THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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"Unless It's a Fight You Want, Stand Back, the Whole of You!"

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story; how she had been bartered for a title, her yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 126 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They read the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 3,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men, for she said the Donna Isabel would never reach port. The men got a lust for gold.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"No, sir, but they'll be there."

"Oh, yes, no doubt they'll be there, but the only way we could ever get them out would be to run this hooker ashore in some mild climate and let the ice melt. It's plain enough to see what has happened. The Donna Isabel sailed in ballast, these chests being about the only cargo she carried. They shifted in the heavy seas, and the Lord only knows where they are now. Anyway, they are safe beyond the reach of your ice cleaver."

They stared into each others' faces, the disagreeable truth slowly penetrating their minds. Kelly spoke, his voice trembling:

"Then why the hell, sir, couldn't we do just what you said?"

"What! run her ashore?—simply because, my lad, that shore happens to be a thousand miles away, and I doubt if this wreck keeps afloat three days longer."

Their excited faces told of incredulity, of a suspicion that I was playing with them, and I went on swiftly:

"You fellows have been so crazy the last two days you haven't thought of anything but gold. I tell you it is not the treasure, but our lives we've got to save. The ice is peeling off the sides, and the ship is taking water like a sieve. We are going to be driven back to the long-boat, and how much of this heavy stuff can we transport in her? I know it's mighty tough, lads, but we might as well face things as they are."

I expected opposition, but not such a wild storm of curses and execrations as greeted these words. All sense of sea discipline vanished, even De Nova joining in the outcry. I remained planted across the box, waiting for the bedlam to cease, uncertain how I had best attempt to restore them to their senses. Cole decided the matter by rushing forward like an enraged bull, throwing me aside with a heave of his shoulder, the next instant burying his hands in the coins. That the fellow was out of his head was evident enough—mad as a March hare—but I could not hesitate because of that. Those others were on the verge; all they needed for open revolt was leadership, example, and I caught up a chair and laid the blubbering negro on the deck, pieces-of-eight flying in every direction as he fell.

"Unless it's a fight you want, stand back, the whole of you!" I threatened, the broken chair still in my hands. "We may be able to take this chest, or a part of it, with us, but there is going to be no more digging done down below. De Nova who are you with in this row—the men or me?"

"By gar, it makes me mad to give up all zat monies."

"Well, get mad! you'll have to give it up just the same. Don't be a fool, man. You can see this for yourself; you're a sailor; it would require a year to tunnel through that ice with the tools we've got, and look at the hull under us. Why, you can see the list of the deck even here in the cabin, and the feel of her when she drops into a hollow is enough to make a seaman sick. Which is worth most, mate, those yellow boys or the little girl yonder?"

He looked at Celeste, white-faced, the tears staining her cheeks, her eyes glowing like two coals, and all the fierce passion of resistance seemed to desert his countenance. His glance dropped to the deck, returning to my face.

"By gar, if you put it zat way, monsieur, zen I choose the lady, sure. But ze sing I want is both of 'em."

"No doubt; but you have sense enough to realize that you can't have both. So I count you with me. Now, how about you, Johnson?"

The big, hairy seaman, sober-faced and grave-eyed, glanced about on his mates and straightened up.

"I'm here to obey orders, sir," he said slowly. "I've allers been poor, an' I reckon the Lord don't mean me to ever git rich."

I held out my hand, deeply touched by the sterling honesty of the reply.

"You've got something worth more than money, Bill, and that's manhood. You stand the acid. Shake hands, mate."

He responded awkwardly enough, having received more cuffs than praise during his rough sea life, yet the expression in the mild blue eyes gave me confidence that I had touched the right chord. I surveyed the others—McKnight leaning on the cleaver, red-faced and scowling, Sanchez, Kelly and Dade back of him, the negro still groaning on the deck.

"Dade, come here." The fellow shuffled over toward me, as spineless as a jelly-fish. "Now, Kelly, you and Sanchez lay Cole out in a bunk and dress his head. All he needs is a bandage and plenty of cold water. When you get done with that job come on deck and I'll find you another. McKnight, drop that cleaver and come along with us."

They did not like it; but with De Nova, Johnson and Dade standing behind me, they realized the uselessness of revolt. Their hesitation and growling curses irritated me none the less.

"Jump, you fellows, unless you want the same medicine Cole just took."

