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Have the largest stock and choicest patterns of—

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Ever Brought to the City and at

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FOR CASH OR ON TIME PAYMENTS.

J. MUELLER,

COUNCIL BLUFFS, - - - - - - IOWA.

COUNCIL BLUFFS RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

The following are the time of arrival and departure of trains from the local depots. The trains start from the Union Pacific depot about ten minutes earlier than below stated, and arrive at the depot about ten minutes later.

Trains on pool lines and K. C. run on Chicago time, a half hour faster than local. Wabash trains run on St. Louis time, twenty minutes faster than local. U. P. and Lincoln trains run on Council Bluffs time.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.

Depart.	Arrive.
Atlantic Ex ... 5:30 p. m.	Pacific Ex ... 9:45 a. m
Ex and Mail ... 9:50 a. m.	Ex and Mail ... 6:55 p. m.
Des Moines ac ... 7:15 a. m.	Des Moines ac ... 6:05 p. m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.

Depart.	Arrive.
Chicago Ex ... 5:35 p. m.	Council B'uffs ex ... 9.45
Mail and Ex ... 9:45 a. m	Mail and Ex ... 7:00 p. m.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.

Depart.	Arrive.
Atlantic Ex ... 5:15 p. m.	Pacific Ex ... 9:15 a. m.
Mail and Ex ... 9:20 a. m.	Mail and Ex ... 6:15 p. m.
Accom (Sat) ... 5:50 p. m.	Accom (Mon) ... 1:45 p. m.

KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Depart.	Arrive.
Mail and Ex ... 9:55 a. m.	Express ... 5:35 p. m.
Express ... 8:25 p. m.	Mail and Ex ... 6:45 p. m.

UNION PACIFIC.

Depart.	Arrive.
Overland Ex ... 11:30a. m.	Overland Ex ... 4:00 p. m.
Lincoln Ex ... 11:30 a. m.	Denver Ex ... 8:00 a. m.
Denver Ex ... 7:00 p. m.	Local Ex ... 6:30 a. m.
Local Ex ... 7:25 a. m.	" Ex ... 9:05 a. m.
Emigrant ... 5:20 p. m.	" Ex ... 6:00 a. m.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS AND PACIFIC.

Depart.	Arrive.
Mail and Ex ... 9:45 a. m.	Mail and Ex ... 4:20 p. m.
Cannon Ball ... 4:50 p. m.	Cannon Ball ... 11:05 a. m.

SIOUX CITY AND PACIFIC.

Depart.	Arrive
For Sioux City 7:55 a. m.	Frm Sioux City 6:50 p. m.
For Fort Niobrara Neb ... 7:55a. m.	Frm Fort Niobrara Neb ... 6:50 p. m.
For St. Paul ... 7:40 p. m.	From St. Paul ... 8:50 a. m.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.

Leaves Omaha.	Arrives at Omaha.
Mail and Ex ... 7:45 a. m.	Pacific Ex ... 9:45 a. m.
Atlantic Ex ... 3:40 p. m.	Mail and Ex ... 7:25 p. m.

All trains daily.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.

Leaves Council Bluffs.	Arives Council Bluffs.
Mail and Ex ... 9:20 a. m.	Mail and Ex ... 6:55 p. m.
Atlantic Ex ... 5:15 p. m.	Atlantic Ex ... 10:10 a. m.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA STREET RAILWAY.

Leave Council Bluffs.	Leave Omaha.
8 a. m. 9 a. m 10 a. m. 11 a. m. 1 p. m. 2 p. m. 3 p. m. 4 p. m. 5 p. m. 6 p. m.	8 a. m. 9 a. m. 10 a. m. 11 a. m. 1 m. 2 p. m. 3 p. m. 4 p. m. 5 p. m. 6 p. m.

Street cars run half hourly to the Union Pacific depot. On Sunday the cars begin their trips at 9 o'clock a. m., and run regularly during the day at 9, 11, 2, 4, 5, and 6 o' clock, and run to city time.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy

RAILROAD.

OFFICE OF FREIGHT AGENT, OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS, May 12, 1883.

