

Blind Luck on Saint Paul

By A. E. DINGLE

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HERE are many better known spots on this globe than Mahe, Seychelles Islands, but very few that can offer such a variety of adventures and adventures as one will meet with at that little port in the Indian Ocean.

The Pacific developed its Bully Hayes, the Australian bush sheltered the notorious Captain Starlight, and Tasmania in the seventies was the theater for the exploits of Coventry Strike-Light, but it is doubtful if either of those worthies at their best, or worst, had anything on the bright particular star of the Indian Ocean, Red Saunders.

To have known Saunders was a liberal education, and when a turn of Dame Fortune's wheel pitched me out on the beach at Mahe and into his company, the fickle old lady unwittingly did me a service not to be too highly esteemed.

There is only one place in the little town that a sailor is likely to bring up in—Francis' "Mahogany Bar;" and like everybody else I had hung around that rum ranch until money was as scarce as frog's feathers. I was trying to figure out my next move when Red Saunders hove in sight.

The barkeep, I suppose on the same principle that leads a sawbones to give a poor devil a dose of dope preparatory to abbreviating his longitude by a leg, set a bottle of liquid tin-tacks up for me, with the kind intimation of "have one on the house and clear to blazes out of here," and my outlook seemed about as bright as the soul of a Chinaman, when a red-topped giant, six feet six by about four feet beam, rolled in through the door and strode up to the bar.

"Barkeep, where in Tophet are all the huggers-muggers today?" he growled in a voice like Manna-Loa in eruption.

"Suds" briefly indicated his now unprofitable carcass and shrugged his shoulders, remarking that business was bad, or even I should have been on my way before now.

Solitude will breed strange comradeship anywhere, and having nothing else to nail his attention, Saunders took a good look over me and shoved the "tacks" my way again, saying as he let go the bottle:

"You don't seem dazzling with diamonds, matey, but maybe you can shoot the guff, so take another parier's peg and keep me company for a spell."

We took our vitriol over to a table and stretched legs, giving and receiving the news of the beach, while I was debating in my mind whether it would be worth while for me to broach to this copper-nobbed stranger the scheme that had kept me awake nights for months. Though gossip and rumor had made Saunders familiar to everybody on the beach, the man had never crossed my bows until ten minutes before, and what or who he was little Willie could not have guessed.

Previous to his entry there had been nothing on my horizon, and he certainly was a sociable sort of brute; so putting all my trade in one bottom, I opened up and laid my dream out for Red to pass on. Said I:

"You look like a blue-water man, none bluer, and, if you can find the hooker, I can lead you to the place where milted moguls are lying, not too far down for a number one diver to get at; but I'm cleaned out, busted to blazes, and can't even subscribe to the tucker bill. I'm all in, but this yarn's straight stuff; if you're looking for a futter, here's a chance. What'd'ya say?"

I was keenly aware of a cold steel eye staring through and through from a gimlet eye before that mighty voice rumbled forth:

"Show your goods, perish your pet! That guff is too easy to pass if you've got no rocks at bottom. I've got a little schooner out in the bay right now; she's ready for any trip from nigger-stealing to pearl-poaching, and can be handled by two sailor-men; but give us the yarn and give it straight, or by the peak of perdition I'll haze you for trying to throw the bull at Red Saunders! Here, Francis, give that bottle a fair wind, and leave it here."

"Back in 1875," I began, "the clipper ship Strathmore, outward bound for Otago, New Zealand, piled up on the Crozets, and when she was all carrying their entire worldly capital in the ship's strong box. The amount of cash aboard, including a sum for payment of government salaries, was somewhere around twenty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred thousand if you want it in dollars.

"Say, sonny, what in—d'you think I am? Don't tell me the ship and the air-pump and fixin' to tell ye anything? May as well tell you right now, I s'pose—I'm a pearl-poacher, that's what; run out of the Straits by a blasted British gunboat that copped my Kanaka crew and nearly bottled me.

"Yes, boy, not one of yer hold-yeer-nose, rock-ater-foot, two-minute diver boys, but a regular tin-hat, lead-shoes, rubber-suit, stay-for-ever shark; and if that box of boudie is still where you figure on, by your last thirst we'll get it, and get it all, by Satan!"

The afternoon of the eighteenth day out from Mahe we raised the rocky peaks of East Island, four thousand feet high, and as it was never certain that a landing could be made, we stood on till dusk and hove to for the night, getting everything ready for a full day's hard graft on the morrow.

But it was not the next day that we took up our berth, nor for two more after that. Dirty weather, commoner down than that God-forsaken penguin hatchery than suckers on Broadway, set in with a bump, and for three days our little Pearl had to fight tooth and nail to hold her position within half of the islands.

On the fourth day the breeze blew out and left just a good working air, so we hauled up and stood in for the rocks again, this time getting close enough to let go our warp and take the lines ashore.

By the official report of the wreck, we were pretty sure that we were right on the spot, and this was established when, after sounding all round the schooner, the lead floated something, and brought away a piece of sea-rotted rope from a depth of twelve fathoms.

