WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

Is it Harrison? Is it Cleveland?
Is it Blaine? Is it Hill?

IS THERE ANY OTHER MAN YOU WANT FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

NAME YOUR CHOICE!

FARM JOURNAL

The FARM JOURNAL has, at large expense, designed and printed a beautiful Counting House Calendar for 1892, containing portraits of the leading Presidential possibilities: Cleveland, Harrison, Hill, Blaine, McKinley, Gorman, Boies, Rusk, and Crisp, also Postmaster-General Wanamaker. These portraits are in themselves beautiful works of art, really splendid pictures,

JOURNAL

as fine as any steel engraving, and in no way an advertisement. They will be an ornament to

50 CENTS

any parlor, or office, wall, or desk, and

This space is occupied with engraved portraits of either HARRISON, CLEVELAND, BLAINE, HILL, CRISP, WANAMAKER, McKINLEY, GORMAN, RUSK, BOIES. Whichever you may select.

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	--	--	--	--	--	--

This is a miniature of the Calendar. The size is 5⅛ by 9⅛ inches.

PORTRAIT

after the Calendar is done are suitable for framing. They are sold, with or without the Calendar, for 25 cents each, to non-subscribers to FARM JOURNAL.

CALENDAR

25 CENTS

If you are a Cleveland man you will want a Cleveland Calendar; if a Blaine man order a Blaine Calendar; if a Hill man order a Hill Calendar; if a McKinley man order a McKinley Calendar, and so on.

LET'S HAVE A VOTE!

The FARM JOURNAL is well known everywhere in the United States as one of the very best Farm papers—a perfect gem of a Family paper. It is cream, not skim-milk; it is the boiled-down paper; chuck-full of common-sense; hits the nail on the head every time. Every one who has a horse, or cow, or pig, or chicken, or has a farm—big or little, or a garden patch, ought to take the FARM JOURNAL. The fact that it has a round million readers bespeaks its wonderful popularity. It is the *one paper* that guarantees its advertisers to be honest, and protects its readers against fraud.

LET'S HAVE A VOTE!

It cost you nothing to vote. The Farm Journal for one year costs nothing; the presidents' portrait calendar costs you but 10 cents, to merely cover the expense of printing, wrapping; mailing etc., provided that you subscribe at the same time for THE HERALD. Our clubbing terms with the farm Journal are such that we can furnish

WEEKLY HERALD - - -	$1.50.
Farm Journal, - - -	.50
President's portrait calender, -	.25
Total, - - - -	$2.25

all for $1.60, but ten cents more than our usual subscription rate: or, if your subscription to THE HERALD has been paid up in full, we will send you the Farm Journal, 1 year, the presidents portrait calendar (your choice for president) for 35 cents. Make remittance direct to us without delay as this is a special and extraordinary offer.

Don't forget in ordering calendar to state who is your choice for President, and which calendar you want,

ADDRESS,

THE HERALD

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRBSKA.

Circulation Large,

Rates Reasonable,

Returns Remunerative,

PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

Is a Weekly Publication of high and special value as an advertising medium to all who seek to reach families throughout the county.

Full Information And Rates On Application.

A. B. KNOTTS

BUSINESS MANAGER.

501 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WEAKNESS OF MEN

QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY, FOREVER CURED

by a new perfected scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day: soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when failing or lost are restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of the body enlarged and strengthened. Victims of abuses and excesses, reclaim your manhood! Sufferers from folly, overwork, ill health, regain your vigor! Don't despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be disheartened if quacks have robbed you. Let us show you that medical science and business honor still exist; here go hand in hand. Write for our Book with explanations & proofs, sealed free. Over 2,000 references.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PROF. DIEFFENBACH'S PROTAGON CAPSULES, Sure Cure for Weak Men, as proved by reports of leading physicians. State age in ordering. Price, $1. Catalogue Free.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

G & G A safe and speedy cure for Gleet, Stricture and all unnatural discharges. Price $2.

CREEK SPECIFIC Cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Scrofulous Sores and Syphilitic Affections, without mercury. Price, $3. Order from

THE PERU DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. Sole Agents 189 Wisconsin Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Drunkenness

or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the person taking it; it is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. We GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book FREE. Address in confidence. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 186 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

HAVE YOU **ASTHMA?**

SCHIFFMANN'S Asthma Cure

Never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases, and effects cures where others fail. Trial Package FREE of Druggists or by Mail. Address DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS PROCURED Send for Pamphlet and References. Seward A. Haseltine & Bro. Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents and Attorneys in Patent cases (Associate at Washington, D.C.) Springfield, Missouri.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

Labeled 1-2 lb Tins Only.