Arrangements have been made for the LOADING IN CHICAGO DAILY of one or more cars with MERCHANDISE SOLID CONSIGNED to parties in COUNCIL BLUFFS.

These cars will come through to destination without stopping. Quick time is thereby insured. Please order your goods via C. B. & Q. R. R.

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KAISER WATER,

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All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerved, low spirited, physically drained and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicine. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Weekly says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLUS." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly. Pleasant. Send for circular. Consultation with physician free.

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COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Churchill have returned from a visit to New England.

W. S. Mayes has returned from a trip to Colorado, improved in health, and is in the best of spirits.

Prof. Armstrong, who was formerly superintendent of schools here, and who is now superintendent of the Sioux City schools, has been visiting friends here for a day or two, accompanied by his wife.

G. S. Lawson, of Chester, has been given the position of register clerk in the postoffice, and will we think fill it well.

Conrad Geise's residence had a narrow escape from destruction by fire Thursday night. A candle was carelessly left near a pile of carpet by a domestic. A speedy use of buckets prevented any serious damage.

A printer who worked at the case,
Hurt his arm in a type setting race.
He had to quit work,
St. Jacobs Oil did jerk,
The pain clean away from its base.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his own business, thinking no more about the matter. A sharper came along, saw the rope, and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea had to pay the sharp a tribute for the article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at $100,000 per month.

A DRUGGIST'S STORY.

Mr. Israe C. Chapman, Druggist, Newburg N. Y. writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine, I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recomended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use."

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cts.

Tomato vines should always have some kind of support. The fruit will grow larger, ripen sooner and more easily, and will be better flavored than if the vines are allowed to lie on the ground.

It is seldom that you will feel unwell or uffer from indigestion if you use Brown's Iron tters.

Repentance is neither base nor bitter.

Ridicule and silence is the wisdom of knaves and dunces.

Baby's Appeal.

"What makes I cry and folks say I'm naughty? Cause stomach ache, and sour is my mouffy; Cause I too can't sleep, and worms bites ze bely; "Fever" zis say' I ele like I was jelly. Guess your babies cry, Dick, and Victoria, When mama's gone, and dont have **Catoria.** "You're right, they fairly yell," Theres, Uncle Gy Cousin Frank have **Cartoria**, he dont cry.

We cannot live to ourselves alone; our heart strings must touch others and echo their joys and sorrows.

A favorite paragraph with Lucretia Mott, when her autograph was asked for albums, was: "In the true marriage relation the independence of the husband and the wife is equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations are reciprocal.

Henry Smith did his California gold mining in a peculiar way. He was a watchman in the Government Mint. At the close of each day's work, the employees were thoroughly searched before going out of the building, and all of the precious metal on the premises was carefully locked up. Then Smith went on guard for the night. In one of the rooms under his charge was a strong iron tank, in which granules of gold were placed to be washed. An iron cover was securely locked on, but through a small hole ran a rubber tube to cary a stream of water. Smith unscrewed the tube every night, and, with a narrow spoon, removed a small quantity of gold. The loss was so small in each instance as to be undiscovered, and it was only when the thief was caught selling the metal that he was suspected. He confesses that he has made $20,000 in two years by his operations.

A wise fisherman at Smiling Waters,
Cured the quinsy of his daughters.
In less then one hour
By St. Jacobs Oil's power,
And it cost him only two quarters.

Western Cornice-Works,

IRON AND SLATE ROOFING.

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1111 Douglas St. - - Omaha, Neb.

MANUFACTURER OF

Galvanized Iron Cornices.

Dormer Windows, Finials, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing, Specht's patent Metallic Skylight, Patent adjusted Ratchet Bar and Bracket Shelving. I am the general agent for the above line of goods. Iron Fencing, Crestings, Balustrades, Verandas, Iron Bank Railings, Window Blinds, Cellar Guards; also general agent for Peerson & Hill patent Inside Blind.

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A REGULAR GRADUATE of two medical colleges, has been engaged longer in the treatment of CHRONIC, NERVOUS, SKIN AND BLOOD Diseases than any other physician in St. Louis, as city papers show and all old residents know. Consultation free and invited. When it is inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicines can be sent by mail or express everywhere. Curable cases guaranteed; where doubt exists it is frankly stated. Call or write.

