DY WILLIAM WESTALL

hy didn't you call me?" he said, re-hfully. "You must be both tired and ry. Go and get something to eat, hea turn in for an hour or two. I think we shall either of us get much to-night."

ere is going to be a change of weath-he glass is going down fast, and are gathering to windward. But l not get it just yet. When you and your grub and your sleep, we reef the foresail. Then we shall be think.'

ed promptly on old Tom's suggesor the air and the work had made th hungry and sleepy.

en I returned from my snooze, the had risen considerably, and blew in gusts; the sun went down red, amid s of ominous-looking clouds, and, as ver said, there was every likelihood rty night. The time had come to our spread of canvas, and the ship under a patent foretopsail and fib, we d and reefed the former without alty. The boatswain then made all battened down the hatches, and t a suit of oilskin and a pair of seafor himself, and another for me, put water, and grog within reach, and de the lanterns. When he had done

was necessary, or, rather, all that ld, he joined me at the wheel, for, as I, it would take two to steer, and all ough. so it proved. The wind rose every

, and though we had so little sail e ship went through the water like antic liner at full speed. Then it a little, and the rain came down as can come down in the tropics, ratthe deck like discharges of musand tumbling out of the scuppers in les. From time to time there came a dous clap of thunder; the sky was e with lightning, which brought every and rope of the ship into vivid relief, st a lurid glow on an angry sea bilwith foam-crested waves. But we by no means in the center of the else it had gone ill with us; and the by keeping the sea down somewhat. oly prevented us from being pooped. en morning broke the rain was still g, and the wind blowing in strong the "Diana" was scudding before it, were still both at the wheel; and t for intervals of a few minutes, when other of us snatched a morsel of or took a pull at the bottle of halfgrog which Tom had put under the we remained at the wheel all that nd all the next night.

at distance we made in this time we means of exactly computing; but the wind began to fall off. Tom tried te of sailing with the patent log, and it to be eight knots; but our average during the thirty-six hours the gale must have been much more, and we bly ran not less than four hundred Where we were we could form onvery vaguest ilea, for our course en most erratic, the wind shifting

en the storm abated, and there was ise of better weather, Bolsover sugd that I should turn in.

am more used to this sort of thing you are," he said. "I can stand it e longer; but you are about used up, waken you up when I want you." equired no second bidding. I was utspent, and only half conscious. Withundressing, I threw myself on the

in the captain's cabin, and almost e my head touched the pillow was hen I awoke, as it seemed to me an

r or so later, the sun was shining htly, and the boatswain lay asleep on

alloo!" I thought. "Has old Tom deed his post? Why didn't he waken me?" it when I looked out I saw that the sea perfectly calm-not a breath of air ed its glassy surface-and the "Diana" there, as still and motionless as "a ited ship upon a painted ocean." learly no need for a man at the wheel,

Tom had done quite right to take his without interrupting mine. ter a wash and a walk round the ship,

nt to the galley, kindled the fire, made ouse and per soup, and when all was ly returned to the cabin to look after He was just opening his eyes. Have you had a good sleep?" I asked. Very; and you?"

Oh, pretty well. I must have had three our hours, and if I had not been so gry I should have gone on awhile long-

Three or four hours! Why, bless you, . Erle, you have slept more like thirty

"Nonsense, Bolsover! I know better."
"Well, then, the sun is going wrong. It is a good deal past noon when I turned and"-glancing at the sun-"it cannot much past eleven now. Yes, Mr. Erle, u have slept something like thirty hours. n have slept something like thirty nours.

d me about twenty-four—and a good
lng, too. We wanted it. When it fell im I knew as the ship could take care of rself, so I just lashed the wheel amid-ips, laid myself down on the cabin floor st as I was, and let you go on with your eep. And now let us have some grub, r I am most terrible sharp-set, and that

ay take our ease a bit now, Mr. Erle, his is a calm as will last, this is." "How long will it last, do you think." "The Lord only knows! May be a fortght, may be three weeks. I have heard calms in these latitudes—we must be mewhere about the doldrums—I've heard

scouse smells as sweet as a posy. We

'em lasting six and seven weeks.' "A pleasant prospect! Why, we shall be early frizzled! I would rather have a

orm or two." That's a sentiment as I should say amen if we had a rather more powerful crew, o, if we had a rather more powerful of the fire of the wo, officers and passengers included, I ould not pray for a gale, though I might whistle for a wind. With our small spread of canvas a light breeze would not do us much good, and it would not be safe to pread more, even if we could. But I'm no hurry, Mr. Erle-I'm in no hurry. We've plenty of grub and water aboard, and I'm quite content to abide in these latitudes awhile longer; for it is hereabouts

or, if not hereabouts, a bit further south that I expect to light on the 'Santa An-"You old idiot!" I was going to say; but not wanting to hurt the foolish fellow's leelings or fall out with him, I merely asked why on earth he expected to find the reasure-ship in that particular spot, es-pecially as we did not know within a thousand miles where we were.