The two men lifted the negro in their arms and bore him back to one of the state-rooms aft. Kelly came out again and returned with a pannikin of water. I bent down and closed the lid of the chest. The five of us tramped out on deck.

It was, indeed, a rare day for that season of the year and in that ocean, the sky overhead pale blue and cloudless, the wide sea stirred merely by the gentlest swell, the slight breeze steady, and barely firm enough to hold the rotten canvas stiff. There was even sufficient heat in the sun's rays to moisten the ice along the decks where the chill of the wind did not strike, and the sweep of the horizon extended farther than we had seen for weeks. The beauty of the day would have put new heart and life into all us but for the miserable wreck underfoot. The very glare of the sunlight seemed to reveal with new vividness how close the end was. Light as the sea ran, the ice-laden bow of the Donna Isabel ploughed deeply under every crest bursting in white foam through the break in the port bulwarks, the list in the deck so steep we made our way forward with difficulty along the slippery surface. Our rate of progress had become so slow as to leave only the barest ripple in the wake. Clambering over into the fore-chains I pointed out to the men how the sea was encroaching on the bulging side. They stared at the evidence gravely, each comprehending clearly the dread meaning, yet no one spoke for a minute.

"I reckon you was right, sir," admitted Johnson, finally. "The old hooker is goin' down."

De Nova peered along the slippery deck, gleaming in the sun, moodily, but said nothing until he looked up and caught my eyes.

"W'at you do, monsieur?"

"I mean to hold on as long as it is safe," I replied, "because the cabin gives shelter to the women. We all know what the open boat means, and we'll put that off until the last possible moment. We are not making much progress, it's true; but still, every mile helps, and, if this weather will only hold, the wreck may keep afloat for several days yet, but we'll get everything fixed for a quick departure."

Kelly and Sanchez appeared in the cabin door, and I called to them to join us.

"Now, lads, let's make use of what daylight we've got left. This weather is likely to change any minute. Three of you lower that jib, and get out the canvas belonging to the long-boat. Piece the jib up with any old stuff you can find that will stand a light wind. De Nova, you take charge of that job. Dade, you'd better run back to the tiller, and hold her steady as the jib comes down. Johnson and I will see that the long-boat is sound, stocked, and ready for launching."

We made a thorough job of it, overhauling the boat from stem to stern, and ending by rigging up block and tackle for hoisting her, when loaded, over the bulwarks. We lashed the Donna Isabel's helm again, and dispatched Dade into the cabin after supplies. The greater portion of the stores brought from the Sea Queen, more especially the canned goods, remained intact, and we packed these away snugly in the stern lockers, adding whatever we could find that remained eatable among the frozen stores in the lazarette. Altogether we thus amassed a sufficient supply. We rolled up all the extra blankets, shoving them under the seats, and saw that serviceable spars and oars were safely stowed and lashed. It was growing dusk before these matters had all been attended to, and I finally stepped out of the boat. The men were massed in a body on the deck, and the moment I saw them I understood they had been discussing the situation. De Nova spoke:

"Monsieur," he questioned, "how much in American money would be in ze chest?"

"I don't know, of course, but just for a guess, perhaps $100,000—maybe more."

"An' zare be only ze ten of us. To divide it up make, maybe, ten t'ousand dollar for each. Was it not so?"

"Why, yes, or even more than that, for I will cheerfully waive my share, and can pledge that Lady Darlington will do the same. But what of it?"

"Zat fine lot monies for sailor-man," he said, eagerly. "An' w'y not have it? Anyhow, w'y not try to save it? Ze long-boat is built to hol' 25 peoples, an' we only ten. Zen w'y not take ze gol'? It eat not'ing, it drink not'ing, an' if it weight too much, zen we t'row it overboard. But w'y not try carry it, ze hundred t'ousand dollar?"

There was no good reason why we shouldn't; besides, the very possibility of preserving even that share of the treasure would prove an inspiration to the men. I looked about into their anxious faces, feeling myself some measure of their excitement.

"That will be all right, lads," I said gladly. "You've earned it fair enough, and we'll start with it anyhow. Take the stuff out of the chest and tie it up in blankets. Then we can stow it away evenly so as to keep the boat balanced. But," I added, as the memory of what Doris had said came to me, "I think it only fair to tell you that I'm sure there is bad luck in every peso of it."

