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Accommodation, 83..... 6 39 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 45 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 11 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent Watford

Fair Dates

Forest—Sept. 29, 30.
Strathroy—Sept. 30 to 29.
Petrolea—Sept. 29 to 25.
Sarnia—Sept. 27 to 29.
Wyoming—Oct. 1, 2.
WATFORD—OCT. 5, 6.
Alvinston—Oct. 7, 8.
Glencoe—Sept. 27 to 29.
Brigden—Oct. 4, 5.
Florence—Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Sombra—Oct. 11, 12.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Pearl of the Crossroads

How She Met Her Fate.

By FREDERICK BRIGGS
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Some one said that a sailorman was good for nothing but to chase about the world and send people presents. Pearl Smith had known this all her life, though perhaps she had never resolved it into just that expression.

She drew the line at having more than one man on the same ship. Still, this was not at all inconvenient, for there were sometimes no less than fourteen men-of-war, besides a score of merchant ships, in the crossroads of the Pacific at one time.

The girl came by the prosaic name of Smith because her father's name had been something else in some other country. He came to Honolulu before the cable was in good working order and remained. Marrying a half caste Kanaka girl, he had kept a sailors' boarding house on King's road since Pearl was a baby. The presents had been coming in since the little girl was big enough to climb on a sailorman's knee, and their volume increased with her size. She was grown up at fourteen.

To see her then was like being awakened from a sweet sleep on a balmy afternoon by having great clusters of red, red roses pressed to one's cheeks. Young men popping in at the Crossroads swore that they would never go to sea again, only to ship with the next tide for the Indian ocean in search of a pearl to match her skin.

She was like Honolulu days. The shimmering softness of her skin matched the warm afternoon skies. Rich reds of the island sunsets burned in her hair, dimpled mouth. Tropic twilight lay behind her inky eyelashes, deepening to midnight in her long hair.

Men-of-war's men and merchant sailors sent different presents. The navy men leaned toward fancy jewelry and manure sets, while the traders strived to silk, uncut rubies, loose pearls, ivory fans and ostrich plumes.

This from the young men. To enumerate the junk that was dumped at the feet of this island goddess by silly old sea captains and others would be to copy the cargo bills of an East and West India trader. There were also a list of small animals and birds, with a number of arctic treasures appended. Pearl kept what she fancied, and her father sold the rest.

As for a girl accepting presents from a dozen men at the same time, it must be remembered that Pearl lived neither east of France nor west of Suez, which is only another way of saying that the girl was bred in a man's country, where anything a woman gets is so much for her gain and no less for her honor.

New admirers invariably meant more presents. But when a sailorman can jolly his superior officer and get anything he wants just for the asking women had better beware of him. When he stands six feet in his socks, laughs out of big blue eyes and conceals a cello note in a drawing voice so much the worse for the women. Heine—that was as far as they got with his name aboard ship, and it will suffice here—Heine was all of this and more. He was an American bluejacket, boat-swall's mate of the destroyer Shark.

There is one amusement the Hawaiians have which Americans do not possess. We are enthusiastic surf bathers and are good swimmers, but a sight that is seen in Hawaiian waters is never seen on an American coast. A Hawaiian takes with him to the beach a board, usually about twice his length. This board he carries out as far as he can; then, placing himself on it, it bears him, forced by the waves, back again to the beach. Those who are not expert at this exercise may lie flat on the board, but those who are trained to it stand erect, balancing their bodies as they roll toward the shore.

He met Pearl at Waikiki beach. She was shooting the surf when Heine saw her first. Standing upright with outstretched arms, she balanced on her polished board of kamani wood as it raced ahead of flume breaker. Swift as the wave she flashed past the swimming sailor, but as the waters broke over his head he remembered every line of her beautiful body. The grace of her attitude struck him harder than the wave. Turning, he swam strongly toward the beach, where the spent roller had landed the fairy surf rider.

Half a dozen men were begging Pearl to be allowed to take her board out to the reef again, but she laughed them away with a flash of milk white teeth and struggled out alone. Heine met her a hundred fathoms from the beach, where the water came almost to his shoulders as he stood on the sand.

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY
STICKY FLY CATCHER

"I'll carry your board for you!" he cried as the girl broke through a wave almost upon him.

Startled, she turned her head, and the board slipped, striking on her flower mouth. As the blood came Heine caught her in his arms. The wave receding, shut the other bathers from view, and for ten seconds the sailorman held the girl close to his heart.

"My lip will swell!" she panted, struggling to free herself.

But Heine jolted her, just as he jolted the commanding officer of the Shark, and within half an hour she had checked her surf board and bathing costume at the bathhouse and was riding back to town with him, holding her handkerchief to the swelling lip.

Three days later the fleet was ready to sail. Ducky singers with their tiny guitars strummed the sad "Aloha Oe"—"Farewell"—in every street. Pearl might have the last evening. When the time came for a final good-bye Heine told her that he was coming back to Honolulu some day.

Pearl studied his face; then she pouted.

"That's what they all say!" The sailor's eyes danced as he kissed her bruised mouth; then he was gone.

This time Pearl did not look for a present. She would have preferred the sailor back again. But the gift came. It was a leech set with a genuine ruby. Heine bought the most stone from a lascar mess attendant. It cost him \$65 to have it cut and polished, and the ruby was valuable.

"To match your lips—from Heine," was the word that came with the jewel.

Pearl's heart was filled with fear. Sailormen who sent presents never came back. Did she not have cream and rose pearls from the remittance man in Ceylon and a black diamond to rival her eyes? There was only one other man whom she had longed to see again—an English mate who sent her a perfect pair of pigeon blood rubies from Bombay. The jewels were torn from the eyes of a Hindu god, and the Hindu tore the mate's eyes from his head in revenge. But Pearl did not know this. She fastened Heine's gift on her bosom and put the other jewels away.