"We are in the doldrums," he answered, doggedly; "there can be no doubt about that; and I have always said as if the 'Santa Anna' was not cast away—and I don't think she was cast away-I have always said as she was somewhere in the doldrums; and I am sure I am right."

This was conclusive, and I could only say that I hoped we should sight the "Santa Anna" soon, and find her treasure aboard. "Oh, we shall find the treasure, sure enough! What would be the use of sighting her if we didn't?"

CHAPTER XII. - BEFOGGED.

As may be supposed, life on the becalmed essel was not particularly amusing. had not much to talk about, and out of his own line old Tom was as ignorant as an infant. There were, fortunately, plenty of books on board—at least a hundred of them being fiction—and I spent much of my time in reading, and studying, as well as I could with the means at my disposal, the theory of navigation. Then I wrote up the log-book, or rather, made an entry in it every day, for there was very little to set down. Had I not done so I should have lost count of time, so like was one day to another. Now and then I went into the engine-room, and by getting up steam, starting and stopping the engine, I famil-iarized myself with its working. After awhile, I became a fairly expert engineer, and had our coal bunkers not been so nearly empty, I should have shipped the screw and steamed in the direction whither I thought lay the nearest land.

Bolsover pottered about the ship, mended sails, spliced ropes, washed the decks, smoked, and slept; yet he got very weary, and one day proposed that, by way of diversion, we should make war on the rats. I asked how he would do it, seeing that we had neither cats, traps, dogs, nor ferrets. "I will make the beggars drown them-

selves," he said.

And then he disclosed his plan. Rats, he explained, cannot live without water, and this was the reason why there were so many of them about the water-tanks, where they slaked their thirst by licking up the drippings and droppings. But as was so much less water drawn than formerly, there were fewer drippings, and the rats being for that reason extremely dry, water would make a splendid bait. All that was necessary would be to take buckets, put a few inches of water at the bottom-mixed with molasses to prevent them from jumping out-fix long strips of wood on the sides, so balanced that when the rats ran along them to get at the water they would fall into the buckets.

"Very well," I said; "try it. But in my opinion the less you have to do with the rats the better. If they have not got the fever-I wish they had-they can give "Oh, I have no fear. I shall not take the fever. I never thought I should. Besides,

that storm must have blown it all out of the ship." So Tom arranged his buckets, put them down in the hold near the water-tanks, and awaited the result with great expecta-

An hour later he came up in great glee, bringing one of his buckets. "Look here!" he exclaimed. "And there's

more in the others." In the bottom of the bucket was a writhing mass of rats. The water had not been deep enough to drown all of them, and the survivors, entangled in the molasses, were fighting desperately over the bodies of their comrades.

'Poor wretches!" I said. "Put them out

of their misery, Tom!"
"Poor wretches! Put them out of their misery! I would rather put them into a bit more. Isn't it them as did all the mis-chief? But here goes! I'll chuck them into the water and let the sharks catch 'em

-if they can. They'll be well met."
And with that Tom went to the taffrail. and turned the bucket upside-down, whereupon all the rats, dead and alive—all save one, a fierce-looking, gray-whiskered veteran, which contrived to cling to the sidefell pell-mell into the sea.

"Get out, you big devil!" said the boatswain, seizing it by the tail.

But instead of getting out, the rat twisted round and fixed its long, sharp teeth into its captor's thumb. Tom dropped the bucket like a hot potato, and catching the creature by the neck, choked it off, and sent it spinning.