The men gave my croaking prophecy no second thought, but went trotting aft, chattering together like a parcel of boys.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Which the Donna Isabel Goes Down

The following night and day passed quietly enough, the weather holding clear, but with a mist slowly gathering in the south that seemed to threaten change. I observed just before sunset that this fog had so thickened and spread as to obscure nearly a third of the sky, and yet there was no veering of the wind or noticeable increase in the roll of the sea. The hulk was sinking, yet so slowly that we were only certain of the fact through constant measurements and the sight of water seeping in through the numerous cracks revealed by the disappearing ice. It was a situation to get upon the nerves, yet I do not remember that it occasioned any great change in the routine of our life on board.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Optical Illusion.

Did you ever try to see through your hand? By following these directions you may at least make yourself believe you are looking right through the palm. Out of a piece of pasteboard about five inches square roll a tube. Have one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other a little smaller. Take the tube between the thumb and fingers of the right hand; put the larger end to your eye, and press your left hand against the smaller end. Keep both eyes open. Objects beyond the left hand will be plainly visible, and there will appear to be a hole through the center of the palm. It is the uncovered left eye which is actually doing all the seeing, but so far as appearances go, it will seem as if the right eye were seeing, right straight through the left hand.

No, Dog!

Reared in the strict school of "Yes, sir!" and "No, ma'am!" addressed without thought of servility to all elders and betters, I find this a season of rare courtesy and scant civility.

Well do I remember that awesome scene at my father's table when a stout and rebellious little sister, seething with disappointment over some denied dainty, answered "No!" to a well meant proffer of a less desirable dish.

"No, dog? or No, cat?" my father inquired with ominous calm. "No, dog!" the sturdy lass recklessly replied.

I quake even now at the thought of the breathless pause which followed, and draw a veil over the painful aftermath.—Appleton's.

Had All the Symptoms.

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his less enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's de time," replied the unenlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"'Tis a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia, the very thought of water makes him sick."

"Is dat on de level? Youse ain't stringin' me?"

"It is a scientific fact."

"Den I bet I've had it all me life, an' never knowed wot was de matter wid me!"

MERE INCIDENT IN FOOTBALL

Broken Collar Bone, Supposed to Be Enemy's, Considered a Detail of the Game.

There had been a hotly contested football game between the Steam Rollers of the Benjamin Franklin school and the Avalanches of the George Washington school. After the game was over and the contestants had returned to their various homes one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower part of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he said; "but it hurts like sixty!"

His father examined it. It began to swell, and was very sore to the touch.

"I believe your collar bone is broken, my boy," said his father.

A surgeon was hastily summoned, and made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. How did it happen, Walter? Do you remember anything about it?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and I heard something crack, but I thought it was his collar bone."—Youth's Companion.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Punishing Wife Deserters in Nation's Capital

WASHINGTON.—Experience under the family desertion and non-support law in Washington has proved that it is possible to bring deserting husbands to time and make them support their families, however much they may want to skip out and leave wives and children to shift for themselves.

Punishment in itself profits nobody. The law aims not to punish but to secure support. The man decides whether he will work in confinement or out of it, and Judge William H. De Lacy of the juvenile court sees that he does work in one way if he will not in the other.

When a man brought up for non-support promises to furnish it he is put on probation, and ordered to pay a specified amount of his wages each Saturday night at the police station nearest his home. The sergeant turns the money over to the juvenile court, and then the wife gets it in full on Monday morning, her pay day. The money is pretty safe here, and the plan heads off many a Saturday night spree. The man is kept at work, which is a mighty good thing of itself, and the family is kept together.

Men who are not willing to furnish support under this arrangement and those who default in payment or desert a second time are promptly sent to the workhouse. There they are made up into gangs and put to work in Rock Creek park, where Mr. Roosevelt when president used to take his afternoon gallop. They have a hard day's work in the open air, with good food, and for this the law requires the government to pay 50 cents a day to the wives, as for any government employe. The work in the park would cost $1.50 a day if not done by prisoners, so one dollar is left to pay for boarding and guarding the men, after the wages have been taken out. Congress appropriates $2,000 a year for this purpose.

It pays to do so. A man who can get out at any time will not work long in this way. Last year only one man out of nine had to be sent to the workhouse, and he got out after an average of six weeks. The government paid $2,340 for work, but the men outside earned $38,819.65, which was collected by the police and paid to the families through the juvenile court.