Heine was discharged from the naval service shortly after his visit to Hawaii, and, without informing Pearl, he returned to Honolulu. He had served a jeweler's apprenticeship before entering the navy and soon found employment in a local store as an engraver. He purchased a little bungalow in Kalihi with the savings of his naval cruise and kept open shop in Honolulu as much as possible, wishing to avoid meeting his sweetheart until he could surprise her with a complete arrangement for housekeeping.

One day as he bent over his engraving tools his heart gave a great bound as Pearl's voice floated through the lattice partition. She was talking with the jeweler in the front of the store. Peering through the slats, Heine saw a number of jewel boxes spread out on the counter between them. The jeweler was speaking:

"Oh, of course. The sailors—they are so good to me," she laughed. "But what are they worth—pins, brooches, rings, watches and all?"

The ex-sailor sank back, stunned. A look crept into his face that his commanding officer had kept when his boatswain's mate reported "both anchors carried away, sir," as the disabled Shark wallowed with the wind toward the thundering rocks of Cape Flattery. Heine had trusted his anchors. Now he thought of his early training—of his sisters and the girls back in the Kansas home—his standards of honor for women.

The jeweler was speaking again.

"I will allow you \$220."

"Will that buy a very fine watch, with diamonds?" she asked.

"A very fine watch, but not with many diamonds," he replied.

"Then I'll wait. More will come," and she walked out.

The jeweler found his engraver sitting listlessly, with idle hands, and eyes that stared into space. He suspected the vitriolic influence of the tropics.

"Go out and get a cool drink," he called cheerily. "Don't let the heat get away with you!"

Heine thanked his employer and went out. He had a cooling draft and

was soon back at his bench. The next day he saw a real estate man and tried to sell his bungalow, as he intended to sail from Hawaii on the Mongolia, which was due, homeward bound, in two weeks.

A few days before the China mail came in Heine was startled again by his sweetheart's voice. He heard every word as she offered the pigeon blood rubies for sale. The jeweler was in ecstasies. The stones were flawless and perfectly matched. A deal was made for a beautiful diamond incrustated watch in exchange for a number of jewels, including the rubies.

Heine had never seen the girl more beautiful. Her face, shaded by a wide hat of delicate straw and rich flowers, seemed touched with the brush of melancholy. Her neck was bare, and the point of the low V of her white gown was secured by a ruby brooch—his ruby.

"I'll take this one," she was saying, "and you must cut these words in the heart."

She stood there gazing wistfully at the watch for a long time. When she had left the store the jeweler brought it back to his engraver.

"Cut this out as soon as possible," he said, depositing the watch with the slip of words to be engraved.

Heine glanced at the slip. It read "To Heine—from Pearl."

Pushing back his stool, he sprang to his feet and faced the jeweler.

"I've been judging that little Kanaka girl all this time from a wrong standpoint," he shouted; then, hatless and coatless, he dashed from the building.

"He's getting in its work," the jeweler mumbled to himself. "That's the trouble with these newcomers—can't stand the heat," and he shook his head sadly, for the newcomer was an excellent engraver, and he let the gin alone. Heine overtook the girl in front of the Young hotel, and there, utterly oblivious of the staring public, he caught her again in his arms, kissing her perfect mouth, no longer bruised, but soft as a red hibiscus blossom.

BOOMERANG AEROPLANE.

Two Frenchmen Have Invented a Novel Flying Machine.

A flying machine that is neither aeroplane, balloon, helicopter, nor ornithopter is now being tried. It is called a gyropter, and is the invention of A. Papin and D. Rouilly. Its principle is taken from a study of the movements of a boomerang and of the fall and flight of the seeds of the sycamore. This last is a one-bladed screw propeller turning about an imaginary axis and balanced by the weight of the seed grains so that it falls slowly like a parachute.

The gyropter is made up of a long body, with a head and a tail, turning on an axis situated one-third of the distance from the head to the tail. The seat for the aviator at this centre of rotation remains immovable in the middle of the great boomerang.

The thing is not unlike a great banjo, the neck of which is turned at a right angle and ends in a hole. It is built of wood, strengthened by interior braces, and covered inside and out with canvas.

It has neither front nor rear. It is a body turning upon itself, a propeller-blade thrown into the air and given equilibrium by part of another blade placed there to balance the weight of the motor. This motor works a turbine which sends a stream of air at tremendous speed into the interior of the apparatus, whence it issues from the curved end of the tail and by its pressure on the surrounding air sets up a rotatory motion in the whole machine.

The motor is in the head. It is a rotatory motor, with nine cylinders, making 1,200 revolutions a minute. The air rushes through a wide tube surrounding the aviator's seat. The latter is in a circular box on ball-bearings. The air penetrates a sort of antenna made of wood and revolving about its longitudinal axis at the will of the pilot. This ends in a curved pipe through which the air rushes with force enough to prevent the car from partaking in the whirling motion of the rest of the machine. This antenna is the rudder of the apparatus.

Under the apparatus is a lens-shaped float, which acts as a cushion in descending and as a hub on which the machine revolves when started on the ground.

The air rushes around the machine and is expelled from the end of the tail with a speed of 100 metres a second, about seven cubic inches being discharged every second. The surface of the apparatus is twelve square metres, and it weighs, pilot included, 500 kilograms.

When the motor is started at an angle to the plane of revolution of the whole, gyroscopic action makes the gyropter rise. There are two opposite gyroscopic motions, one of the motor, the other of the whole machine, and these insure stability under the guidance of the pilot, who can, of course, change at will the angle their planes make to each other.—Johannesburg Sunday Times.



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