"By —, it hurts!" he exclaimed, popping the wounded thumb into his mouth.
"You had better go and bathe it with hot water." I said. "Rat-bites are nasty things

sometimes."
"I don't think it's worth while. I'll put a bit of pitch on it. It's the best plaster I know. I never thought a rat could bite so keen. That gray-whiskered beggar's teeth

were like pins and needles." The incident made the boatswain more inveterate against the rats than ever. He converted all the buckets in the ship into traps, and by sunset he had caught several dozens. He took care, however, before throwing them overboard, to see that they were properly drowned, and even then he handled the bucket in such a way as to

prevent any possibility of a second bite. But the rats, though they perished, had their revenge. The next morning Bolsover was very ill. The thumb was inflamed and exceedingly painful, and he had all the appearance of sickening for yellow fever. I was seriously alarmed, for, despite his craze about the "Santa Anna," old Tom was a thorough seaman and a very good fellow. You cannot be thrown much with a man (at any rate, I cannot) without getting to like him—unless he is absolute-ly repulsive—and I had got to like the boatswain. Besides, what would become of me if I should be left alone on board a

big ship in mid-ocean, utterly ignorant of my whereabouts, only just able to steer, and hardly knowing one sail from another?

If it were possible to keep old Tom alive, I meant to do it, although, judging by my recent experience, the olds against his recovery were hundreds to one. On the other hand, the very fact that he had remained so long invulnerable showed that he possessed great resisting power, and rendered it probable that he would make a tougher

fight for his life than the others had done. The first thing was to get my patient to keep his bed, which for a time he obstinately refused to do. To confess that he was ill would not only have touched his pride and made his boastings look rather ridiculous, but would have gone far to falsify his predictions. So he pretended that his illness was a mere passing indisposition—"a bit of a headache"—made light of his swollen thumb, and insisted on getting up and helping to prepare break-

But the strongest will cannot long bear up under severe local pain and the all-pervading agonies of fever, and it was not long before Bolsover confessed himself beaten,

and took to his bed. "I never thought I should be ill," he murmured, "but it won't be much. I shall be well in a day or two, I know I shall. You were right, Mr. Erle; I shouldn't have meddled with them rats-hang 'em! I doggerel.

don't care how soon we get out of this ship. There's a curse on her; that's what it is. There's a curse on her."

Tom must have been very bad to own himself in the wrong. It was an evil sign, and made me almost despair of his recov-

ery.
"I had lately read a second time, in some instances a third time, the medical books in the captain's cabin, and the knowledge thus acquired, and my own observation, had given me certain ideas as to treatment of yellow fever, which I now proceeded to put into practice. Medicine having produced no effect in previous cases, I deter-

mined to try something else.

One of the most characteristic symptoms of the malady is intense heat, the patient's temperature being often as high as one hundred and seven degrees. I presumed, though I did not know for certain, that this was owing to an arrest of perspiration. The main point, therefore, was to make my patient sweat; so I rolled him in a wet sheet, then put a pile of blankets on the top of him, and made him drink about a gallon of hot water. I kept him in the pack for hours, and when I unpacked him, washed him all over with salt water. This operation I repeated several times in succession, and always when the fever got worse and his skin became hot and dry. I do not presume to say that I cured Bolsover, for the illness ran its course: but, at any rate, he recovered, and that is what none of the others did. The fever may, however, have been of a milder type than theirs, and it is of course quite possible that he would have got better in any case, and did actually get better, not because of, but in spite of, my treatment. But my patient thought otherwise. He quite be-lieved I had cured him, said that he owed me his life, and, in the fullness of his heart, protested that, whether I helped him to find the "Santa Anna" or not, he should give me half her cargo of gold and silver. "Thank you, Tom," I said, laughing. "I'll take it, with all my heart; and it will be the biggest fee ever paid to a quack doctor since the world began, and that is say-

ing a great deal." 'There is nothing to laugh at," answered the boatswain, who could never bear being chaffed about his craze. "There is nothing to laugh at, and I'll make a man of you yet, Mr. Erle; never fear! You will e the richest man in Liverpool one of these days."

But Tom did not get better either very soon or very easily. He lay in his ham-mock three weeks, and rose from it a yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed ghost, hardly able to put one leg before the other.

"I shall not be of much use when the chauge comes," he said, as I supported him to a Southampton chair, under an awning we had rigged up a short time before he fell ill. "What change?"

"Change of weather, to be sure. And it is bound to come soon. How long have we been here?"

"we have been becalmed five weeks; but as to how long we have been here I would not venture to offer an opinion. I am not sure whether we are here!"

"You are getting beyond me now, Mr. Erle. Not sure whether we are here! Where else should we be?"

"I mean that we are moving. At any rate, I think so. I happened this morning to throw a cork overboard at the stern, and now it is at the bows." There must be a current, then."

"It looks so; and if the cork, moves so must the ship, though not so fast." "You may soon find out whether she moves. Make a trial with the log."