BEATTY Organs, Pianos, $33 up. Catalogue Free. Daniel F. Beatty Washington N. J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Sold by F. Hiscox, only, FREE 853 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

IF CONSUMPTIVE

Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.

CORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

MANHOOD!

How Lost! How Regained!

KNOW THYSELF.

Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only $1.00 by mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary testimonials of the cured. FREE! SEND NOW.

Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.)

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

As it was—he must escape from the engagement. He could not answer for himself if he fulfilled it.

As he was mechanically opening the gate his arm was grasped by a friendly hand.

"Stop a minute, Mr. Ross, I have been noticing that you are not well, can we do anything for you?"

Not well! What a poor thing was it, then, that the wreck of hope and future should come to be a mere question of "Can we do anything for you?" So much medicine—so much fresh air—and lo, hope is restored and the future is as bright as ever. That is the current mood—and a happy one—but to the homely nature of a man like Ross it brought no balm. He had ventured his all in a single boat and it had sunk.

He turned and saw Annie, the bright sympathetic eyes fell upon him. Like most men deeply in love he was most shy of the being he most loved. So he answered somewhat ungraciously.

"That is true—I am not well; but thank you for coming to say a kind word to me."

"I am very glad to have given you any comfort. I doubt you have been overtaxing yourself to-day."

He rested on the gate. The sweet voice was echoing in his brain and he listened. Then speaking the voice he breathed the name, "Annie."

She did not draw away from him. She stood breathless.

"Will you let me speak to you?" he said, so quietly now that he could scarcely realize himself that he had been for a moment in dreamland.

"If it will do you any good, to be sure I will," she answered with an endeavor to speak quite frankly and easily; but the voice faltered a little.

"Onything I like?"

"Of course."

The permission granted he appeared to find difficulty in taking advantage of it. So there was a pause, and the outcome of it was—

"I'm a stupid gowk."

But ridiculous as the expression might be to other ears they were not so to those of Annie Murray, and she asked tremulously—

"What for?"

"Because I care more for you than for anybody or anything else, and—I have been aye feared to tell you. Now it is useless telling you."

He spoke almost fiercely as in the throes of a strong man's agony; but with the evident effort to restrain his passion.

"You are not to speak any more," she said, drawing a long breath; "you are to listen to me. You are young, and you can go where you will find friends to comfort and cheer you——"

"So it is said of all men," he muttered.

"My father is an old man," she went on, "and has only me as his constant friend and companion. Well, can you think of it? I said to myself long ago that I would never leave him until he sent me away. Well, can you think of it? The only time that I ever wished I might leave him was——"

But there the blood came rushing to her face and a startled expression appeared in her eyes as if she had caught herself in the commission of some crime, and she became silent. She, who had been calm in the midst of storm, trembled.

"Well?" he asked, surprised by her sudden stop and looking into her face for an explanation.

"Well," she said, softly—an entire change of tone and manner—"there's nothing more to say except that I am glad you are to be the pilot of the *Mermaid* on her next trip."

He took her hand gently and for a moment each looked into the other's eyes. Then—

"Now it is my turn to ask you to listen to me," he said slowly. "Whilst I was coming down the path, I made up my mind that I would not go. You shall decide me. Is Cargill going by your wish?"

"No."

"Do you wish me to go?"

"I do—because father wishes it."

She added the latter words quickly, as if fearing that he should misunderstand the import of her wish; and again they looked into each other's eyes in silence.

"Very well," he said, "I will go."

And then they said good-bye. The understanding between them was complete, although no word of compact had been spoken. She was to be faithful to her father, and he was to wait until the father spoke.

Wait!—ay, he would wait all his life. And he had no doubt that after this trip of the *Mermaid*, a little conversation with Captain Duncan would enable him to arrange matters satisfactorily. With that conviction he went merrily on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

A DUTIFUL SON.

