

THEY MEET.

They meet to-night, the one who closed his eyes... Upon the pain forever and the woe...



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM.

In five minutes we were in the trough of it. Without a zephyr to steady her, the schooner wallowed like a crazy thing...

I noted these things with an eye more interested in the antics of the barrel than in aught else. Its speed and agility were wondrous...

Though I wished to linger by her, I dared not; there was much to do—too much for one mortal. It was the work of a moment to clear the floor of the bounding missiles...

Notwithstanding the suffering his actions had entailed, I could almost have thanked him for being the cause of putting into me a sense of real existence...

"I thought you dead! O Donald! Donald! I thought you dead!"

In the mere sound of a human voice there was something that stirred me to a livelier sense of myself and surroundings. But her words did more than this. Of themselves, as I set them here in cold black and white...

She was a pitiful object as she lay prone at her brother's side. Her left arm was powerless, and the blood from her wounded head still stained her face, neck and hand...

fracture, and, as for the sake of all, my own necessities were paramount. I would lose no time in an experiment without more warrant...

As I put the maiden down she closed her eyes, and either fainted or slept from exhaustion, and I, like a famished wolf, groped about the floor for the food which had been tipped from the table...

"I would have been a moving sight to an onlooker could one have peeped into the cabin at this time. The wounded brother and sister, abject in their misery, even the ocean allowing itself no rest in its efforts to throw them from where they lay...

The light of the low-burning lantern swung madly from its hook in the beam gave a melancholy effect in contrast to the pale dawn now gleaming white and cold through the windows...

I ate like a man in despair, and yet with a hunger which gave a sweet taste to each morsel, unsavory as I commonly would have thought it. As I snatched and swallowed...

Going back to the cabin, I hauled the larboard bunk mattress to the floor and laid the girl upon it. Close to her I laid Ames, lifting bed and all, and thus both were beyond danger of a bad fall, however the vessel might ram.

Though I wished to linger by her, I dared not; there was much to do—too much for one mortal. It was the work of a moment to clear the floor of the bounding missiles...

Since I had taken the whisky my energy had come back full fledged and in fighting mood, as though the numbness of the past few hours had been a waking slumber from which I had just recovered.

It was a cross sea, and it well-nigh tripped the schooner, which term betokened a capsize from lack of supporting surface beneath a vessel's bilge.

Two things on deck there were which seemed to catch the infection of motion, one being the surgeon, who was shot into the scuppers with a violence which did something to sober him, for, like a man waking from a deep sleep, he threw out an arm and began rubbing his eyes, muttering words that might have been a protest at his rough usage.

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of the poop it was met by the lifting stern, and, retracing its course, drove against the end of the forecabin hatch with a force that split the panel from top to bottom.

I would sooner have fought the three prisoners than been forward in the path of that insensate thing, and, though I was aware that our available stock of fresh water was low...

CHAPTER XXIV. A SMALL TRAGEDY.

The scuttle butt had barely disappeared, and I was about to get back to the cabin to see how had fared its inmates, when my ears were assailed by a violent hammering forward, and I at once perceived that my prisoners had assaulted the weakened panel of the forecabin door.

"What's amiss there?" I roared, hanging on to the hatch with one hand and with the other showing the barrel of my pistol.

"What's amiss? Everything's amiss! Wot kind o' treatment is this to give a man? Split me! but I'd rather go overboard and stifle in a jiffy than smother by inches."

"Never mind me!" I answered. "'Tis enough that I am master here, Lounsbury being some two leagues back. Pass up your arms! You are prisoners to the colonies, and the first finger that lifts in fight belongs to a dead man!"

"Prisoners, is it?" said he of the pigtail, turning to his fellows. "Heard ye a sign o' the gang that boarded us? Cuss me, mates, but they must ha' come on wings then, for the sea was as smooth as a pan o' warm grease two minutes afore I was hurled on to ye, an' not a speck in sight, barrin' the Sprite! Prisoners, is it? Cuss me, list to that!"

"Ay, prisoners it is, and to the colonies; so no more palaver. What have you below?"

"I care not a damn for colonies or king!" he was the reply. "There be no arms here. D'ye think three men were sent hither to beat off a boarding party, an' the schooner in consort? D'ye take us for sea-loading marines? We be sailors, we be—that's all. Here's wot I have, an' I'll trade it for air!"

"Will you swear to no other arms, each of you?"

"Ay, that's God's truth!" spoke up one of the others. "Ye say ye are of the colonies—well, so I. I'm a New Bedford lad, sir, an' I'll thank ye to hold a grip on me that I may not be taken for ye."

"An' that's God's truth, too, yer honor!" broke in the first speaker. "There was naught vicious in the rumpus we was raisin'. A man has a right to air, an' 'twas all we was cravin'. So be I'm a prisoner, I'm content if it means grub an' water an' a chance to breathe!"