"A happy thought! It never occurred to I will do it at once." And I did. The "Diana" was progressing through the water at the rate of a

"If we have been going at this speed all along for the last five weeks," I said, making a rapid mental calculation, "we have done eight hundred and forty miles."

"I don't think we have been going at this speed all along. When I fell ill it was as dead a calm as it could be, and as hot as blazes. And now it is cooler-I am sure it is cooler. Don't you think so?"

'I know it is. look at the thermometer every day, and the average temperature is from seven to ten degrees lower than is was a fortnight since."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sorrowfal Stuggins' "Corpse Cure."

Curb and Corridor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press has an aunt who lives in one of the four—points of the compass —divisions of the pretty city of Brook-field, Mass., and the old lady, who has a keen seuse of humor, loves to dilate upon the queer people whom she has for neighbors, and some of their odd sayings and doings. Here are a couple of her anecdotes:

"I had a female acquaintance who lived at the foot of the hill in North Brookfield, on whose slope was a small graveyard. At the bottom of the slope was the well which supplied her with water. One day a friend from Boston. a doctor, visited her, and when he took a walk after dinner was horrified at discovering the dire possibilities of the drainage from the location of the tombs into the well. He rushed into the house to remonstrate, but after he had told his horrible tale all the woman said was:

"Oh, I reckon 'twon't hurt me any. Them's mos'ly my relations that's buried up yonder.'

"We used to call him Sorrowful Stuggins, because he took on so when his first wife died. He built a vault on his own place-it was nigh the skirts of Brookfield he lived-and had her body put in it so that the coffin could easily be seen. But Stuggins got tired of loneliness after a couple of years of widowering, and married a woman from a neighboring farm. The second wife had a temper of her own, and it wasn't long before she gave Stuggins a taste of it. So what did that man do but go to an undertaker and get a glass top put in his first wife's coffin. Then when number two got cantankerous he'd lead her to the vault and push her down over the opening, say-

ing:
...There, you cross-grained female,
take a look at the only woman I ever

"It didn't take many doses of that sort of medicine to take pretty much all the cantanker out of the number two, and we used to call it the 'corpse

They had wedding cake five and twenty years old at a New York matriage anniversary the other day. It had been kept in stone jars.

Rudyard Kipling has been proposed for Tennyson's successor as poet laureate on account of his anti-Irish

Why He Wished to Avoid It. "There comes Fikins. Let's go

"What's the matter? Had a quarrel with him?" Oh. no; we're the best of friends."

Owe him money?"

"Not a cent." "Think he wants to borrow?"

'No; he always has money." "Always has a hard story to tell. perhaps?"

"Never knew him to tell one in all the years I have known him. .Weil, why in the world don't you

want to meet him?" "He has a baby that is always saying bright things."—Chicago Tribune.

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarth Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Drugglsts, 75c.

About Lice. Two hard kinds of lice to fight are the very small gray lice and the little red ones. These stay on the roosts and chicken houses in the day time, and fairly swarm on the fowls at night Worst of all they are so very small as scarcely to be seen, and a house may be fairly overrun before their presence is detected. Watch closely; take your roosts out into the sunlight and look on the underside. Kerosene will dispatch these, but at from 25 to 35 cents a gallon it is too expensive. Crude petroleum will answer, but it can't always be had. The most economical method, both of time and cash, is to save all the strong soap suds after washing, re-heat it boiling hot and scald the roosts and every nook and corner of the house. - Denver Chicken.

By his rap'd'ty and accuracy in addition, F. L. Jenkins recently secured an excellent position in Des Moines, la. Fred attended Elliott's Business College, Burlington, la.

Another Plot. The Czar-"A horrible thought

strikes me!" The Lord High Executioner - .. What

is that, your Majesty?" The Czar- .. If that dentist was a nihilist he may have filled my teeth

with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite hard I shall blow the top of my head off!"-Puck.

American Poets have now an oppor unity of winning one of the 43 prizes, \$10.00 to \$100.00, offered by The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John St. New York for poems on their pens. Write them for circulars.

Paron Hirsch dresses with the utmost

Life is sherter in the valleys and lowlands than among the halls and mountains. Anyone would be justified in recom-mending Beecham's Plus for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

Churches built in America in 1891 num bered 8,508

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JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

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strength.

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The milker who ill treats the cow cannot get all the milk. The loss would not be so great if it was a portion of the first milk that he failed to get, but it is the last milk which he loses and that is eight or ten times richer than the first milk. It costs something to be unkind to a cow.

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