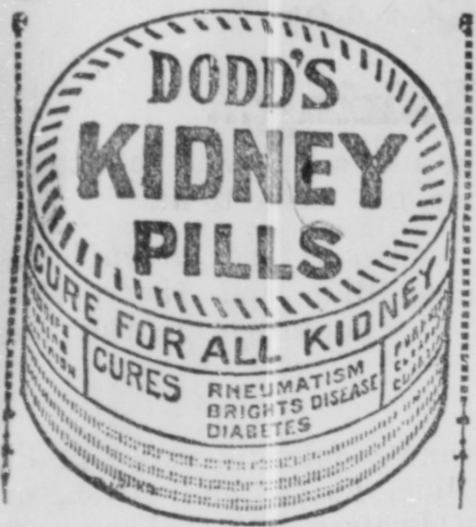


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Thomas Campbell

A YARN WITHOUT A MORAL.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON.

"Bring her up and shake her!" he shouted back as he raced forward with great leaps. "Get that anchor over Dunkirk, call Starboard."

Starboard Jack was forced to come up, and the rooster enjoyed a reprieve. Hurriedly, under the supervision of the frantic skipper, they pried the big anchor off the bow, lowered and let it go as the schooner shot up into the wind, shaking her sails. Bill Tubbs now lay himself on the deck near the wheel and rolled in convulsive laughter, but the two worthies forward ruefully watched the skipper insanely pay out chain until, with 30 fathoms out, the anchor caught. They anticipated the heaving in.

Ordering the foresail and jibs lowered in a tone which admitted of no protest, he stalked around the deck. The rooster, possibly frightened by the deafening din of the chain going out, remained silent, and the guilty ones hoped for a chance to silence his voice forever, as Captain Tom was in no humor to take a joke. But Captain Tom staid forward, blowing the horn at intervals and looking anxious.

Daylight came and with it a change of wind which scattered the dense fog into curious, detached masses of smoky shapes, showing the north shore fully two miles away and not a farm, barnyard or rooster within range of the astounded captain's vision. His face was a study.

With open mouth, puckered forehead and bulging eyes, his gaze wandered from the shore to the water each side, to his innocent looking crew, to his own long figure, which he scanned from his feet up as though doubting his own existence, and back to the shore.

The mate and the cook were called, and all hands manned the windlass, the captain holding slack and earnestly explaining to the mate the ghostly interference of the night. "What you grin at, you three?" he suddenly demanded.

As he spoke, the rooster, encouraged by the faint diffusion of the morning light in his prison, crowed again. It was a startling, enthusiastic crow, long and weird. In it he expressed his appreciation of the kindly light, his disgust at his treatment and defiance to his enemies, his hunger, his thirst, his memory of the happy barnyard home and his desire to get back. It was his soul's tribute to liberty and happiness, but it was his deathknell.

It was followed by an uproarious burst of laughter, and Captain Tom, with a reproachful glance at his men, descended and wrung his neck. Then he reappeared, and with legs apart and arms waving, declaimed. Nothing would excuse an exact repetition of his language. Chicken thieves, scoundrels, ingrates, miserable low down "whittlin's of nothin'" were some of the names he called them, well sprinkled with shocking, piratical profanity. "Might ha' known somethin was up," he concluded. "You're been so all fired civil." After breakfast, while steering, Dunkirk Sam ventured to expostulate. "We lifted him, cappen, 'cause we don't get much fresh meat in your vessel. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. If you'll let the cook fix him up for a potpie dinner, and you'll promise, yourself, not to pay us off, as you said, why, we'll all promise, every one of us, not to tell the other cappens 'bout it."



Expert bicyclists have already succeeded in riding a single wheel, or unicycle, for short distances. In years to come the unicycle may become as common a mode of locomotion as the bicycle. Only a few years ago people would have laughed at the idea that all the world would shortly be a wheel. It is not in mechanics alone that the world is making rapid progress. Not many years ago all physicians pronounced consumption an incurable disease. To-day a large proportion of people recognize that it is a distinctly curable disease. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It has stood the test for thirty years. Thousands of people who were given up by their doctors, and had lost all hope owe their lives to this marvelous remedy. It acts directly on the lungs, driving out all impurities and disease germs. It restores the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, strengthens the weak stomach, makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and tones the nerves. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not make flabby flesh like cod liver oil, but the firm, muscular tissue of absolute health. An honest dealer will not offer you an inferior substitute for the sake of a little added profit.

Miss Mary Whitman, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "For nearly ten months I have had a bad cough, and instead of getting better, it grew worse. I was said to have consumption. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and when the second bottle was empty I had no cough and was cured."

Dr. Pierce's Good temper is largely a matter of good health, and good health is largely a matter of healthy activity of the bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are safe, sure and speedy, and once taken do not have to be taken always. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Druggists sell them.

and we would not let the matter pass the way you cussed, neither." Without answering, Captain Tom shamefacedly went below. Ten minutes later the cook asked Bill for the rooster. This story has no moral. Not that in the eternal fitness of things this should be. It ought to go on record that the potpie choked them, but nothing of the kind happened. There is not a point on which a moral can hang.

Captain Tom steered, as was his habit, while the rest mustered around the cabin table. The cook divided the potpie into six sections, and ate his share in the galley. The mate finished his dinner and went up to relieve the skipper, who, not having quite forgiven his "boys," waited until they had finished before going down—an unwise delay.

Three pairs of eyes lifted from three well emptied plates and gazed longingly at the remaining share of potpie. Glances and grins were exchanged, then three spoons reached toward the platter, and the captain's dinner was removed. It was shameful.

Naturalness of Children.

