

CAP'n ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continued)

This was a leading question, and the captain was more embarrassed than ever. However, he felt that something had to be done and that it was wisest to get it over with as soon as possible.

"Well, man, I'm not gettin' your letter all right and, to tell you the truth, we was at the depot—Perez and me and Jerry."

"You was? Well, then, for the land of goodness, why didn't you let me know it? Such a time as I had tryin' to find out where you lived and all!"

"The captain saw but one plausible explanation, and that was the plain truth." Slowly he told the extension case, the widow and her spectacles fell off.

"Well, there," she exclaimed, "if that don't beat all! I don't blame Cap'n Burgess a mite. Poor thing! I guess I'd have run, too, if I'd have seen that darky. She was settin' right in the next seat to me, and she had a shut-over bag considerable like mine, and when she got up to get out she took mine by mistake. I was a good deal put out about it, and I expect I talked to her like a Dutch mule when I caught up with her. Dear, dear! Where is Cap'n Burgess?"

"He's shut up in a fish shanty down the road, and he's so upset that I dunno he'll stir from there tonight. Jerry ain't prejudiced, but that darky was too much for him."

And then they both laughed, the widow because of the ludicrous nature of the affair and the captain because of the relief that the lady's acceptance of it afforded his mind.

Mrs. Snow was the first to become grave. "Cap'n Hedge," she said, "there's one or two things I must say right here. In the first place, I ain't in the habit of answerin' advertisements from folks that wants to get married. I ain't so hard up for a man as all that comes to. Next thing, I ain't comin' down here with my mind made up to marry Cap'n Burgess, not by no means. I wanted to see him and talk with him and tell him jest all about how things was with me and find out about him and then—Why, if everything was as you was sayin', I might 'praps think about it."

"Jest so, ma'am, jest so," broke in her companion. "That's about the way we felt. You see, there's prob'ly a long story on both sides, and if you'll excuse me I'll go down to the shanty and see if I can't get Jerry up here. I'll be a job, I'm afraid, but—"

"No, you shan't either. I'll tell you what we'll do. It's awful late now and I must be gettin' up to the tavern. Speak if 'tain't too much trouble, and I'll walk up there with me and I'll stay there tonight, and tomorrow I'll come down here, and we'll all have a common sense talk. 'Praps by that time your friend 'll have the darky woman sent home, and then—"

"Somewhere's nigh the postoffice, looks 's if it might be Weeks' store, Wharves' Place?"

Captain Eri had lighted a lamp and was pulling on his boots as he spoke. "Here I be!" shouted the missing member of the trio from the dining room below. "I'm all ready. Hurry up, Eri!"

Captain Eri jumped into his trousers, slipped into a faded pea jacket and clattered downstairs, followed by the wildly excited Jerry.

"Good land, Perez," he cried as he came into the dining room, "I thought you said you was all ready!"

Captain Perez paused in the vain attempt to make Captain Jerry's hat cover his own cranium and replied indignantly, "Well, I am, ain't I?"

"Seems to me I'd put somethin' on my feet besides them socks if I was you. You might catch cold."

Perez glanced down at his blue yarn stockings with the astonishment of a man who has just discovered that he is wearing a pair of socks.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "if I hadn't forgot my boots!"

"Well, git 'em on, and be quick. There's your hat. Give Jerry his."

"That ain't Weeks' store," declared Captain Perez, who was in the lead. "It's Web Saunders' place. That's what it is."

Captain Eri paused and looked over to the left in the direction of the Baxter dog trot and became part of a crowd of oddly dressed people, all running in the same direction.

"Chuck your water on the main part here. Maybe if we had some ropes we might be able to pull the shed clear out from under the ropes."

"How'd you fasten the ropes?" was the panted reply. "She's all ablaze and a rope would burn through in a minute if you tied it anywhere."

"Some gripples and anchors out of Rogers' store. He's got a whole lot of 'em. Keep on with the water business. I'll git the other stuff."

He descended the ladder and explained his idea to the crowd below. There was a great shout and twenty men and boys started on a run after ropes, while as many more stormed at the door of Nathaniel Rogers' blacksmith shop.

Rogers was the local dealer in anchors and other marine ironwork. The door of the shop was locked, but he produced the key and unlocked the door.