On the principle that a job well started is half done, we soon had the diving gear laid out, and at dead low water I manned the wheel of the air-pump, after screwing up my mate's helmet, and our quest was on when Red clambered over the low rail and slipped into the cold depths.

At the end of an hour the signal came to haul up, and when Saunders bobbed over the rail and had his head-gear removed, he reported that we were almost plumb over the poop of the wreck, and by ranging ahead twenty feet could drop a line down her cabin skylight.

We shifted our position and went below to get a bite of tucker against the next spell, while my mate voiced his opinion that:

"We would have been better fixed had we toted some explosive along, for the ruddy ship is steel, and quite likely had a strong room under the cabin."

We expected, however, to strike some snags, as there are mostly always plenty of spikes to a hundred-thousand-dollar bouquet. After our brief spell for grub, Saunders got over the side again and took crowbars along, intending, as he said, "to bust something or eat the bars."

Next time he came to the surface he brought up a rusty chronometer, the mahogany case of which was quite good, and said he had located the safe, which was built into the steel bulk-head of the skipper's cabin.

"What do you think of the chances of hooking anything, Red?" I asked, when he had crawled out of his casing.

"Tell you tomorrow, son," he grunted. "Seems a tougher lay than cracking open pearl-shell, but if the weather gives us a good fair tilt at it, there's a chance of busting her with the bar, I think."

let the job wait. Saunders, however, broached the subject of the old iron steam-frigate Megera, wrecked on Saint Paul, and after much chum-muck had passed on the subject we decided that while we were in the business we might just as well store up again in Mahe and make the trip as a long shot, there being just an outside chance that we might land something that would partly smooth over our failure at the Crozets.

With this new objective we hustled the little Black Pearl all we knew, carrying whole-sail in a two-reef breeze, scooping up most of the Indian Ocean over the bows, and living in water day and night, decks, cabin and caboose, with devil a dry rag or stick fore and aft, until we raised the land close aboard through the haze, with Mahe harbor dead to leeward.

Every hour spent ashore now was working on a dead horse, so just as soon as the grub was stowed aboard, toward sundown, sail was piled on the Black Pearl again and her nose pointed seaward for one more crack out of the box.

For fourteen days the little hooker snorted through the seas, and our reckoning showed us to be within a hundred miles of our island, when down came a westerly howler, with torrents of rain for good measure, and off we scooted close-reefed, dead before it, and as the night was as black as the back door of Hades, we hoped there was nothing nearer than Australia.

Our figures must have been out some miles, for around midnight the schooner fetched up with a jolt like the kick of a hundred-ton gun, and then dived over the bar and broke in two, spilling us out to fight through a swirl of broken water and splintered timbers to a rocky shore.

Now here was a holy mess if ever two men were in one. Saint Paul might be all right to visit if one were sure of making a getaway, but for a permanent residence, not by a darned sight!

The wreck we came to find did not show up for some long time, and we began to give up hope of finding any trace of her, but, having nothing else to do, we kept up a search when in the humor. About six weeks after we blew in there, when I came down from the signal-staff we had erected, Red came to meet me, looking as if he had just lost his mother-in-law. Asked if he had hauled a sail that had escaped me, he grunted:

"Nothing quite so good as that, sonny; but come along, perhaps you can put a name on it, or tell something about it. It looks like the thing we came for, and we may as well give her a rummage. If we find anything, it won't eat anything, and we may make a getaway from here after a while."

Following him round the point of rocks on which we had split up, wedged firmly in a crevice and buried in the sand, could be seen the timbers of the stern of what had been an iron ship.

"There, laddie, what'd'ya make of that? I've been scratching sand away for days when you've been up on the hill, and this morning I went inside the hull. There's a whole lot of stuff lying on her floor, chests, barrels, old junk of sorts, and maybe some of it will pay us for a search."

When my mate came out between the ribs, lugging a small, heavy, wooden chest, a brass plate was still attached to the lid, and the letters, when we had polished them up a bit with goat's fat, surely read H. M. S. Megera.

From what I remembered reading of her, all the valuables had been saved, as she had been at anchor several weeks off the island before she went up; but evidence was before us that some part had been overlooked, and a sharp rock in Red's powerful fist speedily uncovered the contents of the box.

It was specie all right, and good gold British sovereigns at that; two thousand by the actual count. Not a fortune by any means, but enough—if we ever got away with it—to pay Saunders for the loss of his schooner, and give us both another start.

We did not leave that old iron steam-frigate without ferreting every crook and cranny capable of holding a dollar bill endways, but not another yellow boy was uncovered, and we lugged our find up to our camp to decide what we would do with it. We were both of opinion that we would have to leave the bulk of it behind if we were taken off, and return and get it with our own vessel, so we fixed up goat-skin belts for each to carry one hundred of the little fellows, and sewed the rest up in skins and cached the lot well above high-water mark.

Our reasons for leaving the stuff were good for us, as if we were picked up and taken into a port with a bunch of gold coin in sacks, all the persuasion in the world would not prevent some of the crew of whatever picked us up babbling out the truth, and then we would have to ante up to the authorities.