The original part of the village consists of two rows of buildings forming a narrow street. The buildings have two flats; the upper one is approached by a staircase with a thick wooden railing outside the wall; and the landings of these "outside stairs" form the rostrums of the fish-wives from which they harangue their gossips. Poles jut out from windows carrying ropes to form a triangle, and on these hang men and women's clothes to dry. On the stairs are broad-haunched women gossiping to others below, on either side, or across the way. Beneath the stairs are others preparing bait, mending nets or clothes and also gossiping.

At the foot of one of these stairs is Dick Baxter. To him approaches a big lumpish man, jauntily. He is dressed in the latest fashion of tailordom, has a large signet ring on the third finger of his left hand, and carries a slim umbrella in his right, which makes his own figure the more conspicuous. He is evidently conscious that such a dandy is out of his element in this place. He is rendered still more conscious of it by the salution of Dick Baxter.

"Weel, Jeems, you are a grand sight, but you might hae come sooner, for your mither's in a great way about you."

"Thank you, *Mister* Baxter."

"That's as muckle as to say that I ought to call you *Mister* Cargill," said Dick, pityingly. "Na, na, laddie, I canna do that. I hae kent ye since you were a bairn running barefoot here in the Row, and you maun just thole me saying Jeems to the end."

Before Dick had finished his observation, the gentleman had ascended the staircase and entered the dwelling at the top. There he was saluted by an eldritch cry—

"Ye hae come at last, ye deevil's buckie. What's keepit ye? Wait or I get up and I'll learn ye manners. Did I not say that ye was to be here at twa o'clock and noo it's four?"

This came from an old woman who was seated in an old-fashioned arm-chair. She wore a high white "mutch," which rendered her shrivelled features and shrunken eyes the more marked; and the passion on the face at this moment made it appear more haggard than it naturally was.

The lumpish dandy was not at all disturbed. His mother, Bell Cargill, had been paralyzed in her lower limbs for ten years past; and although she was always expecting to recover and making her arrangements for that event, it had not yet come to pass. She was constantly telling her neighbors what she would do when she "got up," and they kindly humored her hope, and the hope sustained her. She had been one of the briskest and strongest of the fish-wives, and by a singular business tact had been successful to a degree almost beyond precedent. Although living in this poor dwelling, surrounded by her creels and fishing-tackle—it was her humor to have all the relics of her trade about her—she possessed a considerable fortune, the result of her own energy and industry. Bawbees had grown to shillings in her hands, and shillings to pounds. Then, whilst she still carried her creel, she had started a small fishshop in the High Street, Edinburgh, and out of that had grown two large fishmongery establishments, one at the West End, and the other in the main thoroughfare leading to Newington. She had been careful in the selection of her managers, and she had prospered.

She had once said—but she never repeated it—that the only mistake she ever made was in getting married; and the only good her man had ever done her was in "deeing sune." But he had left her with a son as useless as himself.

Notwithstanding all her prosperity, she clung to the abode in which she had been brought up, and out of which she had reaped everything. Her son, however, had different ideas.

"You see, mother, I was detained by——"

"Can ye not speak your native tongue, you idiot? What's the use o' puttin' on your fine airs wi' me?" cried Bell irately.

"I really thought that I was speaking my native tongue as far as I knew it, mother; but if there is any other form which will please you better I shall be happy to adopt it," he answered, taking a chair and seating himself on it carefully, as if he feared that it might break under him.

The old woman eyed him all over, and the twinkling of her eyes showed that she had a secret pleasure in his grand appearance, although she maintained her querulous manner.

"Weel, you hae a guid Scotch tongue in your head if you would only mak, use o' it; but you'll do naething useful. You just spend, and spend, and spend."

"If you would allow me," he said in a lazy way, "I am quite willing to take the management of the business——"

"Catch me lettin' ye do that. I gied ye a tether o' three months, and if I had gien ye three mair there wouldna hae been ae penny to clink agin anither left us."

"Very well," he said, shrugging his heavy shoulders, "I am content. Only don't blame me."

"Na blame you, ye lazy loon! Oh, wait till I get up; and it'll na be lang noo or that. Na blame you! If ye had been half a man ye would hae been the greatest fishmerchant in the kintry by this time."

"But I don't want to be a fishmonger," he said as before, and folding his hands on his paunch.

"Fish-merchant, I said, and mair shame to ye! Is it na the grandest trade and the bravest trade in the world? Can ye na think o' what it means—men's lives gien to feed the livin'? And can ye na think what it has been to you? Whaur would your bonnie claes come frae and your rings, and your watches, and your breast-pins if it hadna been for the fish?"