In another minute the greater portion of the ironwork was on its way to the fire.

The rope seekers were just returning laden with everything from clothes lines to cables. Half a dozen boats were being towed through the water by many ropes, and the crowd pranced gaily about the burning ell, looking for a chance to make them fast.

Captain Eri found a party with axes endeavoring to cut a hole through the side of the shed in order to get out the pool table. After some endeavor he persuaded them to desist and they came around to the rear and, taking turns, ran in close to the shed and chopped at it with axes and broadswords.

At last they made a hole close to where it joined the main building, large enough to attach the grapnel. Then with a "Yo heave ho!" every one took hold of the rope and pulled. Of course the grapnel pulled out with only a board or two, but they tried again, and this time getting it around a beam, pulled a large portion of the shed to the ground.

Meanwhile another party had attached an anchor to the opposite side and were making good progress. In due time the shed yawned away from the saloon, tottered and collapsed in a shower of sparks. A deluge of water soon extinguished these. Then every one turned to the main building, and as the fire had not yet taken a firm hold of this they soon had it under control.

Captain Eri worked with the rest until he saw that the worst was over. Then he began the search that had been in his mind since he first saw the blaze. He found Captain Jerry and Captain Perez persistently opposed in town meeting any attempt to purchase a hand engine, this was a rather surprising speech, but no one paid any attention to it.

DISEASE COMES THROUGH THE BLOOD

To Cure Common Ailments the Blood Must be Made Rich and Red.

Nearly all the diseases that afflict mankind are caused by bad blood, weak, watery blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of Patches, and backaches, lumbago and rheumatism, debility and indigestion, neuralgia and other nerve troubles, and less disgusting skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum that show how impure the blood actually is.

It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease because they all spring from one cause—bad blood. To cure any of these diseases you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. To cure any of these diseases when common medicines could neither cure nor relieve, My blood was in a terrible condition. My entire body broke out with pimples and small boils that would itch and pain and lead me to despair.

To enrich the blood you must get the genuine Pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Believed to be the oldest solicitor in the country, Mr. R. R. Dees, of Newcastle, who practised during the reign of William the Fourth, at Wallaseid, Eng., aged ninety-four.

Time tries all things and as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough, relieve the irritation, and restore the affected organs to healthy condition.

Some experiments by naturalists of East Prussia have shown the possibility of tracing the migrations of birds, and that such migrations are not due to distances hitherto unsuspected.

Repeat it: "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." Window glass manufacturers have said, "Rogers and we have been here the product, which is a novelty there, is rapidly becoming popular."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. The work of opening the eastern entrance of Dover naval harbor, which marks the final stage in this great scheme of which some \$3,500,000 have been spent, was completed recently.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" THAT IS LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

Women in the province of Shima, on the southern coast of Japan, are the sternest divers in the world. They enter the water at all seasons except during the coldest months of the winter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. She wanted to know the manager of the big store, and everything about her, from drooping eyelashes to neatly molded instep, indicated that she would draw enough trade, or ought to, to cover her salary.

GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which chickens occasionally come home to roost is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie." On a day in June, 1862, in the early part of the civil war General Hood of the Texas brigade halted each regiment in turn and gave his orders. To the Fourth he said:

"Soldiers of the Fourth, I know as little of your destination as you do. If, however, any of you learn or suspect it, keep it a secret. To every one who asks questions answer, 'I don't know.' We are now under the orders of General Jackson, and I repeat them to you."

General Jackson also gave strict orders against foraging, but apples were plentiful, and it was contrary to nature for hungry soldiers not to eat them. So it came about that on the march to the General was straggled from a Texan sitting on the limb of an apple tree busily engaged in filling his haversack with the choicest fruit.

The general reined in his old sorrel horse and in his customary curt tone asked: "What are you doing in that tree, sir?" "I don't know," replied the Texan. "What command do you belong to?" "I don't know."

"Is your command ahead of you or behind you?" "I don't know." "Thus it went on, 'I don't know' given as answer to every question. Finally Jackson asked sternly: "Why do you give me that answer to every question?" "Cause them's the orders our general gin us this mornin', an' he tole me to get 'em the best way I could from ole Jackson," replied the man in the tree.