In the public restaurant, where at one or two hours of the day come families to dine, entered paterfamilias, mater and juvenilis horribilus, and sat at meat. The young person was arrayed like one of the children devoted to slaughter in the Tower by cruel Richard III of England. His long blond hair hung down upon his spotless broad collar, his white throat stood out from its graceful scarf like ivory, and his dress showed where the loving hand of a mother had laid each fold in careful place. He was, in short, the boy to make a father proud. He was healthy, vital, active and devilish. Into this same restaurant and at this time came also a family whose appanage included a little girl hooded, demure, garbed with niceness and lovely.

"Hurrah, mother," yelled the boy; "here is a little girl!"

"Hush," said the mother; "take your dinner."

"No, mother, it is a little girl," and with a frankness that defied conventionality the youngster, whose age is not 5, stepped over to lady child and put out his hand. "Where do you live?" he said. "My name is Chum Someone; what is yours?"

"Lizzie," said the female baby, and put her hand in his, and they walked down the room together, passing the lobster, broiled and otherwise, but in that curious atmosphere giving old methods the sweetness and innocence that only children live in.—Philadelphia Times.

Birthday Feasts in Samoa.

A friend of mine described a birthday feast at "Vailima," at which she assisted. European and Americans from Apia and the plantations had been asked, with officers from the warships and natives of high rank. The latter came on horseback, men and women riding astride, in the Polynesian fashion. The repast was spread upon the floor, which had been covered with a mat of ferns and leaves; young pigs roasted whole in the ground, with fish and fowl and breadfruit, comprised the substantials, while there were fruits of many varieties, cakes which the Samoan loves, and drinks of many kinds and of varied potency. Two young natives took up their post in the center of the table and carved the pigs with skill and dispatch, distributing the juicy morsels to the guests, who were seated, right and left, upon the floor, and were expected to partake of what was set before them, native fashion—with their fingers.

When the feast was over every fragment was gathered up by the servants of the Samoan guests and carried home, as is permitted by the rules of native etiquette.—Leslie's Weekly.

Hard Hates.

A duel among native Australians affords a droll study of physical endurance and natural courtesy. The affaire d'honneur is conducted on orthodox lines. Seconds are chosen and the place of meeting arranged, each party assuring the other that the remembrance of the insult or the casus belli can only be removed with a waddy stick, casually mentioning at the same time the design and weight of his own weapon.

The duel then proceeds somewhat on these lines: The aggrieved one bends forward, hands on knees, and invites his opponent to test the soundness of his club on his (the challenger's) head. Politeness does not demand that the vigor of the blow be modified by regrets or remorse, much less such a reply as, "Not at all, sir; after you." The descent of the club is reminiscent of the conundrum, "Should an irresistible force come in contact with an immovable mass, what is the result?" In this case a little local warmth is generated. It is now the other fellow's turn, and the game proceeds as before, varied by mutual requests to hit a little harder. Either combatant leaves the field without a stain on his character and tasting the quintessence of satisfied honor should his opponent's club be broken over his head.

Hence These Tears.

"Mamma," said the happy young wife, "do you think it was just the thing to sit there and weep as you did at our wedding? If I had been going to my funeral, you could not have acted more heart broken."

"Oh," replied the distressed lady, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "I

am sorry I made such a spectacle of myself, but I couldn't help it. I have always thought so much of George and he has been so kind to me."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Allen Saint Chaire, "what do you mean? Am I to understand that you are sorry to George because he married me? The idea! Do you mean to insinuate that I did not?"

"There, there, my child," the mother interrupted, "do not misjudge me. You know how George has always been in the habit of taking me with you, and him to the theaters and upon excursions and how considerate he has been of me in every way. If George had been my own son, he could not have been more anxious to promote my happiness."

"Well, was that any reason why you should sit there and blubber all through the ceremony?"

"My darling, don't you understand? I was becoming his mother-in-law!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Disillusionized.

"I'll never say another word about the advantages of a European education for girls," said the woman from the west. "I'll never talk about the charm of the convent bred young woman. I've lost my last illusion, and one of the prettiest young women in Washington acted as iconoclast for my benefit. She is more than pretty. She has a look of being somebody, and she is somebody. She belongs in the diplomatic corps."

"I saw her at a big reception two or three weeks ago, and I watched her with delight. I thought how boisterous and unrefined most American girls seemed beside her. I actually blushed to think how their slang must shock her. So gentle, so quiet, so exquisite. I kept as near her as I could, for I wanted to hear her speak. At last I stood next her in the dressing room. Somebody wanted her to go home. She didn't want to go, and what do you think that exponent of highest European feminine culture said?"

"No," she said, "I don't want to go home. I'm going down stairs for more feed."

No Cure for... Bright's Disease

In its advanced stages—The Reason Why—Danger Prevented by the Timely Use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

To understand Bright's Disease is to know that in its advanced stages it is past the reach of human aid. The cells of the kidneys undergo a wasting change, which leaves them dead so far as performing their functions is concerned. Just think of having the kidneys dead. Think of the poisons left in the system when these organs could no longer perform their duties as filters of the blood.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more dreadful, and yet this is the goal to which every case of neglected kidney disease must lead.

When the back aches, when urinating is difficult or too frequent, when there are deposits in the urine after standing for 24 hours, there is no time to lose in procuring Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is not claimed that they will cure Bright's Disease in its last stages. They are an absolute cure for kidney disease, and so long as the kidneys are not entirely wasted away they will give new strength and vigor and enable them to resume their duties of filtering the blood.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will stop backache and headache in short order by removing the cause, and will positively prevent Bright's Disease. One pill a dose, 25c a box. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Miss H. C. Macdonald's select School opens for the season, October 3rd. Afternoon and evening classes now forming. Just time for one term before Rink opens. Choice of days to those who come first. Arrangements can be made for private classes and private lessons on application. 233 dit

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