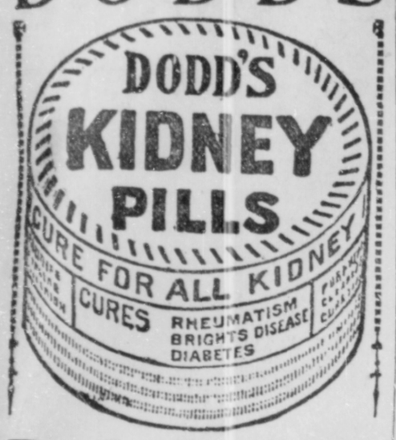
D-O-D-D-'S



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If you will try my store I think you will find that your money will go farther.

And all the groceries you get will be good and fresh.

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ONE TREE ISLAND.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

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(Continued.)

"'Dead!' exclaims the captain. 'Nay, that I know not. But—he is gone.'

"'Gone?' I says, jumping to my feet and gazing at the spot where but a few hours ago I left him lying sick and helpless. 'Why, where is he gone to?'

"'That we wish to know. Have you no conception yourself?'

"'Conception?' I answers. 'No, none. And indeed it is not possible that he should have gone by himself.'

"'Yet it is even so.'

"And then, friends all round this fire, we gazed about that small island, we looked out to sea, to north and south and east and west, and we stared aghast into one another's eyes and wondered what was the awful horror that had fallen upon us and by what dreadful disaster we was surrounded. And, helpless and staggered, I turned my eyes up into the tree and saw nothing there by the branches and the long finger shaped leaves and the sky beyond them.

"But as I still looked up at all this I see a drop of something fall from one of the lower branches and light upon the shoulder of the captain and mark the white holland jacket that he was a-wearing.

"And, dazed with fear and horror, I give a groan and pointed at that drop and drew all their eyes to it, and they, like me, shrunk shudderingly and fearfully away.

"For the drop that had fallen on the captain's shoulder was a drop of blood."

CHAPTER II.

By the time that he had reached this part of his narrative we were all—as you may understand—much roused to curiosity. The marines and the minuteman had even let their drink get cold in the bowl while they listened to the story he was telling in rude language, but certainly most graphically. The privateer's men were regarding him with a look of admiration as though proud of one who was of their own class of sailor, and, as for me, I was staring at him more open mouthed than ever, and the work in the kitchen being now done for the night, my dear and honored mother had opened the little window through which the dishes were handed from that place to those partaking of food in the parlor, and was herself listening with all ears to the seafarer's story, and behind her could be seen the red head of Belinda—our kitchen wench—who was gaping over my mother's shoulder with wide staring eyes.

Again he took a great draft of his rum, which by this time was as cold as the punch in the bowl, and again he lit his pipe and smoked a few whiffs, doing so silently, and as though thinking deeply, and then, when he saw that we were all a-waiting most eagerly the continuance of his story, he began again.

"Mates all, and you, too, mistress,' with a duck of his head to my mother, as he resumed, "you may well believe that that there drop of blood a-falling from the tree nearly froze all the blood in our own veins with horror. For in no way could we conceive how he who had so mysteriously disappeared should have left his blood—for we never doubted that it was his—upon that tree. For, first of all, as we debated among ourselves, he was not a wounded man, but one who was sick, and sick, as I thought, of the calenture, so that why he should bleed we knew not. And, secondly, he had been so ill and fevered and prostrated that he could not rise from the ground, so how could it have come about that he could ever have got up into that tree, whose lowest branch was a good eight feet from the earth? And, thirdly, even allowing that he could have got there, what had become of him, for that he was up in the tree there could be no possibility? We could see up into it and through it, and most certainly he was not there. So again we asked ourselves, 'Where was he?'

"'We are in God's hands,' our skipper said, 'and he alone directs our course. And in his goodness he has seen fit to land us upon this terrible island. We must bow to him.'

"'But, capen,' says our mate, 'what is to be done? Since he is not there he must be somewhere—unless it be that he has cast himself into the sea.'

"'He had no strength for that,' I said. 'Last night he could neither move hand nor foot.'

"'Yet,' says the mate, 'he could get up there,' and he pointed to the branch of the tree off which the blood had dropped. Meanwhile our captain had been examining of that tree most careful and was a scratching at the bark on its trunk and, as he scratched, forth from it there oozed a dark red liquid that itself looked like blood, but was a little paler, looking indeed more like blood mixed with water.

"And now upon the captain's face there come a look of relief, and, 'Men,' says he, 'this here ain't quite as terrible as we thought. That weren't no blood of poor Will Winter's what dropped upon my shoulder, but only the sap what this strange tree exoods. Look here!' and with that he rubs his finger on the moisture and shows it to us, and sure enough it was the sap of the tree itself, but red as blood.