Nervous Prostration, Debility, Mental and Physical Weakness, Mercurial and other affections of Throat, Skin and Bones, Blood Impurities and Blood Poisoning, Skin affections, Old Sores and Ulcers, Impediments to Marriage, Rheumatism, Piles. Special attention to cases from overworked brain. SURGICAL CASES receive special attention. Diseases arising from Imprudence, Excesses, Indulgences.

MARRIAGE GUIDE. 200 pages; the whole story well told. Many receipts; who may marry, who may not, why, causes, consequences and cure. Sailed for 25c; postage or stamps 'ddwly

PERSONAL. "Parts of the human body enlarged, developed and strengthened," etc., is and interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing Erie Medical Co., P. O. box 513, Buffalo, N. Y. w6ddeo Even. m11-1y

BE ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST BY ALL WHO HAVE PUT THEM TO A PRACTICAL TEST. ADAPTED TO

Hard and Soft Coal,

COKE OR WOOD.

MANUFACTURE BY

BUCK STOVE CO.,

SAINT LOUIS.

Pierce & Bradford.

SOLE AGENTS FOR OMAHA

BEWITCHED IN MID OCEAN.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed."

Old superstitions, like old religions, take a vast deal of killing. About no four-footed creature have religious beliefs or superstitions hung more tenaciously than about the cat, from the feline deity of Egypt, and the gaunt grimalkin of the witches, to the tame tabby of our fireside. It is difficult, however, to believe that in this quarter of the nineteenth century and among sane Englishmen, pussy should ever be an object of fear and foreboding. Yet hear the story of my friend, the captain of the Seamew, recently come into port after an unusually stormy and strange passage from Baltimore:

We had a capital run for several days. After dropping down the river, we gave her sheet across the cold belt of water that lies along the coast, and out we "swished" into the stream and away along it.

"Jack," says I to my mate, who has sailed with me in the Seamew for many a year, "Home in thirty days. Eh?"

"Humph," said Jack, "maybe." Jack was a Scotchman, and cautious about an opinion.

Well, on March 14 (I have reason to remember the date) a little after 12 o'clock, in latitude 41 degrees north and longitude 53 degrees west (I had just taken our bearings and remember 'em), I was sweeping round with my glass careless like, when I sighted a ship on our starboard bow. I had a good look; she was a bark, and was flying signals of distress. I called Jack.

"Jack," said I, when he had looked, "what do you think? We must bear down on her, I suppose?"

"Humph," said Jack. "Ay, I suppose."

We shortened sail and bore down. We came within hail, but nobody answered from the bark. Presently, though, a boat was launched and pulled toward us; but their pulling was weak and "dippy."

Then a man stood up in the middle of the boat, tugged his coat off and waved it and sang out, "Ahoy! Ahoy!" in a half-cracked kind of voice. This was odd, and I tramped up and down, impatient to hear what they wanted.

"We are starving!" That's what the captain that stood up in the middle said. "We are starving," said he. "The Lily, of Plymouth, outward bound for Baltimore."

We got 'em up the side. I took the master into the cabin, and sent the men for'ard. Lord to see that man drink and eat! With a delirious eagerness, as you might say, and yet afraid to eat too fast or too much. He knew he must keep in his awful appetite, and still it would keep breaking from him. He told us their story in scraps between. They had been provisioned for three months, and that was their 125th day out! The weather they had experienced had been most peculiar; not stormy, but playful and perverse-like; sometimes blowing this way, sometimes that, often not blowing at all. Nearly seven weeks had gone by before they sighted Cape Henry, and when they did, down came a furious, sprawling nor'wester, and drove 'em out to sea again. And so they had beaten about in adverse winds, of course, ever since. Their last drop of water and their last scrap of biscuit went five days ago. Then they came to cooking their boots, and sucking the oil from the lamps, even from the binnacle.

"We ate my dog last!" And the poor fellow burst into tears. "As sure as fate," said he, looking oddly at me, "we have been bewitched."

"Bewitched!" said I. "What now—what makes you think of such a thing?"

