



DON'T YOU KNOW?

Now, life is just a little striving, Don't you know? Some failure and a lot of thriving, Don't you know? The world is built on such a plan That it is up to every man To do the very best he can, Don't you know?



CHAPTER XVII.

Orders came from the War department providing a detail to go and help man the guns of Perry at Put-in-Bay. I had the honor of leading them on the journey and turning them over to the young captain. I could not bear to be lying idle at the garrison.

It came sooner than we expected. The cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the 10th of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manned the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded far and near. In 12 minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle.

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the south-east, we were all able to clear the islands and keep the weather-gauge. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A slight rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust.



D'RI SHAKING A BLOODY, TATTERED FLAG, SHOUTED: "WELL, TEK CARE O' THE OL' BRIG."

up the companionway with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm's-length. I could see a part of its legend, in white letters, "Don't give up the ship."

Our "Ay, ay" sir!" could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose, above tossing hats and howling voices, to the mainroyalmasthead.

Well, for two hours it was all creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there an oath as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would be no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks—a band playing "Rule Britannia."

see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly for the word fire.

"We was th' ones 'at got spit on," said a gunner, looking at D'ri. "Wish they'd let us holler back," said the latter, placidly. "Sick o' holdin' in."

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Don't like th' way they're whalin' uv us," he said, his cheeks red with anger. "Nor I," was my answer. "Don't like 't stan' here an' dew nuthin' but git licked," he went on. "T ain' no way nat'ral."

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man I bore struggle and then go limp in my arms. I felt my knees getting warm and wet. The smoke rose; the tall, herculean back of D'ri was just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow, and a spray of blood from his upper arm was flying back upon me.

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see, but was of little consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in D'ri's arm, while another dressed my thigh. That room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched upon cots and tables.

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty."

battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself struggling, with drawn saber, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our reeking deck. It was a horrible place; everything tipped over, man and gun and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giving his hand a good grip. "Nuthin' t' brag uv," he answered. "Never see nobody git hell rose with 'em s' quick' es we did—never."

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted. "D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another scud of junk went over us. Perry was trying with block and tackle to mount a cannonade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he spat an oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my fighting, nor any that ever gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country."

HORSE'S HOMING INSTINCT. Homesick Old Servitor Performed Wonders to Get Back to His Master.

The doctor's horse had grown old and the doctor sent him to a farm across the river to pass his last days in ease and plenty. His wide pasture, sloping gently to the river, contained everything to please a horse: a never-failing spring where outboard vessels filled their water casks, at which he might drink if he chose, instead of from the river; shady willows in the hollows, and on the knolls apple trees where he might help himself to the apples that fell.

At his pasture the Penobscot is 700 feet wide, very deep and currents are strong. No animal had ever crossed it there before except a band of circus elephants, too heavy to venture on the toll bridge, and even these had swam across some distance above.

His Idea of a Lady. An English cabman had brought suit against a woman for not paying the legal fare and his constant remark was, "She ain't a lady."

"Mrs. Soory, you have been married for several years, and I am about to take unto myself a husband. What advice would you give me?" "Learn to play solitaire."—Detroit Free Press.

Baseball salaries are to be lower next summer, and some of the crack pitchers will not be too proud to associate with the bankers of the towns they visit.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Millions of Vegetables. When the Editor read 10,000 plants for 16c, he could hardly believe it, but upon second reading finds that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., than whom there are no more reliable and extensive seed growers in the world, makes



1,000 fine, solid Cabbages, 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips, 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery, 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce, 1,000 splendid Onions, 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes, 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers, ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of famous Berliner Cauliflower. [K. L.]

Most of us feel that we could manage to struggle along without the necessities of life if we could only have a few of the luxuries.—Philadelphia Record.

Is Your Strength What It Used to Be? Can you work as energetically, or walk as far, climb the stairs as rapidly as you used to? Are your nerves as steady, and your memory as good as formerly? Pains, Weakness, Nervous Exhaustion, Weak Memory, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Catarrh, Migraine and the various Blood and Nervous troubles cause premature old age, shorten life and destroy happiness.

Life gives many a man a handful of trumps who hasn't sense enough to play them.—N. O. Picayune.

A QUICK RECOVERY.

A Prominent Officer of the Rebeccas Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills For It.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a local officer of the Rebeccas, of Topeka, Kans., Room 10, 812 Kansas avenue, writes: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills during the past year, for kidney trouble and kindred ailments. I was suffering from pains in the back and headaches, but found after the use of one box of the remedy that the troubles gradually disappeared, so that before I had finished a second package I was well. I, therefore, heartily endorse your remedy."



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