"I am quite ready to make my acknowledgement to each particular fish if you'll only tell me their names," he answered coolly, as he re-adjusted a horseshoe pearl breast-pin.

She was exasperated by his coolness and made a movement as if she would rise, but fell back on her chair with the old cry—

"Wait till I get up and I'll set ye a bonnie dance, my braw lad—you that canna come to see me ance in a month, cause ye're shamed to be seen amang the folks that ken whaur your braw duds cam frae. But bide ye. I'm gaun to hae the lawyer here and I'll settle ye. And I'm gaun to hae Bob Ross as a witness——"

"Bob Ross!" muttered Cargill, for the first time roused from his lethargy; "he's eternaly turning up where he isn't wanted."

"Ay, it's like you to misca' folk that are better than yoursel'. He looks after them that belangs to him whiles ye gang aff to your grand chambers in Edinbro' and London, and are feart folks should ken you got your siller faire the puir auld fish-wife that ye leave here."

His lethargic nature was not capable of burning into a flame; but the spark which she had thrown into it by the mention of Bob Ross had stirred the embers into a glow, and this last shaft elicited a spark.

"You know quite well, mother, I have pressed you often enough to leave this place——"

"Leave this place!" she cried angrily, "where everything was won—na likely."

"Very well. I don't try to force you, and I don't think it is fair that you should grumble at me because you are here."

"It's because of you that I am here. But wait till I get up and I'll settle ye."

"Well, well, let that be. I want to talk to you about this arrangement with the captain."

"Ay, ay," muttered the old woman with greedy eyes, her whole manner to him suddenly changing as if she were about to make a bargain with him. "What aboot that? What aboot that?"

"He has no objection to the match provided we can show money enough to start with, and he will settle everything upon his daughter."

"That's capital," cried the old woman gleefully and quite reconciled to her son, forgiving in that moment all his extravagances. "But the lass—what did the lass say?"

"I have not asked her yet."

Bell Cargill leaned back in her chair and stared at her son, gasping.

"Ye idiot—do you no ken that was the first thing ye should hae dune?"

"I shall have plenty of time for that," was the placid answer. "Murray has got a cargo for Peterhead and I am going with him; and she will be there of course. But in any case she would not say no when her father said yes—she is accustomed to the word of command."

The mother looked at her son admiringly, almost for the first time.

"Weel," she said, chuckling, "there's some o' my bluid in ye after a'. That's just fine. You'll hae her a' to yoursel', and a lad o' ony mettle can mak' a lass agree to onything when that's the case, if he just speaks pretty enough."

Old Dick Baxter put his head in at the door.

"Here's Bob Ross noo, Bell. Do ye want him to come up?" he said.

CHAPTER V.

MISCHIEF IN THE WIND.

Under ordinary circumstances Ross would never have thought of waiting at the foot of the stair until he learned whether or not Bell wanted him. He would have walked up and entered the room with no other ceremony than the unnecessary question—

"Are ye at hame, mistress?"

On the present occasion, however, hearing that her son was with her he shrank back, and would have been glad to escape from his promised visit altogether. Cargill and he had never been friendly, although there was no open enmity between them. But now he felt an almost unconquerable dislike to meet the man. At any rate there was no need to meet him except when necessary, and that necessity was to arise soon enough.

Their relations to each other were now clearly defined; they were both fighting for the same prize—the one with his money, the other with his love. Cargill, the dandy elephant, regarded Bob Ross, the pilot, with contempt, that might easily develope into hatred—if it had not already done so; Ross regarded him with simple dislike and a desire to avoid him.

There could be no pleasant encounters between two men holding such a position towards each other.

That was why Ross sent Dick to ask if he were wanted, much to the surprise of Bell, who was unaccustomed to such ceremonies.

"Cry to him to come up," was her quick answer to Dick; "he could hae come himsel' to speer."

Cargill for a moment hesitated whether or not he should leave; but, desirous of discovering what his mother had wanted with Ross, decided to remain.

He nodded with lymphatic placidity to the visitor as he entered.

"How are you to-day, Mistress Cargill?" asked Ross—he was the only one who called her Mistress Cargill; to everybody else about the place she was still Bell, or Bell Cargill.