Disgusted with a too literal obedience to his own commands, but yet not caring to argue the point, General Jackson rode on.

A ONE NIGHT CONVERT. Incident in the Temperance Career of Father Mathew. In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humorously, but resolutely, the efforts of his zealous neighbor. The incident is related by Katharine Tynan in her biography of Father Mathew.

"I drink 'very little' wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at lunch and two half glasses at dinner. And, though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for ad being fined the full term of six months solitary confinement. No fewer than 300 prisoners are awaiting trial at Mothair under various charges, chiefly of assaulting Europeans."

A Bengali was arrested while loitering at Bankipur Station (Bengal) when the victory's procession was passing on strong suspicion of being an anarchist.

From Half-Timer to Knight. Another remarkable illustration of what self-help and energy will do for a man is furnished by the romantic career of Sir James Duckworth, who has lately been made a knight. He was born in a calico-mill when he was 11 years of age, from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. At 17 he ran away from home and enlisted in the Royal Marines. He was bought out six months later, and after a spell of selling second-hand books in the market place of South Lancashire towns, he got a job at 14s. a week in a warehouse. On this he supported a wife and child. Then a friend started him in the tea trade. He was given a pound of tea, made up in 3 ounce packets, and these he hawked from door to door. And it was these two ounce packets of tea which led to success, and ended in the future knight becoming a wholesale dealer, with a warehouse in Manchester, to which he afterwards added many branch food-product businesses.

DANGEROUS BITES.

Cure Claimed For Hydrophobia and Cobra.

Every one knows, of course, that the bite of the Indian cobra is fatal. But what Europeans do not actually know is whether or not the natives of India really possess the cure they claim to have for cobra bite and for hydrophobia caused by the bite of a mad dog. A few years ago an Indian civilian in Burma strolled out with his gun in the evening. When scarcely a hundred yards from the zayat (or shelter) in which he was camping, he was bitten in the leg by a cobra, which he promptly shot. He at once returned to the zayat and scrawled a pencil note to be carried by his orderly to his chief, the deputy commissioner, and then resigned himself to the attentions of a couple of Burmese medicine men who happened to be passing the night there, and to the death which he accepted as absolutely inevitable.

Meanwhile, his superior officer proceeded direct to headquarters on receipt of the news to seal up the unfortunate man's effects, after which he set out for the zayat to see to the burial of his subordinate. (On the way he met the "doctor" who had fortably jogging along towards headquarters, quite recovered. The Burmese medicine men had scarified the wound and rubbed a certain paste into it. He also given the patient certain infusions to drink, and had cured him. Nothing, however, would induce them to reveal the secret of their treatment.

Our own medicine men have many cures of hydrophobia to their credit, but cures of cobra bites are almost unknown. An English officer in the Shan States kept a number of dogs, one of which recently went mad and bit one of the sahib's servants. The man was an isolated one. The services of a Shan doctor were called in, and the servant, after passing through all the severe stages of the terrible disease, was absolutely and completely cured by the Shan doctor. The English officer offered 1,000 rupees for the secret of the treatment used, and to a Shan, this would, of course, be a large sum of money. But the secret was never divulged.—The People.

Attacks on Europeans. A remarkable state of affairs exists at present at Bettiah, in the Champaran district of Behar. Disputes between planters and coolies (peasant cultivators) have led to acts of hostility, and in order to protect the European population large forces of Bengal armed police and Gurkhas have been drafted to the town and neighborhood. Fifty rounds of ball ammunition were served out to each member of the Behar Light Infantry, and the division affairs have assumed a warlike appearance. Seven cases are reported to the police in which Europeans have been attacked. Other soldiers are current of equestrian being ambushed and of frantic rides along jungle paths through crowds of ruffians. Inoffensive folk have been molested on the highway.

A few days ago nineteen persons were convicted and sentenced, besides being fined, the full term of six months solitary confinement. No fewer than 300 prisoners are awaiting trial at Mothair under various charges, chiefly of assaulting Europeans.