Beyond the money value of the labor, however, is the moral effect of the work and its compensation on the man in his relations to his family. Instead of escaping the punishment which he deserves, and so failing to realize that he has done wrong, the issue is squarely made and the workhouse sentence, if inflicted, reveals his conduct to him in its true character. Many men have reformed after this experience, and it is due in large part to the compensation provided that the judge is able to inflict the punishment without hesitation where he thinks it necessary.

Judge DeLacy's execution of the law is effective because it is certain. Family desertion is a misdemeanor or a felony in almost every state and is punishable with hard labor in many. But to punish the man in jail the judge must also punish his wife and children by cutting off his wages.

Col. Roosevelt in a New Dog Story

"SEVERAL times recently, when the name of the American ex-president-sportsman has been mentioned, I have been asked: 'You've heard the dog story, of course?'" says Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National magazine.

"I like to hear all the variations on dog stories, so I asked, 'Which dog story?'

"'That one, you know, that "Buffalo Bill" tells about Roosevelt hunting bears in Colorado. It seems that he hired a man and a dog, but neither seemed to be very successful in getting him the desired bear. At last he lost patience and inquired: "Isn't there a good dog to be had in this country?"

"'Oh, yes—Smith down below here has the best bear dog in the mountains.'

"'Well, go down and get him,' urged the presidential hunter. 'Let's see if we can't have some sport with a bear.'

"'Smith won't hire his dog.'

"'Tell Smith to come along and join the party for hire or on any terms he likes.' The story runs that the guide departed and returned with a report of non-success. Mr. Roosevelt's impatience took on a tinge of vexation, and he went himself to secure the adamantine Smith and his valuable dog.

"'This is Mr. Smith. I understand you have a fine bear dog, Mr. Smith?'

"'None better in the Rockies,' was the assurance.

"'Can't I hire him or buy him?'

"'He ain't for hire and I wouldn't sell that dog for no price you could offer.'

"'Well, won't you come with the dog—allow me to hire both you and the dog?'

"'No, I ain't hirin' out now. I got to go after bacon and flour and some more things my folks wants for the house.'

"Report has it that President Roosevelt felt a trifle nettled at the man's obstinacy.

"'Look here,' he said, 'do you know who I am?'

"'No, I don't know—what's the odds?'

"'I am Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States.' A pause to await the desired effect and yielding.

"Smith dexterously deposited some tobacco juice on the ground just beyond the president's nearest hunting boot.

"'Well,' he said, slowly, 'I don't care if you are Booker T. Washington, you can't hire my dog.'

"And all the little innocent bears went to bed happy that night, glad they had escaped Smith's dog."

Senate "Chair" Calls Himself to Order

IT IS quite against all the rules of propriety to make a noise in the United States senate, even with the little bit of an ivory cube which the president of the senate once in awhile touches gently upon the marble desk to call the attention of the senators to some little thing.

Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, the only aboriginal American who ever sat in a senatorial chair, was presiding in the senate the other day, having graduated over there from the house. As is well known, the gavels on the speaker's desk in the house do not last very long. One session usually splinters them. Even if they were made of cast iron they would wear out, and on Senator Curtis' presiding hangs a tale.

Senator Bacon of Georgia, grave, dignified and somewhat dictatorial, was trying to address the senate. Senator Dillingham of Vermont, who had the bill in charge upon which Senator Bacon was going to speak, was engaged in conversation with his colleagues. Senator Kean of New Jersey was also talking to Senator Warren of Wyoming. Senator Bacon wanted to get the attention of the senator from Vermont before speaking on his bill, and hesitated a moment, which Senator Curtis took as a sign for him to get busy. So he began pounding that little marble cube until the senate chamber fairly rang. By the time he had worn off a little sharp edge the senator from Vermont sat up and took notice, and Senator Kean of New Jersey woke up and returned to his seat.

Finally Senator Bacon, who was getting pretty hot under the collar and pretty red in the neck and face, managed to make his voice heard. "Mr. President," he said, "I did not seek the attention of the senator from New Jersey. When you had secured the attention of the senator from Vermont I was satisfied and was ready to proceed, but you kept on banging the gavel so that it was impossible for me to begin. I now yield the floor." Senator Curtis, who is nothing if not polite, with a merry twinkle in his black eyes, apologized for his undue exertions with the ivory cube, and said: "The chair will now come to order. The senator from Georgia is recognized."