"Brawlys, brawlys, thank ye for speering. I'll sune be up and aboot noo. But I'm na gaun to fash you this afternoon, Bob, nor the lawyers either. I'm gaun to tak' your counsel, and let the thing be."

"I'm real glad to hear that, Mrs. Cargill. You would have been sorry for it afterwards."

"I'm na sure o' that yet. Hows'ever, Jeems has done something at last; he's to marry a lass wi' a tocher, and that's satisfeein' in a kind o' way. But when I get about mysel' I'll ken better what to dae. For the time being there's nae need to fash oursel's. I'm obleeged to you, a' the same, and you were right enough to say that he would satisfee me yet."

"What is all this about, mother?" broke in Cargill, who very much disliked being called "Jeems" at all times, and especially now.

"Never you heed, Jeems. You may thank your frien' Bob, that you didna ken a' aboot it afore noo."

"I am sure I am extremely obliged to Mr. Ross for any kindness he has been good enough to do me, but——"

"Will ye drap that, ye fool, and speak like an ord'nar body?" almost screamed Bell.

"But I should like you to explain," he went on stolidly.

"Then I'll na explain naething till I'm up. You marry skipper Duncan's dochter, and there'll be nae need to explain. What are ye gaun to be after next, Bob?"

"I am to take the *Mermaid* to Peterhead next," was the quiet answer, but not without a secret feeling of satisfaction that he could give this rub to Cargill.

It was more than a rub—it was a blow. Cargill's puffy cheeks and small, protuding, dark eyes—fish's eyes—were incapable of expression; but they could show the signs of biliousness, and at this moment they looked very bilious. His voice, however, expressed neither passion nor surprise as he said—

"Oh, you are to take the *Mermaid* on her next trip?"

"Ay, I believe so. But I have to go now, mistress, as you are na needing me. Good day, mistress—good day, Mr. Cargill."

Glad to escape, he sprang down the stair. But he had not gone many steps when he heard a plethoric voice behind him.

"I want to speak to you, Ross?"

It was Cargill who had followed him instantly.

"I'm in rather a hurry, Mr. Cargill, as I ought to have been home two hours ago."

"I can walk with you. The matter is one of great importance to you."

"What is it?" inquired Ross, slackening his pace, so that the other might with more ease and dignity keep up with him.

"That is to say, I think it of great importance to you; possibly you may think otherwise."

"What is 't?"

"I have a friend who is the head of a firm of shipowners, and he told me that they are in want of a man who should be himself a pilot, to take general charge of all the arrangements with the pilots for their ships. He would have a permanent engagement at a good salary, and it struck me that you were the very man for the post."

"I might be," was the reply with a subdued smile, which Cargill did not observe.

"You would be. Why should you waste your time in such ferry-boats as the *Mermaid* when you have such a chance as this? For you have only to say the word and I can almost promise that you shall be the man chosen."

"And when would I be wanted?"

"Well, as I understand, you would have to be at the office in two or three days."

"I doubt it cannot come my way."

"Why not?"

"Because I have to go with the *Mermaid*."

"Oh, you can easily get out of that engagement. I will undertake to arrange it for you."

"Thank you, but I promised to go and I am going. Moreover, I like to manage my own business."

"Then you refuse?"

"I am not clear that that there is anything to refuse except to break my word, and I do refuse to do that."

"Oh, very well," said Cargill loftily, "as you please. I thought to render you a service, and I can assure you such a chance is not likely to fall in your way again."

"Then I must just try to do what is in my power to get on without it."

Ross gave a parting nod and went on. Cargill halted abruptly and stood looking after him as long as he was in sight.

What was the man thinking about? The drooping of the heavy brows over the small dark eyes suggested that his thoughts were unpleasant ones. He had tried a harmless expedient for preventing Ross going with the *Mermaid* and had failed. He believed that he could have secured for him the engagement he had spoken about, but he had somewhat metamorphosed its real nature in order to suit his purpose. Well, there were other ways of keeping him out of the *Mermaid*, at least for this trip.

He would see old Murray (that was the irreverent way in which he thought of the great Captain Duncan!), and get him to cancel the engagement. Yes, he would see him before the night was out. What a fool the old skipper must be not to see that this fellow was after his money and his daughter!

But he would see him put that little matter right. After all, it was the easiest way, and he had been only wasting time in trying another.

[To be Continued.]