RECORD OF WORK WELL DONE

Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign Fruitful of Results for the Good of All Mankind.

Some comparisons showing the progress of the anti-tuberculosis campaign in the last eight years and the present needs of this movement are made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in a brief report of its work recently issued. During the eight years of its work, the national association has assisted in the organization of over 800 state and local anti-tuberculosis societies located in almost every state and territory of the Union. Over 500 hospital and sanatoria have been established, with more than 30,000 beds for consumptives. About 4,000 dispensaries, with more than 1,000 physicians in attendance and at least 150 open air schools for tuberculous and anaemic children, have also been provided. Laws dealing with tuberculosis have been passed in 45 states, and ordinances on this subject have been adopted in over 200 cities and towns. An active field campaign of education against tuberculosis has been carried on in 40 states and territories by means of lectures, exhibits, the press, and the distribution of over 100,000,000 pamphlets on this disease.

ONLY DOUBTFUL CITIZEN.



"Everybody is telling exactly what you will do if you are elected to office." "Yes." "Well, what will you do?" "I don't know yet."

BABY IN MISERY WITH RASH

Monroe, Wis.—"When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got nearly all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, hair fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust, the water would ooze out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lie awake holding his hands so that he could not scratch and distress himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good.

"Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them half used my baby was cured. His hair is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is admired by everybody and has no disfigurements." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Boundless Love.

Robert, seven years old, snugly tucked in bed, called to his mother in the next room. "I can't tell how much I love you, mother," he announced. "Yes, dear, go to sleep now," admonished his mother. There was silence for thirty seconds. Then: "Mother, God couldn't tell how I love you."

"All right, Bob. I appreciate that. But let's talk about it tomorrow." Silence. Robert's thoughts turned to father's automobile troubles, and of the expert called to disentangle matters.

"Mother," he remarked suddenly, "even an expert couldn't tell!"

Race Prejudice.

This is an actual conversation which was overheard in Oregon in the presidential campaign. It was reported to President Wilson himself, then a mere governor and candidate. He enjoyed it, but refused to allow it to be published at that time. Mike—Who are ye gol'n' to vote for this fall? Pat—Wilson Woodrow. Mike—Faith, an' vice versa ye mean, don't ye? Pat—The divil it is! D'ye think I'm gol'n' to vote for wan o' them dom Eye-tallans?

For Curling Feathers.

To curl a feather that has become damaged with rain or dew sprinkle it thickly with common salt and shake before a bright fire until dry, when you will find it as good as new.

REEDS—Alfalfa \$6; timothy, blue grass & cane \$2; sweet clover \$3. Farms for sale & rent on crop pay'n'ts. J. Mulhall, Soco City, Ia.

A boy isn't necessarily good for nothing because his parents refuse to pay him for being good.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping-cough, a bottle 25c.

Many a woman has credit at a hair emporium.

Mamma Says It's Safe for Children. CONTAINS NO OPIATES.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR For Coughs and Colds.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Color more goods brighter and faster color than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Personality.

Personality is just one's centralized experience of the world, and there is no way of making it greater except by making that experience greater and more centralized; in other words, being a bigger, broader, better man or woman. Every intellectual achievement, every moral victory, every bit of solid work, will leave personality richer, profounder, and more delicate. In fact, to cultivate it, the plan is don't cultivate it. Let it alone and do your duty and it will grow.—E. B. Andrews, in the International Journal of Ethics.

Now Is The Time

those pains and aches resulting from weakness or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine sooner or later, leave their mark. Beauty soon fades away. Now is the time to restore health and retain beauty. DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription That great, potent, strength-giving restorative will help you. Start today. Each Year Druggist will Supply Ten Boxes.

PORTLY PARSON SPEAKS OUT

Sermons on the Blessings of Poverty Are All Tommyrot, Says One Divine.

That often mentioned "responsive chord" will be set to vibrating sonorously in many breasts by at least one passage in a sermon preached recently in Cincinnati by the Rev. John W. Langdale, a Methodist clergyman who seems to be given to plain speaking. What he said was:

"I have less patience every day with portly, well-fed ministers like myself who are forever preaching about the blessings of poverty. Poverty is a sister of death and a cousin of hell. The hymns that have sung about 'The rich man and his castle, the poor man and his hut,' are Tommyrot."

This is a rather startling assemblage of short and ugly words, but they are at least in fresh contrast to the puny stuff, plous and other, that we hear so often from more or

less portly and extremely well fed people on the superiority of poverty to wealth.

Usually they claim to speak with authority, for the reason that they were once poor themselves, but they invariably ignore the fact that there are several ways of being poor, and never once do they prove the sincerity of their words by subjecting their own children to the hardships which they themselves once endured. In other words, they do not believe a word they say, though they think

they do, and they all know in their hearts that while poverty is by no means always a fatal handicap in life, its nearest relations are precisely the ones mentioned in the Cincinnati parson's vigorous sentence.

Where the Large Ones Are. "Are these the largest apples you have?" asked the customer, holding out two rosy-cheeked apples. "Yes," replied the honest dealer; "if you got 'em off the top of the barrel, they are."