"'All the same it do look like blood,' says one on us. But now the captain—because, maybe, he would not give in to no sooperstitions nor yet encourage them in his men—laughed at their ideas.

"'Why, men,' he says, 'have you never seen, at home or abroad, plants and trees what have a liquid in them like blood? What about the schumack of the Americas, or the beet of our own dear land, to say nothing of the cochineal? Go to! These ideas is unworthy of British sailors.'

"Yet, all the same, laugh at and banter us as he might, there was many of that ship's crew who did believe most solemnly that the blood from that tree was, in some way or other, connected with the disappearance of poor Will.

"But, mateys all, there was summat else to do than to stand a-gaping up into the tree and sperkerlating about it. A search party must be made to go around the island to see if by any chance he could be on it, though it wern't no way likely that he was, and arterwards they was to take one of the boats and row around it to see if by any other chance he was floating in the water or under the water, into which one could see deep, for it was as clear as a trout stream at home, and also there was the leak to be found and calked and the Loving Friend to be somewhat repaired.

"So to work we all sets, some on us over the island, where we found naught, not even so much as a foot mark which might have showed which way Will had gone; some on us round the island in a boat, peering down on the sand through the clear water, and some on us working on the ship. And in this way the day passed and the second night come on us again.

"But dooring all the day and over our discussions as to whatever could have happened to Will we had been arranging plans for the coming night, for all on us had come to the certainty that that tree was in some way answerable for his disappearance. How it was so answerable we could not say, but we felt it, and, even if it were not answerable for that, it must at least be so for the deadly fever which had seized on him, for now we was full certain that it was not the calenture he suffered from. Our arrangements for the night was therefore as follows:

"Fust, of course, a few hands must man the ship for the watch and to stand by her as she righted with the night tide and as she again slewed over to port as the tide went out, but naturally not many was required for this.

"Secondly, the rest of our crew was a-going to stay on the island, taking turn and turn about at sleeping and watching, but all to be directly beneath the tree. We knowed, mateys all, that there were some danger in this. We knowed that Will Winter had landed on the island a sound man and was a few hours arterwards a dying one; we knowed that we had felt strange things touching us; we knowed that Will had disappeared; but we knowed not how it all happened, and how it happened we meant for to find out.

"The first watch was the mate—the captain as in dooty bound staying by the ship—and six men, there being me and six others sleeping. The second watch was me and them six while the first watch slept. The watches was to be of five hours, and naturally no dog watch.

"We begun that night with a prayer, the captain coming ashore to say it, and all on us a-kneeling down, and when in conclusion he prayed for light to lighten our darkness, amen was said most fervent by one and all. And then the first watch was set, each man having a musket, loaded with slugs—but what there was to fire on no one knowed, though all felt there was danger in the air—and soon we others was all asleep.

"That sleep was unbroken, and when we was awakened to take our turn we thought as how there was going to be no return of last night's alarms. But them good hopes was soon to be disappointed.

"The night air had turned cold—as in them latitudes it often does, sometimes sinking as much as 30 degrees from the heat of the day—so cold as we were glad to walk up and down a matter of some 100 or 150 paces to keep ourselves warm. Even the moon—which was at her full—looked like a ball of ice as she sailed in the sky.

"Now, as Job Harris and I, who was walking together, and with our muskets over our shoulders, looking more like two sodgers than two sailors, passed under that tree, we see a strange sight. One of the branches which was standing straight out from the trunk at about the height of eight feet was opening along its lower part, for all the world as you may see an overripe pea pod open in a garden and show all the row of peas within it, or, as sometimes, a horse chestnut shell will open and show you the nut shining bright within it. But when this here branch opened it let fall with a splash a great blob of what the skipper had called sap, but what we could not but think was more like blood. At this peculiar thing, which, however, at the moment struck me as nothing so very terrible, though Job's face was blanched with fear, he made as though he would up with his gun and fire at that branch, but I put my hand on his arm and checked him.

(to be continued)

"She comes from the past and re-visits my room;
She looks as she did then, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

Many a man sits silent and alone in a home of mourning and conjures up before his eyes the face and form of the woman who was once a loving wife and a faithful helpmate. In thousands of such cases the wife might still be alive and well and happy, had the man been not only a good husband, but a wise adviser. Women shrink from the ordeal of consulting a physician. They shudder at the thought of submitting to the obnoxious examinations insisted upon by most physicians.

In the majority of cases they have none of this hesitancy about consulting their husbands. A wise man will understand at once that troubles of this description will soon break down a woman's general health. He will understand that a specialist of eminence and world wide reputation should be frankly consulted at once. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the most eminent and widely-known specialists in the world. With the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for many thousands of ailing women. He has discovered a wonderful medicine for women, that may be used in the privacy of their homes. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures surely, speedily and permanently, all weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, gives rest to the tortured nerves, and checks debilitating drains.

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A. P. McLELLAN,
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