"Ah, well," said he, "I don't know. But we'll see."

After that he was in a hurry to return to his ship. We filled their boat and a boat of our own with all the provisions we thought we could spare (and there was thirteen of 'em, an awkward number to feed.) Jack went with our boat, and when he came back says he to me:

"That skipper's not a bad sort, though he be a Cardiff man. He's sent ye this keg o' spirits—and it may be as well out o' their way now—and, what d'ye think? four bottles o' champagne in the basket here! They had thought o' saving them for land sight, but he's sent them to you."

We looked in the basket of champagne, sure enough. The bottles lay sloped in with their heads out. Underneath was a little packing straw, and underneath that—oh, Jack's face and language when he saw it!—a tabby, a brindled cat, lying curled up asleep.

"Oh!" cried Jack. "Oh the sly, ungrateful devil! This is your Welshman, your Taffy! This is what he thought he was bewitched wi'! And he's been afraid to make away wi' it! So he sends the witchcraft here! The coward he is! But we'll play Jonah's trick, and chance the whale."

So he seized the cat and swung out his arm to toss it overboard; when my little Maggie, that sailed with me this voyage, and that scarce understood his words, but understood his action, caught his wrist and cried:

"Oh, no please; Jack! Give it to me."

Now Jack was very fond of her, so he arrested his act at her bidding at once; but he said, "It's bewitched, though, Maggie, lass. If I don't believe in that sort o' thing, there's them here that do," with a glance at the men for'ard.

"Ay, sir, there be," said Dick Sandys, an old seaman who had been standing by all the while helping to haul up the boat by the davit line, and keeping, as I had observed, a sidelong eye on the basket. "There's them aboard this here Seamew, and I don't say as what I ain't one on 'em myself, as 'll straight off begin to think the rare luck of this here present voyage is gone. But they'll dread worse luck, sir, if ye throw overboard a brindled cat as has been carried dead across water."

"Is that so?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said I, in a low voice. "I've heard that before. But," said I aloud, and looking at Dick, and trying to work off my uneasiness in a joke, "how can you have a 'sea' or any other 'mew' without a cat?"

"This cat," said Jack, "scarcely looks as if she would mew again. Just look at her—skin and bone."

My little Maggie had waked her up with stroking, and the wretched creature tried to stand and to walk, rubbing against Maggie's leg. But she fell over again and again. Jack caught the animal up, and sniffed her breath, while she gave him an averted look, which to me seemed almost human.

"S'help me," cried Jack. "If they haven't made her drunk, so that she should come here quiet! Did ye ever see a cat like her!"

When Maggie carried the cat into the cabin, I tramped up and down the deck, more uneasy than I cared to let myself know. It was not (as I told Jack) that I was a believer in the superstitions about cats which many sailors still encourage, but because I knew what desperate work it would be, if anything should happen, to keep in hand a crew that had given themselves up.

It was getting on in the afternoon, and I was still tramping to and fro, when that cat rushed on deck, with Maggie after it. It jumped up on the bulwarks, and, looking and poking its nose over the water, mewed. It leaped back to the deck, and ran along toward the fo'c'sle and round the caboose, and stopped and mewed again. It ran back toward me, and looked round and mewed a third time and its mewing was loud and distressful, as if wanting to be let out or let in. Maggie followed, calling "Puss, puss! poor pussy! And there was I, and Jack, and further off all the crew looking on and wondering at the creature's movements and cries. There were peculiar one-sided glances and head shakes, I saw, exchanged by the men. To discourage any notice there might be that I also felt concern, I turned to walk up and down as before, having first lit my pipe. What did that cat do but trot off at my heels, looking up and mewing with a kind of bitter greediness, as if I were the cat's-meat man!

"Catch it, Maggie," I said, "and give it something to eat."

"I've given it something, father," said Maggie, "and it won't eat it. But maybe it will now;" and she managed to seize and carry it off.

Now, standing still, I noticed that the smoke of my pipe, instead of being blown away, was curling slowly about my head, rising a little and forming a bit of cloud and then melting away straight up. I did not like the looks of these signs. There was a change working around in the weather, of which, let me tell you, the glass had given no warning.