Washington Hotel Is Stormed By Birds

PEDESTRIANS who are out braving the disagreeable weather, and who happened to be in the vicinity of the New Willard hotel in Washington recently, were struck with wonder when they saw the upper portion of the hotel obscured by a rapidly moving cloud.

And the moving mass which created all this excitement—excitement within as well as without the hotel—proved to be a flock of swallows gone astray in their aerial flight. Within the hotel no end of trouble and inconvenience were experienced, for many of the birds flew in through the open windows and were ousted with a great deal of difficulty.

The feathered cloud went astray, probably through the miscalculation of the leaders, and when a few of them, flying too low, went in the direction of the hotel windows, the rest followed, like a flock of misguided sheep. Pell-mell they struck against the roof and upper windows, and, where the windows were open, in they flew and round and round the rooms. But the aeroplane landing on the Willard is not in commission yet and the hotel management objected strenuously to any attempt of guests to enter by means of the roof.

Accordingly, a corps of hotel employes, including all the volunteers who could be pressed into service, made for the upper chambers of the hostelry and swished and switched the winged visitors out of doors, some dead and some alive.

Almost Alone.

"It is better to be good than great," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"Why do you think so?" queried the young man.

"Because you will have less competition," explained the t. t.

CORN PLANTING IS OVER

THAT CANADIAN TRIP SHOULD NOW BE TAKEN.

If you had intended going to Canada for the purpose of purchasing land on which to establish a home and accompanying some land company, whose holdings you proposed to look over or to go up on your own account to select one hundred and sixty acres of land free, you should delay no longer. Corn planting is over, your wheat crop is well ahead, and you have a few weeks' time before you are required in the fields again. Now make your intended trip. Reports at hand show that the crop prospects in Canada were never better than they are today. The cool weather has not affected the crop, but if anything, it has been a benefit. There has been plenty of moisture and those who have had their land properly prepared look upon this year as likely to be one of the best they have had. A great many are going up this season who expect to pay two or three dollars an acre more than they were asked to pay last year. Others who wish to homestead are prepared to go farther from the line of railway than would have been necessary last year. Still it is worth it. So it will be with you. Next year lands will be higher-priced and homesteads less accessible. There is a wonderful tide of immigration to Central Canada now. It is expected that one hundred and fifty thousand new settlers from the United States will be numbered by the end of the present year, an increase of fifty per cent over last year. In addition to this there will be upwards of one hundred thousand from the old country, which does not include those who may come from the northern countries of the Continent. These all intend to settle upon the land. The reader does not require an answer to the questions, "Why do they do it?" "Why are they going there in such large numbers?" Western Canada is no longer an experiment. The fact that one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat were raised there last year as against ninety-five millions the year previous, shows that the tiller of the soil in Central Canada is making money and it is safe to say that he is making more money than can be made anywhere else on the Continent in the growing of grains. He gets good prices, he has a sure and a heavy crop, he enjoys splendid railway privileges, and he has also the advantages of schools and churches and such other social life as may be found anywhere. It is difficult to say what district is the best. Some are preferred to others because there are friends already established. The Grand Trunk Pacific, on its way across the Continent, is opening up a splendid tract of land, which is being taken up rapidly. The other railways—the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are extending branch lines into parts inaccessible a couple of years ago. With a perfect network of railways covering a large area of the agricultural lands it is not difficult to secure a location. Any agent of the Canadian Government will be pleased to render you assistance by advice and suggestion, and a good plan is to write or call upon him. The Government has located these agents at convenient points throughout the States, and their offices are well equipped with a full supply of maps and literature.

PROOF WANTED.

Mr. Saintly—Things do not always go as we plan. "Man proposes and—"

Miss Oldmayde—He does, eh? Well, go ahead, sir, and prove that the saying is true.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A genius is a man who tries to borrow money—and gets it.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

To love and to serve is the motto which every true knight should bear on his shield.—Downs.

DON'T WAIT TOO LONG

Don't wait until the digestive organs are almost beyond help—don't wait until the bowels have become constipated and don't wait until the liver and kidneys have become weak and inactive; just take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—at the very first sign of trouble. It will save you lots of suffering because its results are certain. Try it today for Indigestion, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague. Be sure to get Hostetter's.