you are," stammered the doctor. "You have more grit and more patience than half the people in this hospital. I often say to some of them when they whimper: 'You ought to see James Ignatius suffer.'"

The boy's transparent skin was suffused with a delicate flush at the doctor's

Crippled With Sore Back

Kidneys Were Badly Diseased and She Didn't Know It

Was Completely Cured by Less Than Three Boxes of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Women are very often deceived and mistaken in regard to kidney disease. The pain in the back are attributed to other derangements, and kidney disease is allowed to run on and on until beyond the reach of medical science.

There is needless suffering, and life itself is risked, because backache is not recognized as one of the most marked symptoms of kidney disease.

There is no treatment so quickly relieves and cures kidney pains in the back as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. As proof of this read Mrs. Patterson's letter:—

Mrs. Richard Patterson, Haldimand, Gaspé, Co., Quebec, writes: "I will gladly give the country in the distance. He had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and with the precocity so often met with in afflicted children he had a maturity of mind beyond his years."