We had been having a clear sky and a fresh breeze; the breeze fell slack, our sails flapped and "bilged," like as if in disgust, and the most curious dimness and thickness came down around the ship. I am too old a sailor to make a note of every odd change in the look of the sea or sky, but that was the oddest change I ever saw in mid-ocean. I have read a deal of poetry at sea, and I used to write home pieces to Maggie's mother, when she was alive, God bless her! and so I have always by me a sort of taste and eye for what you would call "poetic effects." Well, the effect that day as the nor'west breeze fell dead, and the sun began to go down, I shall never forget. It became very cool, and mysterious looking haze gathered about the ship in a circle that got always narrower and narrower, till we had not a hundred feet of clear blue all round. The sea lost its briskness and ripple; it took on a dull, steely, oily look, and glided and slid about as if it were the back of a monstrous whale. We seemed at the bottom of a pit of darkness and drivitry; and the bottom we rested on was the fathomless Atlantic! All around us the encroaching haze, and the rising behind and above it a dense dark wall of cloud, touched, in the West at its lofty broken edges with the dim glory of the setting sun, and showing a little space of pale, pure blue above, and in the east and south appearing like an inaccessible gray cliff. From the depths of this cliff seemed to come by and by faint-labored sighs, which gradually became wilder and prolonged themselves into wails of distress and pain. We shortened sails at once down to the lower topsails.

Between 9 and 10 I tucked my little Maggie safe in her berth, and turned in myself, though I knew it would be only for a little while. That cat I did not see anywhere about.

I was wakened suddenly by my head being bumped against the side of my berth. There was a loud report, like the going off of twenty muskets; I felt a sudden spasm as of choking; I caught at my berth and sprang to my feet. You have never been in a hurricane, I dare say? Well, when it first sweeps down, it seems to shut you and the ship up with too much breath. In another minute I was on deck; the report had been the noise of a sheet blown to pieces. Jack was roaring through the trumpet, the men were shortening sail—you could just hear the sharp creak of ropes and pulleys through the wind—and that wretched cat was hid somewhere about, mewing its worst. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, hurricane from the northeast with bitter rain, and we lay-to with the lee clew of the lower maintopsail. All on till dawn and through the day it blew and shrieked its loudest. Two men were at the wheel to keep her head up, but I knew that for all that we were driving rapidly back on our track. The drift in the air was so dense that we could not see five yards beyond the ship; and by 5 o'clock it was dark. About 6 o'clock a great sea struck our bows, carried away our head, and let a rush of water like a millrace over our decks. We recolled a great distance and settled heavily in the trough of the sea. But we rose again with a shudder.

On the second day, after daylight, the hurricane abated, though it still blew a stiff gale. But we were able to slacken something of the grim tenacity of our vigilance, and to look at each other again. I liked not the looks I met. We had passed with comparatively little damage through a terrible danger; and that would have been enough, you would have thought, to lead the sailors to think that both weather and ship were under altogether different and better guidance than the witchery of a tabby cat. Yet they looked sullen and hopeless. I could see from the way they eyed the creature, and drew off from it and its dismal mewings, that they were still bound by a dread of what it might bring upon them. I must confess that I myself disliked the cat, though it seemed moved to wander up and down the deck and into the cabin, and to lament as it did more by some kind of distress than from spite. Maggie was the only one who took any notice of it; and she fed it and followed it about with an unwearied devotion to which the creature did not at all respond.

Next day, though the gale continued to abate, our plight was little improved. The Seamew carried herself heavily, though we could not discover she was making water. The wind was still northeast, against which she not only made no head, but kept losing way. I was therefore, not surprised when Jack came to me in the cabin, and said:

"There's something going on for aft—no end o' talk and tobacco juice."

We went on deck.

"Look at them," continued Jack, "there by the chains. See how they shove their shoulders into each other. When a sailor does that, and pulls his own ear as Dick Sandys is doing, there's something up. And they half look this way. Ah, here they come."

There were three of them, headed by Dick Sandys, shyly shouldering their way aft. Dick came pretty straight, pulling at his ear, with his eyes cast down, but with his round, ruddy face shining steadily forward; his comrades lurched about, looking from side to side, and touching things as they passed.