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The Cullinan Diamond. The highest authority is claimed for a statement in the Liverpool Post, that no funds are forthcoming to pay for the cutting of the Cullinan diamond, which was presented to King Edward some time ago. The Treasury officials declare that they have no power to give a grant for this purpose. The King declines to pay the expense out of his private purse, and the cutter at present sees little prospect of getting his money. Meanwhile, for some \$75,000, a diamond cut from the Cullinan can be obtained by anyone who cares to pay for it.

"When a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he's really allus meanin' hard luck, 'cause when he's prosperin' he's gwinter take all de credit for his own 'smabness.'"—Washington Star.

They Were Strangers. Howell-Rowell doesn't seem to be at home much. Powell—He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife.—New York Press.

Want a Beauty. Tired Traveler (to barber)—Spendin' the night in a sleepin' car doesn't improve one's beauty, does it? Barber—Don't you worry, you looked like you when you started, but I guess you're right.—Harper's Bazar.

The Agony OF PILES

ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings!

It robs life of its pleasure, steals the brightness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony. Most so-called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain, and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says: "I was a sufferer for years from blind itching and protruding piles. Physicians leached me no one knows. Remedy after remedy proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—prits, loss of strength, dulness, misery, this was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing of this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!"

Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures eczema, blood-poisoning, cracked, chapped hands, skin eruptions, hemorrhoids, sore throat, rheumatism, head lags, frost bites, cold sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Out of Order. Chapman Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said: "While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois. "Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, "but that was parliamentary error to stay on the record.—Success Magazine.

The Foe of Indigestion.—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the forerunner of more serious diseases. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion, and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

For unlawfully causing a grave to be opened in the churchyard of St. Southborough, George Typing, a sexton, was fined £25 at Kent assizes and Bert Harris, a gravedigger, was sentenced to six days' imprisonment.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." The small congregation of Jewish undergraduates at Cornell University is about to celebrate the twentieth year of its foundation.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

He Knew. A young teacher whose efforts to inculcate elementary anatomy had been unusually discouraging at last asked in despair: "Well, I wonder if any boy here can tell me what the spinal cord really is?" "She was met by a row of blank and irresponsive faces till finally one small voice piped up in great excitement: "The spinal cord is what runs through you. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other."—Rochester Herald.

A Good Joke. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, once sang in a friend's house. At the conclusion of the song a clergyman, who was evidently unaware of the identity of the singer, approached him. "Really, sir," he said, "you should not waste your voice like this and I shall be happy to give you £30 a year. Think it over!"

HOMESTEAD

South Africa Veto Script for sale. Grants give a homestead absolute ownership of acres of desirable government land. Write make a cash offer.

J. H. McDIARMID, Saturday Night Builder Agents Wanted.

B. C. Fruit Lands

Are you looking for a location of Orchard Land? Coal write from Free Sample Westward Hol., Vancouver, B. C.

MORTGAGE LOANS

I have a large amount of funds available for immediate investment in Farm Mortgages. I am willing to submit applications. Loans pay in my office.

J. ADDISON 301 Darke Block Telephone

Carload Apples

Plums Green Gages Peaches Pears

CARLO

Headquarters for Winter

WILLIAMS FRUIT EXCHANGE

Headquarters for Winter

D. A. Macdonald

Dealer in Carriage Twine Harness

Agricultural Implements

Cream Separators Oils Greases, Harness

Patent

Any one sending a sketch of an invention is guaranteed a free trial of our Scientific Patent Office.

Scientific Patent Office

MUNI & Co. 811 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Elmira Felt Shoes

The famous Elmira Felt Shoes unequalled for style, fit, or finish.

On to my premises 16, W. 2nd, one floor with stairs on top. Owner in residence. Party, pay expenses.

CHAPTER VI.

LI hands on deck! Turn out there! Turn out!"

Captain Eri grunted and rolled over in his bed. For a moment or two he fancied himself back in the fo'castle of the Sea Mist, the bark in which he had made his first voyage. Then, as he grew wider awake, he heard somewhere in the distance a bell ringing furiously.

"Turn out, all hands! Turn out!" Captain Eri sat up. That voice was no part of a dream. It belonged to Captain Jerry, and the tone of it meant business. The bell continued to ring. "Aye, aye, Jerry! What's the matter?" he shouted.

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