"Now I know little of the nature of the black sailor says that his anger is apt to show in treachery, but with the regular white salt I am better acquainted, and have fallen on our deck must have driven the schooner beneath the surface as though she was no more buoyant than the lead in her hold."

"A Hard Man to Get At." Shut in his private office and with a well-trained bow in the ante-room he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent in to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box office. I remember hearing an old manifer once say to his office boy: "My son, if you don't learn to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don't know says: 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to answer: 'No, sir.' I wish you to be a dead-letter perfect in that line from this time on."

"But She Didn't Want To." "Yes, when Jack proposed to me I thought of the grammar class when I went to school." "What an idea! Why?" "Well, you see, I—I couldn't decline." Philadelphia North American.

dropped near him, "I spoke ye fair, an' had I boarded ye alongside I would be fast enough in the fight, mind ye, an' 'twould be along o' the leftenant's eye on me. But as it be, I care not for blood. If I fight, 'tis from being forced to it. I was shanghaied into this business, an' that's the truth; an' if I can get out without stakin' my neck as a deserter, I'm willin' enough. Ye say we be prisoners? Say no more. Do ye drive us to work for rations? Why so be. We knew naught about bein' taken captive, an' only wanted to speak ye fair an' get a breath. That's why we carved the hatch. Ain't that so, mates?"

"Ay, that's gospel!" came from the one who had spoken of himself as a Yankee, while the third had his peace, leaning with folded arms and a skillful balancing of his person against one of the bunk uprights.

"Yes, sir; New Bedford, sir," came his ready answer. "I was pressed in Portsmouth three years ago, sir, while on shore leave from the Sallie Mull, trader, sir. I've been sailin' in these here home waters for high on two year, sir, with never a chance to run. I say it boldly, sir. Put me in three miles o' the coast an' give me leave, sir, an' I'll go over the bow, damn me, an' swim ashore. But I won't join the Yankee navy, sir. No, sir. I don't want to hang; but, for God's sake, sir, don't get taken, else back to the Sprite I'll have to go, an' I'd as soon go to hell for a spell o' sufferin'!"

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THE ROBIN'S RED BREAST.

It Tried to Comfort Christ on the Cross, and Was Blessed, While the Jeering Magpie Was Cursed.

The part that dumb nature took in the crucifixion is interesting from the legendary side. It is said that the crown of thorns was woven from branches of the hawthorn. When Jesus had been nailed to the cross the thorns were pressed into His brow, and the blood flowed freely.

The other bird was a modest little bird with gray plumage, which approached the cross timidly, uttering cries of grief. With its beak it tried to pluck away one of the thorns. A single drop of the blood fell on the breast of the pitying little gray bird, and gave the world the robin red breast. And to it Jesus said:

"Blessed be thou, little bird, which sharpest my sorrows. May thy accompaniment be everywhere. Thine eggs shall be blue as the sky above; thou shalt be the 'bird of God, bearer of good tidings.'"

"As to thee," he said to the magpie, "thou shalt be an accursed bird. Thou shalt lose that brilliant argente and the beautiful colors on which thou prides thyself so highly. Funereal bird, thy message shall be only evil, and the rain from heaven shall always fall into thy nest."

The peasants of France, in accordance with this tradition, pierce the head of a magpie with a thorn whenever they catch one.

In Spain the swallow is considered the good bird, and they say there that when the Roman soldiers pressed the crown of thorns on Jesus' brow the swallows came and tried to remove the thorns with their beaks.

The Russians say that the swallows took away the nails which the executioners had brought, but the sparrows carried them back again.

The Danish say that at the moment of the crucifixion the stork, moved with pity, cried: "Strykhauf! Strykhauf!" ("God, give Him strength!") and since that time the stork has been considered sacred.—Boston Globe.

A Query for Him.

He had discoursed learnedly, if somewhat wearily, to his friend on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, though fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourses, magnanimously, with an air that said, very clearly: "Give me a hard one while you are at it and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend: "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming the conference broke up.—N. Y. World.

A Hard Man to Get At.

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"What an idea! Why?"

"Well, you see, I—I couldn't decline."

Philadelphia North American.

IN FULL RETREAT

Boers Abandon the Siege of Kimberley.

FRENCH TO THE RESCUE.

A Great Success Scored by the English in South Africa.

THE FIGHT AT RENSBURG.

Boers Made a Desperate Charge on the English Lines, but Were Forced to Retire—A Company of New South Wales Soldiers Annihilated.

London, Feb. 17.—The war office announces that Gen. French reached Kimberley Thursday evening. Following is Lord Roberts' message to the war office from Jacobsdal:

"French with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry reached Kimberley Thursday evening. I have good reason to believe the Magersfontein trenches have been abandoned and that the Boers are endeavoring to escape. Gen. French is scouring the country north of Kimberley. One of Gen. Kenney's brigades of infantry is in pursuit of a large Boer convoy moving towards Bloemfontein."