"Well, Dick," said I, "you want to speak to me, I suppose, you and your mates?"

"Ay, ay, sir; if you will kindly give us a word. Me and them, sir"—jerking his thumb over his shoulder—"comes as a deppytation from the fo'c'sle. We ain't got no notion o' dictation to the Captain, but we want to put ye in possession, sir, of what we're a thinking about. Eh, mates?"

Ay, ay."

"We see how its agoing to be. This here voyage 'll never again get into no harbor; and some day one on them big steamers 'll come across her all a rottin, wi' not a sign o' life aboard but a cursed striped cat in the rigging. It's bound to live somehow—eh, mates? Well, sir, we ain't a-blamin' nobody. It's our luck, and the damed trick of that Lily. That's bound to be our luck wi' that there cat aboard; but it's not to be expected as how we'll take it meek and mild. Well, ye see, sir, they say, worse luck if ye throw her overboard. Jest so. But now this is what we were a-thinking; Suppose we set her adrift in an old tub."

This dark suggestion he convayed in a low voice, with his hand to the side of his mouth, after a glance around to make sure the cat was not in hearing. Then he looked at me with a steady wistful eye; his mates fidgeted and looked over the ship's sides, as though they felt half ashamed of the plot to which they had given their adherence.

I considered a moment. I had, of course, no real belief that getting rid of the cat thus would give us a fair wind; yet still it was worth trying; it involved only the sacrifice of the cat, and if it did not change the wind, it would at least change the looks of my crew. But what would my little Maggie say? However, I turned at once to Dick.

"You can try it," said I. "I give you full leave—though, mark you, I don't believe in the nonsense. But get hold of it without my little girl seeing you."

"Ay, ay, sir."

II.

Ah, it was a bad night. The wind whistled in ropes and cords, and spars and rigging creaked wearily. The broken water now and then came swash on our bulwarks, and twirling and hissing over us. Ah, my hearties, believe me, it's better ashore than at sea. The cat was got and put ...to the tub, and over she went into the darkness and the rush and hiss of the mighty waters with a dreadful mew, that made our flesh creep.

I was glad that I did not see the men's faces. I felt—I don't know what. Then I went aft a step or two till I was close to the wheel and looking astern. I had stood maybe a minute or more, when, lo and behold! I saw just where the glimmer of the binnacle light fell on the bulwarks, the head and the staring eyes of that cat! I dashed forward just on the impulse. It was clambering on board again.

"Down, you brute!" I cried, pushing at it. God! how it clawed into the wood! "Down you wretch! you devil!"

It mewed terribly, held on with every claw, but—yes, yes! with furious, half-terrified hands—I tore it away and flung it out. I had not noticed that the men had come about me

"Ah! and deliver us, sir!" said Dick, at my elbow. "You've done for us now! Lord knows what'll happen!"

In the feeble light I saw his and his companions' faces staring on me with a ghastly terror. I felt now like a fool and a criminal. Dick had barely done speaking, and I had just turned round, when a little white figure appeared. It was my little Maggie.

"Father," she whispered, "where are you? I heard my pussy mew, and I can't find her. Where is she? Have you seen my pussy, father?"

"Your father has thrown her into the sea, missy," said one of the men. "And what'll come o't, God knows."

How exasperated I was with that man! "You'd better go for'ard, you men," was all I said, however. But, before any of us had time to stir, the crest of a wave, like a great white flying mane, flung itself over and drenched us. I caught Maggie in my arms all dripping, and carried her below. She said nothing, but looked at me in a way that cut me to the heart; her gaze was frightened and half turned away. I had no word to say for myself. I changed her nightgown and put her back in her berth. She shivered and snuggled down with her head under the bed clothes. After a little she peeped out and said to me:

"When you are some day angry with me, will you maybe throw me into the sea?"

I could not bear it. "Oh, Maggie, my child, my darling!" I cried, taking her in my arms; "don't talk and look like that. The cat was a bad cat, and brought us ill luck and bad weather."

"I thought," said Maggie, simply, "it was God made the weather." I was silent. After a pause she cried: "I want my pussy back, father. Get me it back. It was not bad, and I liked it."

"I wish, my dear," I said, "I could bring you it back."

Was it a mew I heard, and a scratching, or was it only the wind above, and the dash of the water at the port-hole? Maggie had heard it, too, she sat up, and her eyes were fixed on the port-hole. With some difficulty I pulled it open, and in scrambled the cat!

I was never more delighted by the sight of any living thing than I was by the return of that poor, half-drowned cat. Such a weight of guilt was lifted off me. I felt almost like a little boy again, there, with my little girl beside me. The to-do that Maggie, and I made over the poor, outraged creature! I confess to you truly the tears came to my eyes. Maggie kissed it, all wet and shivering as it was, the brave little swimmer. I went to the cook and got some hot mess for it to eat, and prepared a snug little bed before the cabin stove, and poor grateful pussy licked my hand.

"Captain! Captain!" I heard eagerly whispered from the top of the cabin steps. I should have been on deck, and was turning to go—after a glance at Maggie, with a shawl about her sitting down by her recovered pussy—when the cook stumbled hurriedly down into the cabin, whispering in terror. "They've got at the spirits, Captain, and they're mad! They've knocked Dick down for standing up for you, and they're sure, as you threw the cat over-board, the only way to save the ship is to throw you after it! They're coming!"

I was about to speak, when Maggie, who looked very much surprised, but not in the least frightened, said, standing up in her sweet childish beauty, with the shawl slipping from her shoulders: "Look, pussy was in the sea, but she's come back again;" and she showed them the cat in her arms.

They were dumbfounded, and smitten with confusion. They stared at me, and at Maggie and the cat, and they shouldered toward the stair. Bill Bowser again made himself spokesman.

"I'm blest," said he, "but that cat has the devil in her as sure as David. But look a-here, Captain, we must just set her adrift again, and tie her in this time."

"Now," said I, "I won't allow a hair of that cat to be touched again. And I advise all you men to clear out of this at once, or I shall take note of it and reckon it an attempt at mutiny." I spoke in a loud, commanding tone, to rouse Jack, who was in his berth close by.

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Bowser, now snarling out the rebellious spirit natural to him, and suggestively lowering his head and drawing up his sleeve from his right wrist: I felt sure he had his knife handy. "If it's to be reckoned mutiny, it may as well be made worth reckoning. Down with him mates!"

I caught the gleam of his knife; I had no weapon; I threw my cap in his face, and next instant floored him with my fist. At this juncture, as if in answer to little Maggie's cry, out burst Jack, half-dressed, revolver in hand.

"Halloa! Eh? What's this?" he cried.

I took the revolver from his hand and pointed it among the men, who looked some sulky, some bewildered, but none inclined to follow Bowser's initiative.

"Now," said I, "I give you another chance. Be off at once to the fo'c'sle, or—." I clicked the trigger of the revolver.

"Ay ay, Captain," they murmured, and tumbled up to the deck as fast as they could. "We didn't mean no harm, sir," pleaded those who were nearest me, and who were forced to linger.

No, the lubbers! no harm! But if Bill Bowser had struck me down with his knife, they would not have moved a finger or a tongue to save me, or to keep themselves from the crimes of mutiny and murder on the high seas. Yes; that's what your merchant seamen have come to, nowadays! As for Bill Bowser, he was, of course, put in irons.

Now, soon after daylight, with a nasty sea still running and the wind in the southeast, the man at the lookout sighted a bark with signals of distress flying. She was about two miles off our larboard quarter. By and by we signalled what was the matter. "Leaking," was the answer; "all hands at the pumps." Then he set the ship's letters, and we made out the name—what do you think?—the Lily! Could it be the same Lily—the Lily, of Plymouth—as we had passed on our other quarter nearly a week ago? It might be; for, ye see, these hurricanes often, maybe always, work in a circle. Cyclone, d'ye say? Ay, yes; that's what we call them when met in the tropics. Well, we bore down on each other, and I took the opportunity of having a word or two with my men, to set myself right with them, and to make them, if I could, throw off that superstition about the cat. I called them aft.