Gen. Cronje with a start of a day or two, is seemingly in full retreat from Lord Roberts, moving northward. Gen. French, with the cavalry, simply stayed over night in Kimberley and then pushed on to get in touch with the retiring enemy. In their hasty departure the Boers lost quantities of supplies and ammunition. Military opinion here is that Lord Roberts will not push far after the Boers immediately, because of transport problems and the need of rest for the troops. He has to feed 70,000 persons in his army and the whole Kimberley population.

The house of commons yesterday passed the supplementary army estimates, £13,000,000, by 213 votes against 22.

The Daily Telegraph has the following dispatch from Nauwpoort, dated February 13 and delayed in transmission:

"Very severe fighting occurred on both our flanks near Rensburg. The enemy greatly outnumbered our troops, being about 4,000 in number. They attacked the Worcestershire regiment on their hill and with desperate determination charged home, only to experience such a heavy Maxim and rifle fire from our men that the death roll of the assailants must have been considerable.

"A patrol of the Inniskilling dragoons was surrounded by 500 Boers and gallantly cut its way through without losing a man, but a company of New South Wales mounted infantry was annihilated, most of the men's bayonets, however, bearing the impress of sanguinary conflict with their foes."

The Times has the following dispatch from Arundel, dated Wednesday:

"Two companies of the Wiltshire that were on outpost duty failed to join the force before the retirement from Rensburg, and they were eventually cut off."

A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Nauwpoort, dated Thursday, says nothing of the return of the Wiltshires.

The Pietermaritzburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, under date of February 15, says: "There are indications of a decisive move at Colenso. I hear that the Boers rely on their entrenchments and barbed wire entanglements along the principal roads to check Lord Roberts' progress in the Free State. The roads to Ladysmith are studded with these formidable barriers."

"A British scouting column blew up the magazine at Nkandola, Zululand, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Boers. The magazine contained a large supply of dynamite and ammunition."

An Armor Plate Trust.

New York, Feb. 17.—The Tribune says: "Charles M. Schwab, president of the Carnegie Steel Co., who was in this city yesterday, declined to discuss the legal struggle between H. C. Frick and Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Schwab has recently returned from Washington, where he went, it is said, upon business relating to the formation of the proposed armor plate trust. Fifteen firms in the world practically monopolizing armor plate contracts, have decided upon such a combination in order to dictate prices to the various governments."

Miners' Strike Ended.

Indianapolis, Feb. 17.—A telegram was received yesterday at United Mine Workers' headquarters from Secretary Wilen, of the central Pennsylvania field, announcing that a satisfactory settlement of the trouble of the Tioga county miners had been arrived at and saying the details would be sent by mail. These miners, 1,000 in number, went out on a strike in August for standard wages, having, up to that time, received approximately ten cents per ton less than the scale agreed upon at the joint conference.

Sent \$15,000 to Hanna.

Philadelphia, Feb. 17.—Mayor Ashbridge yesterday sent to National Chairman Hanna a check for \$25,000, representing the first quarter of the amount this city promised to raise for the republican national convention in June.

Two Victims of an Explosion.

Greenup, Ky., Feb. 17.—The boiler of Boggs & Co.'s saw and grist mill at Warnock exploded yesterday. The entire structure was wrecked. John Braden and H. N. Ratcliffe, workmen, were blown several feet in the air and will die.

"Nature Abhors a Vacuum." Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

CUTTING TO THE LINE. A Tautonic Solomon Who Dispense Justice According to His Own Convictions.

The prisoner was held on a charge of possessing all to himself a plurality of seven wives, but the German judge was inclined to let him go.

"Ass et is, yed," he said, looking down over his glasses, "der effluence is like dot he has der pleuris of wives, and it, but I'll led heem go."

The amazement of the prosecution was immense. He was thrown into consternation. Getting upon his feet he blurted out, in ill-concealed surprise: "Why, your honor, on what grounds do you dismiss the case?"

"Vell," said the judge, "on vat grounds! Why, on der grounds outside der goort-house, der grounds efferwhere."

"But why dismiss it, your honor, when all the evidence tends to show—"

"Vhell, der reason eses dot I hoff von vife off mine ownded, und he mit a muldication off dem—he has troubles off hees own craft, yed, aretrey. You are dismissed, and it!"

No, it was not the same man who was held by the judge to be guilty of trigonometry just because he sported the luxury of Detroit Free Press.

To be afraid of your friend, is to lose him.—Ram's Horn.

A Million Women

have been relieved of female troubles by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

The letters of a few are printed regularly in this paper.

If any one doubts the efficiency and sacredly confidential character of Mrs. Pinkham's methods, write for a book she has recently published which contains letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster, and others of her city who have made careful investigation, and who verify all of Mrs. Pinkham's statements and claims.

The Pinkham claims are sweeping. Investigate them.

THIRTY YEARS OF CURES TO BE GIVEN AWAY

A TEN-ACRE FIG ORCHARD In Southern California

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