"Now," said I, "you needn't look frightened; I'm not going to say anything about last night's affair. I agree to call it all a mistake, if you will give up your foolish, old wives' notion about my cat here. I say my cat, because I am determined to take it home with me, and leave it with my little girl here. Now, look at it; hasn't it the nicest little face a cat ever had? How can you believe there is a devil in the creature?"

"The devil," said one, "often hangs out the prettiest figureheads, sir."

"Well," said I, "that's true. But now, you're sailors; you can't refuse shelter, and you can't surely think ill of a poor dumb creature that was twice thrown into the sea, and twice came back to the old ship, and that, after all, licked the hand that threw her out—ay, and—look ye!—licks it now."

"Hooray for the Captain!"

"But, my hearties," said I, "there's another thing." And this was my stout point. "You see that bark out there? She's called the Lily, and I believe she's the same as smuggled this cat aboard of us! Now, has she gained anything by losing the cat? When she's been caught in the same hurricane as we have, and she's come worse out of it; she's driven far from her course, and she's leaking dangerously."

They turned out and looked at each other and nodded; they evidently thought there was something in it.

"We keep the cat, then," said I, "whether the Lily would like it back or no. Is that agreed?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

It was a bad sea, but we lowered a boat as we and the Lily approached; I particularly wanted to go aboard of her. I got the basket out in which pussy had come to us, replaced her as we had found her, and put the empty champagne bottles on top.

The crew of the Lily were dropping with fatigue when we went aboard, but, Lord! to see how the skipper and them about him woke

"And you are the Lily!" said I. "That was a nice present you sent me. I have brought back the bottles and the basket;" and so saying, I uncovered pussy, who to my amazement, jumped out and bounded off. I had only intended to show the skipper she was there. The poor man stared, his jaw dropped, and he sank down on a coil of rope, with his head in his hands, uttering a long, hopeless groan.

"Come, my friend, cheer up," I said:

"We've almost nothing to eat," said he; "we've been at the pumps two days, and now that brute has come back! There's no use standing by them any more; our voyage comes to an end here, and down, down we go. We might as well have kept the beast; the old wretch's words have come true, and we finish in the middle, as she said."

I doubted his mind was wandering. "Come," said I, "bestir yourself and give orders. There's no use staying by the ship any longer; you must abandon her and come with me."

"What! leave the Lily? She's a good old ship, and she's my own; no, I'll go down with her and that cursed cat. Take off the crew, sir, however, and I'll thank you."

I could not make up my mind to think him deranged, and yet—. Just then the cat came bounding along the deck with something in her mouth, and all hands paused and stared. She put it in the basket at my feet, where she herself had lain, and again bounded away. It was a kitten! and alive! The skipper stared stupidly. Presently pussy returned with another.

"That's what's done it!" cried the skipper, with gathering fury: "after I got rid of her, they were here, and I never knew it!" He rose in his rage, and, seizing a crow-bar, would have smashed basket and all, but he was easily restrained and disarmed.

"Let me have them," said I; "my little girl will like them."

"What!" he cried, in something like an ecstacy of gladness. "And you will take the mother, too?" Then becoming again despondent, "but it is of no use now; I feel we are going down."

Pussy had returned with her third kitten, which was dead, and had begun to pur with delight, and to rub herself round my leg, when he roused himself and ordered all hands to take to the boats. We stood by them in our own boat (with pussy and her brood in the basket on the stern-seat), waiting to give them a towline to our ship. When all the hands were in the boats there was a pause. Was not the skipper coming? No. "Cast off." The Lily was settling down rap... with little concern. The skipper's last act was to launch with a curse a broken pulley-block at the basket in our stern, as we rode off. It just missed the boat, and slashed into the sea. The Lily went down before we reached the Seamew.

Next day we had a fair wind, and our crowded ship crowded all sail and went merrily racing, dipping and splashing for home. In our new, bright hopes of our voyage we all, I think, felt rather ashamed of our dreadful suspicions of pussy. At any rate, every one showed the utmost tenderness and solicitude for her and her two kittens.

How had the kittens been kept alive on the Lily all that week? you ask. I don't know; but I have heard of a rat playing the part of mother under similar circumstances, and I am certain there were rats in the Lily.

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